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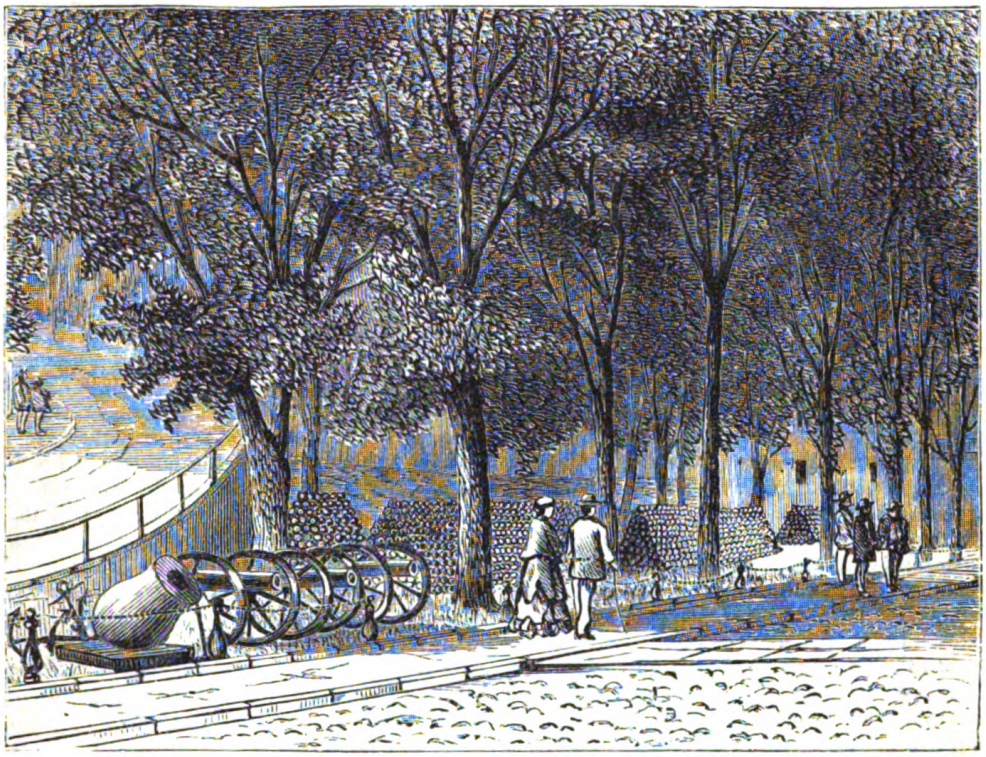
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXLVII.—DECEMBER, 1870.—Vol. XLII.

THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.



MAIN AVENUE, BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.

COMMANDER SIMPSON, lately inspecting the broad and spacious Ordnance Dock of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, complained to the officer in charge that the grass grew unclipped between the great pyramids of shot and shell, and spiders masked with their silken webs the great batteries which lay unmounted and in confusion about the grounds. It was not precisely in these words that the complaint was uttered, for Inspector Simpson is less poetical than practical; and the presence of growing grass in a navy-yard was as grievous, in his official eyes, as would have been the absence of tar from his ship's rigging. When he had first begun his inspection, and was walking through the broad avenue by which one escapes from the noisy and dirty York Street of Brooklyn into the cleanliness, the quiet, and the strict discipline of the Admiral's Office, he had observed the offensive green things growing all around him, and had given a true naval reason for his grumbling mood.

"This road must be cleared of grass," he had said, "or it will look as though there was nothing doing here."

It is the common error of sailors, and soldiers too, to believe that the people do not delight in their idleness. It is all a mistake to suppose that, because moralists generally, and political economists especially, deplore the examples and expense of the idle soldiers and sailors, the people also object to them. On the contrary, they are sights the unreflecting soul delights in, because their idleness is the present proof of peace—the positive assurance of prosperity. The shady spots, and the green slope

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of the forts where no sentinels challenge, are welcome resorts; and there is a grateful quiet in the broad, high ship-house of the navy-yard, where no workmen's children snatch great chips from under the edge of the swift-descending adze. The lazy fortress and the idle war-ship are emblems of peace in which the nation delights, after all that is said to the contrary; and, exhausted from a great struggle, the American people join heartily in the sentiment of Buchanan Read's prayer for peace:

"Oh! that some sweet bird of the South
Might build in every cannon's mouth,
Till the only sound from its rusty throat
Should be the wren's or the blue-bird's note;
That doves might find a safe resort
In the embrasures of every fort!"

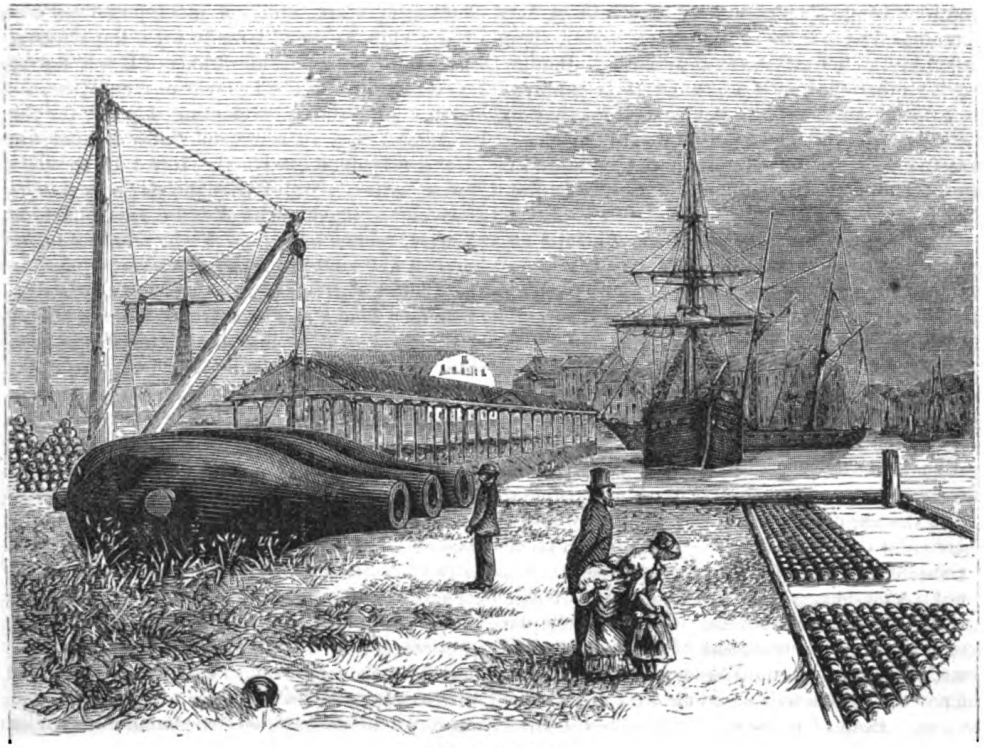
But the people go even further than the poet. It is not in the nature of the American people to be content with the idleness of any element of power. No sooner was our late war ended and peace declared than, as will be remembered, the people demanded that the war forces should be utilized, not merely reduced. Without ceasing to love peace, or forgetting to be grateful to the soldiers and sailors who maintained the unity of the nation, the American people insisted that peace should not be a wholly idle season, and that the army and navy should be employed, not merely in preventing possible mischief, but in performing positive good. They would not wish a single veteran dismissed unwillingly—their deep sense of gratitude prohibits that; and, in spite of all that has been said and written by partisans for political effect, there is no authenticated instance of government neglect of its veteran soldiers and sailors. The people can not consent to see a single navy-yard dismantled uselessly—their sense of economy prohibits that; and all that has been published in the papers, all that has been said in Congress of reduction and economy, expresses simply the earnest desire of the people that in peace army and navy and armories and navy-yards shall be utilized. Very earnest at present is this demand with respect to the navy and the navy-yards and stations. The latest national experience has demonstrated that, though we possibly have too large a navy and too many naval stations for peace, we have too few ships and not enough dock-yards for time of war such as the nation has lately passed through. The assertion will not be disputed that, but for the then-existing navy-yards of the North, there could have been no blockade of the Southern ports completed and recognized as effective before the end of 1861. Shall a power such as this, though developed by war, be destroyed in peace? It is not against our present argument to admit, as the rebels claimed at the time, that the surrender of the extensive naval dépôt at Norfolk, with its immense supplies of munitions of war, gave the Confederates their means of resistance. Better to utilize for the purposes of peace than to destroy such agencies as these. It should not be forgotten that the navy-yards of the North not only created, during the war, an entirely new navy, built on original principles of naval construction, but that they fitted more than six hundred merchant vessels to perform blockading duty as men-of-war. Is not that organization which thus converted peaceful ships of commerce into sturdy men-of-war powerful also to transform men-of-war into merchantmen? The rapidity with which the alterations of vessels for the war was effected was, at the time, the wonder and admiration of the country. Merchant ships, coming home from Southern ports, in more than one instance returned on their regular advertised trips as ships of war. It is related that the steamer *Monticello*, of the Cromwell line, had been making regular trips, for mercantile purposes, from New York to the Southern ports, and in April, 1861, was thus running between New York and Washington. It was rumored that the rebels had made preparations for its capture. The Government bought the steamer, and sent it to the Brooklyn Navy-yard to be fitted out. The largest force that could work upon the vessel was employed in the work of alteration. The elegant fittings of passenger service yielded to the stern exigencies of war, and the hand-saw tore its way through silken tapestry and velvet cushions which there was no time to remove. Within forty-eight hours from the time of purchase, and twenty-four hours from her arrival at the navy-yard, the *Monticello* was on her way to the Potomac, a war steamer, armed and equipped, carrying a large pivot-gun and four 32-pounders. In the darkness of the night she ascended the Potomac; the rebels made their attack, and the great guns roared out their reception. The *Monticello* reached Washington; it was never ascertained what became of the attacking party.

Similar alterations of the merchant marine for warlike purposes was a chief service of the navy-yards during the war, and that experience has suggested to national economists an idea which is only just now being impressed upon public attention, in connection with the schemes for reviving American navigation interests. The war which created the American navy destroyed the American merchant service. Scores of merchant ships were then changed to men-of-war; hundreds of sea-captains entered the naval service for the war; and thousands of sailors, trained to the free life and simple duties of the merchantman, voluntarily submitted themselves to the strict discipline and dangerous duty of the man-of-war. As the chief dependence of the navy, in time of war, was on the merchant service, it is now proposed to rely on the navy-yards and the naval service to aid in reviving American navigation. The idea proposed is the employment of the national dock-yards, in time of peace, in the construction of a merchant marine, which shall do service, in time of war, as a national navy. The various measures for

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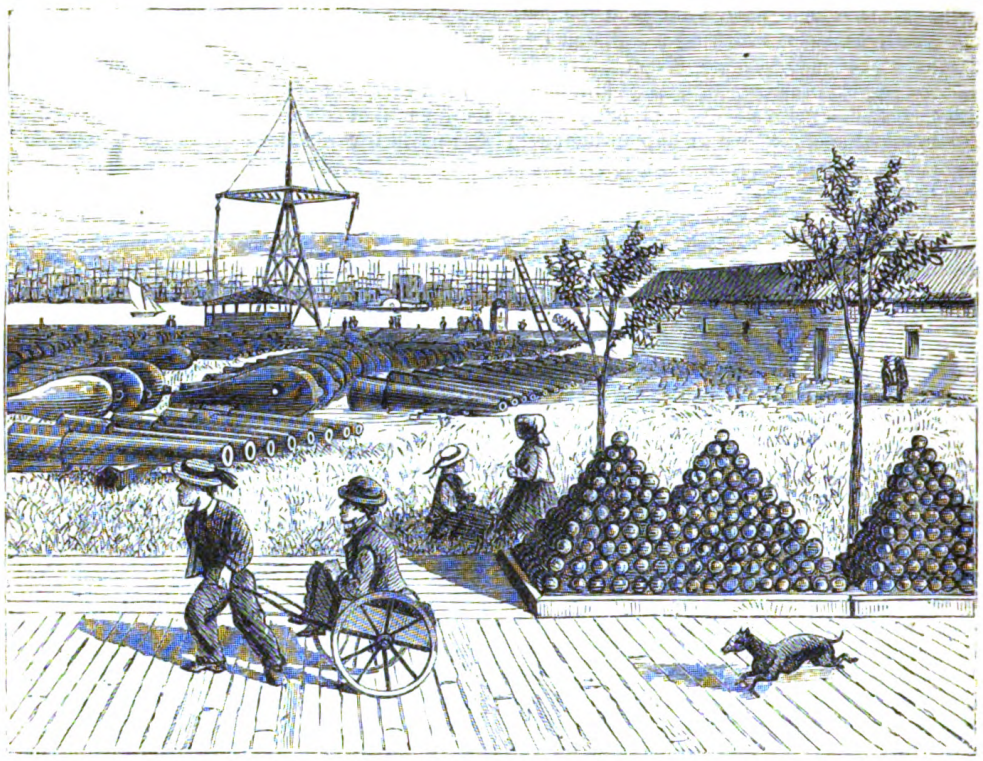
reviving American navigation and reducing the American navy, which were agitated during the last session of Congress, had this result; and, as yet, no other. The plan is still merely a suggestion of that debate, and, not yet having taken shape, remains to be considered in its details. Such a proposition, it is understood, will be introduced during the coming winter session of Congress, in a bill which will encourage the building of iron ships at American navy-yards, and the manning of the merchant marine with American seamen and American naval officers. That the nation must resort to some plan like this seems indisputable in the face of the experience of other countries. Instead of selling the national navy-yards, they should be utilized, and employed no less vigorously in arts of peace than in those of war. It has been by permitting her naval officers to engage in it that England has made her merchant service the finest in the world, and fitted her every sailor for instant duty as a man-of-war's man when occasion requires. Her naval stations are public ship-yards, at which merchant ships and men-of-war alike are built, and her iron ships are built alike at private and national ship-yards. It is to this resort we are urged by our experience and the advice of our leading officers. It seems a wiser one than that other suggestion, to sell the stations and reduce the navy, which, in an emergency, might be indispensable to national safety. Since it is simply a question of destroying or utilizing a great power, there can be no hesitation in choosing, and the American Congress can hardly refuse its consent if a plan shall be devised to convert our idle naval stations into busy dock-yards, nor fail to extend every aid of legislation for the consummation of that desirable achievement. "Ships and naval organizations," says the letter from Secretary Robeson, of May 30, to the House Committee on Naval Affairs, "can not be extemporized like regiments, but are the growth and product of long-continued industry and skill." And this, which is true enough of ships, is pre-eminently the fact in respect to their birth-place, the navy-yard. Its growth is inevitably slow. The dismantling of any one of those already completed is not, therefore, to be hastily resolved upon.

Among the navy-yards which it has been proposed to sell is that at New York, commonly but erroneously called the Brooklyn Navy-yard. Officially it is the New York Navy-yard, and is so described in the almost forgotten parchments by which the State and city of New York transferred to the General Government their right and title in the Waal Boght, or Fallow Bend, of the old Dutch settlers, which has since, by a curious corruption, been transformed into Wallabout Bay. And since Chancellor Kent and Robert Tillotson examined and attested the deeds, who shall doubt the correctness of the title? Its locality is one hallowed by revolutionary memories. It was in this bay that the British prison-ships were moored; and on the surrounding shores, then only salt marshes, growing with each tide that overflowed them, twelve thousand American



SALUTING BATTERY.

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ORDNANCE DOCK.

patriots, who had perished in that dismal confinement of hunger and malaria, were hastily and but partially interred. Years afterward those mouldering bones were collected with pomp and imposing ceremony, and removed to a temporary receptacle in Jackson Street, then adjoining. There they still remain, though during more than half a century their removal to a suitable mausoleum has been from time to time agitated; and a structure was to have been erected for this purpose upon the summit of Fort Greene, now an ornamental park in Brooklyn.

Very curious reasoning first directed the attention of the Government to this site as a suitable one for a navy-yard. At least, such arguments would be thought curious enough if made in the interests of the metropolis, as at present existing. In the official correspondence preceding the first purchase, in April, 1801, it was announced that the selection was resolved upon because of the desire of the Government to bestow a proportion of its patronage on New York, and that New York might benefit by the employment which her citizens would receive at the proposed navy-yard. We smile at these things now; and whether the navy-yard, in an emergency, hires double or treble its usual number of laborers, or whether, upon the motion for retrenchment of the gentleman from Buncombe, or some Western Congressman who never sniffed salt-water breezes nor knows the importance of a navy, it dismisses a large number of men in a single day, there is no perceptible change in the vast labor market of New York city. But if this naval station were transformed into a national ship-yard, its location in the chief port, the largest and cheapest market, and the most populous city of the country, would assume an importance, aside from mere considerations of labor, not to be disregarded in the interest of commerce.

Another reason for selecting this site for the navy-yard was, that it would afford a defense to the metropolis. By the terms of the sale it was distinctly stated that the site was to "be used and applied to the defense and safety of said city"—meaning New York. It has never been in any military sense, however, a part of the defenses of the port. A battery exists on Ordnance Dock, and its mortars, looking south, are trained to drop hot shot or bursting shells into the Narrows and the lower bay, two miles and more seaward; but as a means of defense it would not enter largely into any tactician's calculations. It is rather a collection of relics than a formidable array of powerful mortars. Some of them did service in opening the Mississippi, at Forts Jackson and St. Philip, under Porter. Others aided to make night hideous at the bombardment of Vicksburg; and still others bowled their fiery missiles at Mobile. But, situated as they are, they are as powerless to protect New York against the approach of a modern fleet as would be the handsome but ineffective guns of the Saluting Battery, which stands at the other side of the same dock, or as the dismounted monsters near by, which, in

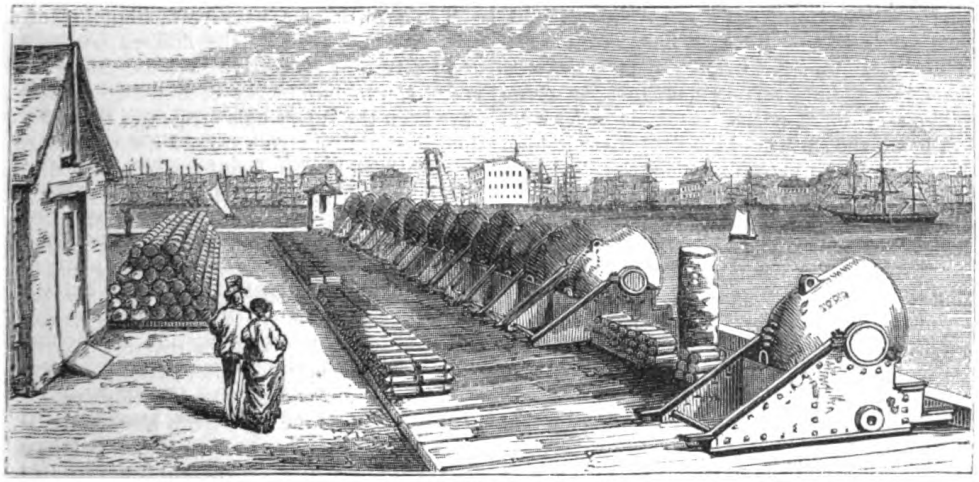
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spite of their size, are objects of curiosity rather than weapons of defense in their present position. These guns, seen in the illustration of the Saluting Battery, have been named Satan, Lucifer, and Moloch. There was a fourth of the same pattern called Beelzebub; but it has since been mounted in the tower of some Monitor. They are the largest cannon ever cast. Each weighs forty-two tons. The diameter at the breech is nearly six feet. A man can easily crawl in and out of the muzzle, which admits a 20-inch shell. Mounted on a trunnion, they are easily handled by experienced gunners.

As a means of defense for New York city the navy-yard is, therefore, useless; and that consideration which influenced its establishment need not embarrass any proposition to change its character. The transfer of the water-front of Wallabout Bay was made on the considerations above noted, and the payment of $40,000 in money. There was a rumor to the effect that the Government had paid too much for it, whereupon one of the agents employed to purchase the site, determined not to be considered a party to a fraud on the Government, offered to take the bargain off its hands. The water-front alone is now valued at $20,000,000. But it must not be supposed that, in case of the sale of the yard, the Government is to profit by this advance in the value of its real estate; nor will the city of Brooklyn, of which the yard is now a part. On the contrary, the State of New York will be benefited, and it only. By the terms of the deed the transfer of the water-front to the General Government is for such time only, and "so long as the same be used and applied to the defense and safety of the said city and port of New York, and no longer, and revert to the people of the State of New York when not applied to the purpose aforesaid." A hasty resolution of Congress to sell the yard would, therefore, transfer $20,000,000 of government funds to the State of New York, a proceeding to which Western Congressmen, at least, are not disposed to consent,

The Brooklyn Navy-yard is approached through one of the least attractive parts of the City of Churches, and the contrast between the yard itself and the locality immediately outside its walls can not but strike an observant visitor. There is to be seen a certain naval aspect in the adjacent streets; but nothing of the cleanliness and the order of the yard is visible in the neighborhood immediately beyond its high walls. Inside, "Poor Jack's" fondness for the appurtenances of his calling is gratified by collections of old figure-heads which have gone dozens of times round the world, and which grace or disfigure various lawns within the yard. Outside, this love of the sailor for his vessel and its representations is traded upon by "the land-sharks" who prey upon his generous nature. Weather-beaten signs over dilapidated taverns, or dusty prints in small shop windows, disclose the portraiture of red-faced naval dignitaries, resplendent in gold lace. In front of tobacco shops the conventional figure of the Indian graciously presenting, not the aboriginal pipe, but the modern rolled cigar, is superseded by that of a sailor, with unlimited breadth of hat-brim and trowsers. Instead of popular packages of chewing tobacco, "navy-plug" is displayed. There are shops whose glass fronts boast of attractions in the shape of models of ships, with masts and rigging complete. The ordinary Dutch corner grocery announces that it keeps "naval stores;" and a liquor saloon steals the great name of one who detested its traffic, and styles itself the "Farragut House."

There is visible in this part of Brooklyn none of those immense warehouses and magnificent dock-basins which commerce has built in the southern part of the same city. Although there is a pier and a dry dock in the navy-yard superior to any like structures in this country, and the latter of which is not inferior to those of Liverpool and London, their use has been confined solely to vessels of the navy. Merchant ships have been excluded from them, though pier and dock are for the most part



MORTAR BATTERY.

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OLD FIGURE-HEAD.

idle from year to year. The consequence is, that commerce has been driven from the vicinity of the yard. The devotion of these parts of the yard to mercantile purposes would, without doubt, attract commercial and manufacturing enterprises to the city, and they would form the nucleus of a system of docks and piers and warehouses of great advantage to the metropolis. The pier alluded to is known as Ordnance or Cob Dock, and was completed in 1866, at a cost of $1,900,000. It is built on an old island in Wallabout Bay, shaped on the old maps not unlike the Mikado's famous fan-shaped refuge for the Dutch apostates in Japan. It covers an area several times greater than that of any other pier in the port; but its vast space is devoted to the storage of shot and shell and artillery, instead of the rich products of industry and agriculture.

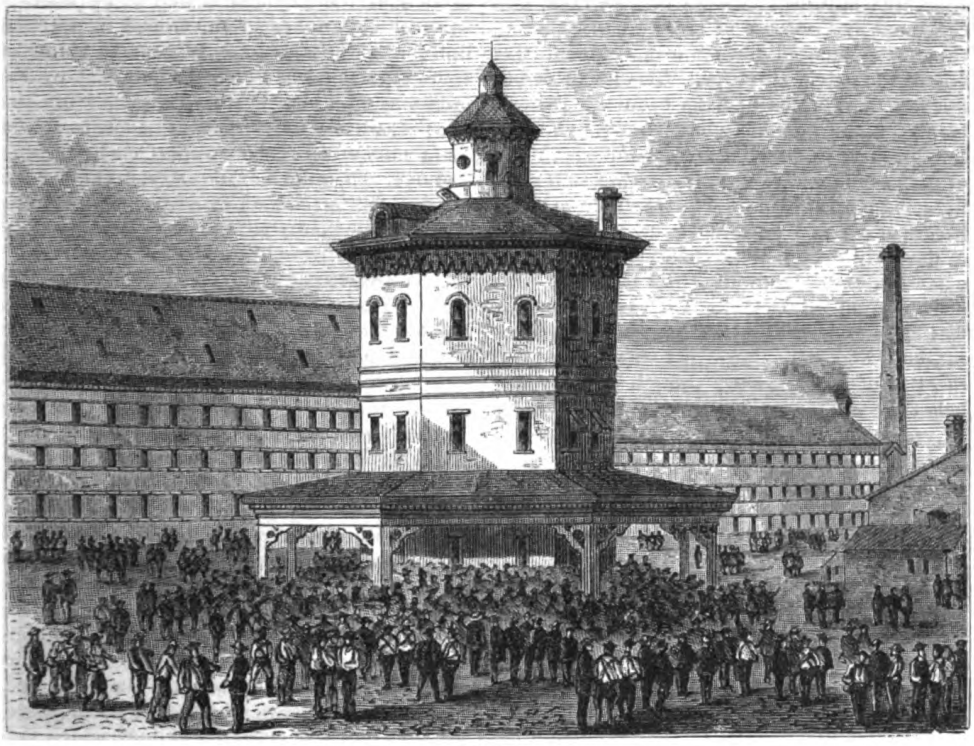
The Dry Dock is an immovable basin of solid granite. More than ten thousand piles were driven to bear this vast mass of masonry. It was begun in August, 1841, and was ten years in building, costing not less than three millions of dollars. Its bottom is at least 23 feet below the surface of the East River at high tide. When its gates are open, the dock fills with water, a vessel is floated in, the gates closed, and the water pumped out. Ingenious devices aid in accomplishing these ends. The gates, or doors, are immense structures—their hinges alone would make several good-sized portals for ordinary dwellings. The gates are supplemented at the entrance of the dock by the most singular of all doors or portcullises, leaving a vast vestibule between. This outside door is an iron boat, called a caisson or pontoon, shaped much like an axe-head, with the edge for a keel, being 66 feet long, 16 wide, and with 30 feet depth of hold, supposing the dock to be full of water. After the vessel that is to be docked is floated in, this caisson, which contains an upper and lower compartment, is brought from the outside and set against the open end of the dock, which it closes, and in grooves which fit its bow and stern. Water is then let into the lower compartment of this caisson, and it sinks so as to hermetically seal up the dock, which is then pumped out. As soon as water is removed from the dock, the pressure of the water of the East River upon the caisson holds it in place as firmly as though it were part of the granite walls. When the dock is to be opened, a steam-engine and pump in the upper compartment of the caisson are set to work in pumping out the water in its lower compartment, and the caisson, rising in its grooves, allows the East River to flow beneath its keel and fill the dock. The strain on the gates is thus greatly relieved, as they are only used to break the intervening movements of the water. Success in shoring a vessel properly in dock depends largely upon its management in giving it its first "set." The dock, which contains 610,000 gallons, can be emptied within two hours and ten minutes. The whole height of its walls is 36 feet; its least depth, measured at high-water over the mitre-sills, 26 feet; and its least width, similarly measured, 66 feet. Its main chamber is 30 feet wide at bottom, and 286 feet in length; at top, 98 feet, and 307 feet long; and 52 feet can be added to its length by using the vestibule between the doors and the caisson.

The growth of a navy-yard, like that of a city, can be traced by the different styles of architecture of successive periods. In earlier years, continuous blocks of buildings seem to have been the rule, single structures the exception, in the Brooklyn yard. First of all were old-fashioned houses, fronting as if on the street of a city, with gables at either end of the row, and looking at the present day like what a New Yorker would call a row of tenement houses. After these, separate lofty buildings grew, but these now seem old-fashioned, but far more pretentious, with vast roofs, double and hipped, reaching more than half the distance between the ridge-pole and the ground; strangest of all, they are not unfrequently built with sides sloping inward, as if the architect's ideas were derived from the tent, or the Indian wigwam. However inferior in architectural beauty, it is quite certain that these older buildings excel

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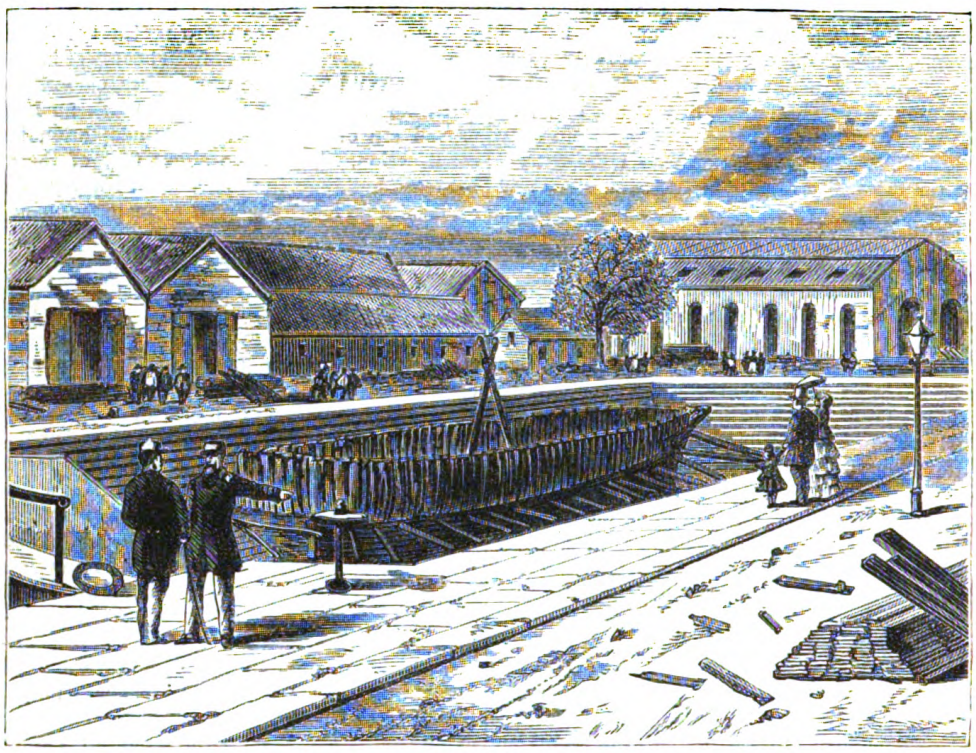
more modern structures in the element of strength. "These are none of your balloon frame houses," said an old attaché of the yard, one George Washington Lee, who has watched its growth for more than fifty years, and who in that long period has been absent from duty —think of it, oh gentlemen who represent us, in the intervals of holidays and excursions and "pairings off," in Congress!—only forty days. "These are houses such as they don't build nowadays. There are beams in them, Sir, like the timbers of a seventy-four." Near the entrance, on the left of the main avenue, and obstructing the view of several of the most magnificent of the warehouses in the yard, is an odd specimen of architecture, called the Round House, probably from the fact that it is octagonal in form. Set in its tower is a great clock, by which the yard is ruled, as far as time is concerned. Within the building is the mustering office, where, twice a month, the workmen receive their pay. On one semi-monthly pay-day only round sums are paid; on the other, the account is closed with fractions, if any. Even on the day when only round sums are paid, a sister of charity may be seen sitting in the hall waiting to receive alms; and it must be inferred that either the workmen bring with them some remnant of previous pay, which is very improbable, or that they contribute legal tenders of not the smallest denomination.

Perhaps, however, the surest index of the architectural dates is yellow paint. Until within ten years at the furthest, every permanent structure in a navy-yard had to be painted with yellow ochre. But the more recent buildings are allowed to retain the natural beauty of brick and stone; and massive warehouses, elaborately trimmed with hewn granite, mark an improved era of taste, and better adaptation in construction. There are about fifty of these immense buildings in the Brooklyn Navy-yard, each suitable for commercial or manufacturing purposes. The Brooklyn yard is considered as the chief naval *entrepôt* for the receipt and delivery of the materials required at other navy-yards. At almost every hour of the day, in the busy times of the yard, vast coils of rope may be seen going in at one door, while immense chain cables are issuing from another. There is even a "pepper-and-mustard" building, where spices and condiments are ground, prepared, and packed for ships' use. In other buildings are stored specimens or samples of naval stores, from the latest style of the tin dipper to the newest form of explosive missile. In the store-room of the Ordnance Department may be found numerous articles, or patterns of articles, of this kind, and various illustrations of newly developed principles in construction, naval warfare, and mechanics. There is exhibited there, for instance, a plank upon which the experiment was made, by Admiral Farragut, of shooting with a tallow candle as a projectile. It is an oak plank of at least an inch in thickness. One candle has torn a hole through the plank. Another has splintered it at the place of impact, but not actually passing through, and pieces of the candle are still sticking in the clefts. The distance was



ROUND HOUSE.

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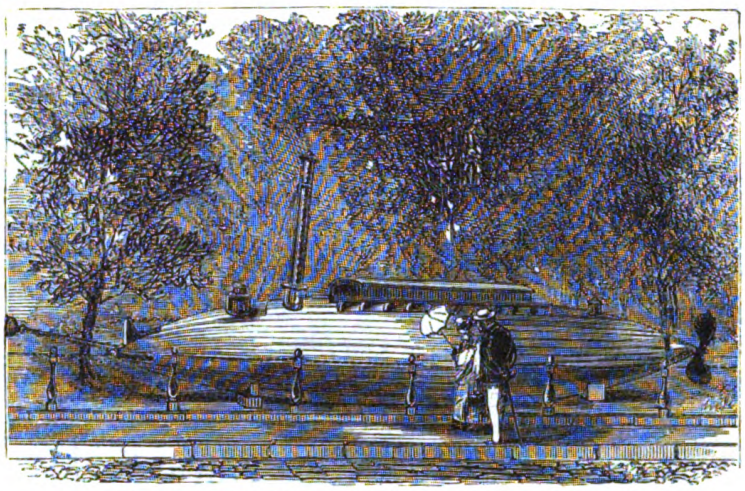
DRY DOCK.

five paces. In the Naval Lyceum or Museum, an apartment of the Admiral's Office, are numerous other naval curiosities which repay examination. The Lyceum was started in 1833, by prominent citizens of Brooklyn, and chartered by Congress in 1835. Chief among those who labored for its establishment was Captain Matthew C. Perry. The honor of belonging to it seems to have been the inducement for the annual subscription. Citizens sent books and paintings, some of which are of unquestionable value; among the latter being good portraits, in oil, of several of the naval heroes of our first wars, and a series of portraits of the early Presidents of the Republic. Naval officers afterward sent many contributions. An elegant coral formation, about two and a half feet high, is designated as the *Alexonia Gigantea*, or "Neptune's Cup," and was obtained in the Bay of Bengal, from a depth of sixty feet below the surface. There are models and plans of various naval structures. Two links of a chain are preserved, with a certificate that there were fifty-one links in all, fished out of "Hudson's River," between Fort Montgomery and West Point. The links weighed from thirty to thirty-five pounds apiece, and there can be no doubt that this massive product of Revolutionary forges was originally stretched across the river to prevent its ascent by invaders. An ecclesiastical chart, hung against the walls, reminds the visitor that he is yet within the boundaries of the City of Churches.

In other buildings sails are manufactured. It must not be supposed that the mere stitching of the canvas forms the chief part of this labor. The proportioning of sails to ships, and devising their outline for each vessel, are matters requiring mathematical calculation and measurement, as well as the knowledge that is acquired in nautical experience or developed in practical skill; and these require large apartments or floors on which to test the calculations by diagrams, as on a blackboard. And as every vessel, preparatory to a voyage, must have two or three suits of sails, their manufacture becomes an important branch of industry. Other floors are devoted to the making of "patterns." Before it became customary in navy-yards to build a house for laying out "moulding" lines by which vessels are shaped, they were simply traced in the sand of the shore where the construction was to take place. And this was by no means in those ages of antiquity when school-boys learning to write traced their "copies" in tablets of sand, but quite within the present century. Now there is no neater exemplification of the technical methods and scientific calculation by which all such works must be performed than the pattern-shop, with its "moulding-room." Here the lines of every vessel that is constructed in the yard, and those of many that undergo extensive repairs, are drawn upon the floor to the full size of the proposed vessel. These lines are taken from perhaps half a dozen different points of view of the hull, sectional and otherwise; such as might be obtained by looking from either end, from the deck downward, from the keel upward, etc. From these geometrical lines, which thus present in accurate and flowing curves the out-

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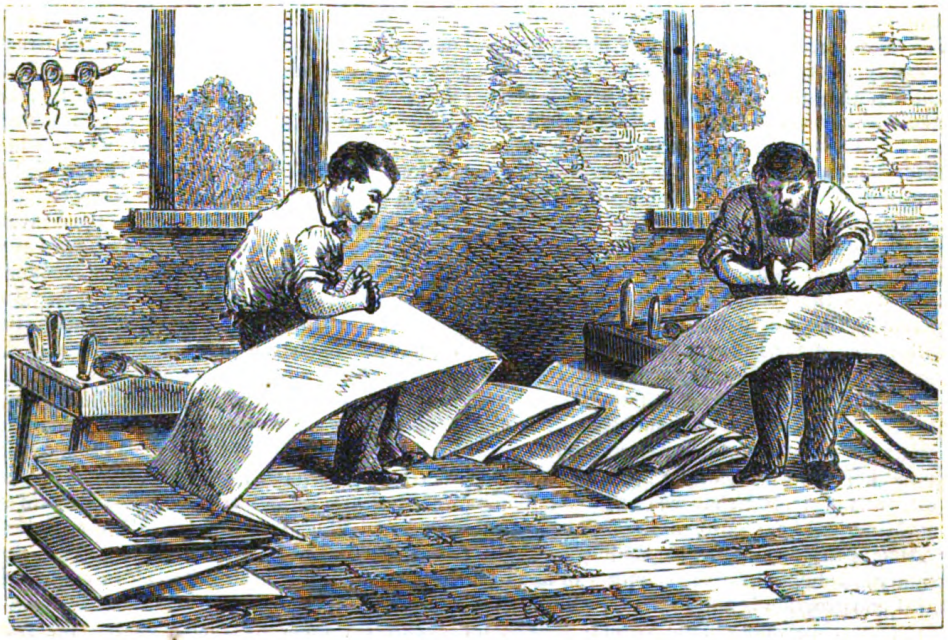
line of every stick of timber or frame of iron in a vessel, "patterns" are cut to correspond. These patterns, representing solid timbers, themselves are cut in thin boards, bearing the same relation to the ship which is designed that a tailor's paper pattern does to the garment it is proposed to cut.



REBEL TORPEDO BOAT "MIDGE."

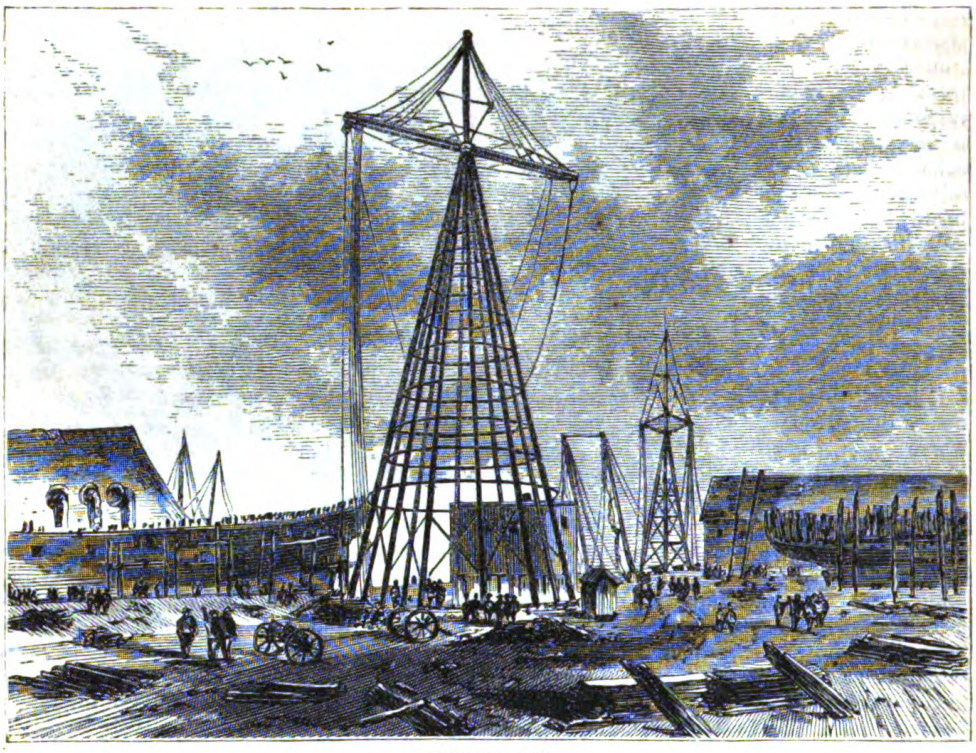
There are also immense work-shops, where the forge glows, and the steam-hammer falls on the glowing iron with a heavy thud, cutting it with wedge-shaped blades as though it were a fresh cheese under a case-knife. It is commonly supposed that the wedges or knives used for cutting red-hot iron are of the hardest steel. This is a mistake. The hot iron that is to be cut would heat a steel knife, and draw its temper before ten minutes' work could be done. The knives are of iron, and illustrate, as the experiments with the candle do, the rule that sufficient momentum may force a soft substance through a hard one. In other shops the timbers of a vessel undergo singular treatment in receiving the shape that fits them for their uses. A remarkable planing-machine handles these immense masses in a very easy way. The planes are what in other machinery are known as "routers," and revolve with high speed in a horizontal direction, each being suspended by a perpendicular axis of revolution. The planes of course sweep off a circular surface as the timbers pass beneath them. Such is the toughness of the timber, and such the speed of the planes, that a stream of fire as well as of chips flies from the outer edge of the circle, while the plane is itself invisible on account of the rapidity of its motion.

The change from the use of wood to that of iron in naval structures has effected prominent changes in the requisites of this as of every navy-yard in the country. The machines which handle that metal are, of necessity, formidable. Hideous monsters, mechanical ogres, stand ready with savage jaws to bite out mouthfuls of solid metal. The metal shrieks as chisels pare it away while sliding under the planing tools, held down on a bed twenty or thirty feet long, where



SAIL-MAKING.

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IRON DERRICK.

it can not writhe, no matter what its agonies. Or it is twisted around by ponderous lathes, which whirl these enormous masses as lightly as if they were shillalahs at Donnybrook Fair. Some of the largest piston-heads ever turned have been required for the steam-cylinders which operate the guns in the turrets of the Monitors. The steam in the cylinder also acts as a buffer, or, rather, constitutes a "steam-cushion," that receives the recoil of the gun. The diameter of one of these piston-heads, probably intended to operate a 20-inch gun, and manufactured in the Brooklyn yard, measured within a small fraction of eleven feet, and compared to but little disadvantage with the piston-head of the great caloric engine of the *Ericsson*, the experimental ship driven by hot air, whereon admiring members of Congress sat in enjoyment of a strange ride, which seems destined never to be repeated.

Perhaps the culmination of the growth required by the use of iron would have been in rolling plates for iron-clads. A building was constructed in the Brooklyn yard for this purpose, and received the title of the "Iron-clad Shop." The shafting was introduced, and a variety of preparations completed, but Peace spread her white wings over the land, and the nest was never used that was to have hatched out, Minerva-like, men-of-war in full armor.

Among the most perfect machines which ingenuity has devised for the economy of labor in naval construction is the derrick, of which one of the finest specimens in the world is to be seen in the Brooklyn Navy-yard. These singular structures, taller than the masts of frigates, moved and actuated by steam in performing their labors, surpass even the genii of the Arabian tales in the prodigious facility with which they stretch out their long arms, seize vast masses of material, lift them in air, and deposit them where required. Sometimes, however, their fingers slip. Absolute skill, only acquired by practice, is required to safely "sling" a marine boiler or a main shaft. A heavy gun did once slip from the derrick slings in the Brooklyn yard and fall into the hold of a vessel; it, however, happily occasioned little damage. In 1863 a 15-inch gun was carried to the same yard from a distant foundry. It was destined to form part of the armament of the United States Monitor-turreted steamer *Roanoke*. The armament of that vessel was to be the heaviest afloat. She was intended for the protection of the harbor of New York. This gun, weighing about 50,000 pounds, was lifted out of a vessel that brought it at night, and gently deposited by a derrick on the shore end of one of the docks. Next morning no gun was visible. It had sunk, carrying with it the portion of the dock on which it rested, down into the quicksand, and was quite out of sight. The derrick was again brought into requisition. A hole was dug around the monster; it was "slung" again and lifted into the air. The gun, however, slipped from the slings, and this time going down into the hole breech foremost, was once more lost to view. To raise it again it became necessary to sling it behind the trunnions. So troublesome was the quicksand that

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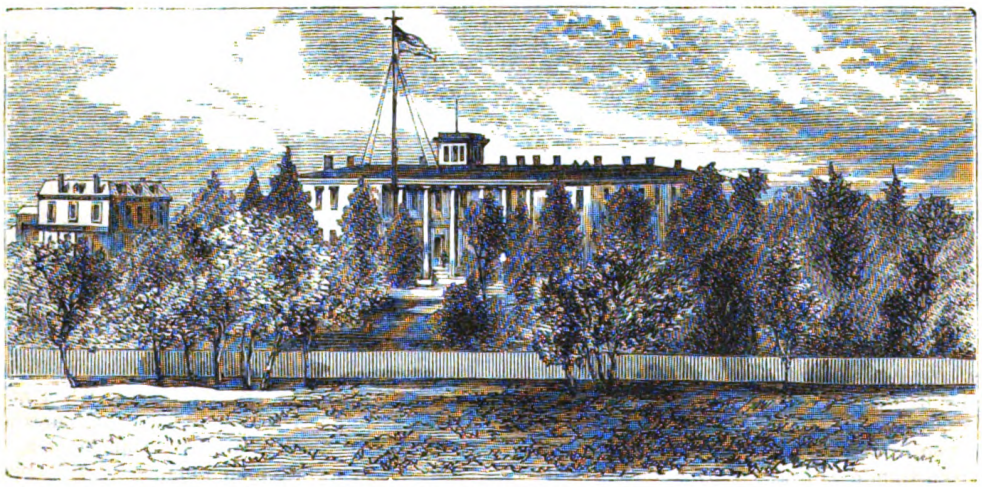
this was only eventually accomplished by sinking around it iron plates and building them into a coffer-dam, from which the sand was extracted, and at length the gun.



MARINE BARRACKS.

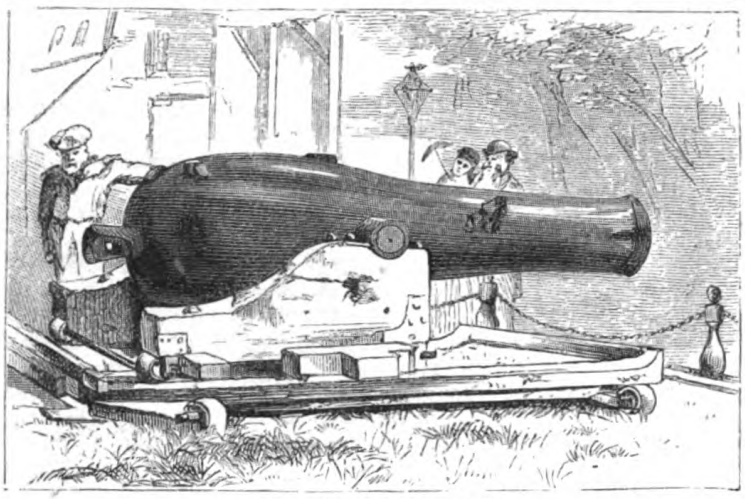
Among the practices which the navy-yards have outgrown is the old-fashioned one of building ships in the open air. It would seem so manifest an improvement that a structure which requires months or years for completion should be built under cover, that it is quite surprising that "ship-houses," in which ships are built preparatory to launching, should rank among recent improvements. There are several of these in the Brooklyn yard. Some idea of their size may be inferred from the dimensions of a ship now in process of construction in one of them—a vessel formerly known as the *Kalamazoo*—before Indian names were abolished—now to be called the *Colossus*. She is intended as an iron-clad, and has two turrets in Monitor style. Her extreme length over all is nearly 350 feet; breadth, about 57; depth of hold, 19. Within her vast wooden frame a truss-work of iron, composed of long girders and cross-pieces more frequent and heavier than those of any bridge of equal size, bolted and braced together and through her timbers, gives her an indescribable appearance of absolute and permanent strength. She contains a vast ventilating apparatus, which is itself a curiosity, and six steam-boilers, each more than twenty feet across the face. There are six furnaces to each boiler—36 in all, giving a heating surface of more than 23,000 square feet, which may be regarded as a small Gehenna, capable of consuming 84 tons of coal per day. Her four engines have each cylinders of nearly four feet diameter, the stroke being a little over four feet—calculated to give to two fifteen-feet propellers sixty revolutions per minute, and a speed for the ship of ten and a half knots per hour.

The only buildings in the Brooklyn yard which it would be impossible to utilize for the purposes urged are the Marine Hospital and Barracks. These are, however, in a part of it remote from the water-front. The Barracks form one of the most attractive resorts for visitors, and are built on an elaborate plan and maintained at liberal cost. There is always a squad of marines drilling or pacing the green before their otherwise desolate-looking domicile. The United States Naval Hospital is near by. It is a splendid building in the Doric style of architecture, surrounded by the heavy foliage of full-grown trees. Beside the long corridors, which 230 feet of frontage and 125 feet depth



MARINE HOSPITAL.

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A RELIC OF THE "ONEIDA."

provide, are arranged rooms for one hundred invalids. There is accommodation, however, for twice that number; and during the war the space between the wings of the building was filled by a temporary structure, and several hundred patients were admitted. The sick of the navy from all parts of the world are sent to this hospital; for, although there are many other naval hospitals, the rule is to transfer the sick of the navy, when in foreign ports, to any United States vessel going home, and they are sent to the hospital of whatever yard or station the vessel is ordered to. It happens that in many cases there would be too long delay, for the welfare of the patient, in waiting for such a vessel, and he is sent by the quickest lines of travel, which inevitably bring him to New York, and therefore to this hospital.

Visitors to the Brooklyn yard will find many curious objects, other than those named, to interest and attract them. Emerging from the Admiral's Office, where it is first of all necessary to go to obtain passes, trophies are seen on every side. At every corner of the numerous streets of the yard there is a "great gun," planted with the breech in the ground and a ball two or three sizes too large, so that it can by no possibility enter the bore, stuffed part way into the muzzle. At the doors of the Admiral's Office are guns captured during the Mexican war, some of which, of brass, undoubtedly contain a percentage of the precious metals. One of these, captured at San Juan de Ulloa, is a 30-pounder, and is covered with ornamental engraving. Various inscriptions are interspersed. Its title is "*Le Robuste*," which its appearance does not belie. The motto "*Ultima Ratio Regum*" ("The last resort of kings"), twits upon facts after a manner akin to sarcasm. "*Nec pluribus impar*" ("Not an unequal match for numbers") did not apply at the time of its capture. There are names, titles, and a date upon it, as follows: "Louis Charles de Bourbon, Comte D'Eu, Duc D'Aumale," and "A Douay par Berenger, Commissaire des Fontes, 67 Brs., 1755." Near by is a gun which is all that remains of the ill-fated United States war steamer *Oneida*. It was taken off that vessel just before she sailed on her last cruise. She was originally built in the Brooklyn yard, being one of twenty-three vessels entirely constructed there during the war. This gun, an 11-inch, passed through all the great actions on the Mississippi, and bears the marks of several engagements during which it was struck by the missiles of the enemy. The heaviest blow by which it was indented was received in Mobile Bay during the passage of the forts from a shot fired by the rebel ram *Tennessee*. Perched up in a dock, not far from this gun of the *Oneida*, are now lying the bones of the famous old *Hartford*, which led in the famous battle in the bay. After she was sent to the Brooklyn yard some improvement was contemplated in her. Her wales were removed, exposing her to top-timbers like the ribs of some vast fossil skeleton. Then the appropriation was stopped, and the work was suspended.

Several torpedo-boats, among others the *Midge*, captured in Charleston Harbor, are scattered about the yard, and are objects of great interest. The importance of the torpedo in modern marine warfare is only beginning to be appreciated. Attention has been called to it in a recent letter from the Secretary of the Navy. After the war was over, as well as during its pendency, the obstructions in most of the Southern rivers had to be cleared and blown up by means of torpedoes; in fact, when the existence of torpedoes among the obstructions was suspected, torpedoes were the only safe things to attack them with, as though one should fight fire with fire. The Northern vessels used for dicharging torpedoes are not so gracefully constructed as those built at the South. A torpedo-boat of New Bedford construction, preserved in the Brooklyn yard, looks about as beautiful in outline as a stiff, dead lamprey-eel, except that a smoke-stack stuck in it, like a pin in an insect, gives it a somewhat different effect at first sight. But each and all of these torpedo-boats impress the beholder with the belief that size is not the true test of force. Massive iron-clads as well as mighty frigates are not invulnerable when attacked by these enemies, whose proportions are to theirs like those of a wasp to an elephant, but carrying a more fatal sting.

The receiving-ship of every navy-yard is al-

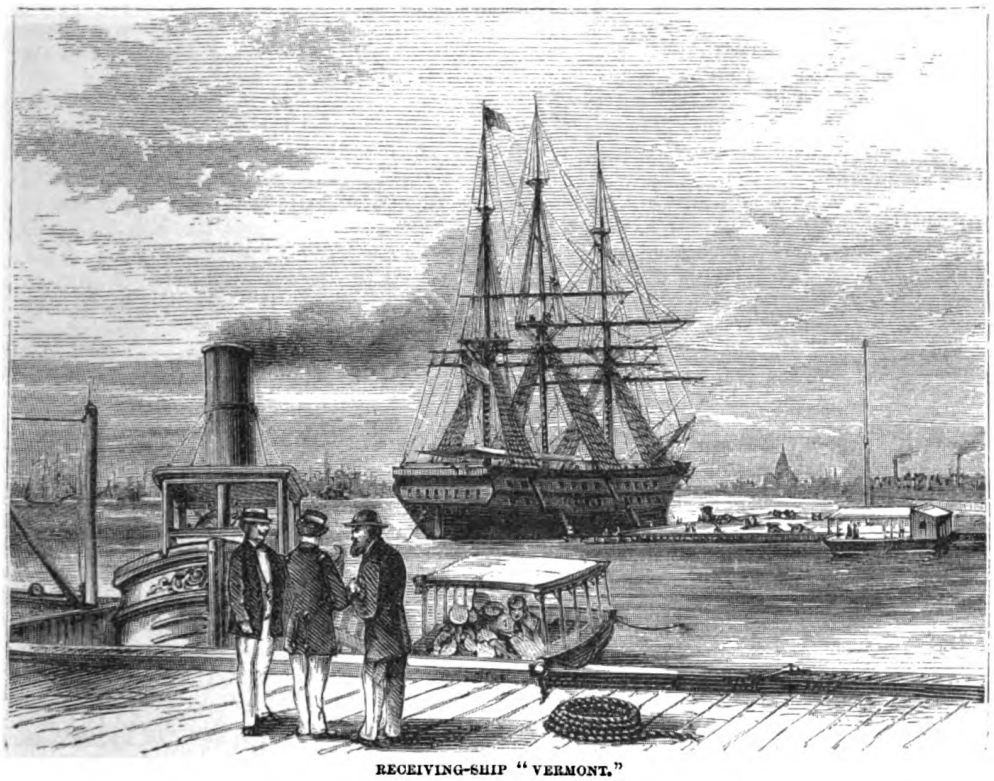
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ways attractive, for it is the residence of the sailors. The *Vermont* is the present receiving-ship, which is anchored off the navy-yard at Brooklyn.

The first receiving-ship employed in the United States Navy was built at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. It was an immense steam floating battery, called *Fulton the First*. While fastened to the dock as a receiving-ship, on the morning of the 4th of June, 1829, the magazine on board exploded. Thirty-three persons were killed and a large number wounded. Among the killed was the commander, Lieutenant Breckinridge. The vessel sank at the dock. The ship which succeeded to the unfortunate *Fulton*, the *North Carolina*, became, we had almost said, a landmark, and it was popularly believed that she was aground; at all events, she was a fixture associated with the early memories of the people of Brooklyn. There was a school for naval apprentices on board. The vessel had been launched after the war with Great Britain, and, before being thus stationed, had made cruises to the Mediterranean and Pacific. During the rebellion she was sold at public auction, and probably at a mere tithe of her original cost, as no purchaser could have had any use for her except as so much wood, iron, and copper, for which she was broken up.

What has been said of the Brooklyn Navy-yard applies, in almost every particular, to the other seven yards and six stations of the country. The yards are at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Norfolk, Pensacola, and Mare Island, California; the stations are at Annapolis, League Island, Sackett's Harbor, New London, New Orleans, and Mound City, Illinois. The number of men employed at these is now about the same as just before the breaking out of the rebellion. The number which may be employed if a national scheme for reviving American shipping is devised can be imagined by the statistics which have been preserved of the operation during the war of the Brooklyn Navy-yard. In 1860 there were about 1200 men, and there was paid in all about $200,000 during the year. In 1861 the largest number was about 3700, and the total year's payments were about $680,000. In 1862 the corresponding figures were 4800 men, and $2,000,000; in 1863, 5000 men, and nearly $3,000,000; in 1864, 5900 men, and $3,750,000; in 1865, 6200 men, and $4,000,000; the culmination being in August, 1865, when the payments for that month were a little above $400,000.

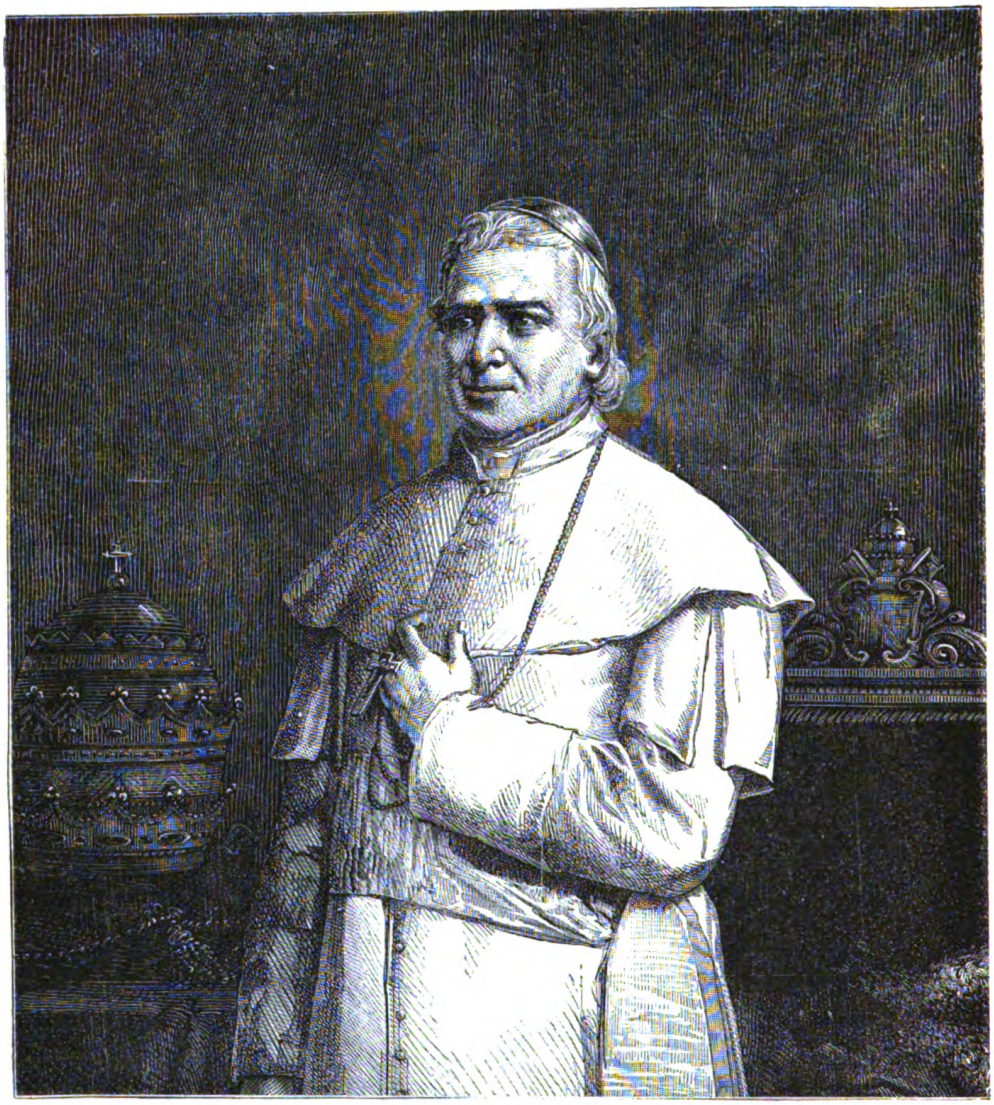
The great difficulty to be encountered in the effort to restore American shipping, it is evident, will not be the lack of materials, workshops, and workmen. It remains for statesmanship to devise a policy which will give them use and employment.



RECEIVING-SHIP "VERMONT."

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PIO NONO AND HIS COUNCILORS.

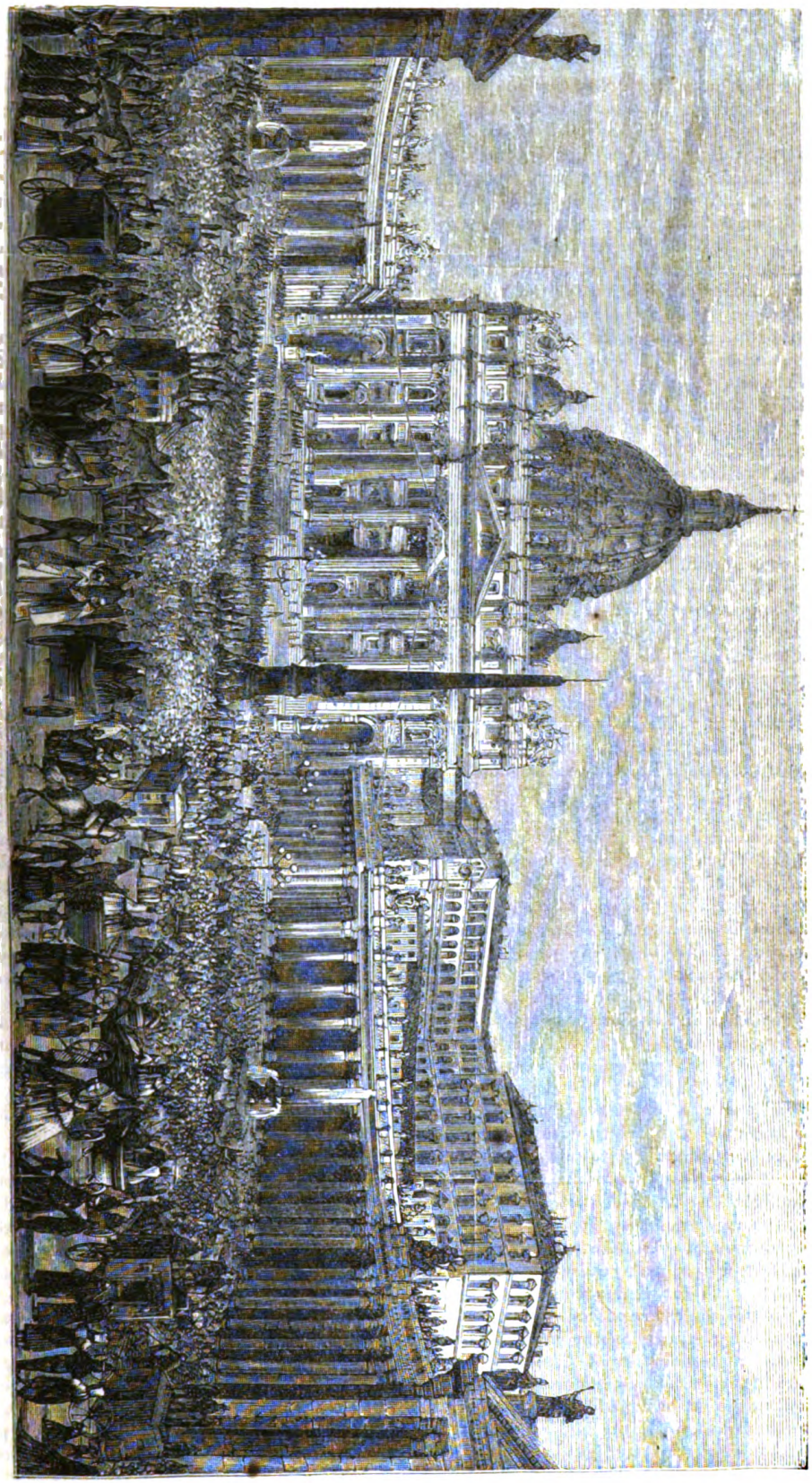


POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

THE eighth day of December, 1869, will long be remembered by every devout and faithful Romanist not only as a day sacred to the Immaculate Conception of Mary, Mother of God, but also as that on which the Œcumenical Council, convened by Pope Pius IX., met in the Eternal City, to receive his benediction, and, by appropriate public ceremonies, to inaugurate its labors for the purification of the faith, the overthrow of heresy, and the humiliation and defeat of that arch-destroyer of mankind—the human reason. The ceremonials which characterized this birthday of the world's millennium were not unworthy the high and beatific occasion.

The skies were not propitious, but this did not check the enthusiasm of the thousands of pilgrims who had assembled from all quarters of the globe to witness the opening of the Council, and to pick up the crumbs of papal benediction that fell from the table of bishops and cardinals. Long before dawn the ringing of bells and booming of cannon announced the approaching festival. With no other light than was afforded by the not over-brilliant street lamps of the city, hundreds were already hurrying on foot and in carriages to the great temple, now, for the first time since its erection, to be really filled. At eight o'clock it was thronged. At nine it was crowded. Ninety thousand people, says an eye-witness, were gathered beneath its roof. The press was fearful. Strong men fainted and were carried out to give their places to others more resolute

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ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN.

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or more audacious. It was a motley crowd. The Holy Mother Church knows no aristocracy but her own. Rich and poor meet together on a common level before her altar. A gallery in the council-chamber had been prepared for crowned heads. The beautiful Queen of Würtemberg, the Empress of Austria, the ex-Queen of Naples, and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Tuscany were among its occupants. A second gallery afforded accommodation for the various embassadors to the Court of Rome. The remainder of the vast assembly depended on luck, skill, strength, or a well-administered bribe for the privilege of witnessing the august ceremonies of inauguration, or the more doubtful privilege of hearing little and seeing less, but of subsequently being able to say, "I was at the opening of the Œcumenical Council." Priest and layman, noble and peasant, men and women of all nationalities, faiths, and races, met in a common assemblage. Here, grouped together, was a company of barefooted and barelegged friars, whose rubicund visages testified to their good living, and whose muscular limbs witnessed to their vigorous health. A little apart from these a band of monks was gathered, clad from head to foot in solemn black, motionless as statues, their bright, sharp eyes shining through the orifices cut in the black hoods which completely enveloped their heads. Side by side stood the jeweled dame and the beggar woman in her tattered rags. Within a square yard, in the buzz of voices, you might hear French, English, German, Spanish, Italian, and Armenian. Devout spectators were reminded of the feast of Pentecost; scoffers, of the Tower of Babel.

The council chamber had been fitted up for the Council in the north transept of the great Cathedral of St. Peter's. This room itself would make a magnificent church. It is two hundred feet in length, a hundred wide, and a hundred and fifty high. It would be difficult to find a room of tolerable size in the civilized world less adapted to discussion. It would be impossible to find one better adapted to scenic display.

No pains or expense had been spared in rendering the allotted portion of the great cathedral worthy of the august assemblage which was to occupy it. Enough was spent in furniture and decoration to erect a magnificent temple. The expense was estimated at not far from $120,000 in gold. A high tapestried partition separated the "holy of holies" from the outer courts. Great doors in the centre were provided, which, being thrown open, would afford the public a view of the fathers in council during their occasional public sessions. Above the entrance on the outer side was a striking representation of Christ throned in glory, the open Gospels in one hand, the other raised in the act of benediction. On the doors were inscribed, in Latin, his last words, "Go ye and teach all nations; and behold I am with you all days even to the end of the world." On the inside was a representation of the Immaculate Conception, with another inscription to him "who alone has destroyed all heresies." At the other end of the council hall, on a magnificent throne, flanked by the seats of the cardinals, was the seat of the successor of the fisherman saint of the Sea of Galilee. Behind and over his throne a large painting hung, representing the descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. Other paintings, of the Apostolic Council at Jerusalem, of the councils of Nice, Ephesus, and Trent, of the chief doctors of the church, and of the popes who have presided at General Councils, served to remind the holy fathers that in all their work they were surrounded by a cloud of heavenly as well as by a throng of earthly witnesses. Between the entrance doors and the papal throne stood the altar and the pulpit, the latter upon wheels; while rising on either side, tier above tier, were the seats of the bishops, looking down upon the lowlier places, just in front of them, assigned to the short-hand reporters and various other subordinate officials of the Council. The floor was covered with a magnificent carpet, a royal present from the King of Prussia; and the architectural splendor of a hall which the art treasures of Italy combine to render without an equal in the world was enhanced by the antique tapestries, and splendid crimson and scarlet and green drapings which covered the seats prepared for the ecclesiastics.

The opening had been fixed for half past eight o'clock in the morning, but it was half past nine before the booming of a cannon announced the approach of the ecclesiastical procession. The hum of the vast audience is hushed. A solemn expectancy pervades the whole assembly. The least devout catch for the moment the spirit of the great congregation, and feel that subtle influence which so magically charms the imagination and sways the heart, without affecting the judgment. A solemn chant, *Veni Creator*, is heard rising and falling in sweet cadences from a concealed choir. The holy procession has entered the precincts of the church. It advances up the aisle between the long ranks of soldiers who keep back the hushed and breathless throng. The chaplains and chamberlains and other subordinate officials lead the way. The abbés and bishops and archbishops follow; then, in the order of their rank, the primates and patriarchs and cardinals. These precede the holy father, who is borne in a chair of state, like that in which ediles and senators were borne during the Roman republic. A golden crucifix is carried before him, the gift of the Marquis of Bute, who is the original, if report be true, of Disraeli's "Lothair." Prelates, prothonotaries, generals of orders, and subordinate officials bring up the rear. Each official stops for a moment to kneel in reverence before the high altar where the sacrament is exposed. From the pope down to the stenographers this act of worship is observed by all.

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THE POPE IN HIS CHAIR OF STATE.

It is doubtful whether the world has ever witnessed an array of more splendid vestments. "Neither the Queen of Sheba," says a lady correspondent, "'nor Solomon in all his glory' was ever arrayed like one of these. There were trailing robes of creamy satin, rich with gold embroidery; stoles gleaming with precious stones; hoods, capes, palliums, all of brilliant lustre, or of lace delicate as the web of the gossamer; and palliums and jupes of yellow satin, bordered with ermine, and of silver tissue, whereon the daintiest flowers of spring sparkled. The dress of the Eastern bishops was singularly rich—of Tyrian purple, wrought with gold and precious stones; while in their turbans the diamonds, catching the light of many candles, flashed and sparkled like shivers of the rainbow. Then the cardinals, in their bright scarlet palliums fringed with gold—their capes and hoods all of the same brilliant hue—formed, indeed, a beautiful contrast in this magnificent pageant." Last of all, chiefest of all, was the holy father, his dress "entirely of white and gold; the jupe of heavy satin, wrought to the knees with wreaths of roses done in gold; pallium, stole, cape, all of white satin, and gleam-

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ing at the breast with diamonds and other jewels; and his mitre, of cloth of gold, upon his head."

And yet it was not the magnificent display of brilliant hues, of crimson and scarlet, of yellow and purple, of gold and silver and precious stones, which for the moment affected the most skeptical with a certain sense of awe. These seven hundred prelates represented nearly two hundred millions of believers; represented, too, a church sacred for the sake of its past history, if not for its present service to mankind. They came out of every land, and spoke in almost every known tongue. Coptic, Persian, Greek, Syriac, Spanish, Portuguese, Hungarian, German, French, Norwegian, Italian, English, were all represented in this assemblage. Men were here who held princely estates in France and Germany, and men who came from far-off mission stations, and who, in vows of poverty, voluntarily taken, had consecrated their all to the mother church; men who walked before kings, their equal in wealth, their superior in position and authority, and men from the democracy of America, the spiritual rulers but the political equals of their congregations; men learned in all the lore of the church, learned in the ancient languages and in the modern sciences, and men who knew only their mother-tongue, and hardly that accurately; men ripe with all the culture of Europe, and men educated amidst the ruder but simpler civilization of Armenia and Nestoria; men who were born to rule, and men who were born to obsequious submission; men with faces obese, stupid, meaningless—not many such; men with faces whose sharp eyes and astute expression spoke their cunning; men open-eyed and large-browed, royal in intellectual strength; men of ingenuous countenance, the motto of whose life was unmistakably written in their faces—"speaking the truth in love;" men—a few—the fire of whose youth still gleamed in the undimmed lustre of their eyes, and gave elasticity to their vigorous step; men, for the most part, whose age approximated infirmity, and whose silvery locks were their chiefest ornament. Some were over eighty; many had passed seventy; there were but few under sixty. Such are the impressions which this costly and magnificent pageantry produced on the minds of the spectators. No other potentate in christendom could have assembled such a body. No other potentate could have provided them with so magnificent a reception.

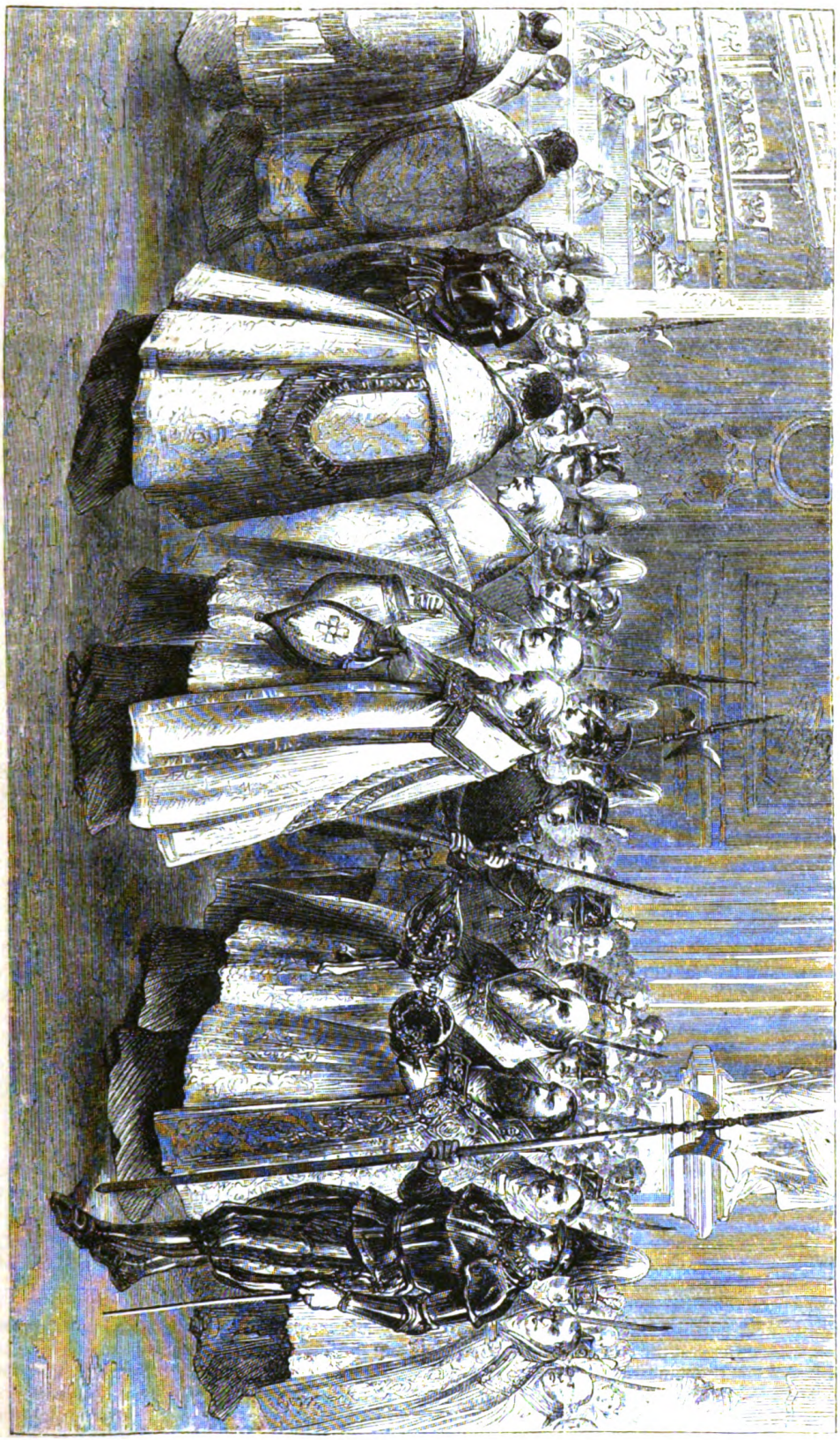
Scenic effects are a study in Rome. Art in the Holy City is still subordinate to the church, but it is high art no longer. It has buried in the tomb of the past the glories of Raphael and Michael Angelo; it has substituted that of the decorator and the posturer. But in decoration and posturing it is nearly infallible. The inauguration of the Œcumenical Council was, in truth, a grand and successful religious tableau. The open portal in the tapestried partition served the purpose of a magnificent frame. The Council itself seemed to the spectators without like a living picture—"more like some half-dimmed illumination in an old painted missal than reality. The obscure daylight and curious atmosphere, created by the wax-light, added to the illusion." The music, now a single voice, that of the pope, strong in age, though tremulous, chanting in mellifluous tones, now a great chorus of seven hundred voices swelling the response, and now the great congregation of ninety thousand joining in the deep Amen, rendered the grandest scenic service of the century, also the grandest in its musical effects. And when, one after another, priest, bishop, archbishop, primate, patriarch, and cardinal, approaching in turn, kneeled before the vicegerent of God to kiss his foot, his knee, or his hand, and receive his benediction, something more than the mere æsthetic effect of their glittering robes moving to and fro was visible, or rather, let us say, was felt. A sympathetic sentiment of reverence, amounting almost to adoration, thrilled the spectators—an emotion which it needed the clear light of day and the bustle of busy life without to dissipate, even from the hearts of those who had least faith in hero-worship, and least inclination to make Pius IX. their hero, if to hero-worship they had been ever so much inclined.

Yet beneath all this grand display were hidden the germs of bitter controversies, yet to grow, perhaps, into world-wide conflicts.

From the day of the organization of the Jesuit order obedience has been its avowed watch-word. Its founder, a chivalric son of Spain, and by inheritance and native passion a natural member of its military order, carried into the religious society which he instituted the same despotic sway which makes every private soldier a machine, and the same chivalric devotion to his new mistress, the church, which incited the chivalry of his native land always to resent with relentless indignation any slight cast upon their chosen queens. For over three centuries the order which he established has been striving to secure the absolute supremacy in the Roman Catholic Church. In its crusades, not only against the liberties of mankind, but against those of the church it has professed to serve, it has met with varying success. At one time almost absolute master of Europe, it so abused the power it possessed that it was successively cast out of almost every European state by royal or legislative decree; until, finally, near the close of the last century, it was abolished altogether by the bull of Clement XIV. Such an institution is not, however, easily destroyed. In its misery it won upon the sympathies even of those who had least regard for its principles and methods. In less than half a century from the decree of the infallible pope who abolished the order another infallible pope reinstated it.

From that day to this the spirit of Loyola has been striving to recover its lost position. The battle has been a hard one. Its history, even the decrees of the pope it professed to re-

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THE PROCESSION.

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vere, have been against it. If Loyola had followers, so had Paschal; and, truth to tell, the age, even in the Roman Catholic Church, was more prolific of Paschals than of Loyolas. France refused to bow its neck to the yoke of bondage; so did Germany; so did much of Roman Catholic England and America; so, for the most part, did the Roman Catholic Church in the Orient; so even did a minority in emancipated Spain, and emancipated Italy; so, for a while, did the pope himself.

Its first step in regaining its ancient prestige and power was to secure the pope. This has been done. Pius IX., who commenced his official career as a liberal, and whose charitable nature and sympathies would still incline him to the side of liberalism, did not a religious self-conceit, persistently and for a purpose fostered till it has become a fanaticism, drown their voice, has become the obedient instrument of the order which he fondly imagines he controls. The second step was to secure a decree from an Œcumenical Council declaring, as a new dogma, to which all the faithful shall henceforth assent, the personal infallibility of the pope of Rome. The spirit of Loyola found the spirit of the age too strong for it. It could not directly control the church, but it could rule the pope. It only remained to make the pope ruler of the church.

The ambition of Jesuitism was the first element, the dominant element in the Œcumenical Council; the second was the ambition of Italy.

Since the days of the Cæsars Italy has not lost her ambition to be mistress of the world. The position which the arms of the Goths and the Vandals wrested from her she recovered by cunning. Brute force proved no match for astuteness; and, till the Reformation, every government was, with occasional exceptions, the obedient vassal of the Bishop of Rome. But astuteness proved no match for the growing intelligence of mankind. The church itself felt the effect of a reformation which was really a revolution; and in France, in Hungary, in Germany, in England, and even finally in Spain, there were an increasing number of Catholic divines, whose orthodox fidelity no one dared dispute, but who no longer bowed the knee before the Italian idol, or offered up incense at the Italian altar. They believed in the Holy Catholic Church, but not in the Church of Rome; in the Holy Catholic Church, but in a church in which the Frenchman, German, Hungarian, and Anglican were the brethren, not the servants of the Italian.

Thus there grew up simultaneously a double rebellion in the church—a rebellion by the emancipated intellect against the Jesuitical supremacy, a rebellion by genuine piety and its twin-brother patriotism against Italian control. Concerning the first the governments of Europe were supremely indifferent. There was not a government in Europe which was not glad to foster the second. Those prelates who, living in Northern Europe, held their duty to their own government subject to the behests of Rome were called Ultramontanes, because their allegiance was beyond the mountains. Their opponents, never until now crystallized into one party, have been known by the names of their respective nationalities, as Anglican or Gallican or German Catholics, or sometimes by the more general term of "liberals."

These were the two parties who, on the 8th day of December, 1869, gathering beneath the dome of St. Peter's Cathedral, appeared to unite their hearts and voices in devout responses, and vied with each other in the seeming reverence which they paid to the supreme pontiff, whom the one party purposed to use, and whom the other party purposed to defeat.

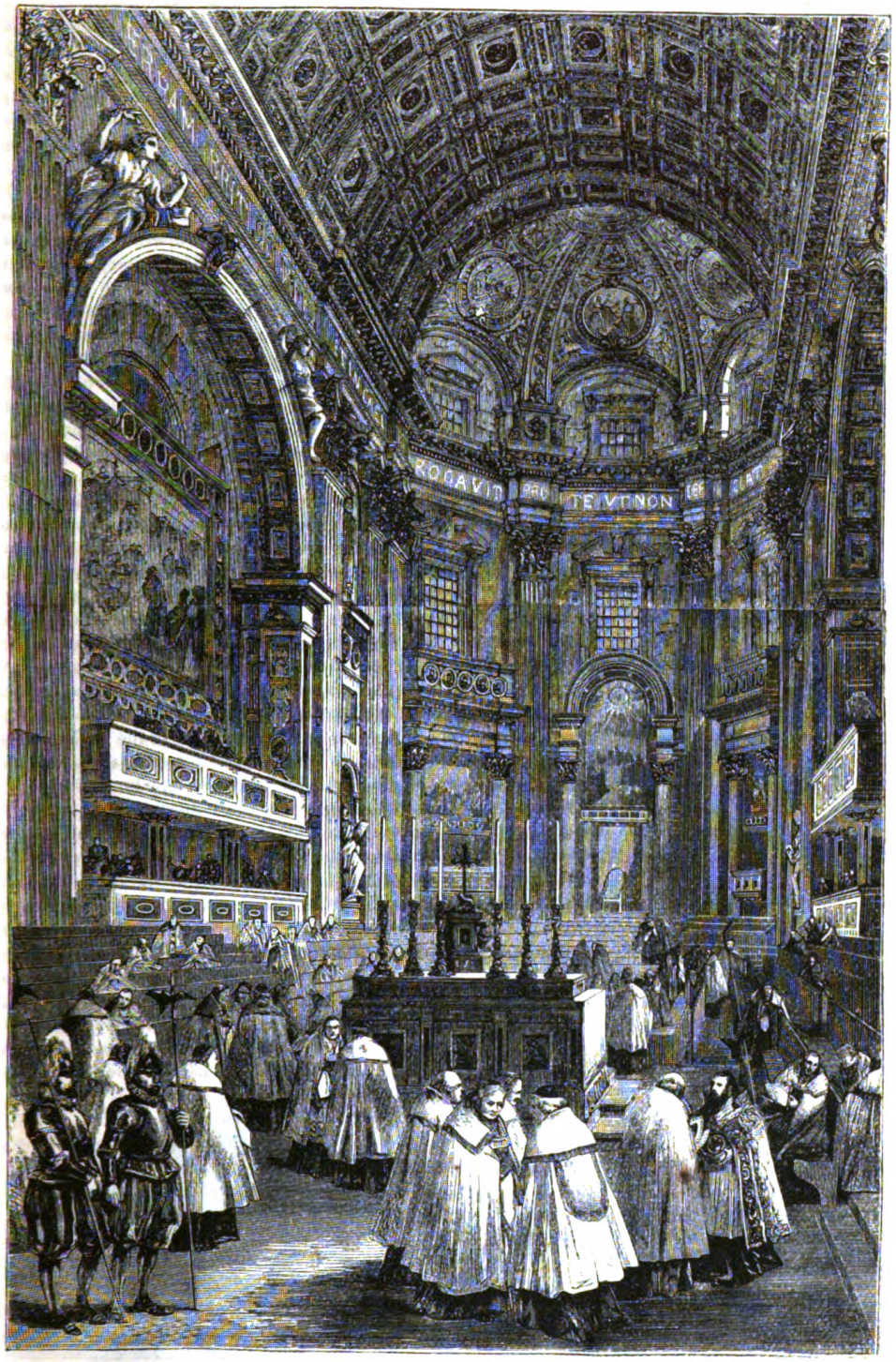
These parties were far from evenly divided.

If the Œcumenical Council had been a representative assembly it is scarcely doubtful that the liberal, or at least the anti-Italian party, would have had a considerable majority. But the Holy Mother Church does not preserve the reality of republicanism even when she appears to employ its forms. A bishop is a bishop whether he represents a diocese containing a million souls or one containing a thousand, or whether he represents none at all. It is clear that to leave all unbelievers without a shepherd would be inconsistent with that charity which has always characterized the founders of the Inquisition and the preachers of the gospel according to St. Bartholomew. His holiness the pope is pleased, therefore, to appoint a certain considerable number of bishops, *in partibus infidelium*, who, for the most part, reside in the city of Rome, probably for the reason that there are no unbelievers there. Thus the Papal States, with a Roman Catholic population of three-quarters of a million, had one hundred and forty-three votes in the Council (which, in the aggregate, numbered seven hundred and sixty-four delegates), a representation three times that which belonged to all Austria, with a Roman Catholic population of twenty-two millions, and nearly twice that of France, with a Roman Catholic population of thirty-eight millions. Italy is almost wholly ultramontane. Italy, with a population of twenty-seven millions, was represented by two hundred and seventy-six votes, while France and Germany combined, with a Roman Catholic population nearly if not quite double that of Italy, had considerably less than half its number of representatives.* American bishops are, with a comparatively few exceptions, ultramontane. The American Catholics, eight millions in number, were supposed to enjoy so much more of God's special favor than the twenty-two millions of

* The figures are as follows:

	Population.	Representatives.
Austria (including Hungary)	22,000,000	46
France	38,000,000	84
Germany	12,000,000	19
Great Britain	6,000,000	36
Papal States	700,000	143
Rest of Italy	26,000,000	133
United States	8,000,000	49

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THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Austrian Catholics, whose bishops are anti-Roman, that in the Council, as interpreters of the Divine will, they counted for just as much.

In so solemn and momentous a congregation as the Œcumenical Council it might be thought that learning and piety should outweigh numbers. But in that Council numbers and learning were combined on the one side, political misrepresentation overweighted them upon the other. China, whose half-heathen parishes divide their worship about equally between the Virgin Mary and the god Josh, spake the will

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BISHOP DUPANLOUP.

of God by the voice of fifteen missionary bishops, all creatures of the pope and devoted to his will. Germany contributed the most learned, France the most acute and versatile, intellects to the Council. And France and Germany, with one-quarter of the Roman Catholic population of the globe, and its chief learning, were represented in the Council by less than one-seventh of its members. Among the Italian representatives of the Jesuit order there were multitudes who could read no other language than their own and the cognate Latin. It was one of these fathers who maintained the infallible accuracy of the Roman Catholic pictures of the ascension, by asserting that Jesus Christ not only wore the vestments of the Roman Catholic Church when he taught in Palestine, but that he continued to be clad in them in the kingdom of his glory, sitting at the right hand of God the Father. Ignorant of science, ignorant of history, ignorant of the affairs which are going on in the outer world, not only like the Bourbons incapable of learning, but holding, unlike the Bourbons, as a positive article of faith, that learning is a mortal sin, the Italian theologians, monks of the Middle Ages, really belonging in the sixteenth century, though tossed by an inscrutable Providence into the middle of the nineteenth, are not even acquainted with the lore of their own church; can not, for the most part, read their Testament, nor yet the comments of the Greek fathers and the decrees of the Greek councils, in the original tongue. These men, of whom it has been said, "If the pope ordered them to believe and teach four instead of three persons in the Trinity, they would obey;" these men who have learned in all their life but one lesson—obedience; these men, creatures of the pope and subservient to his will, ecclesiastics without piety, theologians without learning, bishops without a charge—constituted the balance of power in the Council of the Vatican, and ruled it at their will. A single one of these subservient monks neutralized the vote, the voice, the learning of a Dupanloup with his cure of a million and a half of souls. Surely this was a new application of the Pauline principle, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and which are not, to bring to naught things that are."

Yet let us not do the Jesuit fathers an injustice. They select their leaders as sagaciously as their rank and file. The latter are soldiers—that is, machines. The former are subordinate generals. They include some men of astute intelligence, a few of real learning; some honest men, blinded by superstitious piety; a few blinded by ecclesiastical ambition. Prominent among the latter was the leader of the infallibilist party, Archbishop Manning.

Dr. Manning, the son of William Manning, M.P., was born in London in 1810, and took his degree at Oxford in 1830. Entering public life at the time when the Tractarian movement was giving prominence to the names of Henry Newman, Dr. Pusey, Isaac Wilberforce, and E. S. Ffoulkes, he acquired, by his public sermons against the claims of the papacy, a position in the Church of England which paved the way for his speedy promotion, when, in 1851, he left the church of his fathers for that of Rome. Married to Miss Wilberforce, sister of the Bishop of Winchester and daughter of the great philanthropist, he attested the sincerity of his convictions by abandoning his wife, who still clings to the communion of the Church of England, and whom, notwithstanding the decree of divorce which complaisant Rome has provided, he still continues periodically to visit. His face and figure interpret the man. His form is slender, his frame fragile, his forehead high, his pale and intellectual but fleshless face that of a profound student, his air and manner that of an English gentleman of unmistakable culture and high breeding; but the latent fire in his eyes speaks the ambition which Rome never quenches, but knows so well how to use. The friend and



ARCHBISHOP MANNING.

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companion of Gladstone, having ready access to the very highest English society, knowing it well and knowing how to act upon it, a ritualist and an ascetic by nature, possessing that peculiar quality of pride which commands reverence from subordinates, but which delights scarcely less to pay deference to superiors, Dr. Manning is, of all Englishmen, the man for an Anglico-Roman archbishop; and virtue will assuredly not have its just reward if his devotion to the pope and his unqualified advocacy of absolute papal supremacy are not crowned with the object of his ambition—a cardinal's hat.

If the two parties into which the Council was divided were unequal in size, they were yet more unequal in that strength which comes from positive conviction, definite purpose, and moral courage. The Jesuitical faction was well organized. It had recognized leaders. It had a definite aim. The Jesuits, who called the Council, called it for a definite purpose—the promulgation of papal infallibility. That purpose they were determined to accomplish, at whatever cost. It might create a schism in France, a schism in Germany. For that result they were not unprepared. It was better to rule over a united church than to be a minority in a divided one. All their energies were well ordered by a single powerful executive will. It is not the pope who is the supreme pontiff, but the "black pope," as even among good Catholics he is called. It is not Pius IX. who is infallible; it is Father Beckx, the head of the order of the Jesuits. The anti-infallibilists, on the other hand, were divided in sentiment, vacillating in purpose, timid in action. Some were genuine liberals; others, bitter obstructionists, opposed the progress of the age, but, astute politicians, opposed yet more bitterly the supremacy of Italy in the councils of Europe. A few courageous spirits denounced the doctrine of papal infallibility as false. The greater number, acknowledging its truth, feebly doubted the expediency of declaring it.* To them the Jesuit fathers replied that it was always expedient to declare the truth.

A little over five hundred resolute, determined, united sons of the church, pledged to papal supremacy; a little less than two hundred halting, irresolute, uncertain, divided ecclesiastics of various opinions, of timid and conflicting purposes, united only in deprecating the imposition on the church of any "heavier burdens"—these were the elements which mingled in the Œcumenical Council.

The infallibilists had a clear majority. But majorities are not enough. No council had ever been known to utter a decree binding on the entire church with any thing less than almost absolute unanimity. It was necessary to reduce the minority of two hundred to a minimum. It was necessary to prevent debate, with all its possibilities of schism. It was necessary to exclude from the eyes and ears of the world every thing but the final utterance of the Council when threat, bribe, and flattery had reduced the opposition to a feeble *non placet*. It was necessary to maintain, in a word, before the faithful that appearance of unanimity which is the strength of the papal church, the absence of which is the almost fatal weakness of Protestantism. The Jesuit fathers contrived admirably the preparations for their campaign.



FATHER BECKX.

A Protestant mind would naturally imagine that a council composed of the highest dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, assembled to sit in judgment on the most profound problems in human philosophy and theology, and to declare oracularly the truth of God to their reverential congregations, would be at least competent to frame the rules for its own organization, to elect its own officers, and to determine for itself the subjects upon which the universal church needs enlightenment. But this only shows the perversity of the Protestant mind. The pope met the Council at the outset by the proclamation of a programme in accordance with which all their proceedings were to be controlled.

The extreme courtesy of the holy father to the beloved and venerable fathers led to a degree of circumlocution in statement which our limited space forbids us to emulate. Stripped of all verbiage his allocution read substantially as follows:

I, Pope Pius IX., alone have a right to suggest topics for the deliberation of this Council. You may offer them also so long as you offer nothing I do not like. You must reduce all propositions to writing. You must submit them to a committee of cardinals and fathers which I have appointed. They will examine and submit them to me. Whatsoever passes our double scrutiny can come before the Council, nothing else. There must be no discussion. To prevent it the Council must elect, by secret ballot,

* See Cardinal Ranscher's protest, for example: "It can not be opportune to exact of the Catholic nations, already exposed to so much seduction and temptation, heavier duties than were enjoined on them by the Council of Trent."

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four committees. They will take cognizance respectively of matters of faith, of ecclesiastical discipline, of the affairs of the regular orders, and of Oriental rites. If any discussion is provoked, the matter shall be reported to its appropriate committee and put into shape there. If any father wants to speak he shall give twenty-four hours' notice of his intention. Fathers shall speak in the order of their dignity. You shall take oath not to disclose the proceedings in the council chamber till they are officially promulgated. And, finally, I mean to see these rules carried out, and have appointed five cardinals who will preside in turn at all your sessions.

So, in effect, though in phraseology much more voluminous, the most holy father to the council of beloved and reverend fathers greeting. Surely the sun has never looked down upon a nominally free assembly more thoroughly under the control of a single man than the council which assembled beneath the dome of St. Peter's under the delusion that to it was intrusted the solemn duty of debating and adjudging any thing whatsoever.

There were *men* in this council—men of immeasurably stronger intellect and riper scholarship than the pope or any of his Italian advisers. They were restive under the indignity put upon them. But long habits of ecclesiastical subordination forbade them to resent it. They presented a very respectful—what to the Protestant mind would seem to be a painfully obsequious—petition for a modification of the papal programme. They simply requested that "the committee appointed [by the pope] for the preliminary examination of propositions introduced by members be reinforced by some fathers elected by the Council out of their own midst, and also that members introducing propositions be allowed access to the said committee to enable them to take part in the examination thereof."

To this modest request, preferred by representatives both of the French and German church, the pope paid no attention. His contemptuous refusal did not tend to conciliate the signers. So, with growing bitterness of feeling, this Council of the most Holy Mother Church commenced its sessions.

In one respect his holiness found himself utterly thwarted. It is not in the power of the pope, even in Rome, to build walls so high that the modern press can not scale them. The doings of the Council were reported from day to day. Detailed accounts of its more important sessions were published every week. Its most secret papers were brought to the light and held up before the gaze of Europe. In Rome alone were the sessions concealed from the public eye; for the Roman journals dared not even copy from the columns of their more enterprising German, French, English, and American contemporaries, and the Roman police banished the obnoxious papers from the Holy City. The ostrich hid her head in the sand and thought she could not be seen. In vain did the pope remonstrate. In vain did he remind the prelates of their solemn oaths. In vain did he proclaim the disclosure a mortal sin. The holy fathers had learned from the Jesuits how to take an oath with mental reservations. The French government had correspondents in the council chamber—so had the Prussian. What Rome whispered in the ear, France and Prussia proclaimed on the house-tops. One member of the Council was arrested and cast into prison. Whether he was a recreant bishop, or whether he was an impostor clad in ecclesiastical vestments, is not clear. Other bishops, among them some, it is said, from America, were ordered to leave the Council and the city. But the reports did not cease. It is believed that Archbishop Dupanloup kept the Emperor of the French advised of the proceedings of the Council, and that Bishop Strossmayer performed the same service for Bismarck. And Dupanloup and Strossmayer were not to be trifled with. At all events, while no official report of the council meetings has ever been given to the world, the materials for its history are perfectly accessible. An Italian official historian was appointed by the pope. But we need not wait for the product of his pen; the unofficial history is more trust-worthy.*

By way of expediting the labors of the venerable fathers, the pope had previously convened in Rome a committee of men learned in theology, who had been engaged for eighteen months in preparing a schedule of decrees to be submitted to the Council. The product of their labors is said to have filled eighteen large volumes. What in Protestant language would be called a "Confession of Faith," taken from these volumes, was laid before the Council. It was a singular document. But those who had read and pondered the pope's syllabus could not be surprised at it. It condemned freedom of conscience, denied the right of the individual judgment in matters of religion, anathematized liberty of speech, of the press, and of education, declared the subordination of the state to the church, and asserted that for those who are not within the true church of Christ there is no hope of salvation. It denounced rationalism, pantheism, materialism, and Protestantism in the same breath, classed them as forms of the same heresy, and subjected them to the same anathema. It denounced progress, not only in theology, but in philosophy, in science, in the whole realm of thought. It declared that the church was not only an infallible interpreter of the written Scriptures, but had the right to add to them the equally authoritative unwritten traditions, of which it was the custo-

* The true history of the Œcumenical Council has been written by the newspaper correspondents, especially those of France and Germany. This material we have carefully examined, and we have made no material statement except upon the concurrent testimony of two or more independent witnesses.

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dian. It asserted that not only all questions of theology and of morals were to be determined by the dogmatic decrees of the church—it added that never in the progress of mankind had it come to pass, nor would it ever come to pass, that the doctrines of science could be other than such as had been ever held and taught by the church. It was followed by a *Schema de Ecclesia* yet more astonishing. This *schema* asserted that the Holy Catholic Church is one, infallible, and divine; is necessary to salvation; is intolerant only as the law of God is intolerant of sin; is already presented blameless before the throne of God, without spot, or wrinkle, or blemish, or any such thing; is not the subject but the mistress and ruler of the state; authoritatively pronounces upon what is lawful and what is unlawful in civil legislation; has the right of "ordering by its laws, and compelling by antecedent judgments and salutary penalties, those who wander and those who are contumacious"—that is, that the Inquisition is a Christian institution of divine ordaining—and that the pope is the supreme and divinely appointed head of the divinely appointed church. The *Schema de Fide* was a challenge to the intellect of the nineteenth century. The *Schema de Ecclesia* was a challenge to the governments of Europe.

The pope had appointed the 6th day of January, 1870, for the first public session. He anticipated an obsequious acceptance of the dogmas which had been prepared. He was mistaken. On the 6th day of January, 1870, the venerable fathers were still in the midst of heated discussions concerning it. The opening session had given but little promise of harmony. The bishops, unable by request to secure a modification of the papal order of arrangements, had indignantly protested against them, and were silenced by the presiding cardinals. But it was impossible to restrain their indignant protests against a decree which placed Paris, Vienna, and Berlin beneath the yoke of Rome. The sessions were prolonged and stormy. More than once the angry voices of the disputants penetrated beyond the walls of the council chamber, and fell upon the ears of the auditors outside. More than once the session broke up in confusion. The Roman pontiff never retracts, never admits an error. A Protestant assembly, if it had not been ready for the transaction of public business, would have postponed the session. The Œcumenical Council could do no such simple thing. The public meeting was held. It transacted no other business than an administration of the oath of office to men who had already taken it—many of them more than once in successive ordinations.

The minority, however, accomplished their purpose—a prolongation of the debate. For, meanwhile, reports of the proposed decree were flashed across the wires to every state in Europe. To the indignation of the pope, the newspapers published the proposed decrees, and, to his grief, the governments of Europe took it up. Count Daru addressed a respectful remonstrance from Paris, very respectful, for Louis Napoleon was about submitting his claims for a third time to the suffrages of the French people, and it was desirable not to offend the Roman Catholic voters.* The protests of Austria and Prussia were less reverential in their tone. So long, said Count Von Beust, in effect, as Rome confined itself to theology, the court of Vienna had no inclination to interfere. But "it was different when the church was about to claim a permanent and comprehensive power over the state, and to arrogate to herself the right of deciding which of the laws laid down by the secular power were binding on the subject and which not." When, carrying out that principle, she ventured further to denounce liberty of religion, liberty of the press, liberty of instruction, civil marriage, and the amenability of the clergy to the civil code, as in the proposed *schema* she did, Rome took a course which would inevitably lead to a disastrous struggle between church and state. Count Von Bismarck was even more pointed. In a note singularly frank and plain-spoken he gave the German bishops fair warning that, if they voted for this insult to Protestantism, and this challenge to the freedom of the state, they could never return to their dioceses.

Not even Pope Pius IX. was so infatuated as to do battle with the whole civilized world. Cardinal Antonelli replied, gracefully, to the protesting powers, that the obnoxious *schema* must be understood in a purely Pickwickian sense. "There is a great difference," said his excellency, "between theory and practice. No one will ever prevent the church from proclaiming the great principles upon which its divine fabric is based; but, as regards the application of these sacred laws, the church, imitating the example of its heavenly Founder, is inclined to take into consideration the natural weakness of mankind, and accordingly exacts only so much from human frailty as is within the power of every age and country to render." Which reminds us, though it does not belong here in our history, how Cardinal Catalpi calmed an angry session, imbittered by Cardinal Schwarzenberg's defense of Protestants from the proposed anathemas of the benign pope. "Pope Pius IX.," said Catalpi, "does indeed curse all Protestants, but it is by a formula. He carries them all in his heart."

The considerate mother church, carrying out the principles of her devoted son, Cardinal Antonelli, concluded to defer somewhat more than she had done to the "natural weakness of mankind." The *schema* was withdrawn and amended. When it was finally carried it was purely dogmatic. It contained no declaration

* The history of this remonstrance and its unofficial presentation, too long to be inserted here, affords a curious illustration of the crooked ways of French diplomacy under the régime of that astute politician Napoleon III.

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whatever of the relation of the church to the state. Why should it? It will be time enough to declare war against modern civilization when there is a reasonable prospect of success. And an infallible pope need not wait on the decrees of a council. He may proclaim the obnoxious principles when and how he will. The dogmatic constitution was not finally promulgated till the 26th day of April. It was then proclaimed without a dissenting vote; but careful observers counted the absentees. They numbered over sixty—nearly one-tenth of the entire Council.

Meanwhile both parties were preparing for a final—a decisive battle. The original plan had been to procure, by a surprise, the passage of a decree of infallibility by acclamation. But the opposition was too strong to be carried by assault, too astute to be surprised. Other measures were adopted. Petitions were circulated imploring the pope, in the interest of the Catholic religion, to proclaim the dogma. They were circulated in secret; but not so secretly as to escape the observation of the minority. Petitions against the decree followed close after, reached his holiness almost simultaneously, and were returned to the signers without even a reply. The opposition was canvassed. The lobby—for Rome has a lobby—were set to work upon it. Some fathers were cajoled, some bribed, some threatened. A new dress was the price paid for one ecclesiastic; fifteen cardinal hats, looked at wistfully by many a score of ambitious eyes, served as a powerful argument to many others. The personal entreaty of the pope, the very sympathy and atmosphere of Rome, infected many. A few were driven by menace.*

No device was wanting to hamper and to dishearten the minority. The hospitalities of Rome were administered by the Jesuit fathers. The wavering and the uncertain were distributed at points remote from one another, and in companionships whose subtle influence only the wary would recognize, only the strong could resist. Consultation with their more resolute brethren was effectually prevented by a papal decree, forbidding the assemblage of more than twenty members of the Council under any pretense or for any purpose. Those that could not be won over were attacked, maligned, backbitten. Did they attempt their own defense in the council chamber? This immense scenic hall was so constructed that not one speaker in a score could make his voice heard above the echoes which rang through the dome in answer to every footfall and every word. Did a Dupanloup or a Strossmayer, with his powerful voice, overcome the acoustic hindrances of a place never designed for an auditory? If he passed a step beyond the line of decorum which Italian priests marked out for him, the stamping and scraping of feet drowned his voice. Did he resort to print? The Roman censor forbade the publication of his letter or his pamphlet. Surmounting all obstacles, did he send the obnoxious utterance to his native state to be printed and returned to him? The post-office was kept under constant espionage, and his document seized and destroyed. Did he essay the custom-house? Even that was not safe from the surveillance of the Roman police.*

Yet, if under this system of well-organized and minute tyranny the opposition diminished in numbers, it gained in intensity. If Pope Pius IX. is a good Catholic, Bishop Strossmayer and Cardinal Schwarzenberg are so no longer. Strange words were those for old St. Peter's to hear which, above the din of many cries and much confusion, and despite the angry interruptions of the presiding cardinal, rang out underneath the dome from the lips of those two German prelates on the 22d day of March.

"The time," cried Cardinal Schwarzenberg, "for these cursings between Catholics and Protestants has passed, never to return. I tender them my hand. I long to begin with them the great work of conciliation and pacification."

"Protestantism is not," cried the eloquent Bishop Strossmayer, "to be held responsible for atheism, pantheism, and materialism, since many eminent Protestants have been among the able combaters of these doctrines. Nor is it thus that we are to reclaim our separated brothers."

No wonder that each speaker was interrupted by outcries which rendered it impossible for him to continue, and that the session broke up in utter and irremediable confusion. "You are Protestants," cried the enraged Italians to

* The story of the aged Syrian Patriarch of Babylon is as well authenticated as any story can be which is not publicly vouched for by an eye-witness. He was one of the oldest, as one of the mildest and meekest, of the venerable fathers. Unable to hear, unable to speak in tones at all audible beyond his immediate circle, he handed a written address to one of his colleagues to deliver in his name. It was very short and very simple. The question before the Council was upon the prerogatives of the bishops.

"As to you, my lords," said the aged but still resolute father, "you can do as you please, but we Orientals reserve all our rights, which, moreover, have been recognized by the Council of Florence."

The pope sent for the patriarch. He was commanded to come to the Vatican unattended. He found the pontiff pale with holy rage. Two papers lay before him on the table; one contained the patriarch's resignation of his office; the other contained a solemn recantation of his position, and a renunciation of the privileges and prerogatives which he had claimed. The pope bade him choose between the two. The patriarch plead the oath he had taken, to defend the very rights he was now required to relinquish. The pope declared the oath a nullity. The patriarch begged opportunity for consultation. The pope angrily refused it. The patriarch asked time for consideration. The pope replied that he should not leave the room till he had put his signature to one paper or the other. The Castle of Saint Angelo was his alternative. There was no government to take up his cause and demand his release. He was old, infirm, decrepit, weak. He signed the recantation, and went back to the Council a broken man.

* Several of the wealthier ecclesiasts sent all their private correspondence by private heralds to neighboring cities to be mailed.

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BISHOP STROSSMAYER.

the German prelates. It was false; they are not; they are only anti-papists. But we gladly proffer them the right hand of Christian fellowship, as protesting and liberty-loving, though still devout and faithful, Catholics.*

The minority made a brave but ineffectual battle against the fatal decree. They recalled the personal history of Peter himself, whom Paul "withstood to the face because he was to be blamed;" they recalled the history of the great Apostolical Council at Jerusalem, whose decree was the result of a free and fraternal conference of the coequal Apostles; they ransacked the writings of the Greek and Latin fathers, and showed that not a sentence was to be found therein, even by implication, favoring the dogma of papal infallibility; they pointed out how impossible would have been the theological controversies which rent the church in the first centuries of its existence, and which were settled only after years of fierce discussion by successive councils, if a papal bull was all that was needed for their determination; they reminded the Council that neither the pope nor his legates took part in the First Council of Constantinople in 381; that the declaration of Innocent I. and Gelasius I. concerning the damnation of unbaptized infants was anathematized by the Council of Trent; that the decree of Celestine III. concerning marriage with heretics was annulled by Innocent III., and its author pronounced a heretic for issuing it by Hadrian VI.; that Honorius I. was condemned for heresy, and his writings publicly burned by the Third Council of Constantinople in the seventh century; that the Bible of Sixtus V. was suppressed by his successor in office for its innumerable errors; that Pope Calixto was a Sabellian, Pope Liberio an Arian, Pope Zosimo a Pelagian; that the dogma of papal infallibility, never seriously maintained in the church till the thirteenth century, had been repeatedly and officially denied since, as in the "Oath and Declaration" taken by the Irish Catholics in 1793, and reiterated by a synod of Irish bishops in 1810; and that in a catechism of the church, indorsed by Archbishop Manning himself, published as late as the beginning of the present century, it was emphatically denounced as a "Protestant invention."

Turning from the past to the present and the future, they pointed out to the majority the ominous signs of danger to the church. The common people, even in Italy, taking up the obnoxious decree, discussed it in a spirit which passed not infrequently from the irreverential to the blasphemous. On the day on which the Œcumenical Council was convened in Rome a convention of laboring men met in Florence to denounce the Church of Rome, and with it, alas! that Christianity which she assumes to represent. Pasquinades, more powerful than arguments, circulated among the common people. A burlesque petition for the abolition of astronomy, as the parent of rationalism, was drawn up and distributed throughout the city. A bitter satirical verse, whose keenness is somewhat dulled in translation, was posted on the very walls of the Vatican itself:

"When Eve tasted and gave the fatal fruit,
God became man, and to man freedom gave;
Pius the Ninth, God's vicar here below,
Makes himself God to render man a slave."

American bishops declared that the promulgation of a decree of infallibility would band all parties and all faiths in the United States against the too subservient church which suffered it. German and Austrian bishops asserted that it would expel the Catholic priests from the public schools, and take from their hands the education of the young. The Oriental bishops asserted that it would drive their churches from the see of Rome into the communion of the Eastern church. French bishops asserted that it would cut the last tie which bound the empire to the pope, and take from his holiness the guards on whose presence he relied for safety from the irruptions of the Italian people.

All was in vain. To argument, warning, entreaty, the more astute of the majority seldom vouchsafed a reply. When one was pro-

* The distinction between Catholics and papists is curiously and unfortunately ignored by too many Protestants, who erroneously imagine that all Catholics are Romanists. This is not true, even in Italy, and still less in Germany and France. Since writing this article a friend narrated to us the following incident: "I was in one of the cathedrals of Italy," he said, "not long since, on the occasion of a great church festival. The church was crowded. A priest delivered a sermon in which he undertook to commend the doctrine of papal infallibility. But each time he touched upon the doctrine a hiss arose, so loud and long that he was unable to proceed. Three times he essayed it, and each time was vanquished. I turned to an Italian and said, 'I thought you were all good Catholics here.' 'So we are,' said he, 'but we are not papists.'" We misjudge partly because Irish Catholics are, almost without exception, papists, since, in their case, there is no allegiance to their own government to conflict with their allegiance to the church. And yet many Irish Catholics refuse to yield their devotion to Fenianism at the papal decree.

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duced it was of a character which the Protestant mind endeavors in vain to comprehend. One ecclesiastic soberly declared that the pope was infallible because Peter was crucified with his head downward, "which shows," he said, "that the church stands on its head." A second asserted, oracularly, that his hearers would find the evidence of infallibility in the inscriptions of the catacombs. A third quoted from Pius IX. himself the conclusive statement: "As plain Abbé Mastai I always believed in infallibility; as Pope Mastai I *feel* it." Against such arguments what remained to be said?

Let us add that a few ignorant but honest prelates really believed that the day on which the decree of papal infallibility was publicly proclaimed would witness a new descent of the Holy Spirit, a new baptism from on high of the holy father, a new era in the history of the church.

Twice, by the adoption of a modified form of the previous question, the debate on specific portions of the *schema* was brought to an abrupt close. More than once speakers, too impetuous and unguarded, were stamped or hissed down. Bishop Strossmayer demanded that the relation of church and state should be first determined, that it might be known whether the pope was made by such a decree the political superior of the state. His demand was treated with contempt. He pointed to the fact that no council in the past had ever confirmed a decree except by a nearly unanimous vote, and demanded the application of the same principle to the present dogma. His demand was received with open, violent, and unseemly marks of indignation. The almost tropical heats of summer approached. The fathers grew restive under their long confinement. Thirteen died during the first three months in which they were in session. The minority could contest no longer. The arts of Rome could reduce their number no further. On the 13th of July, 1870, a little more than six months from the time of convening, the final vote was taken, the dogma of Papal Infallibility was made a dogma of the Roman Catholic Church, and the souls of her two hundred millions of believers were transferred from the custody of their priests and bishops to that of the holy father, vicegerent of God.* The opposition, at the last, proved unexpectedly strong. Eighty-eight voted in the negative; sixty-two gave but a qualified assent; about seventy absented themselves from the council hall to avoid voting. The number of affirmative votes is variously reported from four hundred and fifty-one to four hundred and eighty-eight. The whole number of ecclesiastics summoned to the Council was a thousand. Less than half that number recorded their approval of the decree. Over a quarter of the Council, actually convened, signified, more or less directly, their disapproval of it. Among the eighty-eight who voted in the negative were three cardinals, two patriarchs, and four archbishops. They included some of the best and purest spirits in the church.*

To the last the minority had hoped that the dogma would be put forth as a probable doctrine, not as a necessary belief. But even in this they were doomed to disappointment. This most extraordinary declaration of faith closes with the usual formula by which Rome is accustomed to commend her doctrines to her obedient children: "If any one, which may God forbid, have the temerity to contradict our definition, let him be anathema."

Monday, the 18th of July, was appointed for the promulgation of this decree. Spectators could not fail to notice the difference between the pious enthusiasm which greeted the opening of the Council, and the cold indifference with which the consummation of its labors was received. No gay pennants fluttered from house or store. No elaborate decorations clothed the sombre streets of Rome with the habiliments of the carnival. No hurrying carriages, no thronging of pedestrians, proclaimed the advent of an unusual event. The summer heats had driven the strangers from the Holy City. The devout Romans looked with supreme indiffer-

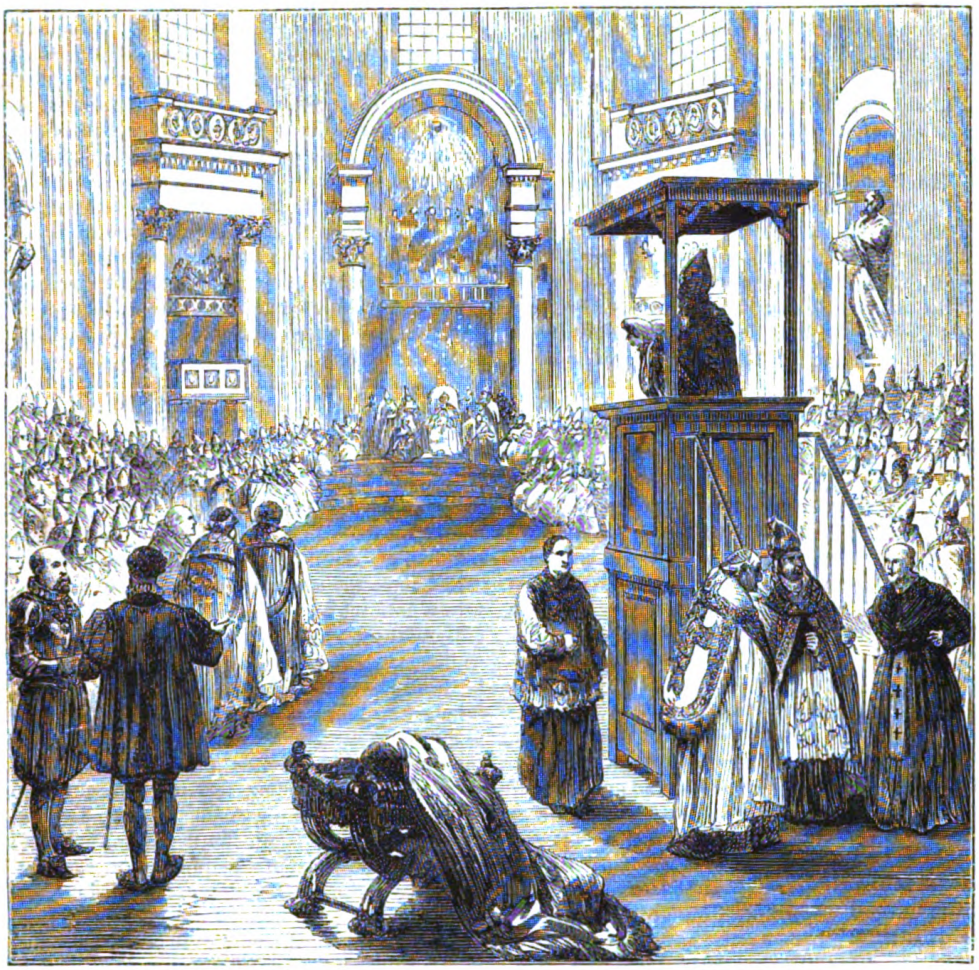
* The decree does not declare that the pope is sinless, nor that, as a man and acting unofficially, he is infallible, but that, "when speaking *ex cathedra*—that is to say, when fulfilling the charge of pastor and doctor of all Christians, in virtue of his supreme apostolical authority—he defines that a doctrine regarding faith or morals ought to be held by the universal church, he enjoys fully, by the divine assistance which has been promised him in the person of the blessed Peter, that infallibility which the Divine Redeemer wished his church to have, in defining his doctrine touching faith or morals; and, consequently, such definitions of the Roman pontiff are unchangeable in themselves, and not in virtue of the approval of the church." In other words, that infallibility which the Roman Catholic Church has always claimed is, by this decree, simply transferred from the council to the pope. It is the tiara, not the mitre, which is infallible.

* The eighty-eight prelates who voted *non placet* on July 13, according to the London *Tablet*, represented the following nationalities:

Germans	33
French	24
Italians	10
Orientals	8
Americans	8
English	2
Irish	2
Dr. Errington	1
Total	88

Among the most distinguished of the foreign prelates included in this enumeration were Prince Schwarzenberg, Cardinal Archbishop of Prague; Mathieu, Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon; Rauscher, Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna; Ginoulhiac, Archbishop of Lyons; Darboy, Bishop of Paris; Dupont des Loges, of Metz; Dupanloup, of Orleans; Strossmayer, of Bosnia and Styrmium. The bishops from the United States and British America who voted *non placet* were Connolly, Archbishop of Halifax, Bishops Rogers, of Chatham, Bourget, of Montreal, Domenec, of Pittsburg, Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, M'Quaid, of Rochester, and Kendrick, Archbishop of St. Louis. The Americans who gave but a qualified assent, by voting *placet juxta modum*, were Archbishops Blanchet, of Oregon City, and M'Closkey, of New York, and Bishops Arnal, of Monterey, and Verot, of Savannah; also Demers, Bishop of Vancouver. Several other American prelates were earnest opponents of the measure, but left Rome before the vote was taken. This was the case with Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati.

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READING OF THE DECREE.

ence upon the solemn deification of one of their own number by the mother church. A few hundred spectators loitered idly beneath the dome of St. Peter's. They were mostly women, children, and monks. There was no solemn pageantry, no magnificent procession. The ecclesiastics came in singly or in little groups of two or three. When at length the pope arrived, and the choir took up the opening chant, nearly a third of the seats in the council chamber were still vacant. The minority, true to their churchly instincts, yet true also to themselves, had followed their vote with a dignified but unavailing remonstrance, then had withdrawn in a body from a Council whose authority it is by no means certain they will acknowledge. Of the august assemblage which kneeled reverentially before the pope on the 8th of December, 1869, five hundred and thirty-five remained—two for the purpose of recording their final *non placet* in the presence of the pope.*

One of the secretaries of the Council read the decree in a shrill, penetrating voice. As the reading proceeded a strange darkness settled over the scene. Even to stout and skeptical hearts it seemed almost supernatural. The very air grew thick and murky. The roll-call commenced. The ecclesiastics, rising in their places, responded with their assent to an act of blasphemy which has had no parallel since the declining days of the Roman Empire. At the same instant the long-brooding storm broke over the Vatican. Sheeted lightning illumined the council chamber with an unearthly glare. Continuous peals of thunder drowned the voices and the votes of the ecclesiastics. And still, amidst a scene of indescribable and awful sublimity, the vote was taken. At length the pope arose to announce the result of the Council, and to assume the prerogative which, in the universal judgment of mankind, belongs to God alone. But the darkness had become too great for his failing eyesight. He was unable to decipher the paper which contained the appropriate formula. A servitor was summoned with a lighted taper to his aid. So, amidst a darkness which veiled the unnatural scene, amids-

* One of these courageous bishops is reported to have been Fitzgerald, Bishop of Little Rock.

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thunders which drowned the audacious voices, the Council of the Vatican completed its labors.

Completed, we say. It may indeed resume its sessions. But only an Italian remnant is left, and nothing remains to be done. Its mission is completed. An infallible pope has no need of councilors.

The immediate effect of this decree is easy to be seen. Henceforth the Roman Catholic Church is the servant of the Jesuit order. Its ultimate effect it is impossible to prophesy. Already, at the time of our writing, the French troops are withdrawn from the Holy City, and that despite the holy father's clamorous appeal for "one frigate." The faithful are contributing of their resources to sustain a papal army in the Papal States. Italy is increasing her armament to *protect* the pope; and rumors are rife that the pope is preparing to flee from her *protection* to one of the islands of the Mediterranean. And the air is full of uncontradicted rumors of inchoate schisms, in the Orient, in Germany, in France, and even in the United States. What harvest the future church may gather from this wind-sowing we shall not venture to prophesy; but this much is certain, that, in all the past, the papacy has received no more severe blow than that which it has suffered at the hands of Pope Pius IX. and his pious councilors.

LIFE IN BRITTANY.

II.—BRETON PEASANTS—THEIR TRADITIONS AND CUSTOMS.

ONE who has long lived in Paris, on going into Brittany, finds himself in the midst of a strange language. Should a Welsh rustic, however, find his way there, he would find that he had more than "half a notion" of the Breton tongue. Old Welsh and old Breton are alike modifications of old Celtic. One who travels, first in rural Wales and then in rural Brittany, will find a likeness in not a few of the habits of the two communities, and even in their physique. In passing through a crooked-streeted, thatch-roofed, musty-looking old Breton village, one observes, first of all, the women; what a tough, hardy, *baked* look they have, and the quaint costumes with which they adorn themselves! They are as brown and brawny as the Welsh farmer's lass; not so brisk, however. Their faces are too often blank expanses of rugged flesh. The expression is essentially animal, hardly a spark of human intelligence lighting them, not even, alas! when they smile. If you, perchance, have a smattering of the Breton patois, and talk to them, you will find that, beyond their immediate work, their excessive superstition, and their blind reverence for the priest, they know absolutely nothing. It is recorded in the histories how Brittany, now the most Catholic of French provinces, was the last to submit to the domination of the Merovingians, and also to that of Roman Christianity. It held to Druidism to the bitter end. When once Catholic, however, it stuck to Catholicism with the same stout vigor. The most Catholic, it is far the most ignorant of French provinces. The ignorance of the common people almost passes credence. Many have never heard of Paris. One village oracle whom I met, a reverend man of vast and varied learning, opined that America was an English colony; and thought I could not possibly be an American, as my skin was white and my hair straight. There are whole villages where they think France to be the world; and you might put the question, whether France were an empire or a republic, to the whole population, and there would be no answer; unless one, alarmingly inquisitive, should ask, What *is* an empire? The women are short, thick, sinewy, with dusty brown hair, which is thin and ill dressed; broad faces, with high cheek-bones, dark, almost leather-like skins, large feet and hands, short muscular limbs, superior, if any thing, to the men in strength. It may be that nature has thus provided them for good reasons, for they perform masculine labor quite as much as do the men themselves. Traveling through Brittany, you see as many women as men plowing, digging, sowing, and reaping in the fields. The dress of the female peasants is quaint and tasteful. They have pinafores, which are of various and brilliant colors, reaching from the waist halfway to the neck, whence to the neck is a snow-white frill. Their dresses are not made with narrow waists; indeed, to look at them, you would imagine their bodies to be built square. Chains of silver, of curious workmanship, extend from their pinafores in front to the shoulder; sometimes are hung about the neck. These are, however, only displayed on Sundays, when they go to church, and walk with their husbands and children through the vineyards and along the shrub-bordered roads. Their feet are deformed by huge wooden shoes, turned up at the end, in Turkish fashion, and are wofully clumsy; but as they cost but ten sous a pair, and wear ten years, they are fain to temper themselves to them. How sharply does the clattering of these *sabots* over the rough village street break in on the prevailing majesty of rustic stillness! The smallest female children are dressed much like the adult women. They have, like the latter, long white caps, extending horizontally back from the head, waistless long dresses, pinafore and bib, uncouth *sabots;* and they look like little old women, a race of pigmies, stopping short, full-grown, in infancy. The training of the Breton peasant children is so curious an art that we must dwell upon it before passing to their sires.

Schooling is seldom or never thought of. They are inured to the hard realities of life

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from toddling infancy. There are many traditions and customs regarding children which have come down from times which were long before Capet or Bourbon reigned. At the birth of a child, not only the husband, but all the relatives and near neighbors of the parents, are present; these remain outside the door until the birth, and are then admitted *en masse*. They busy themselves in performing such services as the situation may require. One presents the mother, according to immemorial tradition, a glass of warm wine. A voluble dame, erudite in long-practiced family history, gives a long account of kindred scenes at which she has assisted—little heeded, because often heard. Another waits upon the husband, who is usually in a state of happy inebriety, and prevails upon him to make his toilet; a fourth takes vicarious charge of the newly born babe for the while.



A RAINY DAY IN BRITTANY.

The superstitious peasant is in great haste to have the baptism over; it takes place in the village church by the curé, in the presence of a few intimate friends, and invariably in the morning. Were noon past, and the baptism not over, there would be a shadow on the child's life ever after. Following this ceremony is the christening feast, at the father's behest and expense. A lusty meal this, of cabbage and fish and sour bread, and wine which unhabituated mortals might call vinegar. To drink unto drunkenness is the inflexible rule at the christening feast; a man is no man who fails in it. The women, however, stop before the reasonable stage of hilarity is exceeded, and depart to provide resting-places for their lords, who are apt to spend the ensuing night prone on the floor. Superstition in these parts has, it seems, no terrors for the man who makes himself a beast. In these orgies the baby is, of course, the hero, or heroine; he is handed from one to the other in his swaddling-clothes, and receives, if not the tenderest, at least the most affectionate, treatment from the inebriate guests. The feast is held at one of the little village cabarets; water is strictly and sacredly forbidden; forks are banished; the guests must eat with spoons. It is the traditional custom to commence the repast in profound silence; and the feasters may only break into articulate merriment when the red wine, which forms the second potable course, circles around and fires up the thick peasant brains. The poor baby, whose entrance upon worldly sorrows and joys is thus inaugurated, begins life in a most uncomfortable manner by

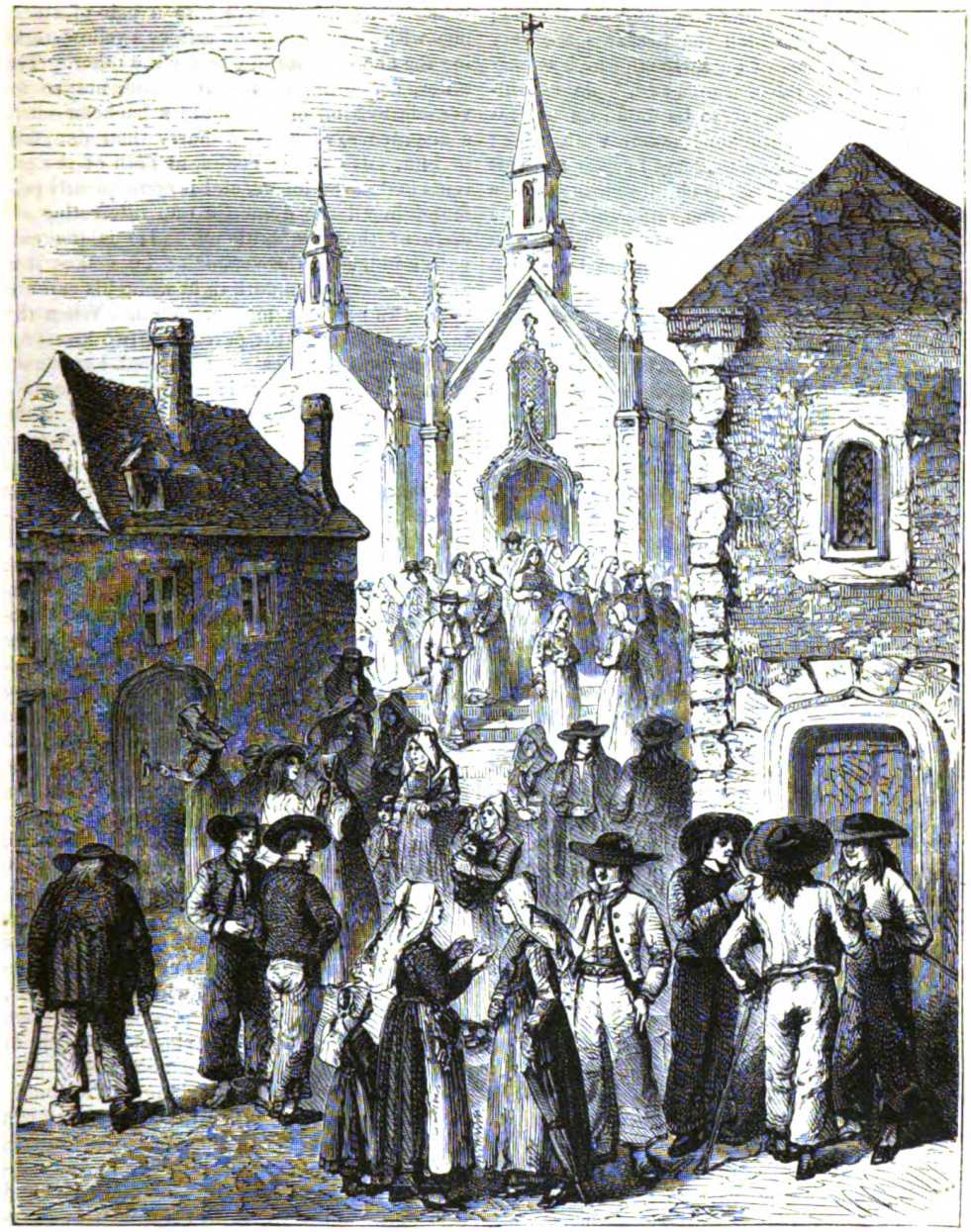
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being wrapped tightly in coarse cloths, and bound with stout bands crossing each other in all directions, thus being made up into a compact bundle, its head only protruding. Thus it is laid in the cradle and borne about on its mother's back for months together. A Breton superstition referring to infants is, that if they are ever passed over a table, from one person to another, it is a sign of certain misfortune. The weaning, among the peasants, is long postponed; some infants are not weaned till their fourth year. Almost as soon as they can walk, however, they are put into the fields to work, performing such slighter labor as their strength permits. If you go abroad into the fields at harvest-time, you will see groups of little children under the trees playing, or perhaps assisting in the work, and young women carrying the infants about in their arms. At that season, when the parents go forth a-harvesting, all the family goes with them, and the mid-day meal is partaken in common under the trees and alongside the brooks. The Bretons are a prolific race; hardly a family but has half a dozen children, some fifteen or twenty. But these, far from being burdensome to their parents, are often their best practical treasures. I have seen a boy of three tending a herd of cattle, turning them out to graze in a distant field in the morning; going to fetch them at nightfall; penning them into the cow-yard, and giving them their evening fodder; then securing them under the farm-sheds for the night. This kind of labor is represented to the child as a trust and privilege, as something which he must feel proud and honored to do. The little fellows are thus anxious to begin, and perform the tasks with a pride and relish very amusing to see. In fact, the promise that he shall tend the herd assumes the shape of a reward, and as a bribe to persuade him to be weaned. Armed with a long pole or switch in one hand, and a crisp buckwheat biscuit in the other, the little fellow struts out and shouts shrilly at the beasts, with all the importance of one to whom a new and great trust has been confided. He wears a long coarse gown reaching nearly to his feet, the toes peeping out from the thick stockings with which they are enveloped, while on his head is one of his father's old hats. One of the peasant customs with regard to their children is unpleasant to name, but affords a striking illustration of the degradation in which they live. When a boy reaches his seventh or eighth year, it is the ancient custom to make him drink to intoxication. It occurs on a festal occasion, to which the relatives and friends are invited. He is seated on his grandfather's lap, if that patriarch is present, and receives the fiery white wine from his father's hands, mother and friends looking approvingly on. The boy drinks heartily, thinking and encouraged to think it manly, and soon becomes crazily uproarious. This is his first lesson in drunkenness; he is expected to follow it up for the rest of his life, his future instruction being confided to his own judgment.

"Evit buhen!" (drink quick!) is the exhortation of the company; and he needs no further prompting. He is narrowly watched; for the peasants say that a man in liquor betrays himself, and thus they judge of his character according to his actions while intoxicated. If he be hilarious and playful, well; if savage and morose, not so well. This is the boy's inauguration into the pleasures of the peasant life. Henceforth he joins in all the *fêtes* and merry-makings. It is not wonderful that the prevailing vice of the Breton peasantry is drunkenness. It is a thing, both with the men and with the women, rather to be applauded than rebuked. The physical ill effects of the universal habit are, indeed, to some degree counteracted by the necessity under which they live, to work hard and constantly. Their toughness of constitution, their hardy peasant blood, the early age at which they begin to labor, render the effects of their orgies less obtrusive. The *penchant* for drink is universal. Infants drink; old men drink until their rough and withered throats are paralyzed in death. The cause is not obscure. Privation produces excess. The peasant has but few joys. He works hard; he must enjoy his leisure moments. This one bad luxury, drink, is his. Wine is cheap; most peasants make it themselves. It is within the reach of all.

When, after sundown, they have at last laid down their implements of toil, the first thing thought of is the *cabaret*, and the warm wine waiting there. *Fêtes* and church holy-days are an excuse for a day's drunkenness instead of an evening's. Besides the ordinary wine of the country, they have cider and perry, and *eau-de-vie*, simply made, yet very strong. Add to this the universal joy of the poor man—the pipe—and you have the sum of happiness for the Breton peasant. Dancing is another very favorite amusement; it is not less so to the looker-on observing this pastime. They dance as if their life depended on their nearly shaking it out of them, swinging their arms about, their hair all over their faces, the perspiration covering their foreheads, and their great wooden shoes clattering loudly upon the stone floors. All their amusements, as all their thoughts, are traditional. They got both from their parents; they transmit both to their children. They look upon all innovation both with fear and with contempt. No inventions ever reach them. They spin with the old wheels, draw water with the old buckets from the old wells, work with the old hoes and rakes, wear the old garments, live in the old mud and beamed huts, drink the old beverages, dance the old dances, and cling with superstitious ardor to the old religion. In their curates and their notaries they have confiding trust; those two have all the learning necessary to soul and body, and beyond them they respect no man. They are parsimonious. They save carefully their trifling earnings, and it is very hard with them to lose a jot of what they save. Even in their moments of "jollity,"

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SUNDAY IN BRITTANY—LEAVING CHURCH.

when most men relax the avaricious in their natures, these peasants keep a sober look-out on their pockets. The only symptom of generosity is their almost universal sympathy with the very poor, and their contributions to the Church. To the very poor they are seldom inhospitable; the wandering beggar, if he but reaches a village, is seldom in want of a place to lie in, and a morsel of homely food to eat. Take the peasant in his sober moments, interrupt him while working in the fields, and engage him to talk, and you will find him serious, even disposed to melancholy. Offend him, and you will find him fierce, savage, brutal. The quarrels of the peasants are often terrific, and result in tragedies. On the other hand, you find him resigned to his sphere and his state, patient under disappointment, and never despairing. Rousseau has said, wisely, that "the first law of resignation comes to us from nature." The peasant of Brittany is perhaps as near to nature as any human being to be found in the civilized parts of the world. The peasant is not wanting in rude courage; he will not seek danger; but in danger thrust upon him he is intrepid and pertinacious in dealing with the exigency.

He rises at dawn, and hastily eats his breakfast immediately after dressing. The meal consists of hard, sour bread, made in great fat

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loaves, two or three feet long, and fish-shaped; cabbage soup, of which the peasants are very fond; hard cakes of buckwheat (which is only used as food by the peasants, and, being considered plebeian, is never to be found on the tables of Breton gentlemen); some white wine; and once in a while a preserved sardine or salt fish. At noon one of his children brings him a homely lunch of much the same sort; and he eats his third meal at sundown, when his work is over for the day. Much can not be said in praise of the cleanliness of the Breton peasantry; they use cold water once in several weeks. But the women are less slovenly than the men; for they take great pride in dressing themselves after the traditional fashion of their locality, and appear, on Sundays, very neat and gorgeous.

Mariages de convenance are customary not only among the higher and aristocratic classes, but extend as well to the lowest peasantry. Property is, among all, the great thing desired; the poorest peasant has at least some trifling pittance laid by, with parts of which he intends to endow his children when they marry. There is the same diplomatic negotiation among them, when a marriage is to be arranged, as takes place in the upper circles. Marriages of the "commercial" sort are, however, not so general among the peasants as among their social betters. The parties immediately concerned are more frequently consulted as to their inclinations. The first move is made after a preference has been manifested among the young peasants themselves. A young man sees a lass who pleases him. He makes certain advances rather bashfully; she responds by tokens equally shy. It comes to be generally understood in the village that Jacques and Nannine will "make a match"—if they can. Then occurs a remarkable event. There is in Brittany a curious superstition—or rather a superstitious tradition—about *tailors*. It is derived from some ancient legend which has endowed the village tailor with a peculiar sacredness and reverence. The tailor (in default of a notary) is called upon to settle disputes, to teach the children with the priest, and to advise the good folk in all domestic or social difficulties. His peculiar prerogative is to negotiate marriages. The young man who is taken with the passion that comes in time to all finds in him a trusty adviser, engages him to arrange a marriage with the damsel's parents, and to vicariously "pop the question." There is a Breton saying that the tailor could, an he would, "marry a Turk to a Jewess." Another diplomat in marriages, the tailor's rival, is he who is called the "marrying beggar," who has similar prerogatives in this *métier*. The tailor, when he enters upon a marriage negotiation, carries with him, as a symbol of his office and a hint of his errand, a broomstick (in low Breton called "*baz-valan*"), making the object of his visit clearly known to all concerned. For his services he receives an invitation to the wedding feast, and presents of clothes and money. The bride is also fain to give him a pair of stockings with yellow rims, sometimes a yellow stocking for one foot, a red one for the other. The tailor, according to the tradition, not so favorable to him, must remain a bachelor—it is a disgrace to parents to marry their daughter to him. He is the confidant both of the parents and of the lovers, and is consequently profound in all the domestic and interesting secrets of the neighborhood. He is the universal judge of the scandals; he makes it a point to keep his mouth tight while his ears are open—and so is a mentor to all. When the tailor has brought the parents of two lovers together, there ensues an animated bargaining about the dowries. It is a shrewd, mercantile negotiation, usually, with the mediation of the tailor, ending in a treaty mutually satisfactory. Once in accord, the parties proceed to seal the contract by drinking as much of the best wine to be had as each can master; afterward seating themselves about the table, and smoking the pipe of peace, alliance, and concord. The lass who is the subject of discourse is perhaps listening, ears all agape; flutters with the momentary doubtfulness; goes wild with joy over the happy conclusion. Afterward both families meet at the *cabaret* and formally sign the contract, which the tailor has drawn up in true legal shape; adjourning to the farms of each family to inspect the property, and to exhibit the substantial evidences that the dowry promised will be forthcoming. A few days thereafter the fathers proceed to the nearest town, in their carts, to purchase the wedding presents which have been agreed to on either hand in the contract. Articles of dress, cheap showy jewelry for the bride clothes and implements of husbandry for the groom, are the usual purchases. Sometimes the young couple go with their parents, and themselves choose the presents. If there is no town near by, the purchases are made in the village; and the day becomes one of general holiday and merry-making. The musicians of the village play what music they can on the green before the church, and the friends of the happy couple engage in games and dancing. They are treated to wine and soup, and ever and anon the practical business is interrupted for merry-making. On a subsequent appointed day the fathers go about giving invitations to their friends in person to attend the marriage; meeting them in the street, or at their houses, or going for the purpose to the fields where they are at work. There are, in country as in town, two marriage ceremonies—the civil and the religious. The peasantry attach little or no importance to the first. They go to the civil marriage in their everyday costumes, and do not invite their friends or have festivities on the occasion of it. The ceremony is performed by the notary in presence of the parents who look upon it as little more than a formal betrothal. The young couple do not regard themselves as married until after the religious consecration of the bond. A fort-

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MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES.

night, sometimes a month, intervenes between the two ceremonies. During the interval the couple return to their wonted occupations, as though not having relinquished the duties or the position of single life, and meanwhile do not see or communicate with each other. Then comes the pomp of the religious rite, alluring to the sight and imagination of the excitable peasantry, with its chants and joyous chimes, the mysterious veil, the benediction of rings, the sacrament of bread and wine. The night before this imposing feast the bridegroom busies himself with the preparations, and sees to it that all is in readiness. The musicians, from the nearest town, are provided with the best chamber in his father's house. Early on the wedding morning these artists begin to perform before the door, to remind the folk of the approaching event, and to commence the day with the brisk harmonies proper to it. Every body is dressed in his and her best, the women especially taking care that their dresses and toilets shall rival their neighbors'. The men mount their lusty horses, the women march on foot, and thus a procession is formed, which proceeds to the antique little village church. Bride and bridegroom, godfather and godmother, priest, choir, and beadle, have already arrived. The audience assembled, the solemn ceremony goes on. You would be at once struck by the simple and blind devotion of the homely group as they stand or kneel below the altar. The benediction is pronounced, and there is a general movement toward the little sacristy; congratulations, kissings, and embracings on the way, the priest as merry and talkative as the rest. Meats and wines, provided by the bridegroom, are set out in the sacristy. It is a temporary refreshment before returning home. Here the hilarity of the festival begins to come out, not to cease for several days. The *curé*, with a pretty speech, offers the first glass of wine to the bride, who sips, as a signal for the rest to drink. The horses are next brought out before the church door. The bridegroom is the first to mount; several of the men lift the bride up behind him, where she sits sideways, smiling, blushing, and clinging to her "good man's" arm. The other men mount, their wives climb up behind them, and so, laughing, joking, singing, screaming, they all jog off merrily home again. They stop at the largest open green which the village affords; and here the traditional wedding dances begin. It is a well-known historical fact that, in classical times, the dance was a solemn religious ceremony, performed on the occasion of sacred festivals; and especially was it one of the religious rites attendant upon a marriage. So the wedding dance, immediately after the marriage, is in Brittany indispensable, and in some sort completes the rites of the day. The bride commences the dance alone. When the music strikes up she advances into the middle of the green, and begins to march slowly to the cadence of the music. Her female relatives and near friends then follow her example, imitating her and guided by her, and make the

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tour of the green without "cavaliers." This done, the bridegroom and male relatives advance, he taking his bride's hand, and the rest the hands of their partners. A wide ring is formed, a regular country dance follows. Meanwhile tables are brought out and loaded with refreshments proper to the season—fruit, wine, cider, cakes, buckwheat biscuit, *pâtisserie*, and *confitures*. The dance ended, the party discuss the dishes set forth for their delectation. Thus, till nightfall, there are alternately dancing and feasting, the hilarity ever increasing under the inspiration of the beverages and the excitement. Two ancient, traditionary Breton dances, always performed at the weddings, it may be interesting briefly to describe. These are the "*gavotte*" and the "*bal*." They have come down from a high antiquity, and the Breton antiquaries are fain to refer them to the Druidical age. The "*gavotte*" is a very lively dance, presenting to the amazed eyes of the foreigner numberless turnings and counter-twistings, led by one of the most expert dancers, who seems to have no rule except his momentary impulse. The dance is accompanied by shouts and hurrahs, and is so energetic as soon to exhaust the participants. The "*bal*" is a more solemn and stately dance, commencing also with a sort of spiral movement—the performers separating by couples, and dancing one before the other. There is, too, a slow, measured dance, not unlike the time-honored "minuet" of our grandsires. The wedding dances are really interesting and picturesque to see. The quaint local costumes, the excitement, the bounding, leaping, and shouting, the seeming want of order and method, the sudden, amusing, and often graceful tableaux, give the scene a vivacity and freshness which are rare to the dweller in great cities. The festivities of the wedding-day do not, however, end with the dances and with nightfall. The scene then changes from the open lawn to some tents which have been erected near by, beneath which bountiful tables have been spread. Here takes place the "Bride's Feast" (*La Table de la Mariée*). The dances over, hither flock the guests—usually comprising the whole village and neighborhood. The viands are plenteous, the hilarity unchecked. Furnaces and ovens are set up just outside the tents, where the hot meats and vegetables are cooked on the spot. The young men serve up the dishes, as a post of honor; the duty is intrusted to the relatives and intimates of the "happy pair." The bridegroom himself acts as head-butler, leading off the other servitors at the beginning of the feast, preceded by the rustic band, and carrying himself a plate of each delicacy to his bride, who sits enthroned at the head of the principal table. Drunkenness too often mars the innocency and jollity of the night. The men overdrink, as a matter of course. But tradition enjoins it upon the bridegroom to give an example of chaste sobriety, compelling him to refrain from the cup altogether. The principal table is decorated with such taste as the limits of rusticity permit; rude flags are hung here and there, and ribbons of various bright hues. At the head is a dais, with a high-backed chair, hung with garlands; this is the bride's seat. Around her is gathered a sort of rustic court circle, comprising her female relatives and nearest friends—no men are permitted near it. The "Bride's Feast" continues for three successive days after the marriage. On the third day custom allows the bridegroom two notable privileges—he is allowed to take a seat beside his bride on the dais, and he is allowed to drink *ad libitum*. At this third feast all restrictions are abandoned, and the orgy reaches its climax. The next day it becomes the duty of the fathers to "pay the piper." The tradesmen assemble at an appointed place with their bills, and then ensues a scene of haggling and beating down which nearly consumes the day. The remains of the "Bride's Feast" are carefully collected, and, according to the ancient and praiseworthy custom, distributed to the beggars and very poor of the neighborhood. These wretched creatures thereupon perform a sort of burlesque upon the feast, performing upon the green the "Beggars' Dance"—a grotesque travesty of the "*gavotte*"—their rags adding to the quaintness of the scene.

The young couple are now ready to start in life. If their united dowries are adequate, they hire a farm, furnish it, and set to work at once upon its cultivation. Sometimes they associate themselves with one of the fathers, helping him to manage his farm, and receiving, as payment, their support, with a prospect of inheriting the farm at his death. A third plan is for the father to give up his farm to his son or son-in-law altogether (called "*démission*"), after agreeing that the young man shall support the old one during his life, and shall give him a certain part of each year's farm products. The latter is, perhaps, the prevailing custom among the Breton peasants; and it is attended sometimes with great evils. Parenticide sometimes follows from it, the heir feeling the old man to be a burden, and thus gradually being wrought up to get rid of him. Often, again, the sad spectacle of a neglected and ill-used old man—existing on the barest necessities of life, starved by a slow and torturing process, despoiled of all, even filial respect, and lingering on despised by his children—is to be seen. But the custom of "*démissions*" has also advantages. It is favorable to agriculture, as it replaces waning strength by the vigorous and ambitious energy of youth. It exchanges fresh sinews for stiff and feeble ones. In the custom of associated farming the advantages of energy and experience are united, and proper treatment secured to the elder. He is still in authority, regulating, deciding, dividing the profits between them. Each—father and son—has his special duties. The son takes charge of the flocks and herds; the father, the vine-

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yards and fields; the daughter-in-law, the dairy; the mother, the household affairs. But disputes arise in association; the accounts get muddled; one interferes with the domain of the other; and so "ordeal by battle" is a too frequent resort of settlement. Otherwise the notary or tailor is called in to decide the quarrel. The custom of inheritance among the Bretons is curious. It is just the reverse of the law of primogeniture. The youngest succeeds to the paternal estate; if there are no sons, the youngest daughter succeeds. This rule prevails in other parts of France; but Montesquieu, an excellent authority, refers its origin to Brittany. He adds that the reason of its existence is, that the peasants think it the best method of preserving family interests, as well as conducing to public utility. The example was set, centuries ago, by the great landed proprietors, whose lands, being vast, were divided among the older children during the lifetime of the father, while the youngest child remained at home to assist the old man; to him, therefore, naturally fell the remainder of the patrimony. At the present day the peasants (who are mostly independent proprietors, if of ever so little) are accustomed to divide their little estates among their sons; so that the farms continue very small, and are only increased from generation to generation by individual thrift.

To return to the marriage customs. The bridegroom and bride do not cohabit for several nights after the religious rite; sometimes it is three days, sometimes not less than fifteen, before they do so. The first night is dedicated, by imperative tradition, to "*Le Bon Dieu;*" the second, to "*La Sainte Vierge;*" the third, to St. Joseph; and so on, according to the locality, night after night is dedicated to this or that holy personage, especially revered by the district or the family.

When the time comes for the husband to join the wife, the female relatives of the latter attend her in the nuptial chamber, dress her in the wedding garments, and each, in order of seniority in age, gives her a lecture appropriate to the occasion. Meanwhile the groom is being admonished by the elders in another apartment. He is then conducted with great solemnity to the nuptial chamber. The relatives gather below stairs, and begin to pray loudly and fervently for blessings on the wedded pair. Then rises a loud and solemn chant, "*Veni, Creator,*" in which all join. The chant is scarcely concluded when a boisterous procession of villagers invades the house. They bring with them a stretcher, holding a large bowl of milk soup. The bridal chamber is entered, the relatives hasten up, the soup is deposited at the side of the bed. The couple are bolstered up, and potations of the milk soup are administered to them amidst much merriment and many a joke. Bread is then forced upon them, and wine; and a new scene of noisy festivity ensues.

The next day commences the regular routine of farm life. There are no honey-moons and blissful journeyings for the peasant bride and groom. He is up betimes, driving his horses or oxen afield; and she appears soon after, and forthwith enters upon her appropriate functions in the dairy. This marriage-time, however, in which a sort of temporary royalty is conferred upon the bride, turns the thoughts of the other peasant damsels to their own prospects. The pins which have fastened the bride's dresses are precious talismans; those who secure and wear them are assured of a speedy marriage, and are relieved of the dread that they shall die "*vieilles filles.*" At the *fête* of St. Jean, in June, bonfires are lighted in all the villages throughout Brittany; and around these the peasantry are accustomed to dance and drink till far into the night. It is a legend that if a young girl visits and dances at nine of these bonfires before midnight, she will be married within the year. As the task is neither a difficult nor a disagreeable one, probably all who wish are assured of connubial felicity. There are many miraculous fountains scattered through the country, which, on being questioned on matrimonial prospects, give compliant oracular responses. The waters of some of them are efficacious, according to the superstition, to ward off lightning, give milk to dry cows, and restore cross-eyes to a proper angle. To the superstitious simplicity of the Breton peasant Christmas-time is a time of wonders. On Christmas-eve there is vigil kept by both man and beast. When the clock sounds midnight, it is asserted that the cows are endowed with speech, and predict the future. This privilege the cows are supposed to owe to the chance which made their kind assist at the birth of Christ in the manger at Bethlehem.

These are only a few of the host of superstitions which excite the minds of the peasantry to fear and worship. Some have been handed down from remote times, from the age of the priest government of the Druids. Others have started, upon occasion, from extraordinary accidents, to which the peasant mind has given a superstitious, unearthly significance. It is a land of ignorance and credulity—of many time-hallowed, amusing, and suggestive customs; a land which knows or cares little of human progress, and feels not at all, apparently, the onrushing tide of modern civilization.

In connection with this subject it is worth while to give some account of a Breton pilgrimage. M. Jules Breton's interesting and highly characteristic picture of "a grand Breton pardon," of which we give a copy in our engraving on page 38, will serve as a general representation of those striking religious ceremonies, which necessarily have a good deal in common, and are among the most picturesque pageants of modern times. The two principal Breton pilgrimages are those of St. Anne of Auray and Guingamp. The former goes on all through the summer, although Whitsuntide and the fête-day of the patron saint are the occasions which attract the greatest multitude of devotees; whereas the latter is limited

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A BRETON PARDON.

to the Saturday preceding the first Sunday in July, when the procession takes place, and to a couple of days or so following. The Breton saints are of a homely sort. The miracles they are reported to have performed are not particularly marvelous, which is, perhaps, accounted for by the peasantry who hold them in such reverence, and who are probably as simple-minded and superstitious as any in Europe, lacking the ardent imaginations of the Southern races. Even so far back as the year 1623, when St. Anne of Auray first came into notice, all that is pretended to have happened was a vision to an ignorant peasant, whose pastor

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thought him crazed, as he no doubt was, but whose bishop patronized him; following upon which a broken statue was found in a certain field, and attracted pilgrims from far and near, who left behind them offerings sufficient to build a chapel in which the relic might be enshrined, but which, in later times, has been replaced, it seems, by a new building.

Pilgrims come from one end of Brittany to the other to the shrine of St. Anne, not merely barefooted, as of old, but packed in third-class railway carriages; for, from the month of June until the end of September, the company of the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest issue cheap return-tickets from all stations on their line. The pilgrims come singly and in companies, and sometimes an entire family will make the journey—the aged supported by the more stalwart, and the mother carrying her new-born child. Sailors, too, in pursuance of some vow made in time of peril, will proceed thither, barefooted and bareheaded, from the point of the coast where they chanced to be cast ashore. The inhabitants of the Isle Dieu are not deterred by the sixty leagues which they have to traverse from paying annual homage to St. Anne. The sailors of the commune of Arzon, at the extremity of the peninsula of Rhins, in memory of a vow made by their fathers during a naval combat they were engaged in with the Dutch, come regularly to the shrine every Whit-Monday. They embark, with their wives and children, at Port Navalo, on board luggers with red sails, having at the head of the flotilla a richly decked vessel, in which are the clergy of the parish in charge of a massive silver crucifix. On the same day there arrive by land processions from all the neighboring, and even from far-distant parishes, preceded by crucifixes, the banners of their patron saints, and the flags of their communes. Ladies of high birth and delicate frames are said not unfrequently to accompany these bands, followed by their carriages, the use of which they rigidly deny themselves except to return home in. So soon as the tower of the chapel is discerned in the distance the pilgrims fall upon their knees, and subsequently continue the journey in silence, with their chaplets in their hands. As they draw nigh the immense open space, shaded by chestnut-trees, that conducts to the miraculous fountain and the building which contains the object of their adoration, the different bands of pilgrims, mingling together, present a curious spectacle in their varied and picturesque costumes, in which, as in their language, centuries of civilization have wrought scarcely any change.

Reciting their prayers, numbers will congregate round the fountain, of whom many will dip their faces, hands, and feet in the water which flows into the smaller basins, while others will drink of it at its principal source. The more fatigued will repose themselves on the steps of the surrounding amphitheatre, while long files of ardent pilgrims continue their weary march round the chapel walls and under the cloistered galleries, bareheaded, and carrying lighted tapers in their hands. Some will even, by way of penance, make the circuit on their knees, and slowly mount the numerous steps of what is termed the Scala Sancta, and kiss the feet of the statues at its summit.

As soon as the sun has risen on the morning of Saturday the narrow, tortuous streets of the old town of Guingamp are crowded with pilgrims, come to perform their devotions at the shrine of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, and to take part in the evening procession in her honor. Many have journeyed thither on foot and from long distances, that have required two or three days to accomplish, while some thousands had arrived by the railway from all parts of Brittany. The town is *en fête*. In the various open spaces booths are erected, at which, besides eatables of different kinds, some few useful and many useless articles are exposed for sale, including an endless number of pictures and images of Our Lady of Good Help, and of such saints as are especially dear to the Breton peasant, together with crucifixes, chaplets, charms, and candles of all dimensions.

"The Pardon of Guingamp," according to the local historians, traces back its origin to the remotest antiquity; and, save during the interregnum of the Revolution, they assert it has always gathered together a considerable multitude of the devout; still, it is only within the last few years that the image of the Virgin, the object of all this homage, has been awarded a crown by his Holiness the Pope, and has thereby assumed a rank to which she was not entitled before. To a stranger the assemblage which the celebration of the pardon brings together presents many points of interest. These dense crowds enable him to study no end of varieties of the Breton type, in all the diversity of the Armonican costume; the men with their broad-brim hats, with velvet streamers fluttering behind, and their long matted hair falling over their shoulders and down their backs; their large stand-up shirt-collars; their short jackets, trimmed with velvet, and more or less embroidered; their waistcoats, covered with double rows of bright metal buttons, placed quite close together; their knee-breeches and tightly fitting leggings, the latter ornamented with more gilt buttons at the ankle; their embroidered leather belts, their huge wooden sabots, and their pilgrims' staves. The women, too, are not less interesting in the whitest and quaintest of caps, an endless variety of shape, and occasionally of the richest lace, in their bright-colored bodices or shawl neckerchiefs, their silk aprons, their sober-tinted gowns, and with their chaplets invariably in their hands.

The more devout pilgrims first of all betake themselves to the chapel of Our Lady of Good Help, whose statue surmounting the altar is magnificently robed in gold-and-silver-embroidered blue and white satin, just as the chapel itself is decorated with flags and flowers, and festoons of colored lamps, for the occasion.

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Some few pilgrims will make offerings at her shrine; but the majority appear to content themselves with burning a candle in her honor at an adjacent circular frame erected for the purpose, while, kneeling pell-mell on the stone pavement, and sadly jostled by the curious, they go through their appointed prayers. But not only is this side chapel crowded; the church itself—hung from one end to the other with banners, its altars all decorated with flowers, its sacramental plate, its relics, and its ornaments of all kinds exposed—is packed so thickly with kneeling pilgrims that the passage from one end to the other is rendered extremely difficult. Leaving the church, many of the more weary pilgrims betake themselves at once to the quaint metal fountain in the adjoining "place," surmounted by a statue of the Virgin, with a large wreath of newly gathered flowers encircling her head, and a large bouquet in her hand. Congregated round about are a dozen or more old women with little earthenware bowls, which they fill with water and offer to all comers to drink of, and even to lave their faces, hands, and feet in. Their ablutions over, the more austere pilgrims will content themselves with strolling abstractedly through the town until evening sets in and vespers are about to commence; while others kill the intervening time at the various shows, in the cider-booths, or in risking their sous and francs at one or the other games of chance that tempt them on every hand.

The church bells toll for vespers; crowds of men and women, each provided with a wax taper, struggle through the streets to the entrance of the edifice, the steps of which are lined with cripples, feeble old men and women, and beggars of a sturdy type, got up to present as repulsive an appearance as possible. The church, which is brilliantly lit up, is crowded in every part. The service terminated, precisely at nine o'clock the bells begin to chime, and then to toll a monotonous peal, while most of the houses in the town are being illuminated, and the head of the procession—composed of men and women mingled together indiscriminately, the half-wild-looking Bas-Breton every now and then alternating with some charming-looking demoiselle whose toilet is after the latest mode—is seen descending the flight of steps in front of the north door of the church, preceded by a priest bearing the cross. A troop of cavalry, stationed immediately opposite, salutes the sacred symbol; and for a quarter of an hour pilgrims, all with lighted tapers in their hands, and the men with their heads bare, continue descending the steps in double file. While these are passing out at the north door, another detachment of pilgrims, also in double file, and similarly provided with lighted tapers, is leaving the church by the west. The two detachments proceed in opposite directions—the one moving toward the upper, the other to the lower end of the town. At the expiration of the quarter of an hour just spoken of, the ornamental portion of the procession is seen to emerge from the north door of the church, consisting, first of all, of some young and rather pretty girls, robed entirely in white, and carrying the silk-embroidered banner of the Virgin; then more girls and banners, followed by the members of various female religious communities, in the costumes of their order, bearing their respective banners; next come several small gilt statuettes, carried on handsome stands, one of which represents St. Fiacre, the patron saint of the gardeners, and another St. Joseph, the patron saint of the carpenters. Then follow richly gilt caskets containing various relics, borne by and surrounded by priests; a gold bust, with a long forked beard; a wax figure of a dead child in white, her head wreathed with lilies, lying on a purple cushion covered with a crimson pall, and preceded and followed by banners innumerable. Then a number of men and boys dressed up to represent sailors, and bearing a couple of models of men-of-war of the old school, and a huge gilt anchor; then some of the youths of the college, accompanied by their band; next a number of men with banners and large ornamental open-work lanterns; then the *sapeurs pompiers* and their band; and, finally, a body of priests in rich vestments. The two detachments of pilgrims eventually join themselves together, and the procession, composed at this time of at least 10,000 people, passes up the main street of the town and round the large triangular place where the fountain is situated, chanting all the while. Here three tall poles have been erected, surrounded by banners in honor of the Virgin, and having immense piles of fagots stacked at their base. While the procession is moving round this open space in the direction of the church these stacks of fagots are set fire to, one after the other, filling the air above with fiery sparks, as the ground is already thronged below with lighted tapers, and throwing out such intense heat in their immediate proximity as to cause pilgrims and spectators alike to struggle to escape from it. Such are the aspects of a Breton Pilgrimage or Pardon as seen at Guingamp.

A VIGIL.

The hands of my watch point to midnight,
My fire burns low;
But my pulse runs like the morning,
My heart all aglow.

My darling, my maiden, is nested
And wrapped from the chill,
And slumber lies down on her eyelids,
Pure, light, and still;
She needs not the watch-care of angels
To keep off fear and ill.

The throbbing of her heart is ever
A sweet, virgin prayer;
The thoughts of her heart, like incense,
Fill the chaste and silent air;
And how can evil, or fear of it,
Enter in there?

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FREDERICK THE GREAT.

XIII.—THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR; ITS COMMENCEMENT.

WE now enter upon the third Silesian war, usually termed in history The Seven Years' War. For four years Frederick had been aware that a coalition was secretly forming against him. Maria Theresa wished, with ardor which had never for one moment abated, to regain Silesia. All the other European powers, without exception, desired to curb Frederick, whose ambition they feared. They were well aware that he was taking advantage of a few years of peace to replenish his treasury, and to enlarge his army for new conquests. As we have before stated, Frederick, by bribery, had fully informed himself of the secret arrangements into which Austria, Russia, Poland, and other powers were entering for the dismemberment of his realms. It is in vain to attempt to unravel the intricacies of the diplomacy which ensued.

England, while endeavoring to subsidize Russia against Frederick, entered secretly into a sort of alliance with Frederick, hoping thus to save Hanover. The empress Elizabeth of Russia heartily united with Maria Theresa against Frederick, whom she personally disliked, and whose encroachments she dreaded. His Prussian majesty, proud of his powers of sarcasm, in his poems spared neither friend nor foe. He had written some very severe things against the Russian empress, which had reached her ears.[1]

Frederick was in great perplexity. To wait for his enemies to complete their arrangements, and to commence the attack at their leisure, placed him at great disadvantage. To begin the attack himself, and thus to open anew the flood-gates of war, would increase the hostility with which the nations were regarding him. As the diplomacy of the foreign cabinets had been secret, he would universally be regarded as the aggressor. England was Frederick's only ally—a treacherous ally, influenced not by sympathy for Frederick, but by hatred of France, and by fear of the loss of Hanover. The British cabinet would abandon Prussia the first moment it should see it to be for its interest to do so.

[1] In a letter which the prince of Prussia, Augustus William, wrote to the king, remonstrating against those encroachments which were arraying all Europe against him, he says: "Russia is persuaded that your designs upon her occasioned the applications which you have made to the court of Vienna to substitute a truce of two years in room of a solemn treaty of peace. She believes that you wanted to tie up the hands of the empress queen so as to put it out of her power to succor her ally; that a war against Russia was the principal object of your intrigues in Sweden; that you have designs upon Courland; that Polish Prussia and Pomerania would be very convenient to you; and that you find Russia the greatest obstacle to this rounding of your dominions. In short, she believes that she has the same interest in your abasement as the house of Austria."—*Vie de Frédéric II., Roi de Prusse*, t. ii. p. 318.

The king of Prussia had an army of two hundred thousand men, under perfect discipline. The old Dessauer was dead, but many veteran generals were in command. It was manifest that war would soon burst forth. In addition to the personal pique of the duchess of Pompadour, who really ruled France, Louis XV. was greatly exasperated by the secret alliance into which Frederick had entered with England. The brother of the Prussian king, Augustus William, the heir-apparent to the throne, disapproved of this alliance. He said to the French minister, Valori, "I would give a finger from my hand had it never been concluded."

In July, 1756, Frederick, for form's sake, inquired, through his embassador at Vienna, why Maria Theresa was making such formidable military preparations. At the same time he conferred with two of his leading generals, Schwerin and Retzow, if it would not be better, since it was certain that Austria and Russia would soon declare war, to anticipate them by an attack upon Austria. The opinion of both, which was in perfect accord with that of the king, was that it was best immediately to seize upon Saxony, and in that rich and fertile country to gather magazines, and make it the base for operations in Bohemia.

A spy was sent to Saxony, who reported that there were but twenty thousand troops there. All necessary information was promptly and secretly obtained in reference to roads and fortresses. It required three weeks to receive an answer from Vienna. The reply was evasive, as Frederick knew that it would be. In the mean time his Prussian majesty, with characteristic energy, had mustered on the frontier an army numbering in the aggregate nearly one hundred and fifty thousand men. These troops, in three divisions, with two thousand pieces of artillery, were to make a rush upon Saxony. Among the directions given by Frederick to the leaders of these divisions were the following:

"Each regiment shall take but one baggage-cart for a company. No officer, whoever he may be or whatever his title, shall take with him the least of silver plate, not even a silver spoon. Whoever wants to keep table, great or small, must manage the same with tin utensils, without exception, be he who he will."

On the 25th of August, 1756, the king wrote from Potsdam, to his brother, the prince of Prussia, and his sister Amelia, who were at Berlin, as follows:

"MY DEAR BROTHER, MY DEAR SISTER,—I write you both at once for want of time. I have as yet received no answer from Vienna. I shall not get it till to-morrow. But I count myself surer of war than ever, as the Austrians have named their generals, and their army is ordered to march to Königgrätz. So that, expecting nothing else but a haughty answer, or a

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THE INVASION OF SAXONY.

very uncertain one, on which there will be no reliance possible, I have arranged every thing for setting out on Saturday next."

Upon the ensuing day, having received the answer from Vienna, he wrote to his brother:

"You have seen the paper I have sent to Vienna. Their answer is, that they have not made an offensive alliance with Russia against me. Of the assurance that I required there is not one word, so that the sword alone can cut this Gordian knot. I am innocent of this war. I have done what I could to avoid it. But whatever be one's love of peace one can not, and one must not, sacrifice to that safety and honor. At present our one thought must be to wage war in such a way as may cure our enemies of their wish to break peace again too soon."

On Saturday morning, August 28, 1756, the Prussian army, over one hundred thousand strong, entered Saxony at three different points on the northern frontier. Frederick, with about sixty thousand troops, crossed the Elbe at Torgau, and seized upon Leipsic. Duke Ferdinand, of Hanover, led his columns across the frontier about eighty miles to the right. The duke of Brunswick-Bevern crossed about the same distance to the left. Each column was stronger than the whole Saxon army. The appointed place of rendezvous for the three divisions was the city of Dresden, the capital of Saxony. By the route marked out each column had a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles to traverse.

"Thus," writes Voltaire, "Frederick invaded Saxony under the pretense of friendship, and that he might make war upon Maria Theresa with the money of which he should rob the Saxons."

Not a soldier appeared to oppose the invaders. The Prussians seized, in an unobstructed march, all the most important Saxon towns and fortresses. The king of Poland and his court, with less than twenty thousand troops, had fled from the capital up the river, which here runs from the south to Pirna, where they concentrated their feeble army, which numbered but eighteen thousand men. Frederick, with his resistless column, entered Dresden on the 9th of September. The queen had remained in the palace. The keys of the archives were demanded of her. She refused to surrender them. The officers proceeded to break open the door. The queen placed herself before the door. The officers, shrinking from using personal violence, sent to Frederick for instructions. He ordered them to force the archives, whatever opposition the queen, in person, might present. The queen, to avoid a rude assault, withdrew. The door was forced and the archives seized.

"The king found," writes Voltaire, "*testimonies of the dread which he had occasioned.* The queen died soon after, of grief. All Europe pitied that unfortunate family. But in the course of those public calamities millions of families experienced hardships not less great, though more obscure."[1]

Thus was commenced the Seven Years' War. It proved one of the most bloody and cruel strifes which man has ever waged against his brother man. Through its terrible scenes of conflagration, blood, and despair, Frederick obtained the renown of being one of the ablest generals who ever marshaled armies upon fields of blood.

His Polish majesty had placed his feeble band of troops in the vicinity of Pirna, on the Elbe, amidst the defiles of a mountainous country, where they could easily defend themselves against superior numbers. Winter was rapidly approaching. In those high latitudes and

[1] *Age of Louis XV.*, chapter xxxii.

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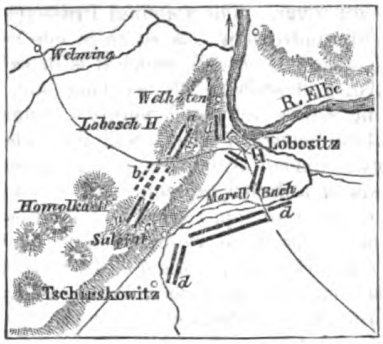
among those bleak hills the storms of winter ever raged with terrible severity. The Austrians were energetically accumulating their forces in Bohemia to act against the Prussians. The invasion of Saxony by Frederick, without any apparent provocation, roused all Europe to intensity of hatred and of action.

His Prussian majesty carefully examined the position of the Saxons. They were in a region of precipices and chasms, broken into a labyrinth of sky-piercing and craggy rocks. The eminences, in some cases, rose two thousand feet, and were covered with pine forests. "There is no stronger position in the world," Frederick writes. All these passes were fortified, mile after mile, by batteries, ramparts, palisades, and abattis. But the Saxon troops, taken unawares, had but a small supply of provisions. Frederick decided to block every entrance to their encampment, and thus to starve them out. His Polish majesty sent frantic cries to France and Austria for help. Frederick was assailed with the title of the "Prussian robber."

The dauphiness of France was daughter of the king of Poland. With tears she craved protection for her parents. The duchess of Pompadour was anxious to show her gratitude to Maria Theresa, who had condescended to address her as a "cousin and a dear sister." A French army of one hundred thousand men was soon on the march to aid Austria in the liberation of Saxony. At the same time an Austrian army of sixty thousand men, under marshal Browne, was advancing rapidly from Bohemia to penetrate the fastnesses of the mountains for the release of the Polish king.

On Friday, the 1st of October, 1756, the Prussian army under Frederick, leaving the Saxons besieged in their encampment, marched up the river to meet the foe advancing to the aid of the Saxons. They encountered the Austrians, under marshal Browne, at Lobositz, about thirty miles south of Pirna. A terrible battle of seven hours' duration ensued. The opposing generals were of nearly equal ability. The soldiers were equal in courage. The carnage of the bloody conflict was almost equal on either side. The desperation of the Prussian assault was resistless. Bayonet often crossed bayonet. The Austrians were driven from their strong position into the city. The Prussians laid the city in ashes. As the Austrians fled from the blazing streets many, endeavoring to swim across the Elbe, were drowned. At the close of this bloody strife general Browne withdrew his army to the rear, where he still presented a defiant front to the Prussians. He had lost from his ranks, in killed and wounded, two thousand nine hundred and eighty-four. The loss of Frederick was still greater; it numbered three thousand three hundred and eight. Neither party would confess to a defeat.

"Never have my troops," writes Frederick, "done such miracles of valor, cavalry as well as infantry, since I had the honor to command



BATTLE OF LOBOSITZ, OCTOBER 1, 1756.
a a. Prussian Infantry. b. Cavalry. c c. Artillery. d d. Austrian Army.

them. By this dead-lift achievement I have seen what they can do."

The Prussians remained at Lobositz nearly a fortnight, to see if marshal Browne would again attempt to force the defiles. The Saxon troops, for whose relief the Austrians were advancing, were about thirty miles farther north, on the south, or left, bank of the Elbe. The news of the repulse of marshal Browne at Lobositz fell disastrously upon their starving ranks. Maria Theresa was much distressed. She sent a messenger to her Austrian general to relieve the Saxons at whatever cost. A confidential messenger was dispatched through the mountains to the Saxon camp, which he reached in safety. He informed his Polish majesty that marshal Browne, with a picked force of eight thousand, horse and foot, would march by a circuitous route of sixty miles, so as to approach Pirna from the northeast, where but a small Prussian force was stationed. He would be there without fail on the 11th of August.

The Saxons were directed to cross the Elbe, by a sudden and unexpected march at Königstein, a few miles from Pirna. Immediately upon effecting the passage of the river they were to fire two cannon as a signal that the feat was accomplished. The Saxon and Austrian troops were then to form a junction, and co-operate in crushing the few Prussian bands which were left there as a guard. The Saxon troops would thus be rescued from the trap in which they were inclosed, and from the famine which was devouring them.

Marshal Browne skillfully and successfully performed his part of the adventure. But there was no efficient co-operation by the Saxons. The men were weak, emaciate, and perishing from hunger. Their sinews of exertion were paralyzed. The skeleton horses could not draw the wagons or the guns. To add to their embarrassment, a raging storm of wind and rain burst upon the camp. The roads were converted into quagmires. The night was pitch-dark as the Saxons, about fourteen thousand in number, drenched with rain and groping through the mud, abandoned their camp and endeavored to steal their way

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across the river. The watchful Prussians detected the movement. A scene of confusion, terror, slaughter ensued, which it is in vain to endeavor to describe. The weeping skies and moaning winds indicated nature's sympathy with these scenes of woe. Still the unhappy Saxons struggled on heroically. After seventy hours of toilsome marching and despairing conflict these unhappy peasant lads, the victims of kingly pride, were compelled to surrender at discretion. Marshal Browne, finding the enterprise an utter failure, rapidly returned to the main body of his army.

Frederick was much embarrassed in deciding what to do with his captives. They numbered about fourteen thousand. To guard and feed them was too troublesome and expensive. They could not be exchanged, as the king of Poland had no Prussian prisoners. To set them at liberty would speedily place them in the Austrian ranks to fight against him. Under these circumstances, Frederick compelled them all to enlist as Prussian soldiers. He *compelled* them to do this *voluntarily*, for they had their choice either to enlist under his banners or to starve. The king of Poland was permitted to return to Warsaw. The electorate of Saxony, nearly as large as the State of Massachusetts, and containing a population of one and a half millions, was annexed to Prussia. The captured soldiers, prisoners of war, were dressed in Prussian uniform, commanded by Prussian officers, and either placed in garrison or in the ranks of the army in the field. The public voice of Europe condemned Frederick very severely for so unprecedented an act.

"Think of the sounds," writes Carlyle, "uttered from human windpipes, shrill with rage, some of them, hoarse others with ditto; of the vituperations, execrations, printed and vocal—grating harsh thunder upon Frederick and this new course of his. Huge melody of discords, shrieking, groaning, grinding on that topic through the afflicted universe in general."

Voltaire embraced the opportunity of giving vent to his malice in epigrams and lampoons. Frederick was by no means insensible to public opinion. But he was ever willing to brave that opinion if by so doing he could accomplish his ambitious ends.

After this signal achievement his Prussian majesty established his army in winter-quarters along the banks of the Elbe. He took up his abode in the palace of Dresden, awaiting the opening of the spring campaign. Saxony was held with a tight grasp, and taxes and recruits were gathered from the country as if it had always belonged to Prussia. Frederick had hoped that his sudden campaign would have led him into the heart of the Austrian states. Instead of this, though he had wrested Saxony from Poland, he had given Austria ample time to prepare her armies for a long war, and had roused all Europe to intense hostility against him.

It became more and more manifest to Frederick that he must encounter a terrible conflict upon the opening of the spring. Early in January he took a short trip to Berlin, but soon returned to Dresden. Though he avoided all appearance of anxiety, and kept up a cheerful air, he was fully conscious of his peril. This is evident from the secret instructions he left with his minister, count Finck, upon his departure from Berlin. The dispatch was dated January 10, 1757:

"Should it chance that my army in Saxony were beaten, or that the French should get possession of Hanover, and threaten us with invasion from that quarter, or that the Russians should get through by Neumark, you are to save the royal family and the archives. Should we be beaten in Saxony, remove the royal family to Cüstrin. Should the Russians enter by Neumark, or a misfortune befall us in the Lausitz, all must go to Magdeburg, but not till the last extremity. The garrison, the royal family, and the treasure must be kept together. In such a case the silver plate and the gold plate must at once be coined into money.

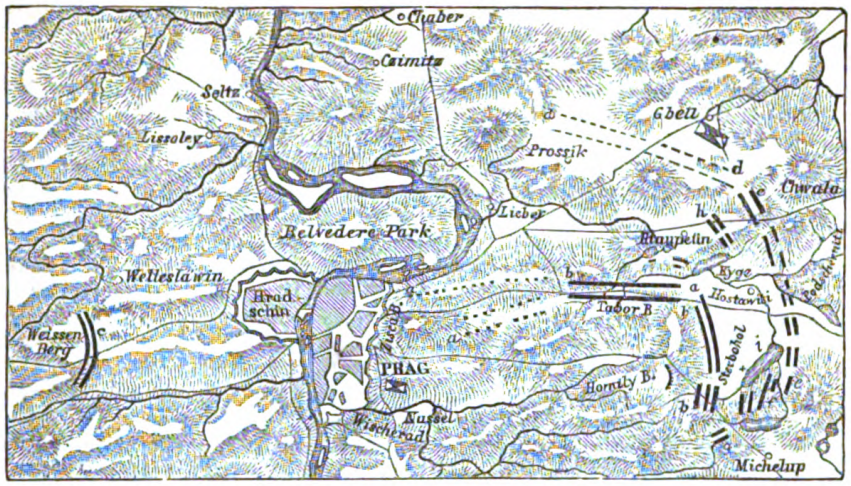
"If I am killed, affairs must go on without alteration. If I should be taken prisoner, I forbid you from paying the least regard to my person, or paying the least heed to what I may write from my place of detention. Should such misfortune happen to me, I wish to sacrifice myself for the state. You must obey my brother. He, as well as all my ministers and generals, shall answer to me with their heads not to offer any province or ransom for me, but to continue the war, pushing their advances as if I had never existed in the world."

Two days after committing this important document to count Finck Frederick took leave of his mother and his brother. His mother he never saw again. We have no evidence that on this visit he even called upon his irreproachable, amiable, neglected wife. In preparation for the worst, Frederick had provided poison for himself, and wore it constantly about his person. It consisted of several small pills in a glass tube. This fact is fully established.

All Europe, England alone excepted, was aroused against him. Armies were every where being marshaled. The press of all continental Europe was filled with denunciations of his crimes and encroachments. Not all his efforts to assume a careless air could efface from his countenance the impression left there by the struggles of his soul. His features, as seen in a portrait painted about this time, are expressive of the character of an anxious and unhappy man.

Early in the spring of 1757, France, Russia, Austria, Poland, and Sweden were combined against Frederick. These countries represented a population of one hundred millions. Frederick's domains contained but five millions. His annual revenue was but about ten million dollars. He had an army in the field of one hundred and fifty thousand of the best troops in the world. His fortresses were garrisoned by about fifty thousand of inferior quality. The armies

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THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE, MAY 6, 1757.

a a a. First position of Austrian Army. b b b. Second position to meet the Prussian Attack. c. Prussians under Keith. d d. First position of Prussian Army. e e. Second position of Prussian Army. f. Schwerin's Prussians. g. Prussian Horse. h. Mannstein's Attack. i. Place of Schwerin's Monument.

of the allies numbered four hundred and thirty thousand. Frederick was regarded as an outlaw. The design of the allies was to crush him, and to divide his territory between them. Austria was to retake Silesia. France was to have the Wesel-Cleve country. Russia was to annex to her domains Prussen, Königsberg, etc. Poland, having regained Saxony, was to add to her territory Magdeburg and Halle. Sweden was to have Pomerania. Never before had there appeared such a combination against any man. The situation of Frederick seemed desperate.

France was first in the field with a superb host of one hundred and ten thousand men. The other powers speedily followed. In four great armies of invasion these hosts pressed upon Prussia from the southeast and southwest, the northeast and northwest. The Russian battalions were one hundred thousand strong. The Austrian army was still more formidable.

It was supposed that Frederick would remain in Saxony on the defensive against the Austrians, who were rapidly gathering their army at Prague, in Bohemia. The city was situated upon the river Moldau, one of the tributaries of the Elbe, and was about sixty miles south of Dresden.

On the 20th of April Frederick, having secretly placed his army in the best possible condition, commenced a rapid march upon Prague, thus plunging into the very heart of Bohemia. He advanced in three great columns up the valley of the Elbe and the Moldau. His movements were so rapid and unexpected that he seized several Austrian magazines which they had not even time to burn. Three months' provisions were thus obtained for his whole army. The first column, under the king, was sixty thousand strong. The second column, led by general Bevern, numbered twenty-three thousand, horse and foot. The third, under marshal Schwerin, counted thirty-two thousand foot and twelve thousand horse. On the 2d of May the banners of Frederick were seen from the steeples of Prague. They appeared floating from the heights of the Weissenberg, a few miles west of the city. At the same time the other two columns, which had united under marshal Schwerin, appeared on the east side of the Moldau, upon both banks of which the city is built.

On the 5th of May, after careful reconnoissance, Frederick crossed the Moldau several miles north of Prague. He went over upon pontoons unopposed, and thus effected a junction with his troops on the east side of the river. The Austrian army was drawn up on some formidable heights but a short distance east of the city. Their position was very strong, and they were thoroughly intrenched. On the 6th of May the dreadful battle of Prague was fought. For many years, as not a few of our readers will remember, it was fought over and over again upon all the pianos in Christendom. They will remember the awe with which, as children, they listened to the tumult of the battle, swelling forth from the ivory keys, with the fierce rattle of musketry, the terrible booming of the cannon, and the groans of the dying—such groans as even the field of battle itself could scarcely have rivaled.

The final and decisive struggle took place on and around two important eminences, called the Sterbohol Hill and the Homoly Hill. Both of these heights the Prussians stormed. In the following glowing words Carlyle pictures the scene:

"Fearful tugging, swagging, and swaying is conceivable, in this Sterbohol problem! And after long scanning, I rather judge that it was in the wake of that first repulse that the veteran Schwerin himself got his death. No one times it for us; but the fact is unforgetable; and in

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the dim whirl of sequences dimly places itself there. Very certain it is 'at sight of his own regiment in retreat,' field-marshal Schwerin seized the colors, as did other generals, who are not named, that day. Seizes the colors, fiery old man: 'This way, my sons!' and rides ahead along the straight dam again; his 'sons' all turning, and with hot repentance following. 'On, my children, this way!' Five bits of grape-shot, deadly each of them, at once hit the old man; dead he sinks there on his flag; and will never fight more.

"'This way!' storm the others with hot tears; adjutant Von Platen takes the flag: Platen too is instantly shot; but another takes it. 'This way, on!' in wild storm of rage and grief; in a word, they managed to do the work at Sterbohol, they and the rest. First line, second line, infantry, cavalry (and even the very horses, I suppose), fighting inexpressibly; conquering one of the worst problems ever seen in war. For the Austrians too, especially their grenadiers there, stood to it toughly, and fought like men; and 'every grenadier that survived of them,' as I read afterward, 'got double pay for life.'

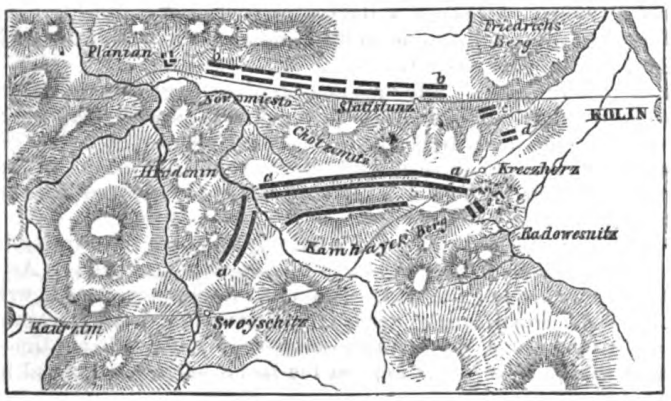
"Done, that Sterbohol work; those foot-chargings, horse-chargings; that battery of Homoly Hill; and, hanging upon that, all manner of redoubts and batteries to the rightward and rearward: but how it was done no pen can describe, nor any intellect in clear sequence understand. An enormous *mêlée* there: new Prussian battalions charging, and ever new, irrepressible by case shot, as they successively get up; marshal Browne, too, sending for new battalions at double-quick from his left, disputing stiffly every inch of his ground. Till at length (hour not given), a cannon shot tore away his foot; and he had to be carried into Prague, mortally wounded. Which probably was a most important circumstance, or the most important of all."

"This battle," writes Frederick, "which began toward nine in the morning, was one of the bloodiest of the age. The enemy lost twenty-four thousand men, of whom four thousand were prisoners. The Prussian loss amounted to eighteen thousand fighting men, without counting marshal Schwerin, who was alone worth above ten thousand. This day saw the pillars of the Prussian infantry cut down."

Immediately after the battle Frederick wrote rather a stately letter to his mother, informing her of his victory, and that he was about to pursue the foe with a hundred and fifty thousand men. Fifty thousand of the defeated Austrians entered Prague and stood at bay behind its ramparts. Frederick seized all the avenues, that no provisions could enter the city, convinced that starvation, combined with a vigorous assault, would soon compel the garrison to surrender themselves, the city, and all its magazines. On the 9th of May the bombardment with red-hot balls commenced. The siege lasted six weeks, creating an amount of misery over which angels might weep. The balls of fire were constantly kindling wide and wasting conflagrations. Soon a large portion of the city presented only a heap of smouldering ruins.

Besides the garrison of fifty thousand there were eighty thousand inhabitants in the city, men, women, and children. Large numbers perished. Some died of starvation; some were burned to death in their blazing dwellings; some were torn to pieces by shot and shell; some were buried beneath the ruins of their houses. In the stillness of the night the wails and groans of the sufferers were borne on the breeze to the ears of the Prussians in their intrenched camp. Starvation brought pestilence, which caused the death of thousands. The inhabitants, reduced to this state of awful misery, entreated the Austrian general to surrender. He refused, but forced out of the gates twelve thousand skeleton, starving people, who consumed the provisions but could not contribute to the defense. Frederick drove the poor creatures back again at the point of the bayonet, threatening to shoot them all. The cruel act was deemed a necessity of war.

Maria Theresa, anxious to save Prague, sent an army of sixty thousand men under general Daun to its relief. This army, on the rapid march, had reached Kolin, about fifty miles east of Prague. Should general Daun, as was his plan, attack Frederick in the rear, while the fifty thousand in Prague should sally out and attack him in front, ruin would be almost in-



Battle of

KOLIN,

June 18, 1757.

a a. Austrian Army.

b b. Prussian Army.

c. Ziethen's Hussars.

d. Nadasti's Hussars.

e. The Oak Wood.

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AFTER THE DEFEAT.

evitable. Frederick, gathering thirty-four thousand men, marched rapidly to Kolin and attacked the foe with the utmost possible fierceness. The Austrians not only nearly twice outnumbered him, but were also in a very commanding position, protected by earth-works. Never did men fight more reckless of life than did the Prussians upon this occasion.

"And so from right wing to left," writes Carlyle, "miles long there is now universal storm of volleying, bayonet charging, thunder of artillery, case shot, cartridge shot, and sulphurous devouring whirlwind; the wrestle very tough and furious, especially on the assaulting side. Here, as at Prague, the Prussian troops were one and all in the fire, each doing strenuously his utmost. There is no reserve left. All is gone up into one combustion. To fan the fire, to be here, there, fanning the fire where need shows, this is now Frederick's function. This death-wrestle lasted, perhaps, four hours; till seven or, perhaps, eight o'clock, of a June evening."

Frederick exposed himself like a common soldier. Indeed, it sometimes seems that, in the desperate state of his affairs, he sought the fatal bullet. All his efforts against the Austrians were in vain. The Prussians were repulsed with dreadful slaughter. After losing fourteen thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, forty-five cannon, and twenty-two flags, Frederick was compelled to order a retreat. His magnificent regiment of guards, one thousand in number, picked men, undoubtedly the best body of troops in the world, was almost annihilated. The loss of the Austrians was about nine thousand men. They were so accustomed to be defeated by Frederick that they were equally surprised and delighted by this dearly earned victory. The accompanying plan will give the military reader an idea of the position of the hostile forces.

Still the conquerors had such dread of their foe that they dared not emerge from their ramparts to pursue him. Had they done so, they might easily have captured or slain his whole army. Frederick bore adversity with great apparent equanimity. He did not for a moment lose self-control, or manifest any agitation. With great skill he conducted his re-

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SOPHIA DOROTHEA.

treat. Immediately after the battle he wrote to his friend lord Marischall:

"Prosperity, my dear lord, often inspires a dangerous confidence. Twenty-three battalions were not sufficient to drive sixty thousand men from their intrenchments. Another time we will take our precautions better. Fortune has this day turned her back upon me. I ought to have expected it. She is a female, and I am not gallant. What say you to this league against the margrave of Brandenburg? How great would be the astonishment of the great elector if he could see his great-grandson at war at the same time with the Russians, the Austrians, almost all Germany, and one hundred thousand French auxiliaries! I do not know whether it will be disgraceful in me to be overcome. But I am sure there will be no great glory in vanquishing me."[1]

Frederick retreated down the banks of the Elbe, and sent couriers to the camp at Prague, ordering the siege immediately to be raised, and the troops to retire down the Moldau to join him at Leitmeritz. The news was received at the camp at two o'clock on Sunday morning, June 19, creating amazement and consternation. As Frederick was on his retreat with his broken battalions from the field of battle, parched with thirst, burning with heat, and smothered with dust, it is recorded that an old dragoon brought to the king, in his steel cap, some water which he had drawn from a well, saying to his sovereign, consolingly:

"Never mind, sire, God Almighty and we will mend this yet. The enemy may get a victory for once, but that does not send us to the devil."

At Nimburg, about twenty miles from Kolin, where the retiring Prussians were crossing the Elbe, Frederick sat upon a green mound, lost in thought, as his troops defiled before him. He was scratching figures upon the sand with his stick.

"Raising his eyes," says Archenholtz, "he surveyed, with speechless emotion, the small remnant of his life-guard of foot, his favorite battalion. It was one thousand strong yesterday morning, hardly four hundred now. All the soldiers of this chosen battalion were personally known to him; their names, their age, their native place, their history. In one day death had mowed them down. They had fought like heroes, and it was for him they had died. His eyes were visibly wet. Down his face rolled silent tears."

Suddenly dashing the tears away, he issued his swift orders, and, mounting his horse, galloped to Prague, where he arrived Sunday evening. The next day the siege was raised, and the besieging troops were on the retreat north into Saxony. The whole army was soon rendezvoused at Leitmeritz, on the Elbe, about thirty miles south of Dresden. Here Frederick awaited the development of the next movement of his foes.

He had hardly arrived at Leitmeritz ere he received the tidings of the death of Sophia Dorothea, his mother. She died at Berlin on the 28th of June, 1757, in the seventy-first year of her age. This grief, coming in the train of disasters which seemed to be overwhelming his Prussian majesty, affected him very deeply. Frederick was subdued and softened by sorrow. He remembered the time when a mother's love rocked his cradle, and wrapped him around with tender care. The reader will be surprised to learn that his grief—perhaps with some comminglings of remorse—was so great that he shut himself in his closet and wept with sobbings like a child. The news reached the king on the 2d of July. Sir Andrew Mitchell, the English embassador at Berlin, who had accompanied Frederick on this campaign, and who appears to have been his intimate friend, writes:

"Yesterday, July 3, the king sent for me in the afternoon, the first time he has seen any body since the news came. I had the honor to

[1] ARCHENHOLTZ, *Histoire de la Guerre de cet Homme.*

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remain with him in his closet. I must own I was most sensibly affected to see him indulging his grief and giving way to the warmest filial affections; recalling to mind the many obligations he had to her late majesty; all she had suffered, and how nobly she had borne it; the good she did to every body; the one comfort he now had, that he tried to make her last years more agreeable."

On the 1st of July, the day before the king heard of his mother's death, he wrote to Wilhelmina, in reply to a letter from her which expressed great anxiety on his account:

"Dear sister, fear nothing on my score. Men are always in the hand of what we call destiny. Accidents will befall people walking on the streets, sitting in their room, lying on their bed; and there are many who escape the perils of war."

Again, on the 5th of July, he wrote: "I write to apprise you, my dear sister, of the new grief that overwhelms us. We have no longer a mother. This loss puts the crown on my sorrows. I am obliged to act, and have not time to give free course to my tears. Judge, I pray you, of the situation of a feeling heart, put to so severe a trial. All losses in the world are capable of being remedied, but those which death causes are beyond the reach of hope."

On the 7th of July he wrote again to Wilhelmina. The letter reveals the anxiety of his heart, and his earnest desire to escape, if possible, from his embarrassments. Wilhelmina had written, offering her services to endeavor to secure peace. The king replied:

"You are too good. I am ashamed to abuse your indulgence. But do, since you are willing, try and sound the French, and learn what conditions of peace they would demand. Send that Mirabeau[1] to France. Willingly will I pay the expense. He may offer as much as five million thalers [$3,750,000] to the Favorite,[2] for peace alone."

Soon after this, Frederick again wrote to his sister a letter which throws so much light upon his character that we give it almost entire:

"LEITMERITZ, *July* 13, 1757.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—Your letter has arrived. I see in it your regrets for the irreparable loss we have had of the best and worthiest mother in this world. I am so overwhelmed by these blows from within and without that I feel myself in a sort of stupefaction.

"The French have seized upon Friesland, and are about to pass the Weser. They have instigated the Swedes to declare war against me. The Swedes are sending seventeen thousand men into Pomerania. The Russians are besieging Memel. General Schwald has them on his front and in his rear. The troops of the empire are also about to march. All this will force me to evacuate Bohemia so soon as that crowd of enemies gets into motion.

"I am firmly resolved on the utmost efforts to save my country. Happy the moment when I took to training myself in philosophy. There is nothing else that can sustain a soul in a situation like mine. I spread out to you, my dear sister, the detail of my sorrows. If these things regarded myself only, I could stand it with composure. But I am the bound guardian of the happiness of a people which has been put under my charge. There lies the sting of it. And I shall have to reproach myself with every fault if, by delay or by overhaste, I occasion the smallest accident.

"I am in the condition of a traveler who sees himself surrounded and ready to be assassinated by a troop of cut-throats, who intend to share his spoils. Since the league of Cambrai[1] there is no example of such a conspiracy as that infamous triumvirate, Austria, France, Russia, now forms against me. Was it ever before seen that three great princes laid plot in concert to destroy a fourth who had done nothing against them? I have not had the least quarrel either with France or with Russia, still less with Sweden.

"Happy, my dear sister, is the obscure man whose good sense, from youth upward, has renounced all sorts of glory; who, in his safe and humble place, has none to envy him, and whose fortune does not excite the cupidity of scoundrels. But these reflections are vain. We have to be what our birth, which decides, has made us in entering upon this world.

"I beg a thousand pardons, my dear sister. In these three long pages I talk to you of nothing but my troubles and affairs. A strange abuse it would be of any other person's friendship. But yours, my dear sister, is known to me; and I am persuaded that you are not impatient when I open to you my heart—a heart which is yours altogether, being filled with sentiments of the tenderest esteem, with which I am, my dearest sister, your FREDERICK."

At this time the whole disposable force of his Prussian majesty did not exceed eighty thousand men. There were marching against him combined armies of not less, in the aggregate, than four hundred thousand. A part of the Prussian army, about thirty thousand strong, under the king's eldest brother, Augustus William, prince of Prussia, was sent north, especially to protect Zittau, a very fine town of about ten thousand inhabitants, where Frederick had gathered his chief magazines. Prince Charles, with seventy thousand Austrians, pursued this division. He outgeneraled the prince of Prussia, drove him into wild country roads, took many prisoners, captured important fortresses, and opening a fire of red-hot shot upon Zittau, laid the whole place, with its magazines, in

[1] An uncle of the great Mirabeau.
[2] The duchess of Pompadour.

[1] In the years 1508–1509 the celebrated league of Cambrai was formed by Louis XII. of France, Maximilian, emperor of Germany, Ferdinand, king of Spain, and pope Julius II., against Venice. The league was called *Holy* because the pope took part in it.

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ashes. The prince of Prussia, who witnessed the conflagration which he could not prevent, retreated precipitately toward Lobau, and thence to Bautzen, with his army in a deplorable condition of exhaustion and destitution.

Here Frederick, with the remainder of the army from Leitmeritz, joined his brother, against whom he was greatly incensed, attributing the disasters he had encountered to his incapacity. At four o'clock of the 30th of July the king met the prince of Prussia and the other generals of the discomfited army. Both parties approached the designated spot on horseback. The king, who was accompanied by his suit, upon his arrival within about two hundred feet of the place where his brother, with his officers, was awaiting him, without saluting the prince, or recognizing him in the slightest degree, dismounted and threw himself in a reclining posture upon the greensward. General Goltz was then sent with the following message to the prince:

"His majesty commands me to inform your royal highness that he has cause to be greatly discontented with you; that you deserve to have a court-martial held over you, which would sentence you and all your generals to death; but that his majesty will not carry the matter so far, being unable to forget that in the chief general he has a brother."

Augustus William, overwhelmed by his disgrace, and yet angered by the rebuke, coldly replied that he desired only that a court-martial should investigate the case and pronounce judgment. The king forbade that any intercourse whatever should take place between his own troops, soldiers or officers, and those of his brother, who, he declared, had utterly degraded themselves by the loss of all courage and ambition. The prince sent to the king general Schultz to obtain the countersign for the army. Frederick refused to receive him, saying "that he had no countersign to send to cowards." Augustus William then went himself to present his official report and a list of his troops. Frederick took the papers without saying a word, and then turned his back upon his brother. This cruel treatment fell with crushing force upon the unhappy prince. Conscious of military failure, disgraced in the eyes of his generals and soldiers, and abandoned by the king, his health and spirits alike failed him. The next morning he wrote a sad, respectfully reproachful letter to Frederick, stating that his health rendered it necessary for him to retire for a season from the army to recruit. The reply of the king, which was dated Bautzen, July 30, 1757, shows how desperate he, at that time, considered the state of his affairs. Hopeless of victory, he seems to have sought only death.

"My dear Brother,—Your bad conduct has greatly injured my affairs. It is not the enemy, but your ill-concerted measures, which have done me this harm. My generals also are inexcusable, whether they gave you bad advice or only suffered you to come to such injudicious resolutions. In this sad situation it only remains for me to make a last attempt. I must hazard a battle. If we can not conquer, we must all of us have ourselves killed.

"I do not complain of your heart, but of your incapacity, and of the little judgment you have shown in making your decisions. A man who has but a few days to live need not dissemble. I wish you better fortune than mine has been; and that all the miseries and bad adventures you have had may teach you to treat important matters with greater care, sense, and resolution than you have hitherto done. The greatest part of the calamities which I now apprehend comes only from you. You and your children will suffer more from them than I shall. Be persuaded, nevertheless, that I have always loved you, and that with these sentiments I shall die. Frederick."

Upon the reception of this letter the prince, without replying to it, verbally asked leave, through one of his officers, to throw up his commission and retire to his family in Berlin. The king scornfully replied, "Let him go; he is fit for nothing else." In the deepest dejection the prince returned to his home. Rapidly his health failed, and before the year had passed away, as we shall have occasion hereafter to mention, he sank into the grave, deploring his unhappy lot.

Frederick speedily concentrated all his strength at Bautzen, and strove to draw the Austrians into a battle; but in vain. The heights upon which they were intrenched, bristling with cannon, he could not venture to assail. After three weeks of impatient manœuvring Frederick gathered his force of fifty-six thousand men close in hand, made a sudden rush upon Bernstadt, about fifty miles to the east of Bautzen. Here he surprised an Austrian division, scattered it to the winds, seized all its baggage, and took a number of prisoners. He also captured the field equipage, coach, horses, etc., of general Nadasti, who narrowly escaped.

The French, advancing from the Rhine on the west, were sweeping all opposition before them. They had overrun Hanover, and compelled the duke of Brunswick, brother of George II., to withdraw, with his Hanoverian troops, from the alliance with the king of Prussia. This was a terrible blow to Frederick. It left him entirely alone to encounter his swarming enemies.

The prince of Soubise had rendezvoused fifty thousand French and Saxon troops at Erfurt, about a hundred and seventy miles west of Dresden. He had also, scattered around at different posts, easily accessible, a hundred thousand more well-armed and well-disciplined troops. Frederick took twenty-three thousand men and marched to assail these foes in almost despairing battle. To plunge with so feeble a

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band into such a mass of enemies seemed to be the extreme of recklessness.

On the 30th of August Frederick commenced his march from Dresden. Great caution was requisite, and great military skill, in so bold an adventure. On the 13th of September he reached Erfurt. The prince of Soubise, aware of the prowess of his antagonist, retired to the hills and intrenched himself, waiting until he could accumulate forces which would render victory certain. Frederick had now with him his second brother, Henry, who seems to have very fully secured his confidence. On the 16th of September the king wrote:

"My brother Henry has gone to see the duchess of Gotha to-day. I am so oppressed with grief that I would rather keep my sadness to myself. I have reason to congratulate myself much on account of my brother Henry. He has behaved like an angel, as a soldier, and well toward me as a brother. I can not, unfortunately, say the same of the elder. He sulks at me, and has sulkily retired to Torgau, from which place he has gone to Wittenberg. I shall leave him to his caprices and to his bad conduct; and I prophesy nothing for the future unless the younger guide him."

In these hours of trouble the noble Wilhelmina was as true to her brother as the magnet to the pole. She was appalled by no dangers, and roused all her energies to aid that brother struggling, with the world arrayed against him. The king appreciated his sister's love. In a poetic epistle, addressed to her, composed in these hours of adversity, he wrote:

"O sweet and dear hope of my remaining days; O sister whose friendship, so fertile in resources, shares all my sorrows, and with a helpful arm assists me in the gulf! It is in vain that the destinies have overwhelmed me with disasters. If the crowd of kings have sworn my ruin, if the earth have opened to swallow me, you still love me, noble and affectionate sister. Loved by you, what is there of misfortune?"

In conclusion he gives utterance to that gloomy creed of infidelity and atheism which he had adopted instead of the Christian faith. "Thus destiny with a deluge of torments fills the poisoned remnants of my days. The present is hideous to me, the future unknown. Do you say that I am the creature of a beneficent being? I see that all men are the sport of destiny. And if there do exist some gloomy and inexorable being who allows a despised herd of creatures to go on multiplying here, he values them as nothing. He looks down on our virtues, our misdeeds, on the horrors of war, and on all the cruel plagues which ravage earth, as a thing indifferent to him. Wherefore my sole refuge and only haven, loved sister, is in the arms of death."[1]

Twenty years before this Frederick, in a letter to his friend baron Suhm, dated June 6, 1736, had expressed the belief that, while the majority of the world perished at death, a few very distinguished men might be immortal.

"The thought alone," he wrote, "of your death, my dear Suhm, affords me an argument in proof of the immortality of the soul. For is it possible that the spirit which acts in you with so much clearness, brightness, and intelligence, which is so different from matter and from body—that fine soul endowed with so many solid virtues and agreeable qualities—is it possible that this should not be immortal? No! I would maintain in solid argument that, if the greatest part of the world were to be annihilated, you, Voltaire, Boileau, Newton, Wolfins, and some other geniuses of this order must be immortal."[1]

Now, however, Frederick, in that downward path through which the rejecters of Christianity invariably descend, had reached the point at which he renounced all belief in the immortality of the soul and in the existence of God. In a poetic epistle, addressed to marshal Keith, he declares himself a materialist, and affirms his unwavering conviction that the soul, which he says is but the result of the bodily organization, perishes with that body. He declares suicide to be the only remedy for man in his hour of extremity.

Wilhelmina, in her distress, in view of the peril of her brother, wrote to Voltaire, hoping that he might be persuaded to exert an influence in his favor.

"The king, my brother," she wrote, "supports his misfortunes with a courage and a firmness worthy of him. I am in a frightful state, and will not survive the destruction of my house and family. That is the one consolation that remains to me. I can not write farther of it. My soul is so troubled that I know not what I am doing. To me there remains nothing but to follow his destiny if it is unfortunate. I have never piqued myself on being a philosopher, though I have made many efforts to become so. The small progress I made did teach me to despise grandeur and riches. *But I could never find in philosophy any cure for the wounds of the heart, except that of getting done with our miseries by ceasing to live.* The state I am in is worse than death. I see the greatest man of his age, my brother, my friend, reduced to the most frightful extremity. I see my whole family exposed to dangers and, perhaps, destruction. Would to Heaven I were alone loaded with all the miseries I have described to you."

Five days after this letter was written to Voltaire by Wilhelmina, from Baireuth, Frederick, on the 17th of September, 1757, wrote his sister from near Erfurt. This letter, somewhat abbreviated, was as follows:

"My dearest Sister,—I find no other consolation but in your precious letters. May Heav-

[1] "Ainsi mon seul asile en mon unique port
Se trouve, chère sœur, dans les bras de la mort."

[1] *Correspondance Familière et Amicale*, tome I. p. 31.

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en[1] reward so much virtue and such heroic sentiments! Since I wrote you last my misfortunes have but gone on accumulating. It seems as though destiny would discharge all its wrath and fury upon the poor country which I had to rule over. I have advanced this way to fall upon a corps of the allied army, which has run off and intrenched itself among hills, whither to follow, still more to attack them, all rules of war forbid. The moment I retire toward Saxony this whole swarm will be upon my heels. Happen what may, I am determined, at all risks, to fall upon whatever corps of the enemy approaches me nearest. I shall even bless Heaven for its mercy, if it grant me the favor to die sword in hand.

"Should this hope fail me, you will allow that it would be too hard to crawl at the feet of a company of traitors to whom successful crimes have given the advantage to prescribe the law to me. If I had followed my own inclinations I should have put an end to myself at once after that unfortunate battle which I lost. But I felt that this would be weakness, and that it behooved me to repair the evil which had happened. But no sooner had I hastened this way to face new enemies than Winterfield was beaten and killed near Gorlitz; than the French entered the heart of my states; than the Swedes blockaded Stettin. Now there is nothing effective left for me to do. There are too many enemies. Were I even to succeed in beating two armies, the third would crush me. As for you, my incomparable sister, I have not the heart to turn you from your resolves. We think alike, and I can not condemn in you the sentiments which I daily entertain. Life has been given us as a benefit. When it ceases to be such — ! I have nobody left in this world to attach me to it but you. My friends, the relations I loved most, are in the grave. In short, I have lost every thing. If you take the resolution which I have taken, we end together our misfortunes and our unhappiness.

"But it is time to end this long, dreary letter. I have had some leisure, and have used it to open to you a heart filled with admiration and gratitude toward you. Yes, my adorable sister, if Providence troubled itself about human affairs, you ought to be the happiest person in the universe. Your not being such confirms me in the sentiments expressed in my epistle."

In his "epistle" Frederick had expressed the opinion that there was no God who took any interest in human affairs. He had also repeatedly expressed the resolve to Wilhelmina, and to Voltaire, to whom he had become partially reconciled, that he was prepared to commit suicide should events prove as disastrous as he had every reason to expect they would prove. He had also urged his sister to follow his example, and not to survive the ruin of the family. Such was the support which the king, in hours of adversity, found in that philosophy for which he had discarded the religion of Jesus Christ.

On the 15th of September, two days before Frederick had written the despairing letter we have just given, Wilhelmina wrote again to him, in response to previous letters, and to his poetic epistle.

"My dearest Brother,—Your letter and the one you wrote to Voltaire have nearly killed me. What fatal resolutions, great God! Ah, my dear brother, you say you love me, and you drive a dagger into my heart. Your epistle, which I did receive, made me shed rivers of tears. I am now ashamed of such weakness. My misfortune would be so great that I should find worthier resources than tears. Your lot shall be mine. I shall not survive your misfortunes, or those of the house I belong to. You may calculate that such is my firm resolution.

"But, after this avowal, allow me to entreat you to look back at what was the pitiable state of your enemy when you lay before Prague. It is the sudden whirl of fortune for both parties. The like can occur again when one is the least expecting it. Cæsar was the slave of pirates, and yet he became master of the world. A great genius like yours finds resources even when all is lost.

"I suffer a thousand times more than I can tell you. Nevertheless, hope does not abandon me. I am obliged to finish. But I shall never cease to be, with the most profound respect, your Wilhelmina."

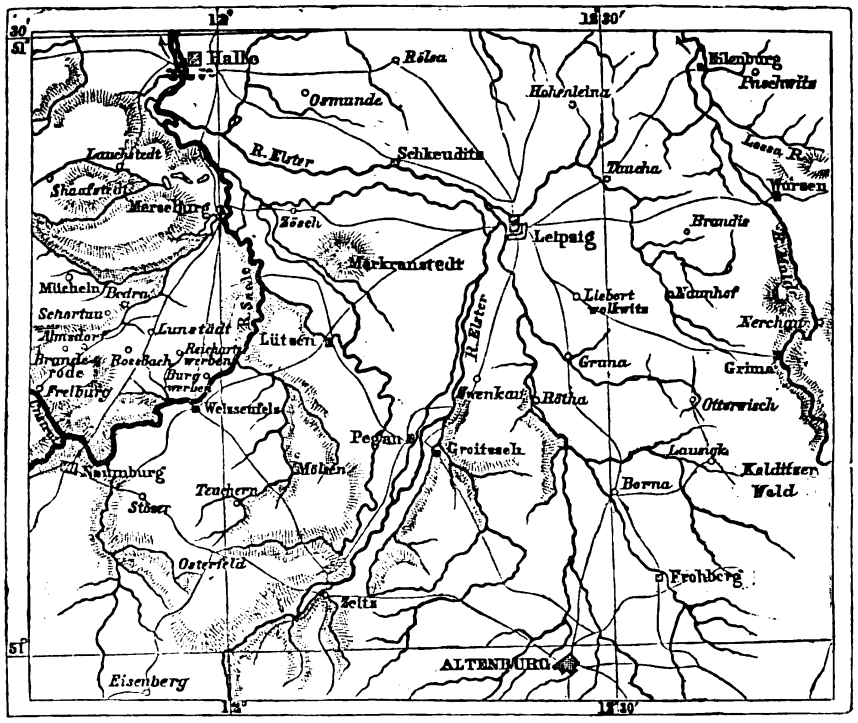
On the 11th of October an express courier reached Frederick's camp with the alarming intelligence that an Austrian division of fifteen thousand men was on the march for Berlin. The city was but poorly fortified, and held a garrison of but four thousand troops. Frederick had no doubt that the Austrian army was acting in co-operation with other forces of the allies, advancing upon his metropolis from the east, north, and west. Immediately he collected all his available troops and commenced a rapid march for the protection of his capital. In the mean time Wilhelmina had heard of this new peril. A rumor also had reached her that there had been a battle, and that her brother was wounded. The following letter reveals the anguish of her heart:

"Baireuth, *October* 15, 1757.

"My dearest Brother,—Death and a thousand torments could not equal the frightful state I am in. There run reports that make me shudder. Some say that you are wounded, others that you are dangerously ill. In vain have I tormented myself to have news of you. I can get none. Oh, my dear brother, come what may, I will not survive you. If I am to continue in this frightful uncertainty, I can not

[1] "Heaven!" This was probably a slip of the pen. Frederick would have been perplexed to explain who or what he meant by "Heaven." It would, however, subsequently appear that he used the word as synonymous with *fate* or *destiny*.

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MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN OF ROSSBACH.

stand it. In the name of God, bid some one write to me.

"I know not what I have written. My heart is torn in pieces. I feel that by dint of disquietude and alarms I am losing my senses. Oh, my dear, adorable brother, have pity on me. The least thing that concerns you pierces me to the heart. Might I die a thousand deaths provided you lived and were happy! I can say no more. Grief chokes me. I can only repeat that your fate shall be mine; being, my dear brother, your WILHELMINA."

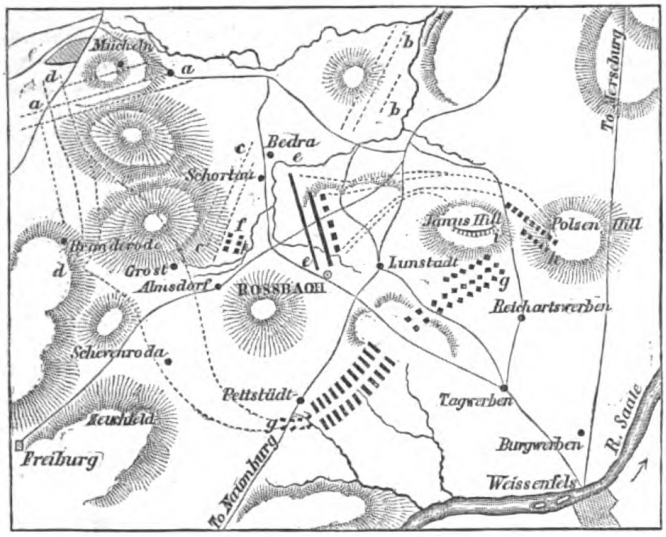
It turned out that the rumor of the march upon Berlin was greatly exaggerated. General Haddick, with an Austrian force of but four thousand men, by a sudden rush through the woods, seized the suburbs of Berlin. The terrified garrison, supposing that an overwhelming force of the allied army was upon them, retreated, with the royal family and effects, to Spandau. General Haddick, having extorted a ransom of about one hundred and forty thousand dollars from the city, and "*two dozen pair of gloves* for the empress queen," and learning that a division of Frederick's army was fast approaching, fled precipitately. Hearing of this result, the king arrested his steps at Torgau and returned to Leipsic. The Berliners asserted that "the two dozen pair of gloves were all gloves for the left hand."

Frederick reached Leipsic on the 26th of October. The allied forces were rapidly concentrating in overwhelming numbers around him. On the 30th the king marched to the vicinity of Lutzen, where he encamped for the night. General Soubise, though in command of a force outnumbering that of the Prussians nearly three to one, retreated rapidly to the west before Frederick, and crossed the river Saale. Frederick followed, and effected the passage of the stream with but little opposition.

After some manœuvring the hostile forces met upon a wide, dreary, undulating plain, with here and there a hillock, in the vicinity of Rossbach. Frederick had twenty thousand men. The French general, prince Soubise, had sixty thousand. The allies now felt sure of their prey. Their plan was to surround Frederick, destroy his army, and take him a prisoner. On the morning of the 5th of November the two hostile armies were nearly facing each other, a few miles west of the river Saale. A party of Austrians was sent by the general of the allies to destroy the bridges upon the river, in the rear of the Prussians, that their retreat might be cut off. Frederick, from a house-top, eagerly watched the movement of his foes. To his surprise and great satisfaction he soon saw the whole allied army commencing a circuitous march around his left to fall upon him in his rear.

Instantly, and "like a change of scene in the opera," the Prussians were on the rapid march to the east, in as perfect order as if on parade. Taking advantage of an eminence, called James Hill, which concealed their movements from the allies, Frederick hurled his whole concentrated force upon the flank of the van of the army on the advance. He thus greatly outnumbered his foes at the point of attack. The enemy, taken by surprise, in their long line of march, had no time to form.

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BATTLE OF ROSSBACH.

November 5, 1757.

a a. First Position of Combined Army.

b b. First Position of Prussian Camp.

c c. Advance of Prussian Army.

d d. Second Position of Combined Army.

e e. Prussians retire to Rossbach.

f. French Cavalry, under St. Germain.

g g. March of Combined Army to attack Prussian Rear.

h. Prussian Attack led by Seidlitz.

i. Position of Prussian Guns.

"Compact as a wall and with an incredible velocity, Seidlitz, in the blaze of rapid steel, is in upon them." From the first it was manifest that the destruction of the advance guard was certain. The Prussian cavalry slashed through it again and again, throwing it into inextricable disorder. In less than half an hour this important portion of the allied troops was put to utter rout, "tumbling off the ground, plunging down hill in full flight, across its own infantry, or whatever obstacle, Seidlitz on the hips of it, and galloping madly over the horizon."

And now the Prussian artillery, eighteen heavy guns, opened a rapid and murderous fire upon the disordered mass, struggling in vain to deploy in line of battle. Infantry, artillery, cavalry, all were at work, straining every nerve, one mighty mind controlling and guiding the terrible mechanism in its death-dealing blows. The French regiments were jammed together. The Prussians, at forty paces, opened a platoon fire of musketry, five shots a minute. At the same moment the impetuous Seidlitz, with his triumphant and resistless dragoons, plunged upon the rear. The centre of the allied army was thus annihilated. It was no longer a battle, but a rout and a massacre. In twenty minutes this second astonishing feat was accomplished.

The whole allied army was now put wildly to flight, in one of the most humiliating and disastrous retreats which has ever occurred. There is generally some slight diversity of statement in reference to the numbers engaged on such occasions. Frederick gives sixty-three thousand as the allied force. The allies lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, about ten thousand men. The loss of the Prussians was but five hundred. The French, in a tumultuous mass, fled to the west. Crossing the Unstrut River at Freiburg, they burned the bridge behind them. The Prussians rebuilt the bridge and vigorously pursued. The evening after the battle the king wrote as follows to Wilhelmina. His letter was dated, "Near Weissenfels."

"At last, my dear sister, I can announce you a bit of good news. You were doubtless aware that the Coopers with their circles had a mind to take Leipsic. I ran up and drove them beyond Saale. They called themselves 63,000 strong. Yesterday I went to reconnoitre them; could not attack them in the post they held. This rendered them rash. To-day they came out to attack me. It was a battle after one's own heart. Thanks to God,[1] I have not one hundred men killed. My brother Henry and general Seidlitz have slight hurts. We have all the enemy's cannon. I am in full march to drive them over the Unstrut. You, my dear sister, my good, my divine, my affectionate sister, who deign to interest yourself in the fate of a brother who adores you, deign also to share my joy. The instant I have time I will tell you more. I embrace you with my whole heart. Adieu. F."

Voltaire, speaking of this conflict, says, "It was the most inconceivable and complete rout and discomfiture of which history makes any mention. Thirty thousand French and twenty thousand imperial troops were there seen making a disgraceful and precipitate flight before five battalions and a few squadrons. The defeats of Agincourt, Cressy, and Poitiers were not so humiliating."[2]

As usual, Frederick wrote a poem upon the occasion. It was vulgar and profane. Carlyle (*Frederick*, vol. v. p. 168) says of it, "The author, with a wild burst of spiritual enthusiasm, sings the charms of the rearward part of certain men. He rises to the height of anti-biblical profanity, quoting Moses on the Hill of Vision; sinks to the bottomless of human or ultra-hu-

[1] The atheistic pen of Frederick will sometimes slip.

[2] *Memoires pour Servir à la Vie de M. De Voltaire.*

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man depravity, quoting king Nicomedes's experience on Cæsar, happily known only to the learned. A most cynical, profane affair; yet we must say, by way of parenthesis, one which gives no countenance to Voltaire's atrocities of rumor about Frederick himself in the matter."

The routed allies, exasperated and starving, and hating the Protestant inhabitants of the region through which they retreated, robbed and maltreated them without mercy. The woes which the defenseless inhabitants endured from the routed army in its flight no pen can adequately describe.

An eye-witness writes, from near Weissenfels, in a report to the king of Poland, whose allies the French were, and whose territories they were ravaging:

"The French army so handled this place as not only to take from its inhabitants, by open force, all bread and articles of food, but likewise all clothes, bed linens, and other portable goods. They also broke open, split to pieces, and emptied out all chests, boxes, presses, drawers; shot dead in the back-yards and on the roofs all manner of feathered stock, as hens, geese, pigeons. They carried off all swine, cows, sheep, and horses. They laid violent hands on the inhabitants, clapped swords, guns, and pistols to their breasts, threatening to kill them unless they brought out whatever goods they had; or hunted them out of their houses, shooting at them, cutting, sticking, and at last driving them away, thereby to have freer room to rob and plunder. They flung out hay and other harvest stock into the mud, and had it trampled to ruin under the horses' feet."

"For a hundred miles around," writes St. Germain, "the country is plundered and harried as if fire from heaven had fallen on it. Scarcely have our plunderers and marauders left the houses standing."

This signal achievement raised the military fame of Frederick higher than ever before. Still it did not perceptibly diminish the enormous difficulties with which he was environed. Army after army was marching upon him. Even by a series of successful battles his forces might be annihilated. But the renown of the great victory of Rossbach will ever reverberate through the halls of history.

THE ROCK OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

By BERTHOLD AUERBACH, AUTHOR OF "ON THE HEIGHTS," ETC.

In Two Parts.—Part II.

CHAPTER IX.

A TRANQUIL SPOT.

MONTHS have gone by. The steamboat stops at Fluelen, on the Lake of the Four Cantons, and from a carriage, whose arrival from Italy was unmistakable, Herr Merz and his daughter alighted, both looking sun-burnt and ruddy. A large quantity of luggage was carried on board the boat, and the Italian coachman thanked the gentleman and the lady with great fluency. And after the boat had shoved off he bade them good-by, accompanying his words with the most lively southern gesticulations.

On board the steamboat there was a promiscuous company speaking a great variety of languages; but one common sentiment animated the minds of all, as they gazed upon the grand scenery and the cottages on the shores amidst the steep cliffs. Each one received the impression according to his own particular mood and state, and the conversation was pitched upon that peculiar key which is usual among people when music is playing. As then they listen to the melody without being conscious that they are listening, so now a great variety of subjects was talked of; but there was all the time this accompanying feeling of the magnificent natural scenery around them, pervading all their converse, and often producing a sudden silence.

Not far from the helmsman Louise sat alone, looking out upon the landscape. She paid no regard to the looks of which she was the object, or to the casual observations which she happened to overhear. Some took her for a widow just out of mourning, and others for the young, newly married wife of the old gentleman who accompanied her.

Her father had come across a former deputy, a member of the same political party, who had joked Louise on not having fulfilled his expectation that she would get married. Herr Merz was now standing with the man on the other side of the boat, and they were engaged principally in talking over public affairs; they were neither of them in active life, but they still retained a lively interest in political matters. Herr Merz's old acquaintance informed him that the daughter who had been betrothed during that first winter at the capital had now three children, and that he was to meet the next day in Lucerne his youngest married daughter, who had been on a wedding trip to Italy. He had five daughters who were all married—the youngest to a manufacturer and the others to army and government officers. He was lavish of his praise of the present generation of young men, differing in this from many in our day; he said that they were less romantic than we old men had been, more reasonable and energetic. He made cautious but unevasible inquiries, how it had happened that Louise was still single.

Herr Merz could not but declare that this

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was, with the exception of the loss of his wife, the one trouble of his life; he tried to submit himself to it, and to renounce the hope of domestic happiness for his child.

The friend of Herr Merz now called to an army officer, a brother of his youngest daughter's husband, whom he had accidentally met on the boat, and introduced him to Herr Merz and Louise. They were making the circuit of the lake, and Louise was afraid that the evening, and perhaps a longer time, would be spoiled by this chance meeting, to which the beloved solitude would have to be sacrificed without any adequate compensation. As they neared a small bay of the lake they saw a bright house, with a newly laid out garden, that looked inviting. Louise heard it said that there was a landing-place here, and she begged her father to disembark. The place seemed so cheerful, so attractive; there was no time to consider the matter, the bell rang, Louise hastily raised her hand-bag, and induced her father to take his, the planks were shoved out, Louise and her father went ashore, and the luggage was landed after them.

From the shore Herr Merz said good-by to his acquaintances, and Louise nodded a farewell to them, who stood looking on in surprise, and then quickly turned away.

"Thank you, father," exclaimed Louise, drawing a long breath. "I don't know why it is, but it seems to me that I've dreamed of this place, just as it is, with the lake sparkling before it, the fountain bubbling up, the house shingled just like that, and the bell ringing as it's ringing now up there in the village. Oh, it is pleasant to know how many beautiful, quiet spots there are in the world!"

The hostess came up and welcomed the strangers in French. She said, pointing to the house, that the two balcony rooms, in the corner commanding the finest view, had been left vacant that very day. Caspar, the factotum of the house, who proudly wore his high cap, with the name of the hotel embroidered on its band, nodded to the hostess with a glance which said, "They are people of rank; a man with three orders in his button-hole bowed to them from the steamboat." The house-dog, too, seemed to consider it his duty to greet the travelers; he settled himself before Louise, slowly winking his eyes as he looked at her; the hostess motioned him away, but Louise said she liked animals, and called him to her; he sprang briskly toward her, then ran back to his mistress, as if to say: "You see, the strangers like me directly, they know at once that I'm a good fellow!"

Louise took her father's arm, and they went toward the house. In front of it two children were playing on a board. At one end, working a stick in the sand, as if rowing a boat, stood a boy, dressed in a red blouse, his legs bare from the ankles, covered by fine stockings, to the short trowsers, and wearing yellow shoes of the natural color of the leather. A little girl, in the picturesque costume of the province, sat on a stool at the other end of the board, and was begging the boatman to let her drink once from the lake. The boy assented with a gracious wave of the hand, and she bent low over the sand, as if drinking.

Louise held her father back, saying, in a low voice, "Oh, what a charming picture!" She spoke to the children in French, and they answered in the same language, the boy with a sort of condescending politeness, the girl very prettily.

Father and daughter went to their rooms, which they found very pleasant. Louise left all the arrangements to Herr Merz, who asked about other inmates of the house, learning, in reply, that there was no danger of disturbance from them, as they were artists who spent the whole day strolling among the mountains. Louise stood on the balcony, pressing her hands to her breast, or stretching her arms out, as if she would fly. When her father joined her she exclaimed, "Oh, father, I feel as if pure happiness were pouring down upon me. I did not know there was such rest, such a dewy air to breathe in the world."

"And you will find many pleasures here," her father replied. "There are five French painters with their wives and children in the house."

CHAPTER X.

A JOYFUL GREETING.

THE quiet prospect from a firmly fixed dwelling is most refreshing after one has been for days viewing the swiftly passing scenery from the moving cars or the deck of a steamboat. With this feeling Louise and her father sat comfortably together on the balcony, looking out over the lake and toward the mountains. No sound was heard except the plashing of the fountain in the garden, sometimes broken by the shout of the children who were chasing each other on the shore. The sunset glow came over earth and sky, and the lake reflected the ever-varying tints. Night drew on, the village bells rang, the children hurried home. The boy in the red blouse allowed no one but himself to ring the house bell, which called the inmates together for supper.

When Herr Merz and his daughter entered all eyes were turned toward them for a moment; but the conversation, carried on entirely in French, was quickly resumed. The father and daughter sat, in conformity with the usual rule, at the lower end of the table. The person at the head appeared to be an old soldier, who wore a mustache, white like his closely cut hair. He turned to two ladies seated at his right and left, and nodded, as if pleased with the appearance of the new-comers.

The strangers felt that they had entered a circle of people forming a society of their own, and that they must wait to see what reception was given them. Opposite Louise sat a young

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man who spoke to no one. Was he shut out from the circle, or did he hold back voluntarily? She could not decide. Before the meal was over he left the hall as if angry, without bowing to any one. When the company rose Louise nodded to the two children who had met her so pleasantly on her arrival. In a polite and easy manner their mother approached her, and soon asked whether she had left children at home, as she seemed so fond of them. Louise colored slightly as she answered in the negative. The company repaired to the reading and music rooms, and Louise followed. A few gentlemen moved toward the piazza and began to smoke, Herr Merz among them. As no one addressed him, he went alone to the garden, and along the lake shore, till he was joined by the gentleman who had sat at the head of the table, and who introduced himself as an officer from French Switzerland. He was the oldest regular guest of the house, and extolled the happy manner of life in it, saying that there was always a struggle in the minds of the inmates whether they should recommend the comfortable place for the sake of its worthy proprietor, fearing as they did that the comfort would be destroyed by a crowd of visitors.

Louise, without staying long in the parlor, came to join her father, who introduced his daughter to the colonel. Louise asked what had been the matter with her discontented-looking opposite neighbor at table. The colonel explained that he was a German physician accompanying a patient oppressed by a nervous melancholy, who never left his room. The young man was, of course, somewhat worn by the society of his patient, who never wished him to leave him; and, moreover, his discontent must be considerably increased from the fact that he did not speak French, and must feel himself excluded from the society in the house.

The hostess had told Louise that the full moon would rise over the mountains about eleven o'clock, and that she ought not to miss the wonderful sight; Louise wanted to wait for moonrise, but both she and her father were so weary that they went to rest and were soon asleep.

But Louise suddenly opened her eyes, awakened by the bright light of the full moon. She arose, stood at the window, and looked out at the wonderful landscape in its dreamy light, and at the lake reflecting the broad, bright beams of the moon.

A boat was coming down the silver stream of light from the upper lake; in it sat a man, sending out a clear jodel into the moonlit night. The boat came nearer and nearer, the jodel grew louder, more animated and powerful; the house windows opened, voices of men and women cried: "Monsieur Edgar!" A shout, which rose like a rocket, answered from the lake, and more and more madly and merrily jodeled the man in the boat. The host and hostess, and the factotum Caspar, hastened to the shore, calling out to each other: "Herr Edgar is coming!" and the dog barked.

The boat came to land. A tall man, wearing a pointed hat, which he now lifted, greeted the people of the hotel and those who appeared at the windows as he sprang ashore. In a loud voice he told them that, as there was now no night steamer to the place, and he had not chosen to wait in the neighborhood till the next day, he had taken a boat and rowed himself over.

Louise then heard the hostess say that his corner room was no longer vacant, as a young lady and old gentleman had taken it that very day, but that they would probably not stay long.

The new-comer entered the house, and his baggage was brought in after him. All became still again, the moon shone over mountains and the lake; all was quiet, but Louise felt her heart beat. What is this? Ah, we still meet strange events, like those related in old tales and legends. Is not this such an event, that a man should come floating over the moonlit lake, and that a joyful welcome should meet him? But how will it all look by daylight—in the midst of the prose of our world, with its fixed hotel rates?

The fountain before the house plashed and bubbled, and it, too, sounded as if it had learned the cry, "Monsieur Edgar! Monsieur Edgar!" So it went on sounding till Louise went to sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NEW NEIGHBOR.

In the morning Louise did not wake until the breakfast-bell rang. Her father told her that he had taken a long walk in the neighborhood, and, in compliance with her wish, had sent a telegram to Lucerne ordering his letters and a daily journal to be sent to him here. Louise hardly knew what she had desired, sat up in bed and tried to collect her thoughts, whether she had been dreaming or it had been real. She begged her father to wait for her in the next room until she had dressed, but directly asked him through the closed door whether he had heard any thing of a Monsieur Edgar who had arrived during the night.

"Why, yes," replied her father; "and every body is glad—the people of the inn, the guests, the waiters, and especially Caspar, who said to the cowherd: 'Now we shall have a jolly time! Monsieur Edgar is here!' And I heard him speak to the inn-keeper about their again building the bridge for him to-day."

Louise wanted to tell her father that she had witnessed the man's arrival, and to ask him whether he had yet seen the bringer of so much joy, but she refrained. They soon went into the breakfast-room, where breakfast was served at small round tables. At one table the guests had all eyes directed to one person, and talked only with him; and in his lap were seated the boy with the red blouse and the little girl, who had on to-day a white dress.

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He was tall, with a dark complexion, thick heavy hair, and closely trimmed black beard. His voice was musical, and the expression of his countenance friendly; he now put up his eye-glass, which was lying before him on the table, and asked some question, in a low tone, of the mother of the two children.

He had evidently asked about Louise and her father, for the answer was given in the same low tone, and all eyes turned toward father and daughter, who soon had the whole room to themselves, as the company went into the garden, where the new arrival, Monsieur Edgar, was leading the children back and forth by the hand.

"Strange contradiction!" said Herr Merz to Louise. "The French, who have far less feeling for freedom than for equality, are foppishly fond of decorations—they wear their badges while they are traveling, and, of all the places in the world, here in the Swiss republic, where there are no badges or ribbons."

"There may be some vanity at bottom," replied Louise, "but they may also feel it to be a duty to let it be seen that they are no ordinary men, and he appears to be an extraordinary man."

"Who?"

"Herr Edgar. As I saw him last night I should never have believed that he would wear by daylight, in the presence of these mountains, where every thing of the kind seems so paltry, a decoration like that." She narrated to her father what had occurred, and there was a tone of depression in her voice as she added that nothing extraordinary would abide the light of common day.

The hostess now entered, and, without being questioned by the two strangers, said that Monsieur Edgar was dearly beloved by every body; that he had come up there from Rome for several summers, had staid the last time five months, and had painted a splendid picture of the region.

Louise's father asked whether the woman and the two children belonged to him, and the hostess said no, adding that he was too jolly to be a married man, and made no account of the ladies, but liked children, and was foolishly fond of them.

Louise inquired whether they could not see the points of view from which the artists now here were taking pictures.

The hostess shrugged her shoulders, saying that painters were like the birds who flew to their nests in some roundabout course, so as not to betray the place where they were; that they took particular care not to be disturbed in their work; but, if any one found them out in their hiding-places, where they were busy, they could not help it.

The men had all gone out, even the host and Caspar had disappeared. The mother of the two children was sitting with the rest of the women on the shady side of the house, occupied with some hand-work. Louise would have liked to bear them company, but, as she was not invited to do so, she passed on. It was silent in the house and in the garden, except that the two children were playing on the shore of the lake with the dog, who seemed to be fully aware of his duty to entertain the guests.

Now came along the nervous invalid with his companion, and Louise and her father saluted them; but, as the invalid made a motion to excuse himself, they went on without joining their society.

Louise went to her room, wishing to get her materials for painting, and find out some good point of view, but a peculiar shyness prevented her from doing it. How could she venture with her dilettante attempts in the vicinity of professional artists?

She went with her father to the village, and they ascended a little elevation which was celebrated for its beautiful prospect. Her father was so fortunate as to find here a man who passed his summers in the village, and had before him a bundle of the latest newspapers. They easily became acquainted, and the man offered to supply Herr Merz with the daily papers. He had once been a highly respected member of the Swiss Confederate Assembly, and Herr Merz soon became engaged with him in a very animated discussion of politics, and was invited with his daughter to go into the small cottage, which the old man had fitted up comfortably; and, as all his children were married off, he was living in it alone with his wife. It was a refreshing glance into a quiet, retired life.

When they left the house at noon, Herr Merz said: "We lose sight altogether of how little it takes to make us happy."

"Dear father, that is no little which these persons possess; they have undisturbed quiet, and a sufficient income, and these are no trifles."

"Yes, yes," added her father; "if your mother were still living, and you had married, I believe that your mother and I would have selected just such a small house in some beautiful spot; but if—if—that is a word one should not allow himself to use."

When they returned to the inn the company were just taking seats at the dinner-table. There was a lively discussion going on, because Monsieur Edgar did not want to have any change made in the previous arrangements. He resisted the general desire that he should sit at the upper part of the table among his friends; the president was the only one who said that he was in the right, and he took a seat, as the last comer, directly opposite Louise and next the physician, who looked sourly at him. There was nothing said at this part of the table, and the artists vanished as soon as the cloth was removed.

In the afternoon Louise joined the ladies who remained in the house, while her father went with the acquaintance of the morning to visit a neighboring silk manufactory.

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When the artists returned at evening Louise was introduced to them, and also to Monsieur Edgar. After tea they assembled in the music-room, and the mother of the two children sang some pleasant French songs, accompanying herself on the piano, while her sister, a slender girl with blonde locks, after much urging, played the violin. The sight of the violin-player and her beautiful motions was charming. Edgar's eye was fixed steadfastly upon her. Louise sat near her father, and whispered to him: "Don't you think that the violinist looks like Marie?"

Her father nodded. Monsieur Edgar now took a vacant seat by the side of Louise, and requested her to sing, or to play the piano. She declared that she had no musical talent, and the tone in which she said it was so sincere that he said he believed her, and was fully convinced that she did not out of affectation assume a modest diffidence.

Louise expressed her thanks, but it struck her as rather strange that the man, who had seen so little of her, saw into the depths of her soul. She wanted to ask how he came to have so good an opinion of her, but she suppressed the question, for perhaps—as she tried to persuade herself—this was a new specimen of French politeness.

To his remark, that he should have judged from her voice in speaking that she could sing, she replied, that in her younger years she did have something of a voice for singing, but it was so inferior that she had given up the practice.

He continued the conversation, and in apt language upheld the claims of music as being the only unifying art. People of different nations and different social circles found in the realm of tones a point of oneness, which was high above all tongues, and was something universal.

He added, jestingly: "If the people who were building the Tower of Babel had known how to sing, there would never have been the confusion of tongues."

His manner of speaking was so simple and effective, and, whether in jest or earnest, was so much to the point, that there was plainly to be discerned not only social tact, but also deep and varied thought in many directions. Louise, who was in the habit of constructing the whole thought and sentiment in its entirety out of single expressions which came from the depths of conviction, looked with an expression of pleasure at the speaker; but he rose after a short time, seated himself by the violinist, and then went with his friends into the garden.

Louise and the ladies soon followed. Jest and laughter in the soft moonlight were heard along the shore, mingled with the plashing of the waves of the lake.

Louise felt at home in this circle of guests, and when she was alone with her father, congratulated him and herself on their good fortune in having stopped here.

On the next morning the ex-representative appeared with his boat in front of the house, and sent the boatman to Herr Merz to invite him to take a sail far out on the lake and to catch some fish. The village pastor, a jolly comrade, who turned to good service his angling craft, was to be of the company.

Louise ventured to take with her her little sketching-book concealed under her mantilla, and went by the road along the lake shore, then up a hill to a point where there was an extensive view, and, having made sure that there was no one in sight, began to sketch.

At noon she returned from her work in excellent spirits, and there was much good-humor at the table, for the three men had had good luck in fishing, and their booty was a part of the dinner.

The sky clouded over, but the painters were not detained from continuing their work. Caspar, who united to his other multifarious vocations that of an infallible weather prophet, predicted a severe storm for the evening, and they had hardly seated themselves at the tea-table when it began to thunder and lighten. Only the ladies went into the music-room, but they did not venture to strike a note now, when the storm was raging so fearfully outside. The artists had gone out to view the bright flashes of lightning, and were only driven into the house by the pouring rain.

CHAPTER XII.

A JODEL-CALL AND A CRY OF DISTRESS.

THE morning dawned bright, the trees and grass glistened in the sunlight, and the outlines of the mountains were sharply defined against the cloudless blue sky.

Louise, followed by a boy who bore her painting materials, which she ventured to take, and equipped with a mountain-staff, ascended a spur of the hill not far from the inn. The brook, swollen by the recent rain, could be heard rushing along on one side of the foot-path. She expected to find the bed of the brook higher up, and the farther she went the more courageous became her heart; she often turned round and gazed out upon the lake, and she was brimful of happiness. Now she stood upon a jutting cliff, whence the brook could be seen rushing below. She stopped, stuck the staff upright in the mossy soil, placed her left hand to her cheek, and jodeled merrily to the expanse of air.

Hark! Beneath, from the defile, an answering jodel was given. Was not this the voice of Monsieur Edgar, as he had sung that night in the moonlight upon the lake?

Once more Louise uttered a jubilant carol, and once more the same answer was returned from the defile below. Then cried a voice: "Come here to me, you merry boy! Where are you?"

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What! is this Herr Edgar? Does he speak German?

Louise went onward; she was standing upon a rocky ledge, where it was precipitously steep, when Herr Edgar called out from below, but now in French, that she must stop, she was in a dangerous place, where she might be precipitated into the abyss.

She fixed the point of her staff in a fissure of the rock, bent forward and looked over to the brook beneath, where was a light scaffolding of boards, and Herr Edgar wrapped in a plaid, with large wooden shoes on his feet and an easel in front of him.

"Go back," cried he, in an anxious tone; "take the left between those two firs! Will you come where I am? I will show you the way! Only wait until I have uncased myself a little. Are you all alone?"

"No; I am here too," cried the small guide. He was soon with Louise, and conducted her down. She was obliged to hold on to the bushes on both sides in order not to slip down; but at last she stood near the bridge, which she could not get upon, for there was here an arm of the brook through which she would have had to wade.

Herr Edgar begged her to excuse him for not getting to her sooner, but his costume had impeded him. He pointed to a ladder which lay on the shore, and the boy quickly laid it across the rapid current to the rock on which the light bridge rested. Herr Edgar told Louise to go down on it backward; she did so, and now stood on the frail and unsteady platform.

"Go no farther, for the bridge will not bear two persons," cried Herr Edgar, adding, in a jesting tone, "The bridge which I have built for myself over the rushing stream of life will only bear me!"

Louise could make no reply. The painter said that he had kept his forest sanctuary entirely concealed from every one; but, as she had found it out, she might now quietly take a view of it. In a cheery tone he added that she had better put on his over-coat, for it was quite cool here, and he would like to christen this place as Rheumatism Grotto, for it was with no little difficulty that he had got rid of a rheumatism which he had contracted here last year. He speedily muffled himself up again, and then asked, "Are you German, too, and was it you who jodeled so loudly? Strange! You can jodel and can not sing. I took you for one of the mountain-boys."

He trod hard upon the platform, and it shook; but he now added, "I think the bridge will bear you and me. Come down!"

The painter extended his hand to Louise, who stood near him, and looked now at the picture on the easel, now at the rocks, the rushing brook, and the surrounding scenery. Which was the more charming, the reality or its representation by art? The brook leaped over a rock, but was divided into two branches by a boulder, on which a young fir-tree with difficulty held its place. To the right was a small ravine, in which the foliage of many years had grown undisturbed, and now glittered in colors of wonderful beauty. Above, through the branches of the fir, a small opening of blue sky could be seen.

"Have you nothing to say?" asked the painter, as Louise stood perfectly speechless.

"I would rather be silent. I can only say that it is well done; one can see in the picture that you work *con amore*, for light, atmosphere, and coloring convey this impression to the soul."

"Thank you. I am glad that you have not begun by opening a parliamentary debate, as so many of our German ladies of culture do in looking at a work of art. At once an interpellation is offered to the artist, as if he were literally a minister of nature, by asking him: 'What do you intend by that? Whence do you get the other? Above all, how do you manage to conceal the inferiority of art, which can never equal the actual beauty of nature?'"

Louise was agitated. Why did the painter make use of such a comparison as this to the former Daughter of the Parliament?

But Herr Edgar continued in a pleasant tone: "Ah, Fräulein, there's nothing so provoking as this holding a discussion on a work of art. If one could express in words what the picture tries to express, the painting would be entirely superfluous."

Louise was again moved. The artist had given utterance to what she had herself felt in Italy, and what had been her own hard-bought experience.

"I believe that I now see," said she, "what art can and should do. The distant range of mountains refreshes the eye of the lover of nature, but—"

"But what?"

"Ah, pardon me for having recourse to words with which to explain what I feel."

"Don't stop; you are on the right path. You also sketch?"

"Yes, I have painted a little, but shall not attempt it again."

"Yes, you are right in your 'but,'" resumed Edgar. "In order to have atmospheric effect, there is no need of towering mountains and a distant prospect. A few trees, a hill, and the sky over it, would be sufficient."

Louise did not continue the conversation, begging Herr Edgar not to leave off painting, as it would be highly interesting to her to watch the progress of a work of art. Herr Edgar at once complied with her request, and went on painting the masses of foliage, telling at the same time how he owed to this nook of the world the happiness of his life; he requested Louise to stand a little one side—it was not easy to get a glimpse of the place—there he had painted in, in bright colors, the order of the Legion of Honor; and now he said that he was painting the picture for the second

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time, and that he had given the rock the name of "The Rock of the Legion of Honor;" for he owed to the painting which he had brought out the previous year his reputation, and that external badge of distinction, which, as the world goes, is not to be slighted.

He spoke in a peculiarly confidential tone, without looking at Louise, fixing his eyes now upon the rocks and now upon the easel. At last, turning to her, he inquired what part of Germany she lived in.

She named the place, and the artist said that he had picked up some good studies, and hoped to produce many good pictures there yet. He painted on, asking whether Louise was acquainted with the garrison town.

She said that she was.

"And have you ever known Marie, the daughter of the late Major Von Korneck?"

"Oh, certainly. She is an old friend of mine. She was at our house, not long ago, with her betrothed."

The bridge cracked, and the painter uttered a cry as he fell. Louise also screamed, but seized the picture as she slipped, and raised it on high.

The painter got up again, and, dripping with water, saw Louise grasping nervously the painting, which she kept from being wet.

"Take it," cried she; "I can not hold it any longer."

He hurriedly took the picture from her hand, and, having placed it safely on one of the posts of the bridge that projected out of the water, seized Louise and bore her, rather than led her, to the shore.

"Have you received any hurt?" inquired he.

"None of any account, only I can not step on my left foot."

The boy was soon on hand, and, hastening to the inn, brought back with him the father of Louise, who was borne to the inn in a sedan chair, Edgar following with the painting in his hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOVE WITH RUFFLES.

Louisa's misfortune produced an excitement throughout the house. They were very glad that there was a physician among themselves, and the young man who had been hitherto so silent and reserved, even overlooked by the rest, now became a centre of interest. He found, on examination of the foot, that the ankle was severely sprained.

Caspar, the factotum, had remedies at hand for all such accidents, and came with a pot of liniment, which he extolled as having been highly useful for cases of that kind during his service in the papal army. He was not a little elated when the physician made a provisional application of the salve.

After her foot had been swathed, Louise begged to be left alone. She puzzled herself with conjectures in regard to the emotion which the mention of Marie's betrothal had caused in Herr Edgar, and she could find no satisfactory solution of the riddle. Then she tried to imagine what the inmates of the house would have to say about the occurrence, but she succeeded no better in this, and sleep at last happily delivered her from all thoughts and speculations.

When she awoke it was still bright daylight, and to her great delight she saw before her the painting on an easel. She had her father and Herr Edgar called, and calmly stated to them that she could, of course, have had not the most remote suspicion of any relations existing between Herr Edgar and Marie von Korneck. And now she heard for the first time that the cavalry captain had only assumed the part of Marie's betrothed for that special occasion, so that she might become more intimately acquainted with him. She concealed her face with a pocket-handkerchief, and the painter said, "This is one of her wild pranks, but she is too free. No girl ought to do such a thing as that, and, least of all, a girl who is bound by a promise to another."

Louise was sufficiently composed and collected to defend Marie, and she could not help making mention of her grandmother's standing remark, that Marie was specially fitted for being an actress.

The painter looked earnestly at Louise, and begged that he might be permitted to relate how he had become acquainted with Marie, and what was the nature of their connection. Louise, drawing a long breath, sat upright. Her father placed his hand on her brow, and requested the painter to defer it until the next day. Louise did not venture to oppose, and the painter withdrew, leaving Louise and her father alone. She asked him then whether it was really the fact that the captain had only pretended to be engaged when at their country house. Herr Merz had to confirm his statement.

Evening came on, Louise grew feverish, and the physician gave her a composing draught. No sound was heard about the house, and Caspar even stopped the fountain, that its constant plashing might not be heard.

The next morning Louise awoke greatly refreshed. Herr Edgar sent to ask whether he might see her, and was answered in the affirmative. In presence of Louise and her father he related as follows:

"Yesterday evening, Herr Merz, you stated to me how lively an interest you had taken in all the affairs of our father-land; and I can but agree with you, that the way in which the whole of the present generation of young men is made to serve in the army has something barbarous in it. Most certainly this waste of strength and wealth is in complete contradiction with the humane character of our age; but probably you have been less called upon to observe how

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many finely tricked out and seemingly excellent persons, but with no real, sound basis of character or preparation for life, are the result of this state of things. I know it to be a fact. I am the son of a soldier, and was early left fatherless. I wore a uniform from my seventh year. My mother was poor, and she was obliged to earn her living. For fourteen years she was housekeeper in the country, not very far from where you lived. I caused her great grief, because, instead of becoming an officer, I was so apparently ungrateful as to leave the military life and follow my inclination for art. You can imagine the distress of my good mother; and in her complainings that I should become a vagabond it sounded very strangely to hear her often regretting that I should never wear, as my father did, a decoration on my breast. You see that it is not out of vanity, but from compliance with this strange wish of my mother, that I wear a badge. But, pardon me, I am digressing. I have endured many kinds of want, but it is a happy circumstance that we are so constituted that we forget the pain and suffering of the past. It seems to me now as if some one else, and not I myself, had undergone this experience. It is now four years since a great piece of good fortune happened to me. A German merchant, who had acquired a large property in Scotland, and built a handsome villa near Bieberich, wished to adorn his large drawing-room with pictures of Scotch scenery. He had seen a landscape of mine for sale at a picture-dealer's, and I received from him, unexpectedly, the commission to ornament the drawing-room. Money was furnished me to travel the whole summer in Scotland. I came back and began to work with lively pleasure. An older sister of the rich merchant's wife, a very noble and highly cultivated lady, took me under her special protection, and I can say that, next to my mother, no other human being has been so much to me as Frau Agatha. What could have been more favorable? I had kind, appreciative, and helpful friends. I was enabled to induce my mother to give up her situation, and to live with a sister married to a forester at N——; and, besides, I had large wall spaces and the best light for my pictures.

"There was within me a perpetual rejoicing. At midsummer a friend of my patroness came to live at Bieberich, and with her Marie von Korneck. They frequently visited the house where I was; the old lady had no taste for paintings, and was proud and honest enough not to pretend to have any. Marie, on the other hand, took a great interest in my work.

"Once I was sitting at twilight in the garden, dreaming of the future, and looking out into the wide-spreading beautiful landscape, when I heard my patroness say to her sister, as they were strolling together in the walks, 'Yes, if I wanted a wife for Edgar, Marie von Korneck would be the one.' It thrilled me. I had derived sincere satisfaction from Marie's always fresh and genial spirits, but to win her, to call her my own, had never come into my thought. I openly confess that I have a strong dread of poverty; I have experienced it in its most bitter forms. I often said to myself in my quiet, thoughtful hours, 'You must never establish a household on any uncertain prospects.' I rejected every appeal of my own nature, and was now thirty years old, and more and more resolved to renounce domestic happiness, if I could not have something certain to rely upon. Perhaps this may be considered timidity—cowardice—Philistinism."

Herr Merz shook his head in denial, and Edgar went on: "I often used these and stronger expressions in my self-reproaches, but my renunciation of domestic joys and of love was based upon the well-matured consideration that I was outside of the ordinary arrangements of social and civil life, outside of those employments based merely upon getting a support—I had followed my inclination in the choice of a calling, and was resolved to repress in its behalf every inclination for domestic establishment. I said to myself that I ought to make the sacrifice, and I saw very many of my fellow-artists come to naught, because they were not able to follow out the tendencies of their genius, being obliged to produce good salable works in order to support wife and child. I had a friend who introduced into every picture two girls, one a blonde and the other a brunette, whether they fitted in or not; one was painted in a velvet dress, and the other usually in silk—the pictures sell for a good price, but they are travesty of true art. And so I was determined to maintain myself free in my art as far as possible, having only myself and my mother to provide for. I did not consider myself justified in drawing a family into such an uncertain struggle.

"All at once it seemed different, and something within me said that I ought not to make this renunciation. I ridiculed my fear of poverty, calling it poltroonery, representing to myself that one ought to win for himself a position in life, and to be successful in a variety of relations. I became more and more intimate with Marie, and her cheerful, gladsome temperament infused into me fresh inspiration. The fear would often insinuate itself that it was too great a risk to undertake to support another, without having any certain dependence of my own; but whenever I saw Marie and heard her voice, all these reflections vanished. We were both the children of soldiers, we had both experienced the bitterness of that sham external well-being of which I have before spoken. I could consider myself fortunate in comparison with Marie, for she must be dependent on a life of service, subject her youthful inclinations to the humors of a not low-minded, but particular and fussy old lady, and I could not but admire that elasticity of temperament which enabled her to preserve the genial freedom of her na-

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ture. But with all this—I will not make myself out better than I am—I did not have the courage to confess my love, and used often to say to myself that, if Frau Agatha had not dropped the words I had heard, I should never have specially thought of Marie as one whom I desired for a wife.

"Then autumn came, and there was an indefinite and not plainly outspoken relation between Marie and myself.

"The time for setting out upon their journey came, and I accompanied Frau Agatha to Bieberich in order to bid good-by to our friends. Their trunks were packed; Marie looked excited; we stood at a window and looked out over the river. I said: 'It is a good thing for you to travel, grievous as it may be to me.' She looked fixedly at me, but made no reply. It was plain to me that I involuntarily revealed the conflicting emotions within, and I only said: 'Give me your hand and let me say farewell here; I should rather not do it at the steamboat landing; and let me say that we should be rejoiced and consider it as a possession for life that we have met each other, and can preserve indelible pictures of memory in our souls. If on either of us good fortune smiles, we know that the other will afar off be refreshed by it. I have long thought about giving you some external token of remembrance, but I can not determine upon any, and it is better so. You have only the recollection of a meeting in the journey of life, and I wish you from my heart a prosperous journey.'"

Edgar stopped. After rather a long pause he went on:

"Pardon me for detailing all this so minutely; I do not know how I came to do it; I will hereafter be more concise.

"'The boat is in sight!' was suddenly called out. Trunks and boxes were carried to the landing. My patroness went with them to the boat, intending to accompany them a part of the way on the river; I bade them farewell at the house, and Marie and I said nothing more. I saw tears in her eyes, and through my own tears I saw that she trembled.

"The trunks were taken away, and all was desolate. I went through the rooms, which seemed to have been pillaged, and, suppressing my suffering, said to myself that it was well that it was over, that I had no right to bind another's lot to my own.

"Then I saw on Marie's sewing-table a pair of lace ruffles that had been forgotten. I can not say how it happened; I took up the ruffles, hastened down the steps, and succeeded in reaching the landing just as the boat was shoving off. I tried to hand the ruffles to Marie; but the captain, thinking that I wanted to go in the boat, grasped my hand, drew me on board, and we were off.

"The old lady looked at me in surprise, but Frau Agatha extended to me her hand, and I saw that Marie trembled. We sailed on in silence for a while, and then I said: 'We have only a few minutes more, for we must disembark at Walluf.'

"'It is kind in you to come,' said Marie. There was something so touching in her tone that all my prudent reflections vanished, and every drop of blood in me was stirred. 'Marie,' said I to her, 'only a few moments remain, now hear what I have to say. I have no right to bind your fate for life to mine, and so I am resolved that I will not be an obstacle in the way of your happiness, if such a path should open. Give me three years—that is to say, I leave you free if I do not write to you for three years. I will strive to earn a competency for our support, and if I do not succeed you are free. I beseech you not to engage your life indissolubly to me. Will you promise me that?' She assented.

"I have nothing more to tell. I forgot to say that we had confessed our love.

"The bell rang for landing, and, in presence of my patroness and the old lady, we kissed each other for the first time."

Again Edgar paused. He did not venture to look at Louise, but cast his eyes down to the floor, although he would have liked to know how Louise now regarded him. At last he continued:

"I was in a strange mood, full of conflicting feelings; sometimes I considered myself as betrothed, sometimes as perfectly free. Nothing has been settled, there is nothing binding. My work in the house of my patron was finished. I had earned enough to make my mother independent for many years, and now I went out fresh and free into the world. I was in Italy, and, strange to say, at the same time Marie was, but I did not know it until after she had returned to Germany. I came hither. I painted the picture like the one you have seen. I received in Paris the highest mark of distinction—I may be allowed to say that the external badge was prized by me only on my mother's account, and, in fact, her letter, in answer to mine informing her of the bestowal of the badge of the Legion of Honor, was a very happy one. I have a good reputation, and commissions for several years in advance. Now could I offer to Marie a competent support. I wrote to her. I have again journeyed hither in order to execute a commission for a picture like the other, but smaller; I am expecting news of Marie; perhaps she may come herself."

Edgar paused, and then said, in conclusion:

"You know now what is and what has been."

The three sat speechless for a while, and then Louise said:

"I thank you, Herr Edgar."

Edgar rose and left the room. Herr Merz remained with his daughter; but soon after he went to Edgar, and he had nothing else to say to him except to ask, "Will you smoke a cigar with me?"

They sat and smoked in silence, until Herr Merz again went to Louise's room.

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CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE LAKE AND IN THE HOUSE.

DAYS passed away; Louise could be carried into the open air, where she reclined upon a lounge in the garden. The children engaged in their play around her; the ladies sat with her, and also the physician, who seemed to have been loosed from a spell, as he found that Edgar was a German and inclined to be on friendly terms with him, as well as was the father of Louise. He proved himself to be a genuinely worthy and highly cultivated man. Yes, even the hypochondriac, whom he attended professionally, quitted his solitary chamber and came to Louise. He was the first to express the opinion to her that she ought to marry Edgar; they would make a handsome couple.

Louise trembled, and all the by-standers looked at each other in wonderment, and then cast down their eyes to the ground. The invalid, who seemed to be recovering, had expressed the thought of all the rest.

They were expecting letters, and whenever Caspar, the man-of-all-work, brought the letter-bag, Louise was much excited. What news will come from Marie? and suppose she herself should come, instead of writing? She begged her father to take their departure from the place, but the physician would not give his consent, and so she remained. By daily intercourse with Herr Edgar she became better and better acquainted with his genuine, fresh nature and his open, free soul; but there was a veil between their mutual relations that they did not venture to remove.

Finally, on the second Sunday, a letter came to Edgar in Marie's handwriting. Louise saw Caspar deliver the letter; she saw that Edgar grew pale as he read the superscription. He held the letter in his hand without opening it. The rest of the company had received letters, and went away to seats by themselves in order to read them. Herr Merz had received both letters and newspapers, and, having excused himself to his daughter, went into the house.

Edgar still remained standing motionless in the same spot with the unopened letter in his hand, and at length, stepping up to Louise, said:

"Fräulein Merz, whatever may be the contents of this letter, I must say to you beforehand what decision I have come to. I can never call Marie mine, for my heart belongs to another. I think that it is not so bad to be untrue once, as to be false to one's inner self for a whole lifetime. As I am now, and as I shall continue to be, I can not make Marie happy. I have asked myself whether it would not be the best thing to throw the letter, unopened, into the lake. Your look tells me that I ought not to do so. Well, then, will you open the letter?"

"I?"

"Yes, you. Nothing which concerns me, and which has to do with my life, is to be kept a secret from you."

Louise hastily opened the letter. She was struck at finding no writing inside, but only a printed sheet. On yellow parchment-like paper were the printed words:

"MARIE VON KORNECK,
ALBRECHT VON BIRKENSTOCK,
Late Captain of Cavalry, Amstrath on the Royal Domain R——,
Betrothed."

Edgar took the printed sheet and opened it, thinking that there must be some line from Marie, but there was not a word. He seized Louise's hand, saying, "Now I am permitted to say it. May I say it? I am thine. Will you share my humble lot with me?"

"Not now, not now, not here," cried Louise; she was aware that persons were looking at them from the windows and the balcony. "I will go into the house."

Caspar was quickly on hand; but no other man was to be found, and so Caspar and Edgar bore Louise in the sedan chair back to the house. They came across her father, deeply engaged in reading his paper, and he exclaimed:

"Louise, they have proposed me again as a candidate. We shall pass next winter at the capital."

Louise shook her head.

"Don't you believe I shall be chosen?"

"That is not the reason; but I am chosen! And I choose—here. Now, I beseech you, speak yourself," said she, turning to Edgar.

He could hardly utter a word. Louise's father embraced him and embraced his child. They sat together in cheerful mood, and Edgar assured Herr Merz that he could offer a modest but competent support to Louise.

Her father smiled, and gave a description of the fine studio at his country seat, that was fit for a real artist, and not for a mere dilettante.

Louise rose to her feet, and she could now step without pain. The physician directed that the ankle should be swathed with a single bandage, after which it would be well.

The old representative of the confederation had for years strictly kept to holding no sort of relation with the strangers at the inn, as he wanted to be undisturbed, and as he himself and his wife were perfectly satisfied with the peacefulness of their house and the inspiring influence of the natural beauties which surrounded them. But he had now entered into such friendly intercourse with Herr Merz that he suspended his long-standing regulation. The host and hostess greeted him with great respect, for which he thanked them in genuine, rustic heartiness, paid them some compliments, and also had a good word for Caspar. He went to the rooms of Herr Merz, and, after a hearty congratulation, said:

"You are such a genuine family man that it is not fitting for you and your child to celebrate a betrothal here in this inn, half on the highway, as it were. My wife also desires me to

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say that she wishes you would do it at our house."

The invitation was gladly accepted. The betrothal was celebrated in the house of the ex-representative, under the sympathizing eyes of his wife and the hearty words of the old gentleman himself.

Louise wore the betrothal ring, and the first thing she did with the hand on which it was was to write a letter to Edgar's mother. Then she took his arm, and they strolled through the village back to the inn.

Louise's betrothal put the whole company into a fresh excitement, and the melancholy invalid was the first to present his congratulations.

His mental oppression seemed to be disappearing gradually in the society of cheerful people.

Then came the children with flowers, the painters' wives, the men—all were in jubilant spirits.

Caspar dragged a small cannon up the mountain overlooking the Rock of the Legion of Honor; he directed the hostess to tell them not to be frightened, if they should hear firing; and now crack went the cannon from the rocks, and the echo came from over the lake and the distant mountains.

Louise and her betrothed went into the garden; they recalled all the time since their first meeting until the present moment. In the evening, when the moon shone brightly, they took a boat and rowed far out on the lake; there they jodeled into the soft air of night, and moved the hearts of all who heard the joyous notes. How happy must they be out there alone!

* * * * * *

At the station of a mountain district in Central Germany a vehicle was again drawn up, but now it was a close carriage. The leaves from the beech-trees whirled through the air, and cold, wet gusts seemed to be making sport, now rushing off toward the range of hills, and now unexpectedly sweeping back with a sudden turn.

No one was on the platform; and when the whistle sounded the coachman came out from the carriage, holding on his cockade hat with both hands, and still chewing the last mouthful he had taken.

The train rolled into the station, the superintendent betook himself to the first-class car, opened it, bade Herr Merz a hearty welcome, and congratulated him on his re-election. He quickly added, however: "Excuse me for not having yet congratulated you on the marriage of Fraulein Louise. Allow me to ask whether she will come back here with her husband?"

"Certainly she will! By spring. They are now in Paris."

Herr Merz felt chilled, and drew his cloak close around him as he stood at the station. The beginning of the northern winter seemed to him, who had come from the south, so much the sharper and more inclement. The luggage was taken out, the train rolled on; Herr Merz wanted to look after his own effects, but the station-master tried to dissuade him from doing so on account of the bleak wind, and the servant said that he would see to every thing. Herr Merz persisted in looking after it himself, saying that there was one box which must be handled with special care.

"You have not been playing a practical joke like that of your daughter's friend, Fräulein Von Korneck, who took with her in the cars a dog bundled up like a baby?"

"No, nothing of that sort. It is a picture painted by my son-in-law. Come and see me, and I will show it to you."

"What does it represent? Mount Rosa, or the Righi, or the Jungfrau?"

"Neither of them. A cliff on the Lake of the Four Cantons, which is known to no one else but ourselves; it used to be called 'the Rock of the Legion of Honor,' and now it is called '*The Rock of Love.*'"

THE STATUE.

In Athens, when all learning centred there,
Men reared a column of surpassing height
In honor of Minerva, wise and fair,
And on the top that dwindled to the sight
A statue of the goddess was to stand,
That wisdom might obtain in all the land.

And he who, with the beauty in his heart
Seeking in faultless work immortal youth,
Would mould this statue with the finest art,
Making the wintry marble glow with truth,
Should gain the prize. Two sculptors sought the fame;
The prize they craved was an enduring name.

Alcamenes soon carved his little best;
But Phidias, beneath a dazzling thought
That like a bright sun in a cloudless west
Lit up his wide, great soul, with pure love wrought
A statue, and its face of changeless stone
With calm, far-sighted wisdom towered and shone.

Then to be judged the labors were unveiled;
But at the marble thought, that by degrees
Of hardship Phidias cut, the people railed.
"The lines are coarse; the form too large," said these;
"And he who sends this rough result of haste
Sends scorn, and offers insult to our taste."

Alcamenes' praised work was lifted high
Upon the capital where it might stand;
But there it seemed too small, and 'gainst the sky
Had no proportion from the uplooking land;
So it was lowered and quickly put aside,
And the scorned thought was mounted to be tried.

Surprise swept o'er the faces of the crowd,
And changed them as a sudden breeze may change
A field of fickle grass, and long and loud
Their mingled shouts to see a sight so strange.
The statue stood completed in its place,
Each coarse line melted to a line of grace.

So bold, great actions that are seen too near
Look rash and foolish to unthinking eyes;
They need the past for distance to appear
In their true grandeur. Let us yet be wise,
And not too soon our neighbor's deed malign,
For what seems coarse is often good and fine.

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BOMBAY AND THE PARSEES.



GROUP OF PARSEE CHILDREN.

THE Parsees, proudly claiming the title of Behendic, Followers of the True Faith, while their Mohammedan persecutors styled them Guebers, or Infidels, arrived on the western coast of Hindostan about one thousand years ago, fugitives from Moslem rage and fanaticism in their native land of Persia. It was an opportune time, when Buddhism was giving way before Brahminism, which latter religion, fourteen hundred years before, had been almost rooted out of the land by the faith it was in turn displacing, at least, in Hindostan, and was ultimately to destroy. But modern Brahminism was a religion of a very different complexion to that brought from the Bactrian plains by the pure Aryan race, as expounded in their Vedas—those books, perhaps the very oldest in the world—older not only than Homer, but than the events which he sings, compiled almost as long ago as the Exodus, and many of its hymns written while the Israelites were still in bondage on the banks of the Nile. The Rig-Veda plainly asserts, according to a learned Hindu commentator, that "there are only three deities: Surya (the Sun), in heaven; Indra, in the sky; and Agni (Fire), on the earth." *Light*, in its various manifestations, was the object of that early worship. Bright-haired and golden-handed, the Sun is the giver of abundance; his ray is called "life-bestowing;" coming from afar, he is said to remove all sins, and to have power to chase away sickness from the heart, and disease from the body. Golden-haired Agni, however—as light, heat, and fire—called forth the best affections of the Aryan as of the Persian. Indra was a deity of strictly Hindu, or rather Indian origin—a personification of the firmament with its brilliant, countless stars.

The close affinity between the believers in the Vedas and the exiled fire-worshipers of the Zoroastrean creed is apparent. Both be-

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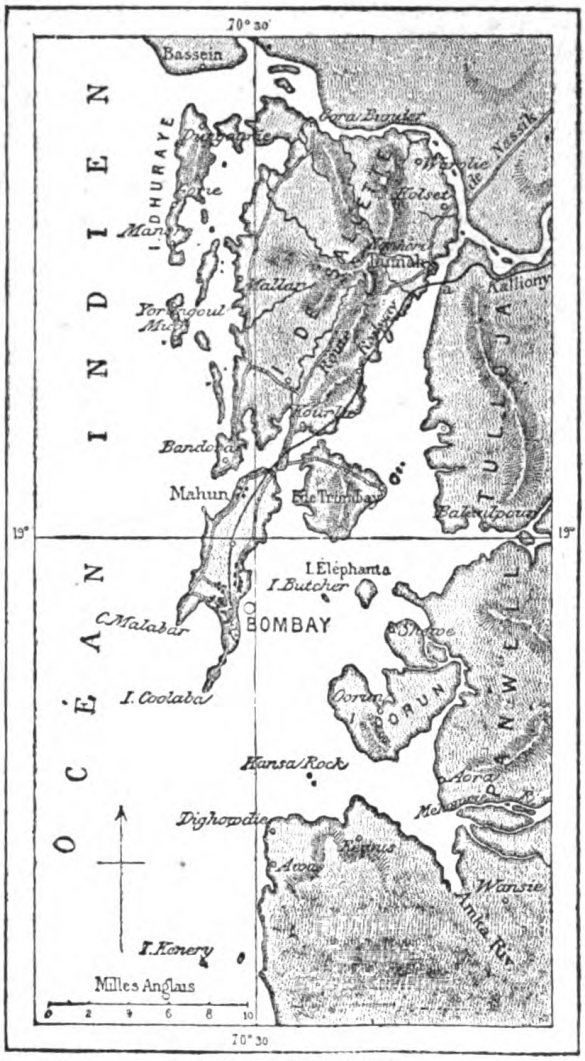
lieved that the Sun and Fire were the visible representatives of an incomprehensible Supreme; for Zoroaster taught, as did the Vedas, that the finite mind of man could not grasp the idea of an Infinite, and that the life-giving Sun and all-pervading, all-consuming Fire, were the best types of the Eternal. Thus we read in the Yajur-Veda, translated by Colebrook, the Oriental scholar:

"Fire is *That:* the Sun is *That:*
The air, the moon, such too is that pure Brahm....
He prior to whom nothing was born,
And who became all beings."

In all the Vedas the Supreme is spoken of as *That*, never as *He*—personal in his phenomenal creatures, impersonal in himself. Such was the essence of the Sun-worship, or rather the worship of light, alike in its orb and its phenomena, which the Aryans brought with them from their home-land beyond the mountains, but which was subsequently degraded and defiled by admixture with the idol-worship of the non-Aryan races, with whom they mingled on the plains and hills of India.

During the many centuries that elapsed between the composition of the Vedas and the arrival of the fugitive Persians at Surat, the almost pure Theism of the Vedas had been corrupted into the idolatrous Brahminism of the present day; and yet the proof exists even now, that in all that time a thin stream of unadulterated Vedic worship had flowed down through the mass of corruption, and at all times there were to be found Brahmins of the Brahmins, who, instructed in the ancient hymns of the Vedas, and the Code of Menu, believed in the one and followed the commands of the other. The number of such could never have been very large, for to hold the pure Aryan faith it was needful to possess a knowledge of the Aryan tongue, and, for three thousand years, Sanscrit has been a dead language. It is probable, nay, almost certain, that it was through the influence of some of these learned Brahmins that the Persians (Parsees) were made welcome in Hindostan, as a people abominating idols, and believing in the Sun and in Fire.

One only condition was demanded as the price of the freest liberty to exercise their own peculiar religion—that they should never slay nor eat the flesh of a cow. The pledge thus given has been most faithfully kept; indeed, in the lapse of centuries, the cow has come to be regarded by the Parsees in a light as sacred as by the Hindus, perhaps even more so. Although the cow is the only sacred animal of the Hindus reverenced by the Parsees, for they pay no special regard to the monkey or the other animal divinities of their neighbors, they are the protectors of the whole animal kingdom, dogs and pigeons being their most esteemed *protégés*. Bombay is the paradise of both the bird and the quadruped. At certain hours of the day, at feeding-time, it is almost impossible to walk or drive through the streets without treading on several of these birds, rendered fearless by long-continued immunity from harm. On the green, as the open space in the center of the fort is *par excellence* styled, the intensely bright sky is clouded by the countless blue wings swooping down for their food. Statisticians have frequently demonstrated the enormous waste of human food that occurs daily on this one spot. Enough, they assert, to feed a whole village of human paupers; but the Parsees persist in their whim, for it has nothing to do with their religion, in spite of the pleadings of political economy. If there be some poetical feeling at the bottom of their love for their



BOMBAY AND ITS ENVIRONS.

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A PARSEE LADY AND HER DAUGHTER.

pigeons, which, we may say here, are the same species as our own wild-pigeon, there can be no tittle of such sentiment about the dogs that infest the city. Nowhere else in the world can be seen such specimens of the genus *canis*. The dogs of Pera and Constantinople are sleek thorough-breds compared with the *pygees* of Bombay. During daylight they are hidden away in holes and sewers, but an hour after sunset they sally out in search of companionship and food, and make night hideous with their yelping and growling. The jackals of Calcutta are sufficiently irritating to susceptible nerves, but their noise is music itself by the side of the Parsees' four-legged friends.

There are very stringent laws in force against interfering with these animals, and one of the most serious riots that ever took place in Bombay had its origin in the slaying of one or more dogs by some English sailors. The Parsee population worked themselves up into a furious state of excitement, attacking with sticks and stones every European that showed himself, until the authorities were obliged to call out the military, and an English regiment was marched into the fort, from their barracks on the adjoining island of Coolaba. The riot occurred in the month of May, the hottest season of the year, and several of the soldiers were killed by *coup de soleil* in their short march of a mile and a quarter. The disturbance was eventually quelled, but not without further loss of life. This

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occurred twenty-five years ago, and the dogs have been since unmolested.

The Parsees are in general a law-abiding race, but there are a considerable number of scallawags among them, and a Parsee rowdy is a perfect Eastern prototype of a Bowery boy, and is equally ready for a free fight.

That vivacious traveler and acute observer, Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke,* says of the Parsees: "Trading as they do in every city between Galle and Astrakhan, but every where attached to the English rule, they bear to us (the English) the relative position that the Greeks occupy toward Russia."

This is very exactly true; at the same time it must be observed that the fire-worshipers have the advantage of character for mercantile honesty and fair dealing, as compared with the Greeks of the Russian Empire. No body of men stand higher in mercantile credit than do the Parsee merchants of India. They are sharp, shrewd traders, with a spice of the Down-Easter, but, like the Yankee, however close at a bargain, they are scrupulous in fulfilling a contract once entered upon. Much of both the foreign and domestic trade of Bombay is controlled by Parsees, whose names may not appear as merchants in the local directory, but who, in the capacity of brokers to British and foreign firms, exercise an almost unbounded influence over the commerce of the country. Some of these men are extremely wealthy, and live in princely style. They are fond of handsome equipages, and are good judges of horse-flesh. Seldom or never seen in public with their wives, they appear proud of their children, on whom they lavish the most expensive jewelry and dresses. Very little is known of the domestic lives of Parsees or other natives by the English in India, for there is neither communion nor sympathy between the Anglo-Indian and the people of the country. In business, whether between man and man, or the governed and the governors, they may meet frequently, but there is no society common to both which has any other object than business. The Anglo-Indian merchant who trusts his most important business arrangements to his native banker or broker, and who for years has seen that trusted agent every day of the week at his office, very possibly does not know whether the man has one wife or half a dozen, and is wholly ignorant of the sentiments of that individual



A PARSEE OF BOMBAY.

* "Greater Britain," by Sir C. Wentworth Dilke, Bart. Harper and Brothers. 1869.

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upon any other subject than dry-goods, bills of exchange, and kindred matters of mercantile existence.

What of Parsee life is apparent on the surface amounts to this: that a well-to-do Parsee, who drives a handsome turn-out in which he may seat his male friends, always keeps an equally handsome carriage for the female members of his family and their feminine acquaintances; that if the male Parsee has his country house, in which to entertain his friends, the wife has her villa for her own special pleasure. When not sufficiently wealthy to have a villa of his own, a Parsee clubs with several others of the same standing in point of wealth, and together they rent a house, to which the members retire after the labors of the day, and spend hours in social and very noisy intercourse. On certain days these country places are given up to the wives and families of the members, who enjoy themselves in much the same fashion as their lords and masters. When thus occupied, the house and grounds are exempt as Sorosis from male intrusion, excepting always the servants. Parsees, both male and female, are, if current belief on such a subject is worth any



CONVERTS TO CHRISTIANITY.

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thing, heavy feeders, and use the juice of the grape in no stinted measure.

Parsee children are frequently very handsome—seldom, however, retaining their good looks beyond the years of maturity. The women have for the most part good features, spoiled, in a great many instances, by an extremely sensual mouth and chin. They are all, however, credited with strict virtue of life; at any rate no lapse ever reaches the ear of the outside world; and it is a fact that a Parsee prostitute is as unheard of as a Parsee beggar.

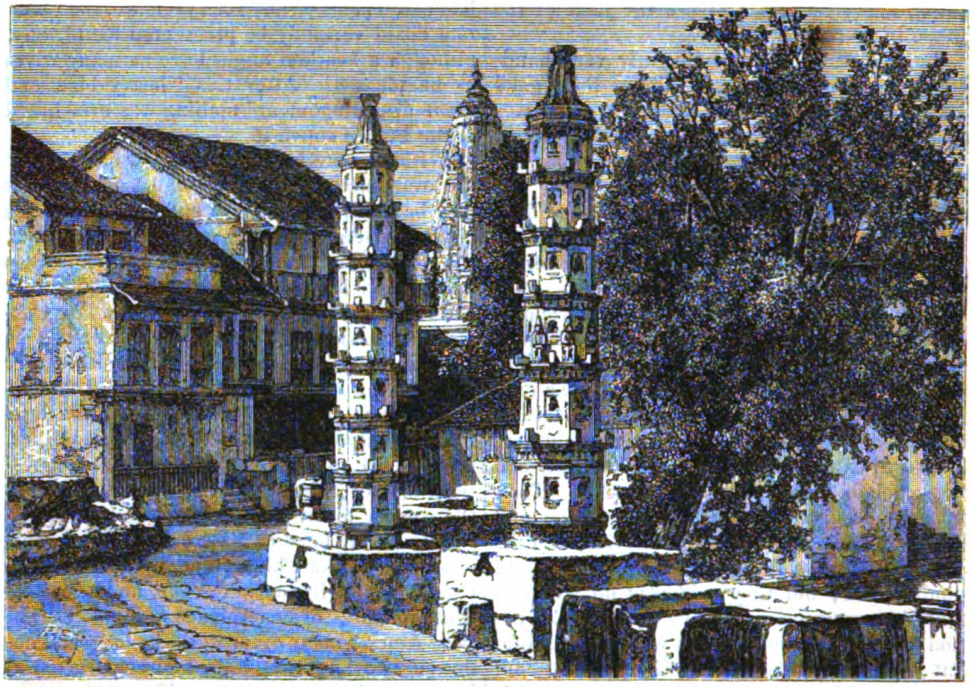
The Parsee is distinguished among Orientals by a peculiarly shaped head-dress of dark spotted muslin—the priests alone wearing a white covering to the head. The Parsee is the only known religion in which fasting and celibacy are not considered as meritorious; on the contrary, Zoroaster expressly forbade them. Priests can not officiate unless they are married. They take an easy, philosophical view of life and death, believing in the resurrection, a final judgment, and a future state of rewards and punishments; but they evidently do not hold that the resurrection is to be made in the actual body which the soul has worn in this life, but in an etherealized form of it, or, as St. Paul says, a "spiritual" body. Their reverence follows the soul and not the flesh; and hence the corpse is disregarded by the survivors, having been abandoned by its own life or spiritual tenant. The dead bodies of the Parsees are not consumed by fire, according to the custom of the Hindus, nor interred according to the practice of the Mohammedans, Christians, and Chinese. They hold burial, cremation, or the confiding of the ashes or corpse to the waters, to be a sacrilege against the elements; and they have cemeteries situated at a distance from any inhabited spot, such as the one on Malabar Hill at Bombay, whither the corpses are conveyed and exposed on iron gratings, where they are soon devoured by vultures, kites, and other carnivorous birds, that are forever hovering over these "Halls of Silence."

We have no statistics to refer to for the number of converts to Christianity from the ranks of Parsees, but from what we personally know we are constrained to believe that they are very few. Some years ago there was a good deal of excitement in Bombay over the conversion of a somewhat prominent member of the Parsee community. The excitement was not unmixed with indignation, when it came to be whispered about that the anticipated price of the conversion was a handsome white wife. The missionaries strenuously denied any such bargain; but there were some very suspicious circumstances in the case which certainly justified the strong belief in its truth on the part of the non-religious community. The man had already a Parsee wife, whom he put away on account of her idolatry, as he alleged, and who sued him in the Supreme Court for alimony. In deciding the case, the presiding judge took occasion to intimate that, if a second marriage had taken place on any such pretense, the *Christian* could certainly be prosecuted for bigamy, although a heathen might have as many wives as he pleased. After this "heavy blow and great discouragement" nothing was ever heard of the Parsee convert.

Without entering on the vexed question of the evangelization of the peoples of India, it may be said that it is very difficult to convince either Parsees or Hindus that the religion of the debauched and roistering British sailors and soldiers is very superior to the religion that controls the lives of such men as the late Cursetjee Cowasjee, of Calcutta, and Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, of Bombay. Few men have ever died leaving behind them a brighter record of humane and charitable deeds than the last-named venerable Parsee, who, for his virtues, public spirit, and patriotism, had the unquestioned honor of being the first heathen raised to the dignity of an English baronet. Sir Jamsetjee was the head of a mercantile firm largely interested in the China trade, by which he accumulated an immense fortune, and which he spent in works of benevolence and public utility. Among many other works he built and endowed two large hospitals, and constructed at his own sole expense a magnificent causeway, uniting the island of Bombay with that of Salsette. At the time of the Crimean War he contributed so largely to the fund for the relief of the suffering British soldiery that Queen Victoria conferred on him the title and rank of a knight, and subsequently the higher dignity of a baronet, which rank descends to his heirs male. There was in this case a curious difficulty, arising from the Parsee nomenclature. Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy's eldest son, who would inherit the title, would not, according to his national custom, be called Jejeebhoy, as the first name, or, as we style it, the given name, of a father is that retained by the son. Thus, the Baronet's eldest son was called Cursetjee Jamsetjee, and his son again might have any other prefix to Cursetjee; so that the patronymic would be entirely lost in the third generation. This would have made endless confusion in the Herald's Office of England, so a clause in the patent of creation conferred the name of Jejeebhoy, as well as the title of baronet, on the descendants of the first knight.

It has been said that the fugitive Persians first landed in Surat, a sea-port on the Gulf of Cutch, where many of their descendants still reside, and where in their principal temple the fire originally brought flaming from Persia has never been extinguished. For more than one thousand years the same dim, mysterious light has flickered up toward the heavens, certainly no unfit emblem of immortality and eternity. But as Bombay has long outstripped Surat in commercial importance, the principal Parsee families have fixed their residence in Bombay, although they all profess to regard Surat as more peculiarly their home. It is, perhaps, on this account that, wealthy and liberal as many

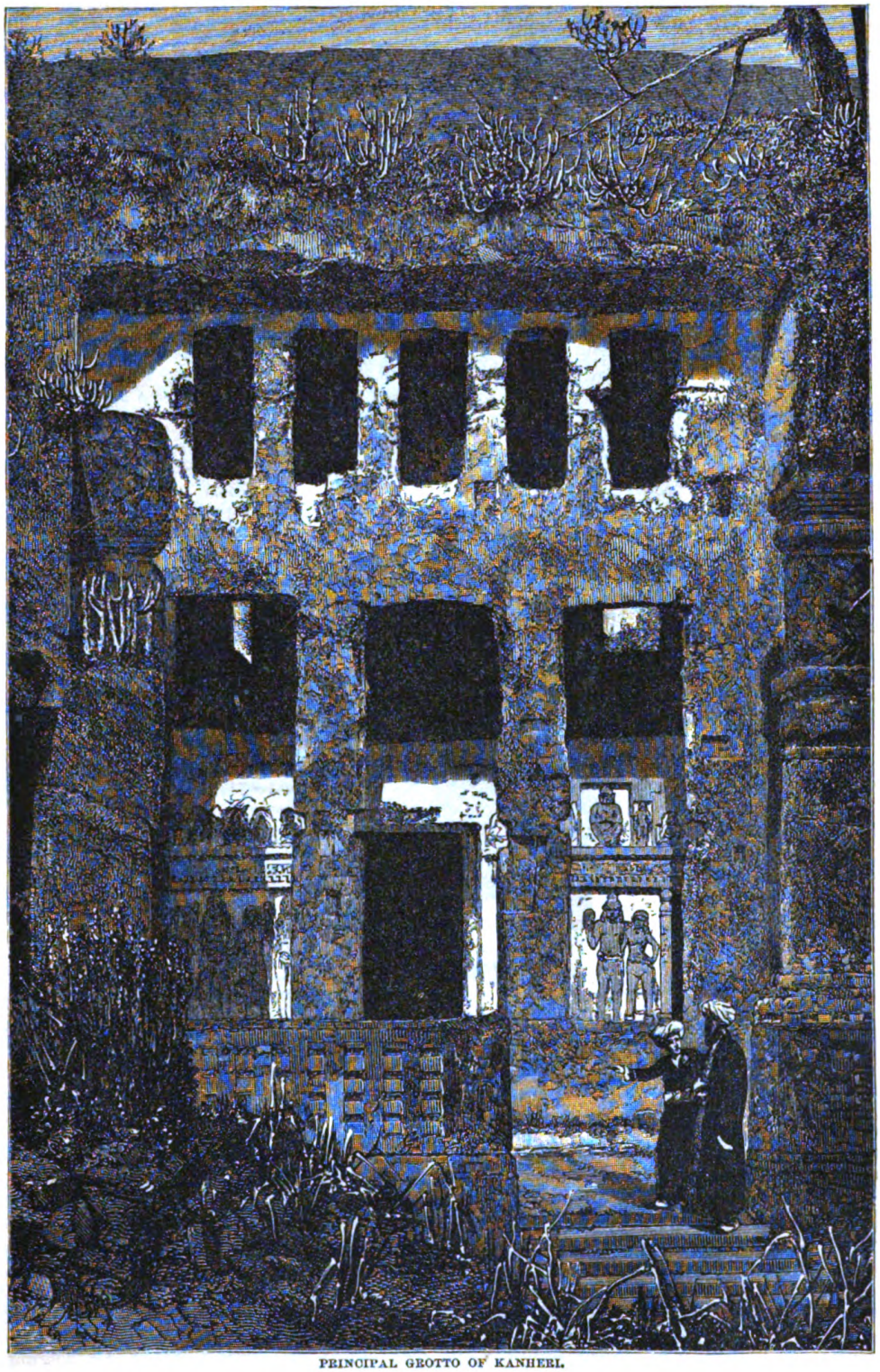
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PAGODA AT MALABAR HILL, NEAR BOMBAY.

of the Parsees are, no place of worship has ever been built by them in Bombay at all commensurate with the means at their disposal and the ostentatious display of their wealth in other respects. Indeed Bombay is not remarkable for the religious edifice of any creed. There are one or two pagodas on the island possessing considerable architectural beauty, the principal of which is represented in our engraving; but travelers in search of the beautiful and the marvelous, although they have to quit the island of Bombay proper, have not far to go to obtain a surfeit of both. The celebrated caves of Elephanta, and the grottoes of Kanheri, not so famous perhaps, but equally interesting, are both within a two hours' journey from Bombay Green. Bombay itself is an island situated on the western coast of Hindostan, in the sixteenth parallel of latitude. It is connected southward with the smaller island of Coolaba by a fine stone causeway, and to the larger island of Salsette on the north by a similar structure. Elephanta is also an island in the spacious and safe harbor which bears the name of the principal city. It is distant seven miles from the fort, and is easily approached by the native boats which ply for hire at the *bunders*, or wharves. A pleasant row of an hour or so will bring the visitor to the beautiful island. Ascending the path leading upward through the narrow valley that separates the two long hills which constitute the island, and keeping to the left along the bend of the hill, suddenly he will find himself in an open space, and before him the entrance to a rock-hewn temple, whose huge columns seem to support the whole mountain that rises above. Brush-wood and wild shrubs crown the brow of the scarped face of the prophyry-like rock; beneath extends the façade of the temple 130 feet long, with its massive pillars and pilasters, leaving three wide openings or vistas, through which the eye seeks to penetrate the gloomy grandeur of the interior. The temple fronts the north, so that the sun gives but little help; and though there are two side-fronts identical in form with the main one (but approached by different paths), still the light within is considerably more dim than religious. Lighting a torch, the visitor passes in and onward beneath the flat, far-spreading roof, and between the rows of pillars, whose cushion-like capitals seem pressed down by the weight of the mountain; until, passing gigantic figures sculptured in high relief on the side-walls, he at length reaches the back of the cave, and beholds in a recess a colossal figure, three heads on one bust, representing the god Siva. In other sculptures on the walls appear another four-faced god—said by the Hindu guide, but erroneously, to be Brahma, riding on a swan—the elephant-headed Ganesa, and a company of nymphs or celestial choristers. But the presiding deity is Siva, the god alike of destruction and reproduction, and incidents of his life are sculptured around. In one group he appears in a hermaphrodite form, with one breast, and holding a trident; in another he appears as the destroyer, and wearing a necklace of human skulls, with the venomous serpent the cobra, or hooded snake, before him, and brandishing a sword in one of his four hands, while the victim of his wrath lies crushed before him. The φαλλοι appear in one of the side apartments, and serve as still

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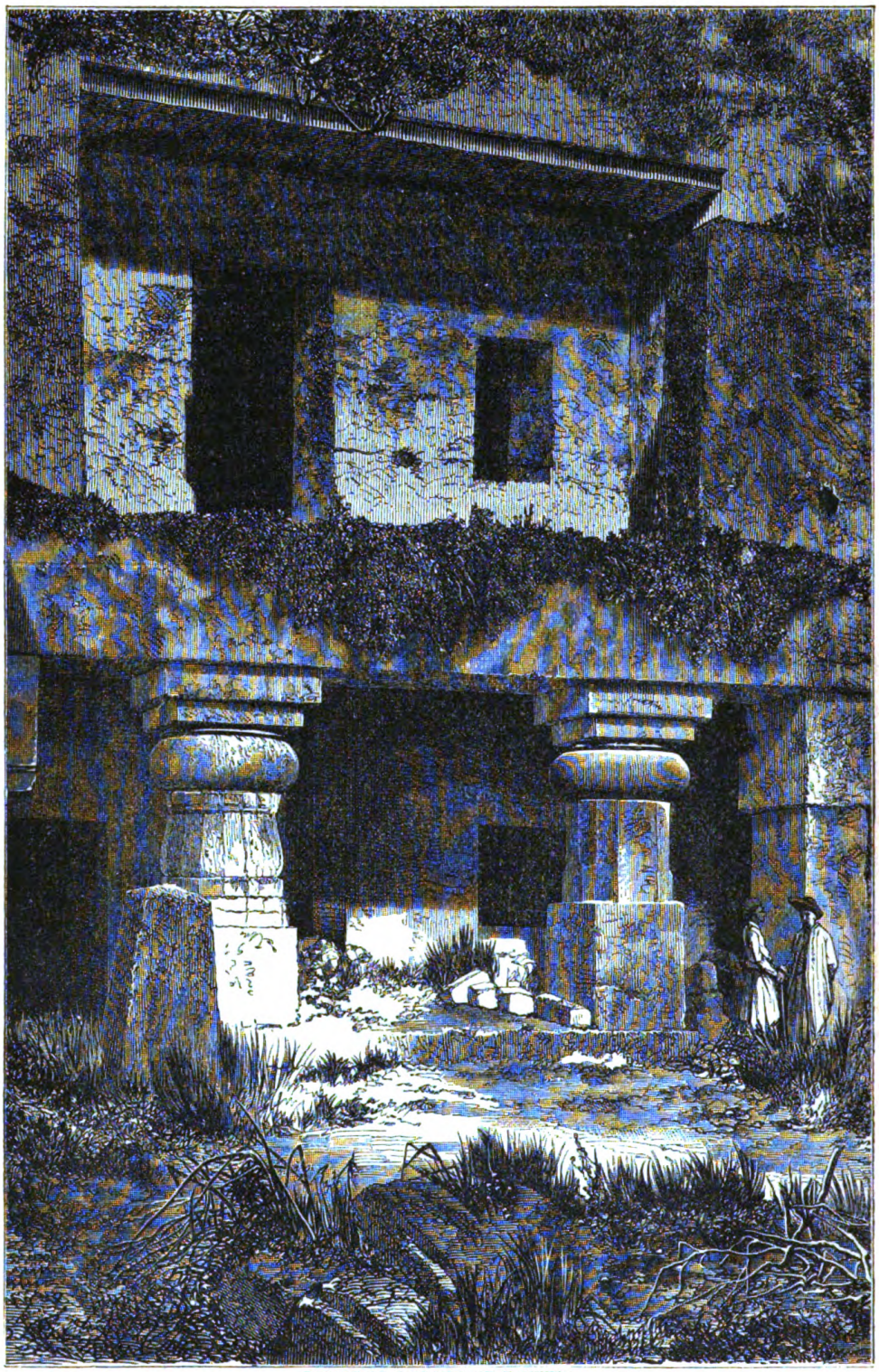


PRINCIPAL GROTTO OF KANHERI.

further proof that this great cave temple was the work of a people devoted to the Siva-worship. It is polytheistic Hinduism with Siva in the ascendant.

Elephanta is probably the oldest of the cave temples of India, and so numerous are these that not less than forty distinct groups of them are to be found, comprehending about a thousand individual specimens. All these rock structures are connected with one or other of

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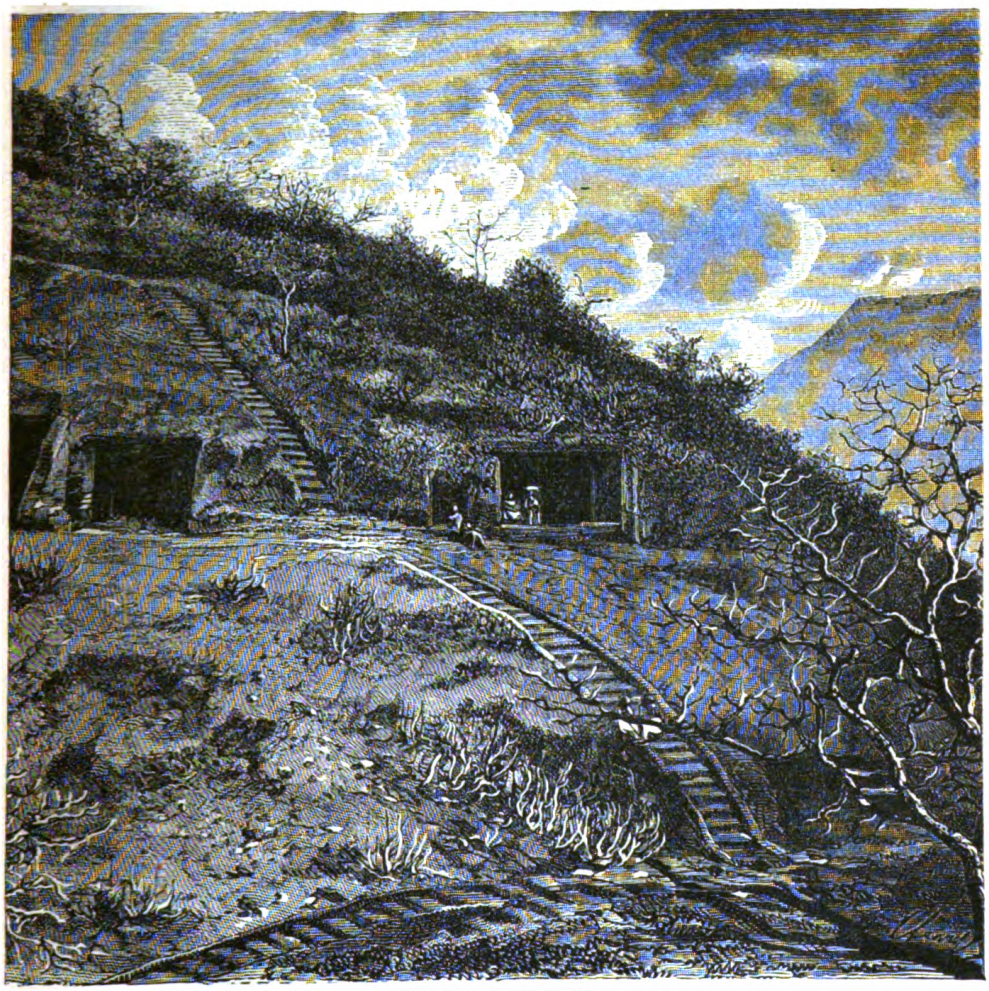
FAÇADE OF A GROTTO OF KANHERI.

the religions of India—Buddhist, Jain, or Brahminical—but four-fifths of them are not temples, but *viharas*, or monasteries, for the once numerous priesthood of Buddha. As Gotama, the founder of Buddhism, lived in the sixth century before Christ, few of these cave structures can lay claim to any great antiquity. Those at Kanheri, given in our engravings, are generally credited to the second century of the Christian era.

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The grottoes of Kanheri are not so easy of access as the caves of Elephanta. The visitor leaves Bombay by railroad; and, if he has had good advice, he will have made arrangements for ponies, or a palkie-gharrie, to meet him at Bhandoop, a station seven miles from the caves. Even then the journey is by no means a very pleasant one, for the path lies through a dense jungle. After passing through this, precipitous rocks are seen covering the hill-sides; and in these precipices are excavations, for the most part rising in stories above one another, connected by flights of steps cut in the face of the rock. These *viharas* consist of a central hall, supported by from four to twenty, or even more, pillars, with small cells all around it for the priests, and a sanctuary containing an image of Buddha. Here occurs the curious spectacle of a rock-hewn temple in the exact form of a Christian church, but with two colossal statues of Buddha on either side of the portico. And it is pleasing to note that Art went with the Buddhist monk into his rock halls, in some of which the fresco paintings on the walls remain fresh as the day they were limned, representing the manners and customs of India fifteen or sixteen hundred years ago. Not at Kanheri, but in some of the older rock halls, not only the walls and roofs, but even the pillars, are wholly covered with stucco, and ornamented with painting. On the walls are extensive compositions of figures and landscapes; on pillars, single detached figures, representing either Buddha or Buddhist saints; while the paintings on the roof are almost invariably architectural frets and scrolls, often of extreme beauty and elegance, rivaling many of those at Pompeii and the Baths of Titus.

No eye regards these pleasant frescos now. This frailest of the arts has here seen a whole religion pass away before it, like a scroll, from the land of its birth. Priests and worshipers have alike departed. Buddha himself is a forgotten name in India, although once he was adored from the Himalayas to Ceylon. These rock temples have long survived the worship which inspired their constructors, and promise to outlast even Hinduism itself.



THE HILL OF KANHERI.

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SONG OF FIRE.

SOMETIME prisoned at the centre, with my throes I shake the sphere;
Through the snowy-topped volcanoes at the surface I appear;
Then I burst through chains that bind me, startle mortals with my power,
Over prairies wide I scurry, feed on forests, towns devour—
Strike the ships midway in ocean, and the teeming towns devour.

FIRE they call me. I am father of the granite rocks that lie
Ages deep beneath the mountains, unperceived of mortal eye;
At my breath they sprang to being, at my touch their crystals came,
That were merely shapeless atoms ere I kissed them with my flame—
Ere with ardor I embraced them, ere I kissed them with my flame.



Rarest gems of countless value, nuggets of the yellow gold
That, through all the time historic, men and empires has controlled,
And the grim and swarthy iron, conqueror on land and sea,
With the many meaner metals, owe their birth and shape to me—
Gleaming ores and dazzling crystals owe their birth and shape to me.

When the rolling of the thunder strikes the trembling wretches dumb,
When the vision-blinding lightning rends the murky clouds, I come.
Fear attends me, horror after, ruin round me wide I cast;
Men my name with bated breathing mutter when my steps have passed—
Gazing voiceless on the ashes where my terrible steps have passed.

Rear they palaces of beauty, fair without and rare within,
Stores of hand-work, filled with fabrics, wealth and profits hard to win,
Temples grand, with costly altars, where the wretch for sin atones—
I appear, and they are ruins, shapeless heaps of blackened stones—
Molten metal, crumbled columns, timbers charred, and blackened stones.

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Not alone on land I smite them; but with red, devouring lips
On the ocean sate my hunger with their richly freighted ships;
Swarthy sailors, pallid women, pray in vain for mercy there,
While my crackling and my roaring swell their chorus of despair—
While I dance from deck to mast-head to their chorus of despair.

In the densely crowded city, without pity I affright
Startled wretches roused from slumber in the still and sombre night.
Tenement house or brown-stone palace, either is the same to me;
If they manage to subdue me, gloomy will their triumph be—
Toppled walls upon my foemen tokens of my vengeance be.

Yet malign I am not always: witness for me truly when
I become the humble servant of the toiling sons of men,
Drive the engine, heat the furnace, melt the ore, and soften steel—
Like the monarch in the story, aid the wife to cook a meal—
Monarch, wandering from earth's centre, aid the wife to cook a meal.



Though they see me when the lightning strikes in wrath the lofty domes,
Yet I love to cheer the dwellers in the humble cottage homes;
From the hearth my flickering shadows on the wall I cast at night,
While I crackle—that's my laughter—at the children's wild delight—
As to see those tossing shadows they display their wild delight.

Foe of life have mortals called me—foe to all that breathes or stirs;
Hence the terror-stricken pagans are my abject worshipers.
Life! there were no life without me; and what time I shall expire
All things growing, all things living, all shall pass away with fire—
Air, heat, motion, breath, existence—all shall pass away with fire.

In the solemn day of judgment, at the awful time of doom,
When all quick and dead are parted, these to light, and those to gloom,
Then the earth that one time bore me, wrapped within my wild embrace,
Shall behold my final splendor as I bear her out of space—
And we twain shall pass together, pass forever, out of space.

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INVEIGLING NATURE INTO A DISCLOSURE OF HER SECRETS.

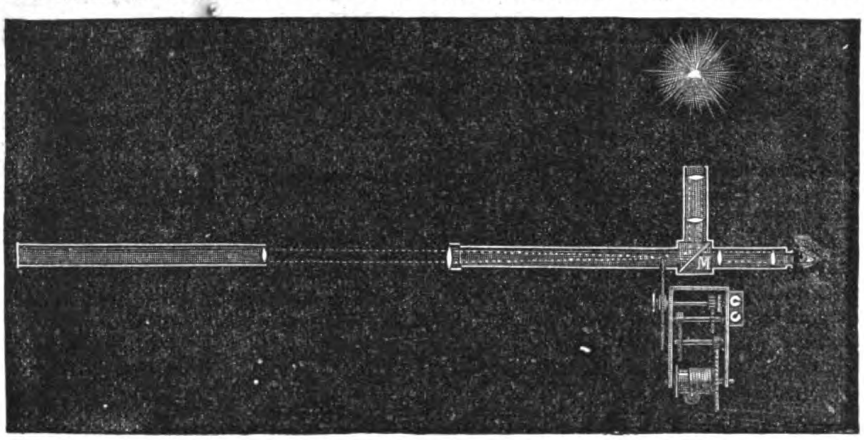


Fig. 1.—VELOCITY OF LIGHT.

NOTHING is more wonderful than the ingenuity which has been exercised by scientific men, and the extent and variety of the resources which they have called into action, for the purpose of eliciting from nature secrets which she would seem to have most effectually concealed. The method devised by a French philosopher for measuring precisely the time required for the passage of a ray of light across a limited space upon the earth's surface furnishes a striking example of this. Some time since an observation was made in California on the velocity with which the electric force is transmitted along a conducting medium, by causing an electric impulse to pass over the wires from San Francisco to Cambridge, in Massachusetts, and back, without interruption, and noting precisely, at the place of observation, by means of a chronoscope, the length of the period which intervened between the instant of its departure and that of its return. It was found that the time required for this six thousand miles run was *eight-tenths of a second.* Now the velocity of *light* is such that if a luminous impulse had left the place of observation at the same time with the electrical wave, and could have pursued the same track, it would have gone round the circuit *five times* while its competitor was making one journey. When we contemplate this almost inconceivable rate of motion, the idea of devising any mode of actually measuring with precision the time required for the passage of light across any such narrow space as can be made to intervene between any two stationed observers on the earth's surface—as, for example, the length of any line across a plain, or the distance from one eminence to another—would seem to be utterly hopeless. Still the means have been contrived for realizing it.

The principle on which the apparatus was constructed is this:

If we suppose that an elastic ball—of ivory, for example, or steel—could be projected perpendicularly against a solid wall through a small opening at a known distance from it, and that the action of gravitation upon the ball could be suspended so that it might return to the same orifice through which it had been projected; and if we could, moreover, find any way to close the opening *at the instant that the ball reaches it* on its return, so as just to intercept it in its passage, and then immediately open the way again for the passage of a second ball—it is evident that if the arrangement of the apparatus for opening and closing the orifice was such as to measure precisely the time that intervened between the changes, we should obtain from it the time required by the ball for its passage to and from the wall, and so could easily determine the velocity of its motion.

This process would, for obvious reasons, be practically impossible in the case of a material missile rebounding from a wall. We can only imagine it, as an aid to our conceptions in understanding the analogous operation in the reflection of light. For light can be so reflected as to return in precisely the same path by which it came; and the precise interval necessary between making an opening, to allow it to pass, and then closing the opening to intercept its return, may be measured and marked with as much accuracy as can be attained by any measurement whatever.

The apparatus by which this result was obtained is represented in the engravings. The rapid opening and closing of a passage for the light is effected by the revolution of a wheel with its periphery divided into teeth of a rectangular form, with interstices between them of the same breadth as the teeth, as shown in Fig. 2, where a little star of light is seen in one of the middle interstices.

The general arrangement of the apparatus is shown in Fig. 1. The star represents a lamp or other powerful source of light, the rays of which, entering the branch tube, are made to converge by means of suitable lenses, until they

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Fig. 2.—WHEN THE WHEEL IS AT REST.

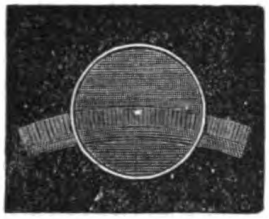


Fig. 3.—WHEN THE MOTION DOES NOT INTERCEPT THE LIGHT.

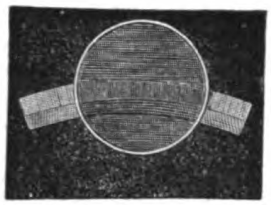


Fig. 4.—WHEN THE LIGHT IS INTERCEPTED.

fall upon the inclined glass M, by which a portion of them are turned into the long part of the tube. This long arm points in the direction across the country, toward the eminence on which the other part of the apparatus is placed.

Only a portion of the rays are reflected by the plain glass, for it is not silvered, and so does not act perfectly as a mirror. A sufficient portion, however, of the beam is turned by the polished surface of the glass to answer the purpose intended. The reason why the glass is not silvered, so as to reflect a larger portion of the rays, will appear presently.

The rays continue their convergence after reflection, as shown by the dotted lines within the tube in the engraving, till they come to a focus, and then diverge again, and pass as they issue from the tube through another lens, by which they are made parallel. In this condition they traverse the intervening country, between the two observers, for a distance of several miles, to the remote station, where the other portion of the apparatus, shown on the left in the engraving, has been previously fixed. This other portion consists of a tube closed by a plain mirror at the remote end of it. The ray of light, after traversing the intermediate country, enters this tube, is reflected by the mirror, and then returns in the same path by which it came, re-enters the tube from which it issued, is made to converge by the lens at the end of it, as shown in the engraving, and after passing the focal point reaches the inclined glass which first received it from the lamp. This glass, of course, reflects a portion of the returning light back toward the lamp; but, not being silvered, it allows a considerable portion of it to pass through to the end, where the beam, after being suitably prepared on its way by lenses, is received by the eye of the observer.

The toothed wheel, together with the clockwork of multiplying wheels by which it may be made to revolve with any required velocity, is seen in its place in front of the inclined glass, and at, or very near, the focus of the transmitted beam of light. If now the wheel is supposed to be at rest, and is in such a position that one of the interstices between the teeth is in the centre of the tube, so that the slender filament of light which the beam forms when near the focus can pass on its way out, and also repass on its return, the eye at the end of the tube will see the light from the lamp reflected from the distant mirror after it has had time to traverse the whole distance between the two stations twice—that is, in going and returning. The light would obviously pass in a continued stream so long as the wheel remained at rest in such a position as to leave the passage open, and the observer would have upon the retina of his eye a steady and continuous image of the light.

But now let us suppose that the wheel begins to revolve. In this case the light, instead of passing continuously in a uniform stream, will form a *succession of flashes*, its passage being intercepted, and its way opened again, alternately, in rapid succession, by the passing of the teeth and the open spaces between them, in the periphery of the wheel.

Now the thing to be done, in making an observation on the velocity of light with this apparatus, is to cause the wheel to revolve with the degree of speed necessary to produce this effect, namely, that each flash of light shall go to the distant mirror and return *in precisely the time that is required to bring a tooth of the wheel up into its path and intercept it in its passage back toward the eye.* If in this way the *first* flash which went out through the *first* interstice would be intercepted by the first tooth, the second would be intercepted by the second tooth, the third by the third, and so on all around the wheel—provided always that the rotation of the wheel continued uniform. The result would be that no light whatever would come to the eye of the observer. If, on the other hand, the revolutions of the wheel were not so timed as that there should always be a tooth ready in the passage to intercept every flash in its return, a greater or less portion of the light would make its way through to the eye, and vision more or less distinct would follow.

Of course when the wheel is in motion a part of the *outgoing* light would be intercepted by the intervention of the teeth, which would allow the transmission of only a *succession of flashes*, equal in amount to half the quantity of light that would otherwise pass. The intermittent effect, however, would not be communicated to the eye of the observer. The intervals would be too brief for the eye to take cognizance of them, on account of what is termed the *persistence of vision.* The eye would see the star of light as before, only somewhat dimmed, as shown in Fig. 3.

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When, at length, the rotation reached the point necessary to cause each tooth to catch and intercept on its return the flash which went out through the opening which preceded it, the light would entirely disappear, and the appearance would be as represented in Fig. 4.

To determine, then, the velocity of light by this instrument, all that is necessary is to know the distance between the two stations, to place the light, and then by the proper adjustments so to regulate the position of the tubes as to direct the beam into the tube at the remote station, and to receive it in the other on its return, and then gradually to increase the rapidity of the revolution of the wheel, until each tooth shall arrive in succession in the axis of the tube just in time to intercept on its return the flash which was allowed to pass through the interstice which preceded it. In this way, although the light is allowed to go out in flashes to the remote station, and to return after being reflected to the tube from which it issued, it is all intercepted there, and none comes to the eye of the observer.

The mechanism connected with the wheel-work shows, by two dials, each with its index, seen at the side, how many revolutions the wheel makes in a given time; and from this, taken in connection with the number of teeth on the wheel, and the distance between the two stations, the rate at which the luminous undulations must have moved is easily calculated.

It can easily be conceived how delicate the mechanism, how nice the adjustments, and how extremely careful and skillful the manipulation must be, to obtain any satisfactory results with such an apparatus as this. The method was devised by a French philosopher, Fizeau, many years since, and an experiment was made by means of it in the neighborhood of Paris. The two eminences which were chosen as places of observation were Montmartre and Suresne, the stations being about five miles apart.

It may, at first thought, seem surprising that the undulations formed in the luminiferous ether, or whatever the motions may be that are formed by the going and the returning beam, can traverse, in contrary directions, *precisely the same path*, for so long a distance, without the least interference with each other. But this is no more wonderful than that of the thousands of lights in the girandoles and chandeliers of a ball-room, or other brilliantly illuminated apartment—each one can find its way across the intervening space, undisturbed in the most delicate inflections of its movement by any interference of the rest.

In the experiment made with the apparatus of Fizeau, in the vicinity of Paris, it was found that the wheel by which the light was allowed to pass out through the open spaces in the periphery must be made to revolve at a little more than twelve times in a second, to cause the tooth following each opening to intercept the flash which issued from that opening on its return. There were seven hundred and twenty teeth in the whole periphery, and by the proper calculation made from these elements, including the ascertained distance between the two stations, the velocity of light was found to be about 190,000 miles in a second. The substantial correctness of this result was confirmed by its near agreement with a determination of the velocity of light that had been previously made by computations from certain observed astronomical phenomena; and this correspondence has since been made much more near in consequence of certain discoveries recently made, which have considerably modified some of the astronomical data.

ANTEROS.

By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," "Sans Merci," "Breaking a Butterfly," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

DOUBTLESS, on that October afternoon, Lena Atherstone made a disagreeable discovery; but you are not to suppose that she thenceforth incessantly brooded over it. She had a dauntless temper of her own, and the mere knowledge of impending danger was sufficient to arouse the stubbornness inherent in her blood; certainly she acknowledged now that the links binding her fate to Caryl Glynne's were not so completely severed as she had fancied, and that he had not been far from the truth when "he feared" all was not over between them; nevertheless, supposing that this were so, and that they met ever so often, was there any reason that she should betray herself to others, and, most of all, to him? Thousands of women have carried such a secret to their graves; thousands, doubtless still walking blamelessly through life, are laden with the same; and why should she be weaker than her fellows?

While she mused on these things there rose up in her, not seldom, a spirit akin to defiance. From one question only she shrank in fear and shame.

How would it fare with her husband if he could guess the truth?

It seemed impossible—utterly impossible—to take him into her confidence now; and yet the time had been when this had not seemed so hard. Lena was blessed—or afflicted, if you will—with a remarkably good memory. She could have repeated, almost word for word, what had passed when she plighted her troth to Ralph Atherstone.

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She knew that she had began a half confession then, and that only slight encouragement was needed from him to make it complete. That encouragement had not been given. "I don't wish to hear another word," he had said. Nevertheless, it was her duty, her bounden duty—she recognized that only too plainly now—to have spoken out then, though he had prayed her more earnestly to forbear. Even thus, the course of things might not have been altered; but, surely, this ought, then and there, to have been put to proof. She ought to have told him that the chasm dividing her from Caryl Glynne, if it were wide and deep enough to last through all eternity, had only been open since the rising of the sun that had barely set, and that her hand had scarcely ceased to thrill with the pressure of his fingers, when he bade her good-by. Says the old rhyme:

"It is good to be merry and wise,
It is good to be faithful and true,
It is good to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new."

Ay! so; but better and wiser still, at certain seasons, to avow how the old love ended, even though the lips should quiver and the cheeks should burn.

When confronted with the anonymous letter she had borne herself more bravely; but the amends were made something late, and the first fault was not quite blotted out by Ralph's perfect trust and forgiveness—this she knew right well. Once again she might have "freed her soul"—the day they rode homeward from Grandmanoir. How fair these lost chances now appeared to Lena—so fair that she could scarcely realize how she let them slip! And, as often happens in these cases, the more fully she realized that it might never be in her power to bestow upon her husband any thing like perfect love, the more freely she confessed his entire worthiness thereof. It was too hard to receive day by day fresh proofs of his trust and tenderness, and to feel that she could only repay these with a resolve to do him at least no wrong; but, in spite of all this, it would have baffled an unprejudiced observer to detect any alteration in Lady Atherstone's spirits, or any constraint in her manner, either in society, or, what is much more to the purpose, when alone with her husband; indeed, as she grew familiarized with her danger, it naturally appeared less formidable; and as weeks passed on, bringing no word of Caryl Glynne, a feeling of half-security came over her once more; and when Cissy Devereux questioned her about "this famous cousin of Mrs. Malcolm's," she answered that "he was decidedly handsome in a peculiar style, and very agreeable, most people thought, when he exerted himself," so unconcernedly that the other suspected absolutely nothing.

As for Ralph himself, there was an increase rather than an abatement in his great content; for the misgiving of last year, as to his own unpopularity being visited on his fair wife, no longer galled him. Though the Duke of Devorgoil still stood on his dignity, and waxed no warmer in his courtesy, Loamshire, as a whole, began rather to repent of its unsociability. When it was bruited abroad that Lady De Montfort had not only presented the bride, but constantly chaperoned her, people began to think that they had listened to vague rumors overhastily, and were rather disposed now to make amends for their previous shortcomings. To be sure, Lady Atherstone might have chosen a safer and staider confidante than wayward Cissy Devereux; but this could scarcely stand as an article of accusation. In fine, those in the county who were most prone to think evil of their neighbors were content to maintain an armed neutrality toward Templestowe.

Here it is fitting that we should take up a thread of this story that has been dropped for some time past, and see how it has fared with Caryl Glynne.

It was written, you will remember, that, on the day when he said good-by to Lena Shafton, a certain change was worked in him; and this change was more lasting than he himself would have deemed possible. It was not in his nature to fret or pine; but the feeling of loneliness that abode with him was irksome, nevertheless—so irksome that he waxed restless and eager for any change that would divert the current of his thoughts, and prevent him from conferring with himself. Besides this, he did not care greatly to sit still and watch the progress of Lord Atherstone's wooing. So he began to cast about for a pretext for absenting himself, not for a few days or weeks, but long enough to allow fresh interests to grow in the place of those that had been rooted up. And it was not long before such an occasion presented itself. Perhaps Caryl Glynne was not quite so popular with his own as with the other sex, and the set in which he moved was not the most select; nevertheless, there were always plenty of men of fair position ready to welcome, if not to court, his company. The scandals attaching to his name, however dark in a moral point of view, had not hitherto touched his honor, according to the modern interpretation of the word. After spending his own patrimony, he had doubtless helped others to spend theirs in all manner of riotous living; but, so far as the world knew, had never yet acted as decoy, or received jackals' wages. There was knitting of brows and shrugging of shoulders among usurers, Jew and Gentile, at the mere mention of his name; but none of his fellows had suffered financially through Caryl Glynne so as to make them cry aloud in the streets; and when he was in banishment he could walk where he listed without fear of meeting a more reproachful face than that of a credulous tradesman.

Nigel Lord Glenfalloch had very recently succeeded to an ancient coronet and a vast patrimony. He was a bashful, soft-hearted creature, accustomed from his infancy to obey rather than to command; for the deceased peer

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was fanatic as well as miserly, and ruled his household in the good old Scots fashion; so that when the fetters were suddenly broken the heir could not at once recover the freedom of his limbs, and found it hard to walk alone. You may easily conceive that of friends able and willing to guide the young Earl's tottering footsteps there was no lack; but, besides being shy, he was somewhat capricious in his likes and dislikes, and, though always grateful for such proffers of service, generally shrank from them. On the mother's side he was distantly connected with the Glynnes; and, from the very first, he took strangely to Caryl; indeed, the latter was one of those lucky persons to be found in both sexes, who seem fated to exercise over their weak brethren and sisters such an influence and dominion as it is not given to greater and grander natures to attain; and they accomplish this not by dint of arrogance of manner or imperiousness of will, but rather by accepting the position in a placid matter-of-course way, ten times more effective than self-assertion. In Caryl's case, perhaps, much was owing to personal prestige. People of sterner stuff than an imaginative boy were apt to be powerfully impressed by beauty that was matchless in type, if not in degree.

The mildest tale not ballasted with a self-evident moral would have been deemed contraband at Eeriedale Castle; but on the upper shelves of the solemn library, barely within ladder-reach, were ensconced certain volumes, worm-eaten, musty, and yellow, betraying the romantic tastes of some defunct Lady Grisel or Janet; and in poring over these furtively Nigel had found a delight scarcely to be understood by our fifth-form philosophers, for whose palate home-made sensation stuff is food too tame. Now there was set before him, in flesh and blood, the choicest of his knightly ideals. Moreover, to the neophyte, whose pulse was always a-flutter with pleasure, admiration, or surprise, the other's unruffled self-possession and languid *insouciance* seemed almost sublime. And Caryl, on his part, was attracted by his innocent kinsman, irrespective of any interested views: indeed, sordid calculation was not among his vices; and he might have thriven better if he would have looked more often and more carefully ahead. A man of the world, not completely jaded, generally finds *le Marquis Cherubin*, for a while at least, pretty good company. It was diversion enough to Caryl to watch the developing of that fresh faculty of enjoyment, which with himself had vanished more rapidly than even his patrimony. Though he had no great reverence for boyhood, he had the grace to abstain from throwing Nigel into the way of grave temptation; and, more than this, without posing as a Mentor, he contrived to keep the other clear of divers pleasant snares laid for him by others. He guessed how it would be whispered abroad that Glynne was getting cunning in his old age, and meant to keep this pigeon for his own plucking; but, as he had never been turned back by fear of the world's talk when he meant ill, it was scarce likely to trouble him when for once he meant well and honestly. So things stood when the great disappointment of his life lighted on Caryl. To his lawyer and physician he confessed himself at need; but beyond these his confidences had never extended. So, as you may suppose, he gave no hint of his trouble to Glenfalloch; but the latter, who was by no means so simple as he seemed, felt certain that something was amiss; and, one morning when they were breakfasting together, he actually risked the point-blank question as to his cousin's health. Glynne did not answer at once; and while he paused he looked absently out of the window at the sullen mist, just beginning to settle into a slow, steady rain.

"I am not particularly well," he said at last; "but it's no case for the doctor. I haven't slept much lately, and that's safe to throw the nerves out of gear. After all it's what any idle man ought to expect who has lived his life, if he spends a whole winter in this infernal climate, with no hunting to keep his liver in order."

"Then why don't you go abroad?" Nigel asked. "I would."

Caryl gazed for a second or two at the kind, eager face over against him. And then his own lighted up as if a sudden thought had struck him.

"You would—go any where, Glen? I believe you mean it, and I've half a mind to take you at your word. What do you say to a long cruise; not a mere Mediterranean potter, but a stretch all round the Levant, taking the Morea and Thessaly on our way? You're bound to yacht, of course; and you'll be all the better for some practice before you hoist bunting of your own. There are several good, safe boats to be hired just now. Neale would let us have the *Selini* as long as we liked for a consideration. She's a safe boat, big and steady enough to carry a bishop, and she's nearly in sea-going trim now. There's nothing like travel for opening the mind; and those gal's cheeks will be rather improved by a little tanning. As for the cost—not that that matters much—I really believe you'd save money by the trip, though you'll have to find me in board and lodging. Do you like the idea?"

The other sprang up with his eyes sparkling, and his face in a glow.

"Like it?"

That was all he said; but it was enough to clench the bargain.

The Earl of Glenfalloch, being gifted with a fine constitution, a fathomless purse, and an easy temper, may still anticipate more enjoyment than usually falls to the lot of mortals; yet it is scarce likely that he will ever again feel so simply and entirely happy as he did throughout that long sea-faring.

As, from first to last, he left it absolutely to Caryl to decide where they should anchor, and

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whither they should steer, the usual differences of opinion on these points could hardly occur; but that, during all these months, neither should have wearied of the other's society was passing strange; for, though they picked up *en route* several chance companions—friends of Glynne—these only took passage with them from port to port; so that the *tête-à-tête* was virtually almost unbroken. To be sure, they were both rather of a silent turn, which may partially account for the harmony. A great talker, with ever so little advantage of seniority, will sooner or later wax argumentative, possibly even didactic; and, rather than sail with such a one, I, at least, would prefer to cast in my lot with the sages of Gotham; ay! though the weathering should look lowering to windward. However, it concerns us not to follow the pair on their wanderings.

Early in the spring they began to loiter homeward by easy stages; and at Naples they chanced upon the Malcolms. Family ties sat somewhat lightly upon Glynne; but this especial cousin was rather a pet of his, and the husband, too, impressed him favorably; so he consented readily enough to bear them company by land so far north as Florence, meeting the *Selini* again at Leghorn.

Glenfalloch, of course, was "agreeable," as usual. It was all new ground to him, and he could scarcely have visited it under better auspices; for the Corso and the Cascine were as familiar to Caryl as Pall Mall or Rotten Row; and, if too indolent himself to play cicerone, he could always map out the day's work for the others; and Nigel had no need to be ashamed of his enthusiasm in presence of Emily Malcolm — most inveterate and indefatigable of sight-seers.

Altogether, the quartette was nearly as successful as the duet had been; and they were all sorry when they parted at Leghorn.

It was fully two months later when the *Selini*, coasting leisurely round Spain, reached Cadiz; and there Glynne found letters from the Malcolms, telling him where the pictures, for which his taste was responsible, were to be hung. He was more silent than usual all that afternoon, and sat on deck alone, thinking and smoking far into the night. There were few English counties with which he was not more or less acquainted, and he knew enough of Loamshire to be aware that "a well-girt man might easily compass" the space dividing Erriswell from Templestowe.

And what then? With bringing about the coincidence, lucky or unlucky, he had had naught to do. Life was not long enough to be always combating and counteracting chances; let them take their course. Half a year of exile—so he now chose to designate his pilgrimage—was sufficient sacrifice to any memory, bitter or sweet. Lena Shafton had chosen the good part, and he did not begrudge her wisdom its reward. But was there reason in his keeping aloof from his own kinsfolk because the pleasant places in which her lines had fallen lay somewhat near? They had parted as friends, and so they might —so they *should*—meet again; and every thing would go on smoothly and soberly to the last chapter's end, though the story might be a little dull and dreary.

But even while he so pondered there swept across him that same foreboding that he had once—more honest with Lena than with himself—put into words. And even while he muttered cynicisms a tenderness welled up within him that with some would have found vent in tears.

Alas! rather than that one of his stamp should soften in this wise, it were best that his heart should abide harder than Ailsa Craig, and his eyes dryer than Sahara sand.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was late in the afternoon, and the cozy boudoir at Erriswell was curtained close; but it was only lighted by some oak logs burning brightly. The mistress of the mansion rested on a couch drawn up near the hearth, and on a low chair at her feet sat Caryl Glynne, arrived an hour ago.

Cousins who "behave as such" have usually plenty to discuss on these occasions, even if they have no confidences to exchange; and though Mr. Malcolm was never in any body's way, it was as well, perhaps, that he had not yet returned from his hunting.

Mrs. Malcolm was extolling her new home; and as a sociable neighborhood was not the least of its advantages, she naturally soon mentioned the tenants of Templestowe.

"I don't say they're the handsomest, Caryl, but they're certainly the most picturesque couple I ever saw. She makes such a superb *châtelaine*, and he is exactly my idea of a grand-master of the Temple. Don't you agree with me? You know them both by sight, at all events. Indeed, I think Lady Atherstone said she had often met you."

Perhaps it was only the flicker of the firelight; but Glynne's handsome lip seemed to quiver for a second, and then to curl.

"Did Lady Atherstone remember me? I almost wonder at it; for when we met often was very long ago. I know the Baron, too, well by sight; and though I never studied his face, I dare say you're right about his type. You've rather an artistic eye, my dear; only one can't fancy a grand-master blessed with a wife. If I remember right—my history don't go beyond Scott, to be sure—that order were only allowed to love *par amours*."

"I utterly forgot that part of it. No, he wouldn't do for a Templar, after all; for you can't fancy any one prouder or fonder of his wife. He's quite a changed person since his marriage, I believe."

Was it only the flame sinking just then into dull red embers that caused the shadows to deepen so on Caryl's face?

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"Quite a changed person," he repeated. "Ah! I understand—has turned his spud into a croquet-mallet, looks after the flower-garden more than the farm, and drives my lady about in a low pony-carriage. There's nothing like the enthusiasm of a veteran, *qui arbore le cotillon*. And is the old man's darling as happy as the old man? If so, they must be rather a touching pair."

Mrs. Malcolm colored a little. Her cousin had never yet, in her presence, ventured on any license of speech; but something in his manner now made her feel vaguely apprehensive, especially as she could not in the least understand it. She had lived abroad ever since her girlhood, you must recollect, and none of the rumors coupling Caryl's name with Miss Shafton's had ever reached her ears.

"You're quite wrong," she answered, rather coldly. "I said changed, not spoiled. I can see nothing ridiculous in a man becoming softer and less selfish, even late in life; and Lord Atherstone, so far, has given no signs of dotage. He still keeps up his credit for hard riding; and I hear it is the prettiest sight to see him lead his wife across country. With the exception of Mrs. Devereux, no woman in Loamshire goes better, they say. I fancy she's thoroughly happy; but, with these quiet, languid people, it's all guess-work; though I like her best just as she is."

Glynne made no immediate reply; but the rebuke—if so it was intended—did not seem greatly to disconcert him; for, as he sat silent, he smiled to himself twice or thrice.

"These quiet, languid people." Was it a quiet heart whose beating he had counted many a time? Were they languid eyes that never were unready to answer the messages of his own? These troublesome memories! And yet what a strong savor of *agro-dolce* was with them all! Well—if she had begun her training as *grande dame* betimes—it was best so; only, you see, the contrast was rather amusing. When he spoke again it was in quite a different tone.

"Mrs. Devereux, too—commonly called Cissy by all who have the honor of her acquaintance, which I have not as yet. I'd forgotten that other Loamshire celebrity; indeed, I don't remember to have seen her. On the whole, you seem to have a very lively neighborhood, almost too lively for such a quiet personage as yourself, *petite cousine*."

Emily Malcolm felt relieved, she knew not why, at the turn in the conversation.

"Now there's a person that would really suit you, Caryl," she laughed, "and you would suit her too; so provokingly pretty, and the most unconscionable coquette; even Robin can't help flirting with her under my very eyes: what he does at other times I'm left to imagine. Listen! I do believe that is his step. He'll be so glad to find you. He said he should never believe in your coming till you were come."

The host's welcome, though not boisterous, was abundantly cordial. He was in specially high spirits too; for the L. H. had had a really good run—galloping, if not racing, all the way; and Malcolm had kept quite in the front rank from end to end. He had wondrous nerves, and, in point of actual horsemanship, might have given a lesson to most professional breakers; but an eye to hounds is not entirely a gift of nature, and riding to them is an art like another. Of all this Malcolm was well aware; and, while he had still much to learn, he preferred biding in the back-ground, and watching how his betters bore themselves, to contending prematurely for pride of place. On this principle he had acted throughout the graver business of life, and it was one of the secrets of his thriving; nevertheless, he was not so modest as to let a fair chance slip, and he was proportionately gratified by the success of to-day. So it was all hunting-talk at first, in which Mrs. Malcolm, too, joined not unwillingly. She sympathized in most things which interested her husband; and, besides, she liked to hear about Loamshire folk and their doings.

Who had gone best?—generally a difficult as well as an invidious question to answer; and seldom is the vote of praise so unanimous as when the Cheshire bard could write—

"'Twas a sight for us all, worth a thousand, I swear,
To see the Black Squire how he rode the black mare;
This meed on his merits the Muse must bestow—
First, foremost, and fleetest from old Oulton Lowe."

To-day the pace had never been so killing as to enable any one or two absolutely to single themselves out and shake off the rest; but, on the whole, Malcolm was inclined to assign the palm to Lord Atherstone. Mrs. Devereux and her pilot had made a brilliant start; but in an unlucky bend to avoid a wet tussocky meadow, had lost ground which they never quite regained; whereas Ralph, according to his wont, taking the rough with the smooth, and the fences precisely as it pleased Heaven to send them, had cut out all the work in his own line from first to last. On this topic, indeed, Robert was almost enthusiastic.

"You may laugh if you like," he said, "but I call it simply a grand sight—a man of his weight and years going in that fashion. There's no hurry or flurry about it, and no larking for show; but such straight sailing throughout, and always with the cool, 'undeniable' look on his face that it has worn before this, I'll answer for it, when he had four squadrons behind him instead of a score of jealous riders. It's a cavalry seat all over; but, to my mind, that's part of the picture—I wouldn't have it altered for the world. And if his hands are not as light as some people's, they're strong enough to save a fall pretty often, and to hold the reins like a vice when he *is* down. However, you'll judge for yourself to-morrow, Glynne—and many a day after, I hope. The stable's very full and very fit, I'm happy to say."

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Though Mrs. Malcolm did not laugh at her husband's rhapsody, she glanced aside at her cousin rather triumphantly, as who should say, Was I right or wrong a while ago? But Caryl answered neither by word, nor frown, nor smile.

"I've heard the same thing before," he remarked. "It's not for nothing, I suppose, that they christened him the Bruising Baron. You don't mention Lady Atherstone, by-the-by. Does she ride right up to such a lead? If so, I think she deserves a certain share of credit."

"She wasn't out to-day," the other replied. "She rides quite wonderfully, considering that she's had only half a season's practice. But though they always go straight, I'm bound to confess that the Baron has a much keener eye for a weak place or a gate that will open, and never jumps timber when he's playing *chaperon*. That's only natural, surely?"

Glynne rose up, stretching himself lazily.

"Very natural and very proper. Now, Robin, if you show me your den I think I'll be guilty of one small cigar before dressing-time. There were two gals in my carriage all the way down; and though they were affable, and looked rather periodical, I was too bashful to inquire if they minded smoke."

CHAPTER XXVII.

You must follow to the covert-side once more. Before you condemn the iteration, remember that to no place in a hunting county, during the hunting season, are idlers so much drawn; and it is best to suit one's self to one's company, imaginary or real. This time, setting chances of sport aside, the scene itself is worth inspecting.

There might be found in England, perhaps, two or three deer-parks more extensive than Wilton; but more ancient, scarcely one. When Grandmanoir was a bare wild, some of those gnarled oaks were already gray; and Walwyns took their pleasure there before a Fontenaye crossed the narrow sea. Time had brought little change to this family. They were still, as they were centuries ago, essentially *de la vieille roche*, gentle and kindly to a fault in their domestic and social relations, but stiff as steel and bitter as wormwood when it was question of doctrine; and, though loyalest of the loyal, never hesitating betwixt fealty to King and fealty to Church. That they should have carried out such principles so long and so unflinchingly, and yet have escaped absolute wreck in any political storm, was wonderful; and even heretics, pondering over these things, had been known to doubt whether Intercession was wholly a vague supposition, and whether some patron saint had not watched over them. The house had been sacked during the civil wars, and its inmates driven forth to wander for a while; but their estates were never confiscated; for when there was talk thereof among those who went up to divide the spoils, the Protector smote on the council-table with his brawny palm, and swore, with a lowering brow, that "as the Lord liveth, this thing should not be." There was growling, of course, among the bandogs balked of the toothsome morsel; but none dared to quarrel with the strange clemency; only, afterward, it was bruited about that Oliver, in his youth—not so sober as his manhood—had been helped by a Walwyn out of a shrewd scrape, and so paid his debt. The Roundheads kept a better memory both for friends and foes than did the Cavaliers; and, after the Restoration, the Walwyns were not rewarded by any merited honors or revenge. Thenceforth they had tarried in their own place, neither molesting nor molested. They were well-read and polite folks, but in practical matters always rather behind their generation; and as for making any concession to the spirit of the time, they would as soon have consented to turn their park into corn-lands. Nevertheless, they were ever popular from their exceeding courtesy, and a charity that made no distinction of creed.

That is the present head of the family—the pale, white-haired man, moving about from group to group in front of the broad stone terrace, with an evident limp in his gait. For, as mild as he looks, ten years ago very few could show the way over Loamshire to Edmund Walwyn; but since he dislocated his hip he can only creep about on a quiet shooting-cab, and watch the find which is a dead certainty in his coverts.

All the other personages of note you have met before at Hazlemere—and they are little, if any thing, changed; only the care-worn, conscious look has deepened on Arthur Corbett's face since we saw it last, and there is a restlessness in his manner, very different from the gay geniality of other days, as he strives to engage and engross Lady Atherstone's attention, whose husband stands somewhat aloof in conversation with Jasper Knowsley.

Is Lena aware of the state of things in this quarter? A knotty question. The best of women—and she was not of the best—abide sometimes strangely deaf and blind, when, if their ears and eyes were open, it might become their duty to quench some sweet-smelling incense. At any rate, she appears to listen readily enough to Mr. Corbett's earnest talk; and there is certainly something confidential in her occasional smile. Nevertheless, she glances aside like the rest, to see who are the new-comers, as a phaeton wheels rapidly round the sweep, and draws up on the skirts of the crowd.

There is no change in the atmosphere, not even a cloud has swept across the sun; yet, in an instant, every thing seems to have grown dark around her, and against the blackness one face stands out awfully clear—the face of Caryl Glynne.

With a mighty effort, and a sickening fear that the effort will be apparent, Lena turns her eyes away, and stares straight to her front. So that, when Corbett, suddenly aware that her at-

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tention is wandering, looks up appealingly, she only seems to be watching Swinton Swarbrick struggling, with frequent puffs and anathemas, to hoist himself on to the back of an elephantine beast, that keeps sidling away as though reluctant to receive the unconscionable load. It is rather a diverting spectacle, yet scarce sufficiently so to account for the intentness of Lady Atherstone's gaze. Arthur is completely puzzled; but before he can ask a question his companion has left his side, and is walking her horse slowly toward the Erriswell carriage.

If you have at all fathomed Lena's character you will not wonder at this impulse of hers. To certain persons passive suspense is a torture so unendurable that, if it is in their power to end it, they will do so, no matter what the risk or cost; and not seldom the rashest move is the safest, after all. Indeed, a casual observer would detect nothing unusual in Lady Atherstone's manner as she ranges up to the side of the phaeton, where Mrs. Malcolm sits holding the reins while her cousin stands up to doff his overcoat.

"I'm so glad to see you out at last," she says. "I felt sure the day and the meet would tempt you; but I had no idea you would come under such escort. So you have appeared at last, Mr. Glynne. People were beginning to suppose you'd pitched your tent somewhere among the Lost Tribes."

After greeting Mrs. Malcolm she stretches her hand across to Caryl; and as her fingers touch, without closing around his, they do not tremble.

It was admirably done, and Glynne confessed as much to himself afterward; though he did think "she might have shown a little more feeling." However, his own demeanor was a triumph also, in its kind.

"Yes, I've been a long time away," he answers, composedly. "So long that I feel almost like a stranger in England, and as if I ought to be introduced over again to all my acquaintances, especially if they have changed their names. It's rather late in the day to offer congratulation, Lady Atherstone, but I hope you will accept mine, even now."

She bends her head—perhaps a little haughtily.

"You don't know my husband, I think? I'd better make you acquainted." For just then Lord Atherstone rides up and accosts Mrs. Malcolm.

While they exchange salutes the two men scan each other, yet so warily withal that neither is conscious of the scrutiny. Lord Atherstone has often looked on that face before; but he thinks that, till now, he has never quite realized its exceeding beauty; for Levantine suns have only added to the richness of its coloring, and keen sea-breezes, added to frequent bouts of strong exercise on shore, have braced, for a time at least, a figure apt to be effeminate in its languid *poses*. And Ralph acknowledges all this without a particle of dislike, discontent, or envy, just as he would acknowledge the perfection of any other rare masterpiece of art or nature. If Glynne's appreciation is not so dispassionate, it is, after a fashion, also sincere.

"Robin Gray!" He wondered whether Lena, too, is remembering the nickname just now. Not a very burgess-like personage, truly, he who sits in saddle yonder, tall and square as a Doric column; not many signs of dotage in the stern straight features, or of infirmity in the nervous hand, so thoroughly at home on the bridle. Sholto Dhu-Glas would have been a better quotation, if a parallel must needs be drawn from Scots story. Was not Lena right when she said that this man was "well able to take care of his own?" Certainly it is not without bitterness that Caryl admits this; and yet with it mingles a certain satisfaction. Having yielded place to such a rival, backed by crushing odds of rank and wealth, is at least neither cowardly nor shameful. All things considered, Glynne finds it not hard to return the Baron's courteous greeting in kind, so that nothing can be more satisfactory than their first interview.

After an exchange of a few more commonplace sentences, the Atherstones pass on. Ralph says not a word, and Lena does not care just now to meet his eyes; nevertheless, she is conscious that they have rested on her for a second, not only touchingly but approvingly; and though it still throbs painfully, she carries away a lighter heart than she has known of late. She marvels a little at her own self-possession; but now, that sharp ordeal past, she feels little fear of its failing her. Among the snares laid by the Tempter, is there one more dangerous than the confidence begotten by the first real or seeming success?

Corbett has watched the colloquy with a feverish anxiety. Certainly Lena's manner, so far as he can judge, has been cool and unembarrassed to a degree; yet he would give a good deal to have overheard the words that have passed between her and that striking-looking stranger. That they are old acquaintances is clear; and if it had been a question of welcoming Mrs. Malcolm only, perhaps Lady Atherstone would not have left him so abruptly. For an instant he is tempted to follow; but, though he has an excellent opinion of himself, he is rather deficient in nerve; and this keeps his curiosity in check.

While he yet hesitates Malcolm rides up on his covert-hack. Arthur pushes forward at once to accost him.

"Who has driven Mrs. Malcolm over today?" he asks, after the usual greetings have been exchanged. "It's a new face, and a very remarkable one."

"That's my wife's cousin," the other answered, with a laugh. "Sounds like the title to a farce, doesn't it? Yes, it *is* a remarkable face, and some remarkable stories have been told about Caryl Glynne in his time—not that I

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believe half of them. At any rate, he's so much changed for the better now that I consider him a safe *chaperon*. I fancy you must have heard his name before."

Heard it? Yes: no one noting Corbett's start and change of color would have doubted that fact. Though a polished specimen of the class, he was in the manner of his life essentially provincial; and flying visits, comprising Epsom and Ascot, crammed full with cut-and-dried engagements, had been for years past his sole uncommercial link with the metropolis; nevertheless, that name was not strange to his ears, and at the mention of it he felt a kind of dread, such as might have stricken the dwellers in cisalpine plains when it was rumored that Genseric and Attila drew near. Surely, too, he had seen that face before somewhere in a crowd, and had admired it negligently.

Weak and faulty as he was, he was not such a hypocrite as to continue crying to himself "peace when there was no peace;" and if he did not realize how far, or how fast, the current was bearing him, he knew at least that he had been swept from safe anchorage long ago, and was tossing already on a dark and dangerous sea. Sometimes he caught himself wondering if the world was charitable or blind, so that it was evident only to himself—the guilty attraction that drew him ever to Lena Atherstone's side. But since he set himself to win her favor he had never seen her in company with any of her ancient familiars. In town he had only met her at two or three great entertainments, where every thing was staid and stately; and in Loamshire he had had only to compete with acquaintances recent as himself. Here was a familiar—with a vengeance. Was Robert Malcolm mad, to let such a wolf couch in his sheepfold? Was Lord Atherstone mad, to countenance his wife being the first to welcome Caryl Glynne? Or was he, Arthur Corbett, mad, just to torment himself before his time? Though it had been sorely tried of late, he did not think his own brain was wandering yet; and, in very truth, the presentiments of jealousy—irrational as they may seem—as a rule, go as little astray as any.

At this juncture the groom brought up Malcolm's hunter, and Corbett was glad of the excuse of passing on. He drew himself clear of the crowd, on pretense of altering something in his saddle-gear; and remained there till the hounds moved off, musing moodily. However, ere long, comfort, if not aid, came to him from a quarter whence he had scarce expected help.

THE SACRED FLORA.

[Part XXX.]

WHEN Goethe represents Margaret as plucking the star-flower and crying, as its last leaf falls, "He loves me!" and Faust as saying, "Let this flower-language be thy heavenly oracle!" he traced all our drawing-room fortune-telling with flowers to its true source in divination. At the earliest age of the world the human heart felt flowers to be the natural symbols of gentle affections and noble aspirations. Their

> "Uselessness divinest,
> Of a use the finest,"

had redeemed religions and races from the darkest phases of superstition before they taught Leigh Hunt "the end of use." Transmitted from earlier, adopted by later religions—passing from pagan temples to be cultivated in convent walls—the common flowers of our gardens have reached us as an imperishable trust bequeathed by the first intimations of a Supreme Love to the mind of man. These floral optimists have preached their evangel of hope through the winter of superstitious fear; and the terrors pictured by priestcraft have been covered over by their soft and irresistible invasion of every church festival, their smiling sympathy with the bride, their power to wreathe with beauty the coffin and the grave. It is remarkable how little of ill has ever been believed of them, whereas every animal has been somewhere regarded as a devil. Except a few names given with humor rather than malevolence, as devil's-apron and devil's-leaf (*daoun setan*, as the nettle is called by the natives of Timor), and a few similar names, there are few which have ever suggested diabolism. Chick-weed, pigwort, pickpocket, snap-dragon, Jack-in-the-pulpit, and the like, are at worst grotesque; and as a general thing even poisonous flowers—as aconite, called wolf's-bane, monk's-hood, etc.—have been regarded from the optimistic point of view. The fatal thangin-nut of Madagascar is believed to be a divine plant, given to be a test of the rightfulness or wrongfulness of an accusation. It was not with antipathy that the Egyptians regarded the frail anemone as a symbol of sickness. It is notable that the most sacred flowers have been rather weeds and parasites than flowers, and it is possible that they shared some of the sanctity with which idiots are invested in Russian villages. I doubt not that if we could cross-examine some brother of the stone age as to his preference for John's-wort, he would express himself as nearly as possible in the language of a passage written by Hawthorne amidst his conflicts with the squash-bugs in his garden. "Why is it, I wonder," asks Hawthorne, "that Nature has provided such a host of enemies for every useful esculent, while the weeds are suffered to grow unmolested, and are provided with such tenacity of life and such methods of propaga-

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tion that the gardener must maintain a continual struggle, or they will hopelessly overwhelm him? What hidden virtue is in these things, that it is granted to sow themselves with the wind, and to grapple the earth with this immitigable stubbornness, and to flourish in spite of obstacles, and never to suffer blight beneath any sun or shade, but always to mock their enemies with the same wicked luxuriance? There is a sort of sacredness about them. Perhaps if we could penetrate Nature's secrets we should find that what we call weeds are more essential to the well-being of the world than the most precious fruit or grain."

A few flowers of ill omen must, however, be mentioned. The marigold, which the French call *soucis* (cares), is rigidly excluded from the flowers with which the German maidens tell their fortunes—in the way presently to be noticed—as also is the calendula, as it is thought they are unfavorable to love. The poppy has long been a symbol of death—"the sister of sleep." The crocus (the flower into which the friend of Smilax was transformed when pining with unrequited love), the Austrian peasants say, must be plucked only by healthy young girls or strong men, as it tends to draw away the strength; and it is worthy of note that homeopathy prescribes crocus for female weakness. Ox-eye, or maudelyne-wort, has a bad effect on cattle that eat it. Notwithstanding the wonderful virtues every where ascribed to four-leaved clover, the finder of the five-leaved will have bad luck. These, however, are about all the ill-omened flowers. There are, indeed, circumstances under which all flowers are injurious. They must not be laid on the bed of a sick person, according to a Silesian superstition. In Westphalia and Thuringia it is said no child under a year old must be permitted to wreathe itself with flowers, or it will die soon; and in Erzgebirge, it is added, such flowers will entirely lose their fragrance. Flowers must, according to a common German saying, in no case be laid on the mouth of a corpse, since the dead man may chew them, which would make him a "Nachzehrer," or one who draws his relatives to the grave after him. To dream of white flowers prognosticates death; and if a white rose-bush puts forth unexpectedly, it is a sign of a death in the nearest house. One who throws a rose into a grave will waste away. It must be remembered, however, that the flowers and plants which were even usually associated with death were by no means considered ill-omened, but often the reverse. Thus the rosemary, while in many countries it has been strewn on graves—

"There's rosemary for you—that's for remembrance"

—in Thuringia is twined with bridal wreaths, and worn by the young at confirmation. Rosemary is much used in many regions as a diviner in love affairs. We have seen that the same association with death pertains to the myrtle, of which the normal bridal wreath in Germany is made. Even the saffron, which has an equivocal reputation in Austria, was regarded in the far East as an omen of good destiny to one on whose grave it bloomed; and the Swiss mothers twine the *safran printanier* around the necks of their children to keep them from harm—this superstition being engendered by the love of that flower for the snow and snowy peaks. In Erzgebirge saffron is thought good for the butter if given to cows, and in one or two regions it is thought to cure jaundice.

The symbolism of the ROSE—like its etymon, which has been variously regarded as from Greek, *ροδόν* (related to *ἐρυθρός*, red; Skr., *rudhira*; Ger., *roth*), and from Latin, *ros* (dew)—is puzzling. Why should it have been in ancient Egypt the token of silence? It preserved this significance in Greece, where Eros was represented offering a rose to the god of silence, indicating the secrecy in which love delights. In Tyrol we find it held that the rose-gall produces sleep. Stratagem also loves silence, and so we find the rose appearing on Roman shields. Thence it appeared with the cross as the device of Luther and symbol of the Rosicrucians (*sub rosa crux*), to find its way, as a symbol of secret bands, until it became the badges of York and Lancaster, and gave us our phrase *sub rosa*. Related, probably, to its symbolism of silence is its relation in some countries to death. The Arabians have a legend of a garden of mystical roses once planted by King Shaddad, and now lost and buried in their desert. The Chinese plant the rose over graves, and it was frequently carved as an emblem on Greek and Roman tombs. This, however, may be cognate with the Syrian belief which regards it as an emblem of immortality. The reverence with which the Jews spoke of their coming Messiah as "the Rose of Sharon" is repeated in the esteem of their descendants for "the rose of Jericho"—which, from its ability to recover life after being swept about like a dry leaf, became the natural emblem of the Resurrection.* The flower thus called is not a rose, but has been placed by Linnæus in the 1st order, *Siliculosa*, 15th class, *Tetradynamia*. Its earliest mention, perhaps, is in Jesus Sirach, 24; and it (or its representatives) has been called *Anastatica* (resurrection-flower) *hierochuntina*, *Rosa hierosolymitana*, *Rosa S. Mariæ* (French *jérose*). The pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre reported that it marked every spot where Mary and Joseph rested on the flight into Egypt, which suggests the Greek myth that the red rose was metamorphosed from white by the blood of Venus when she trod on its thorn while going to aid the dying Narcissus. The Turks have a version of the same myth, saying that the rose

* The natives of Mexico find a similar significance in their "resurrection-plant," which has a more remarkable power of recuperation than any other. After drifting about for months, brown and shriveled, it requires only a few moments in a cup of water to expand to its original form and recover its color. Euphorbia, or Medusa-head, blooms out in warm water after being apparently dead.

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is colored with the blood of Mohammed, and they will never let that flower lie on the ground. The rose of Jericho certainly has a remarkable power of resuscitation, one brought by the Templars from the East having bloomed after 700 years. All the superstitions connected with it in the East have, in Germany and Italy, gathered around the rose called by its name, which the novel of the Swiss David Hesz has made familiar. It is called the Weinachts-rose, and is supposed, if steeped in water on Christmas-eve, to confer the power of divining the events of the coming year. In her dedication of the pleasant French story entitled "The Rose of Jericho," which she has recently translated, Mrs. Norton speaks of having found the same flower often borrowed in Italy by women to insure safe childbirth. This may be referable to another Greek legend that the rose sprang from the bath of Aphrodite. There is a superstition in Persia that, on a certain charmed day of the year, the rose has a heart of gold. To this Omar seems to allude in his verse:

"Look to the blowing rose about us. 'Lo,
Laughing,' she says, 'into the world I blow;
At once the silken tassel of my purse
Tear, and its treasure on the garden throw!'"

In Waldeck, Germany, we have a reminiscence of this fable in the superstition that it is the rose—and not, as is held usually, the cowslip or the forget-me-not—which unlocks the treasures concealed in fairy castles.

The Catholic "rosary," which the Germans call Rosenkranz, or rosewreath, suggests that originally the worshipers may have counted their prayers with roses; at any rate, it seemed certain that for a long time the larger beads were called roses. But this was the case in Germany before the introduction of Christianity. The rose was held to be the favorite flower of the maternal goddess Holda, who, as we have before seen, was often called "Frau Rose," or "Mutter Rose." It was partly transferred, with all other symbols of Holda, to the Madonna, who is frequently called "Marienröschen." Mary, it is said, dries her veil on a rose-bush, which thenceforth bears no more roses. But there has been a tendency to associate the white rose particularly with the Virgin Mary, that being chiefly chosen for her fête days, while the warmer and more earthly feelings associated with "Frau Rose" are still represented in the superstitions connected with the red rose. If a white rose bloom in autumn it denotes an early death; if a red, an early marriage. The red rose, it is held, will not bloom over a grave. In Posen the "rose-apple" is carried by the country maiden in her breast to keep her lover true. In Thuringia she who has several lovers may name rose leaves after them and scatter them on water; the leaf that sinks last is that of her truest lover, or predestined husband. Some of the superstitions concerning the rose in Germany are singular; as for instance, the custom found in some places of throwing rose leaves on a coal-fire for good luck, and the saying that a rose-bush pruned on St. John's Day will bloom again in the autumn. The relation of the flower to blood is widely believed. Thus one may find in France and Italy, as well as Germany, the saying that a drop of one's blood buried under a rose-bush will bring rosy cheeks.* The rose is also associated with an ancient charm once universal in Germany, still frequent in Swabia and Westphalia, against nose-bleeding, and indeed all kinds of hemorrhages. This formula in Westphalia runs thus: "Abek, Wabek, Fabek: in Christ's garden stand three red roses—one for the good God, the other for God's blood, the third for the angel Gabriel: blood, I pray you cease to flow!" In Swabia it is said: "On our Lord Jesus' grave spring three roses—the first is Hope, the second Patience, the third God's Will: blood, I pray you be still!" Sometimes again it is, "In God's garden bloom three roses—Blood-drop, Blood-stop, and Blood-still," etc. These runes have curious modifications. In St. Louis, Missouri, a German named Stretger last year committed murder, and afterward suicide. In his room was found the following charm against hemorrhage: "At the grave of Christ bloom three flowers—the first is Jugend, the second is Tugend, the third is Gubel" (?Übel). "Repeat three times and the blood will cease to flow." I have somewhere met with a legend that the thorn-crown of Christ was made from rose-brier, and that the drops of blood that started under it and fell to the ground blossomed to roses; the fable has been recalled to me, though I can not trace it, by the felicitous lines of the most gifted American poetess (Mrs. Howe):

"Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,
But angels saw the roses."

A similar idea pervades the story of "Dornröschen," known to English readers as "The Sleeping Beauty," or "Rose-Bud," who, it will be remembered, sleeps in a palace surrounded by formidable thorn-thickets, in which all who approached perished save the true prince, to whom the thorns were all roses, through which he passed with ease. There is, by-the-way, in the same legend, as it originally appears in the Edda of Sæmund, a curious reminiscence of the Oriental symbolism which connected the rose with silence and sleep. When Sigurd there enters the castle and arouses Brynhilda, she tells the story of her trance in these words: "Two kings contended; one hight Hialmgunner, and he was old but of mickle might, and Odin had promised him the victory. I felled him in fight; but Odin struck my head with the sleepy-thorn, and said I should never be again victorious, and should be hereafter wedded." There seems little doubt that the flowering of the rose out of a thorn has from the earliest period had a significance to the Norseman as representing his own character. In

* There was an old custom of nurses to put a drop of human blood in a new-born child's bath to insure its having rosy cheeks.

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"Beauty and the Beast" we get a notion of the Beast's kindliness, under his formidable aspect, by his living in a garden of roses, and setting so high a value upon them which show the good heart of the thorn. Mr. Emerson says that the English people love this story because it is characteristic of them. "The Englishman is a bear with a soft place in his heart; he says no, and helps you."

The name of the LILY seems to be related to some old personifications of the night, which Orpheus described as "the mother of gods and men." In the Syrian dialects we have *Lil*, *Lilleh*, etc., as denoting the evening. It is probable that some earlier deification of the evening is represented in the Talmudic legend of Lilith, Adam's first wife, whose fatal charm lay in her golden hair. Cold to all, her lovers wasted away, and around the heart of each was found a thread of golden hair. Selden is probably correct in identifying Lilith with the Arabic Halalath and Assyrian Allilat on the one hand, and Luna or Diana on the other. Of Allilat he says (*De Diis Syriis*): "Quæ nón alia est a Luna sine Diana. Lilith etiam dicta Judæis, quod ab eodem quo Halalath Arabum manet fonte a Lailah, nempe quod nox est, unde Lilith." The similarity of the name to Deleilah, and to Lilæa, the beautiful nymph and daughter of Cephissus, and also to Lethe, goddess of oblivion, after whom the river Lethe in the underworld was named, is worthy of note. It looks somewhat as if there might have blended with the Talmudic that of the Lotophagi (Od., ix.):

"And whoso tasted of their flowery meat
Cared not with tidings to return, but clave
Fast to that tribe, forever fain to eat,
Reckless of home return, the tender lotus sweet."

This lotus, however, was probably the nebek, still eaten by the Bedouins, and only by nominal association with the *nymphæa* could have shared the legends of the lily. That the cold golden-haired Lilith, and the chaste man-hating Diana, should be personifications of the moonlight, and that their emblem should be the pale golden-hearted lily, is not wonderful; but it must be remembered that the only white lily known to the Jews was the water-lily. It is curious that the most gorgeous wild lily in America—the yuca, which furnished Margaret Fuller with a theme for one of her finest pieces—should be popularly called Adam's-needle. From the time of the Crusaders pilgrims to Palestine have sought to find there the lily whose array was beyond that of "Solomon in all his glory." But the lily referred to by Christ has never been satisfactorily ascertained. The popular idea that it was the lily of the valley has been evolved from the simple and lowly character of Christ, but that lily, loving cold Norway best, is unknown in tropical regions. It is not, indeed, certain that the flower meant was what we now call a lily at all. Asphodel, amaryllis, narcissus, crinum, and the golden lily have all had learned advocates for the honor referred to. The same obscurity surrounds the flower referred to so often by Solomon—"He feedeth among the lilies," "He shall be as the dew upon the lily." It was probably through the sacred associations with which the words of Christ invested the lily that the *fleur-de-lis* became the emblem of France; one legend being that after one of the battles of the Crusades the banner, which had hitherto been white, was found covered with lilies. The sacred lily of the East is the LOTUS, there being hardly one of the Oriental mythologies in which it has not a chief place. In Egypt, where the flower reaches its greatest beauty, it was represented as the throne of Osiris, the god of day. In India Vishnu was pictured, in the long intervals of his earthly avatars, as a beautiful youth sleeping on the star-spotted serpent, which floated on an azure sea, and clasping the lotus in his hand. As Creeshna he was called "the lotus-eyed." One of the holiest volumes of Buddha is entitled "The White Lotus of the Good Law;" and Buddha is always pictured bearing lotus flowers in each hand. The Syrians regarded it as a symbol of the cradle of Moses found on the shores of the Nile by Pharaoh's daughter; and wherever the story of the Deluge found its way the lotus was associated with the Ark. Our name for the lotus (*nymphæa*) seems to refer to the myth of the metamorphosis of the nymph Lotis when she was pursued by Priapus, as related by Ovid; but it is probable that it was a tree signified in the story, probably the *Diospyrus lotus* of Italy. During the ages in which the water-lily has been held sacred it has been invested by poets with every variety of significance. It meant fertility on the Nile and on the Ganges to the people, while to the prophets it meant the soul drawn out of evil matter and surmounting the waves of sense. On the Rhine a superstition is occasionally met with that the *nymphæa* must be gathered only with magical formulas—of late an ave or paternoster will do—and that it then is a potent charm against witchcraft. In Spain the lily has been credited with the power of restoring those who have been transformed into animal shapes. Concerning our common lily there was once a superstition among farmers that the number of white cups on the most flourishing stem they could find denoted the number of shillings a bushel of wheat would bring that year; and there is still a belief among those who put their trust in the village herbalist that it is a cure for venomous bites. The SNOW-DROP has long been regarded as a sacred flower, as the first sign of the returning life of nature piercing the snow (French, *perce-neige*). It was consecrated to the Virgin Mary. On her Ascension-day, formerly, her images were removed from the altars to indicate her ascension, and the spot where each stood strewn with snow-drops.

The *gnaphalium* (amaranthon, the helichrysum of Pliny, and the chrysanthemon which Dioscorides describes as used for chaplets), which we know under so many common names—cat's-foot, chastity, everlasting—has long had a connection with immortality in Catholic coun-

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tries, and is gathered on Ascension-day to be hung over the door of house and stable as a charm against various evils, but especially against lightning. It was this flower that Emerson laid on the grave of his friend Thoreau. "There is," he said, "a flower known to botanists, one of the same genus with our summer plant called 'life-everlasting,' a *gnaphalium*, like that, which grows on the most inaccessible cliffs of the Tyrolese Mountains, where the chamois dare hardly venture, and which the hunter, tempted by its beauty and his love (for it is immensely valued by the Swiss maidens), climbs the cliffs to gather, and is sometimes found dead at the foot with the flower in his hand. It is called by the botanists *Gnaphalium leontopodium*, but by the Swiss *Edelweisse*, which signifies noble purity. Thoreau seemed to me to be living in the hope to gather this plant, which belonged to him of right." The superstitious value placed on it by the Swiss is for wreaths, which are made on Ascension-day, and said to have power under certain conditions to render the wearer invisible. It is also an old Suabian belief that one who on the Friday of the full moon, or on a fête day before sunset, pulls it up by the root, and, folding it carefully in a white cloth, wears it against the naked breast, will thereby be made bullet-proof and dagger-proof.

Some beautiful German legends are connected with the STRAWBERRY, which was a favorite fruit of Frigg, or Holla, the goddess of the summer. As was afterward said of the Virgin Mary in Paradise, Holla was said to go a-berrying with the children on St. John's Day. On that day no mother who has lost a child will taste a strawberry, for then her child will get none in Paradise. Mary will say, "Stand behind, your sweet-toothed mother has eaten yours already." Holla and her little companions pick strawberries so rapidly that in a quarter of an hour all their baskets are full. In Bavaria it is said elves come to milk the cows, in return blessing the animals with abundance of milk. These elves being very fond of strawberries, the shepherds tie little baskets of them between the cows' horns. The Gübich, or dwarf-king, is said in Hanover always to have strawberries and raspberries on his table. In Bavaria it is related that a little strawberry girl met an old woman clothed entirely with moss, and soon after found that all her berries had changed to gold. There is a story very popular in the Tyrol, but found with modifications throughout Germany, that a little brother and sister, while picking strawberries, met a noble woman of shining raiment and with a crown brighter than the sun. It was the mother of Christ. The little girl arose respectfully, but the boy went on eating strawberries. The woman gave the sister a golden box, the brother a black one. The boy found in his box two black worms, which, becoming longer and longer, wind themselves around him and lead him forever into the dark forest. But out of the girl's box came two angels which flew with her to Paradise. (Mannhardt.)

The common CLOVER, which was much used in ancient Greek festivals, was regarded by the Germans as sacred chiefly in its four-leaved variety. There is, indeed, in the vicinity of Altenburg a superstition that if a farmer take home with him a handful of clover taken from each of the four corners of his neighbor's field, it will go well with his cattle during the whole year; but the normal belief is that the four-leaved clover, on account of its cross-form, is endowed with magical virtues. The general form of the superstition is that one who carries it about him will be successful at play, and will be able to detect the proximity of evil spirits. In Bohemia it is said that if the maiden manages to put it into the shoe of her lover without his knowledge when he is going on any journey, he will be sure to return to her faithfully and safely. In the Tyrol the lover puts it under the pillow to dream of the beloved. On Christmas-eve, especially, one who has it may see witches. Plucked with a gloved hand and taken into the house of a lunatic without any one else perceiving it, it is said to cure madness. The four-leaved clover is also thought in various regions to protect one from witches, especially in the dark; to keep butter pure, on which account it is a good form for a butter-mould; and to prevent one from being drafted for military service.

The VIOLET (Latin, *viola*, a little flower; Greek, φλόος) had its greatest reputation among those races of the East whose religions were rather emotional than mystical. The Arabian poets bade the wealthy and ambitious learn humility from this lowly way-side preacher. In Mohammedan countries it has acquired a sanctity on account of their prophet's fondness for it. "As my religion is above others," he said, "so is the excellence of the odor of violets above other odors: it is as warmth in winter and coolness in midsummer." It is likely that it was from some long fore-ground of popular homage that the violet became the badge of the medieval minstrels, as in the poetical contests of Toulouse, where the prize was a golden violet. Its kindred have been translated into interior meanings, as their names show—pansies (*pensées*), heart's-ease, herb-trinity. The only German superstitions connected with it are to be found in Brandenburg and Silesia, where it is said to cure ague if one chews the first violet he sees; and in Thuringia, where it wields a charm against harm from the black-art. There are few flowers whose popularity is more creditable to human nature. Except that in some rigions of the East it has been used to flavor sherbets, and that in Scotland it has been used as a cosmetic, thought formerly to be favorable to the complexion, it has been universally cherished for its modest beauty and its delicate fragrance alone.

The Germans can not be included in the stolid class defined by Wordsworth, to whom a

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PRIMROSE is a yellow primrose and nothing more. It may not be a very spiritual treasure which they see in its gold, but it is true that no flower has had in that country a wider association with the supernatural. Its German name, "Schlüsselblume," or key-flower, is indeed strictly referable to its legendary connection with hidden treasures. The myth, as told in various sagas, affirms that the good Bertha entices some favored child by exquisite and fascinating primroses to a secret doorway completely overgrown with flowers. This is the door to an enchanted castle. When the key-flower touches it the door gently opens, and the favored mortal passes to a room with vessels covered over with primroses, beneath which are treasures of gold or jewels. When the treasure has been taken the primroses must be placed back carefully, otherwise the lucky person will be forever followed by a black dog. The superstition survives in England only in the country name of the cowslip, "fairy-cup"—*i. e.*, a cup holding fairy gifts. Another form which the fable takes is that the flowers are blue—the azure of the sky, which is Bertha's blue eye—and that the treasures are held by forget-me-nots. When the treasures have been taken, in this case, a voice is heard, saying, "Forget not the flowers"—*i. e.*, to replace them carefully—and thence that flower is named the forget-me-not. As serpents usually guarded such treasures, the names scorpion-grass, viper's bugloss, for similar flowers is significant. In other regions, again, the gold is declared to be found hid under flax, in which form of the myth one may detect a fable of industry, like that of the dying farmer who told his sons of a treasure hidden in the field, which, however, turned out to be gained by industriously working it. In Waldeck it is the rose under whose silence the treasure is concealed; and in yet other places white flowers.

The ALOE still preserves its sanctity in various parts of the East. The Persian Dervis sings:

"Ah, I flame as aloes do!"

and it is still swung from the censers of Egyptian temples. The worshipers often pass a bit of aloe from one to another, each kissing it and touching his forehead with it. The Mussulmans plant it around the most venerated tombs; and if a Mussulman has made a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Prophet, the fact is made known, and the honor claimed, by the appearance of aloe at his door. The Jews of Cairo hang it over their thresholds to keep away evil spirits. The origin of the aloe's sanctity is probably indicated in its Arabic name, *saber* (patience). The holiest monastery in Syria is probably that on Mount Saber, where the aloe is much venerated. The belief that it blossoms once a century is still cherished in the East; and the certainly long interval between its blossoms, and the little nourishment or aid it demands, added to its character as an evergreen, probably made it a symbol of the sleep of death and the resurrection. In Germany it is called the Tree of Paradise, but being little known to the common people, they, like ourselves, are affected by its sanctity only through the formidable superstition with which its medicinal virtues are still invested in the minds of physicians.

CHAMOMILE, still drunk as a tea in English cottages as a cure for various ailments, and a favorite medicine with the homeopathists, has had a place among the magically endowed plants as far back as ancient Greece, where it was used in religious festivals. Wreaths of it are still made in Eastern Prussia, which, having been gathered on St. John's Day, are hung up in houses as a charm against storms. In Erzgebirge magical virtue is ascribed to chamomile tea; and in that and various other regions of Germany it is a favorite plant in the divination of love affairs.

In reading accounts of the old witch trials, especially those of the south of England, one can hardly help being struck by the fact that in the antics by which the so-called witches sought to impose upon their neighbors the plants used by them are almost always RUE and VERVAIN. There is now little doubt that the circles and signs of pretended magic shown to have been used by the hags were ghosts of the early pagan rites, which had survived from pre-historic times. Rue was, in many lands, supposed to have a potent effect on the eye—even more than euphrasy, or eyebright, with which eyes are still injured in Scotland—bestowing second-sight, and is still regarded in some regions as a specific for dim eyes. So sacred was the regard in which it was held in Great Britain that we find the earliest Christian missionaries sprinkling holy-water from brushes made of it on their congregations. From which cause it was called "herb of grace." There is a reminiscence of this in Drayton's description of an incantation:

"Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
With nine drops of the midnight dew
From lunary* distilling."

Milton also represents Michael as purging Adam's eyes with it. Shakspeare may be right in connecting rue with "ruth," because of its bitterness, the word itself being from Ang.-Sax., *rúde;* Greek, *ρύτη*. The only region on the Continent where any superstition concerning rue is found resembling the form it assumed in England, as affecting the eye, is in the Tyrol, where it is one of five plants—the others being broom-straw, agrimony, maidenhair, and ground-ivy—which are bound together and believed, if carried about, to enable the bearer to see witches. If laid over the door, it keeps any witch who shall seek to enter fastened on the threshold. It is especially reverenced by the rustic population of Posen, where it is held to be a powerful charm against wicked spells, excellent to heal serpent-bites, and where it is buried with young children to keep their bodies from speedily decaying.

* Lunaria, or moon-wort, somewhat moon-shaped, and once supposed to cure the madness so widely attributed to the influence of the moon.

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Rue, crane's-bill, and willow are the three essentials of a magic wreath, which generally consists of nine kinds of plants, made by the maidens of Voigtland, with which to test the number of years they are to remain single. Walking backward to a tree they throw the wreath over their heads, until it remains hanging on the tree; each failure in the attempt represents another year in the interval before marriage. The connection of AGRIMONY* with rue in the Tyrol as conferring preternatural vision is curious, when we remember that its name is a corruption of argomony, the flower of Argos, who kept his hundred eyes in good condition with it. In Austria the plants good for the eyes are artemisia, larkspur, goat's-thorn, cat-mint, and corn-flowers, which the weak-eyed make into a wreath, and look through it at a St. John's fire.

The renown of vervain may be traced to ancient Greece and Rome, where it was borne by embassadors on treaties of peace. It was sacred to the god of war, representing, however, his more merciful mood, possibly because it is a plant which is always found near human dwellings. It naturally became associated with the war-god of Germany, who, being also a lightning-god, was supposed to avert the thunderbolt from a house protected by it. It is still used thus by some, in connection with artemisia, in Franconia. It is, however, more directly associated with Tyr in the Bohemian superstition that vervain and rue boiled together, and the liquid poured on a gun-flint, will render the shot as sure to take effect as any "Freischütz" could desire. In the same country it is held that vervain which has been touched to a St. John's fire has power to snap iron and chains. The Druids called vervain "holy herb." They gathered it at the rising of the dog-star, from spots upon which neither sun nor moon ever shone, and bestowed on the earth sacrifices of honey to compensate it for the deprivation of so holy an herb. Its reputation was sufficient in Ben Jonson's day for him to write:

> "Bring your garlands, and with reverence place
> The vervain on the altar."

Even yet, in some districts of England, children may be seen with vervain twined about their necks, little knowing that in earlier times it was sometimes succeeded by a halter.

The country people, in naming the little flower that smiles brightly when all other flowers have withered the DAISY, or day's-eye, holding, in England at least, that it springs under the light of the planet Venus, have forestalled the poets. Beyond all other flowers this "unassuming commonplace of nature," as Wordsworth calls it, has been the favorite with poets. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Burns, Wordsworth, and others of less fame, have celebrated its humble beauty. In early days it was held in superstitious regard chiefly on account of its star form, and is to-day the favorite flower of the German maidens in prognosticating their love fortunes. In Thuringia it has a mysterious association with the teeth; the saying there runs that one who has had a tooth taken out must eat the first three daisies he sees, which will secure him from toothache for the future. This Thuringian superstition is, however, an anomaly in the history of the daisy, which, as one of the flowers of Bertha, was adopted for St. Margaret, and became the favorite of the cloisters, where it was called, generally, Margaret, but also Paquerette, or Easter-flower, in France, and Michaelmas-daisy in England. It is regarded in some parts of Great Britain as a cure for sciatica and for swellings.

The THISTLE was in former times much valued for magical purposes. It must be gathered in absolute silence when it is to be thus used. It was deemed sacred to Thor, and its blossom receives its color from the lightning, from which it defends. What is known among the poorest classes of Poland and the contiguous regions of Prussia as the elf-lock is supposed to be the work of evil demons; and it is said that if one buries thistle seed it will gradually disappear. It is said by others to be produced by the seed of a thistle; and old wives administer medicines until the elf-lock is ripe, when they crush it off with a sharp stone—a knife, or any thing of iron, being particularly prohibited. In Silesia and Franconia thistle is regarded as a safeguard against witchcraft. In East Prussia, if any domestic animal has a sore or wound in which worms appear, the cure is to gather four red thistle blossoms before daybreak and put one in each of the four directions of the compass, with a stone in the middle between them. The milk-thistle was called in England "Our Lady's thistle."

The night-blooming flowers have every where been regarded as symbolical. The cereus gained its name from the torches with which Ceres is said to have searched for Proserpine. The superb cactus which is called the torch-thistle in Mexico, is called the steppe-light in Russia. The "king's-candles" of Oberfalz are regarded as of great sacredness. The North American and South American Indians seem to have observed the phenomena of sleeping and night-blooming plants, and it has been thought by some that they had to some extent anticipated the floral dial of Linnæus.

It is a question which I have not been able to determine satisfactorily when or why orange flowers in England and France displaced the old emblem of love and constancy, myrtle, for the bridal wreath. Some critics, however, incline to the belief that by the famous apples of the Hesperides were really meant oranges, a fruit known in Greece only by reports from the southwest. The myth which chiefly surrounded this beautiful and distant fruit, which may have been called apple simply because that had become a generic name (as we see in Latin

* In Suabia it is said that he who looks on agrimony as he sows, early or late, will always have stout blood.

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pomum also), was, that Ge (Earth) had presented the apples, guarded by the dragon Ladon, to Hera at her marriage with Zeus. If the custom came by this route it would have been assisted by the white and shining aspect of the blossoms of the fruit, whose name is probably related to the word for radiance (*ἄυριον*, morning, whence Aurora, and *aurum*, *or*, gold). (The French word *orange*, however, though evidently influenced by *or*, preserves in it the Persian name for the fruit, *nârandsch*, from the Skr., *naranga*, meaning, strangely enough, "the desire of elephants.") The orange blossoms would easily be connected with the apple of Aphrodite, which was also a golden apple. The arrows of Eros were golden; but they are not so poetic as those of Kamadawa, the Indian Cupid, whose arrow-heads were from the rose-red amra-tree, and were shot from a bow of sugar-cane.

But our catalogue must now be brought to a close, though it might be almost indefinitely extended. A few flower superstitions must be mentioned, however, which, though they are found only in an isolated condition, might, if traceable, be found related to vast theologies. How curious it is to find the *Ocymum sanctum* of India, the common basil, regarded in the superstitions of Voigtland as the test of chastity, withering in the hands of the impure! In some places it is said that if basil be laid under the plate of an impure girl she will not touch it. The bleeding-nun was formerly a charm against bad weather in Germany, and now is consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Saxifrage, if cut so that there shall be a stem with nine prongs, is supposed to enable him who carries it into a church on Walpurgis-night to see witches. One striking fact about the German plant superstitions, particularly, is the lowliness of the vegetables about which so many grand things are said. The "Leaves of Grass" have, indeed, already found their poet; but the faithful potato, which, following man over the world, has become almost "a man and a brother," still waits for its epic. Yet the popular heart has not failed to contribute much toward its apotheosis. Its relation to the stars is affirmed in the Teutonic belief that one must be careful not to plant it during the ascendency of Pisces, lest it be watery, but in that of Gemini, that it may be full. It has been adopted into the Christian year in the belief of the Lithuanian farmer that it must be planted on Maundy-Thursday. If one sells potato seedlings before he has planted some himself, he must retain three of them, otherwise his own potatoes will produce no fruits. Its relation to poverty was foretold in the belief of Voigtland that potatoes meant stout blood, but bad luck; and in the same country it is said that when its top-shoots droop a visit is betokened. In Silesia a raw potato is applied to warts; in Friesland it is kept on the flesh till it decays to cure the malady of the rich, gout; and in some parts of England it is carried about to heal rheumatism. Much is said also of turnips, which must be planted on St. Margaret's Day, and on the edges of the field, care being taken that no leaf be ever taken from the turnip-field lest the vegetable become dry. Grimm has given us a beautiful story of the poorer of two brothers, who could only present the king with a huge turnip, but thereby gained fortune. It is the theme of an old Latin story of the fourteenth century, entitled "Raparius," the MS. of which is at Strasbourg. As for beans, why need I tell their wonderful history to those who have read of Jack climbing his bean-stalk; or the young bride of "The Robber-Bridegroom," whose beans and pease took root and flourished to guide her back from the lonely wood; or who have taken the homeopathic medicine *ignatia*, of saintly virtues? The Arabs have a tradition that at Hebron it was that Esau sold his birth-right, and that the pottage was of lentils. From a mosque there the Dervises distribute a daily supply of lentil soup to the poor and travelers. Lentils (*Ervum lens*) are supposed to have given us the word "Lent," by its use in Catholic countries during that season. Gourds (which must be planted on Ascension-day)—"twopence," or loose-strife, called in France *herbe aux cent maladies*—the salads, one of which changed folks to asses, the other changing them back again (see Grimm's "Krautesel" and the *Gesta Romanorum*)—pimpernel, the charm against any epidemic in Thuringia and Bohemia—hemp, the exorcist of fevers in Bohemia, as well as murderers—linseed, in various regions regarded as oracular—fennel, caraway seed, coriander, feared by the dwarfs—and many other common plants and seeds have been held in a reverence which now seems to us grotesque. There have been no end of virtues ascribed to the nettle, which was a pet plant of the Thunderer, and was, in Germany, the curer of burns and the protector from thunder-bolts. Old Culpepper declares that it is a plant of Mars, and excellent against venomous bites and stings. (So old is the homeopathic idea!) The English notion that beer may be made of nettles can not, I think, be the result of experiment, and is perhaps traceable to the custom in some parts of Southern Germany of laying nettles on casks of beer—*i. e.*, to keep the liquid from turning sour under the storms, through Thor's respect for the plant. Of some plants and flowers, into whose correspondences we can not enter, it may be at least suggestive to recall some of the popular names—as traveler's-joy, heart's-ease, shepherd's-needle, dandelion (*dent-de-lion*), wayfarer's-tree, queen-of-the-meadow, wake-robin, cuckoo-cup (out of which the cuckoo was supposed to take its morning draught), maidenhair, humble-plant, honesty, sweet-margery, woodbine, Venus's-looking-glass, dame's-violet, shepherd's-purse, bittersweet, immortelle, wind-witch-thistle (which the Russians call *perikatipole*, or leap-in-the-field), virgin-bower, dianthus (flower-of-God), star-of-Bethlehem, Solomon's-seal, Jerusalem-oak, Job's-tears, cross-flower, sam-

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phire (corruption of St. Pierre), tansy (St. Athanasie), which I have seen growing on the tops of Finnish hovels, apparently sown there as a protection, brier (Briareus?), senna (*sana*), sage (*saga*), lady's-smock, lady's-slipper, hollyhock (holyoak), daffodil (asphodel), amaranth, and passion-flower. It is plain that "he who spake of trees from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall" had no wider hospitality than the instinct of mankind for these humble gifts of the field and way-side. In the Norse story it was not the idle princes but the poor dwarf that found the heaps of pearls concealed under the moss; and there is reason to believe that the country "dummlings" who have given the common flowers some of the beautiful names just mentioned have not been left without the purer treasures they conceal from all who are not lowly like themselves. No doubt, too, they have served man well medicinally; for though of the 400 English herbs in the "Complete Herbal" of Nicholas Culpepper, applied "to the cure of all disorders incident to man," many were useless in themselves, and some hurtful, it can not be doubted that the exchange of the herbalist for the apothecary and his drugs was to pass from Dr. Log to Dr. Stork.

It is generally supposed that man's earliest worship is represented by these superstitions concerning plants and those concerning animals; that it was from these lower objects that his reverence gradually ascended to the adoration of the sun and stars. But I believe that a careful examination of the superstitions which have been recorded in this paper will furnish many evidences that the case was really the reverse. It is probable that the awe which was the beginning of worship was first excited in the human mind when it gazed upon the mysterious, silent heavens, or witnessed the conflicts of night and day, and the wild power of the elements above him. At a later period, and after he had given greater attention to the cultivation of the fruits of the earth, the scene of his interest would be gradually shifted from the distant heavens to the near earth, from the cold star to the flower unfolding beneath it. Progress of thought would then, as now, be from minding high things toward condescending to things of low estate, from the unattainable to the attainable. And this would be brought about by the increasing perception of the correspondence between the heavens and the earth, each change of the sky being responded to by a change in the growths of earth. That many of the flowers and trees were reverenced because of their real or supposed relation to the heavens we know. The Hindoos say that the banyan is a tree growing downward, its roots being fed from above, where they lie. The myth of Daphne is a particularly striking illustration of the same thing. Daphne is plainly the Sanscrit *Dahana*, the dawn. Before the advances of Apollo (the sun) the dawn of course perishes, but its light remains with the laurel. The peculiar crackling of the laurel when burned (Pliny, lib. xv.) is thought to have occasioned the Roman superstitions concerning it. A laurel was preserved with great awe in the villa of the Cæsars, on account of the legend that an eagle let fall a hen, which fell into the lap of the Empress Livia, unhurt, and bearing in its beak the stem from which the tree had been reared. A very important fact also is one of which there can be no doubt, that the flowers chosen by the German peasants, by which to divine their fortunes, are always those which are star-shaped—as the crysanthemon and the daisy. One after another petal is pulled off to a set of phrases, as, "Young man, widower, husband;" "He loves me, from his heart, with pain, beyond measure, can not leave me, loves me little, not at all;" "Single, married, convent;" and the phrase which represents the destiny is that with which the last petal falls. Another fact of importance is that all the virtues ascribed to flowers, plants, etc., were strictly connected with times, seasons, and planetary influences. Since the introduction of Christianity the old astronomical periods and festivals have become disguised in the saints' days as we now know them; but we know that the Christian year conforms very closely to the pagan year, which was divided according to the changes of the moon and the relative position of the sun. The significance of the prescription that the potent plants must be gathered under the full moon, or when the sun does not shine, or on St. John's Day, can not be misunderstood. The poetic phrase "stars of earth" was anciently realistic. The same thing might be shown in relation to the sacred animals. It is very doubtful if the serpent was ever worshiped independently; it was as the earthly symbol of "the heavenly serpent," the rainbow, or the lightning, that it was venerated. We must then regard the reverence paid to trees and flowers not as fetich-worship, but as a sacred regard paid to them as oracles of beings higher than themselves, of whose energies they were the only appreciable manifestations.

UNDER THE ROSE.

Sue thinketh thee dead, O rose!
Though thy withered petals close,
Though thy bloom be dead
And thy perfume fled,
Yet down in thy heart,
Which I tore apart,
I kissed a thought—that was thy soul!
A thought that leaped my heart's control,
More passionate and sweet and true
Than sweetest rose that ever grew.
She flingeth thee by in scorn!
Ah! withered, faded, forlorn.
Did she know a true heart's fate
With thine was made incorporate?
Well, be it so!
Be mine the shadow, hers the shine,
On life's dim path I thought divine
An hour ago.
One more look at the face so fair!
One more thought of the grace so rare!
One last good-night, one last good-by!
We keep our secret, thou and I—
Come, let us go!

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COLLECTED BY A VALETUDINARIAN.

TRAVELING this year in search of something lost, *i. e.*, health, and to appease a heart disquieted by grief, I revisited an old village on our sea-board for the first time in many years. Its mild and melancholy atmosphere accorded with my mood, and I determined to remain as long as the perturbed ghosts, my present rulers, would permit. The docks were empty, the wharves fallen to decay, the streets were bordered with burdock and plantain, and, for the most part, the houses looked as if life and thought had gone away:

> "Through the windows I might see
> The nakedness and vacancy
> Of the dark, deserted house."

At intervals an ox team dragged its slow length along the roads, or a dilapidated chaise rumbled by, or the butcher's cart rattled on. A child, a dog, a cat sometimes made themselves visible and brightened the scene; an occasional woman, shawl wrapped, now and then appeared; and a few men, either with or without business, moved here and there; a sailor, a carpenter, the doctor, an old man with a cane, and the young gentleman of the place in a smart dress and with a preoccupied air.

It was already May, warm enough on sunny days to go into the pastures where the anemone was blowing—spring's earliest flower this way—lovely with its feathery foliage and tinted blossom; and the stunted blue violet, just breaking through the cold, gray sod; curious grasses also were springing up beside the rivulets and ditches, almost flower-like in form and color. I engaged a room at the lonesome hotel—with an ignominious rear and an imposing Doric or Corinthian front—which was managed by Mr. Binks, a retired stage-driver. As I settled my belongings I attempted to make myself cheerful by recalling early associations, and testing them in a philosophical crucible. However old *I* had grown, and whatever *my* past had been, surely the material universe must have remained the same as of yore, and it ought to prove a resource to the seeker. I remembered the words of a sad and sensitive writer, Châteaubriand. "It is," he said "a natural instinct of the unhappy to seek to recall visions of happiness by the remembrance of their past pleasures. When I feel my heart dried up by intercourse with other men I turn away and give a sigh of regret to the past. It is in the midst of the immense forests of America that I have tasted to the full these enchanting meditations, these secret and ineffable delights of a mind rejoicing in itself. When I have found myself alone in an ocean of forests a change took place in me. I said, 'Here there are no more roads to follow, no more towns, no narrow houses, no presidents, no republics, or kings; above all, no more laws and no more men.'"

Though neither oak nor maple leaf was unfolded, and the boughs were thin and brown, I could lose myself in the pine woods, which gave the northern part of the country a verdant, grand, and solitary expression. How well I knew them and their sand barrens, where were found arrow-heads, and the Indian skulls which premeditated them! I fondly wished for all the books written on solitude, retirement, communion with nature, and upon that text which the medieval Balzac calls "*Hide your life.*" It was he who said, so ingeniously, that when he had any auditors about him he cried with all his might: "Let us go and live in the country; not only to make sure of rest, but also to make sure of salvation. Let us seek Jesus Christ in the way that He himself has directed us. He did not say that He was the gold of the palace, the purple of the court. He said that He was the flower of the field, and the lily of the valley."

Who has written better on solitude, and the pleasures of the past, than the true Parisian authors—the fops and rakes of fashion and the court?

But I brought no books; indeed a bookish reminiscence was a resuscitation, for it had been months since I had read a printed page.

Yes, I had chosen the right spot; neither laws nor men could trouble a solitary stranger. Of the present generation inhabiting the village of course I knew nothing. Feeling as I did, it was no regret that my contemporaries had passed away. The very house I was in proved that every body who might have any knowledge of me was either dead or moved into some other place. It had been built and occupied by a family with which my own had been connected in a commercial way. As a child I had visited the old family. The house was worse than a ruin now, in my opinion, for it had been "fixed up" by a vulgar taste, which dictated monstrosities in form and color; scroll patterns every where in red and yellow. Happily my room, on one side of the house, had not been retouched; the old paper was on the walls, a satin gray with pink dots, and the chimney-place had not been bricked up according to modern fashion for an ugly stove. Mr. Binks was astonished at my choice of a room, and still more astonished when I proposed having a wood-fire. Nobody had wood-fires in the whole place, he insisted. I persisted; I wanted to watch the blaze, and I wanted to arrange and disarrange the sticks and brands at my own good pleasure and that of the tongs.

"A willful woman must have her way," he said; "and I expect you are sick, and maybe won't stay long." So he gave way, and made my room cheerful with birch and hickory fires, and after a little owned that it was the neatest spot in the house.

"It's dreadful dull out the window here," he remarked. "A crow or a robin is all you'll see."

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"Swallows, and the grass, and the sky over the fields, also, Mr. Binks, and the three tall pines yonder."

"Well, I'll give up! You are too much for me, marm; them 'ere pines are about as aged as any thing since the flood."

All necessity for exertion being over, no demand of any sort to be made upon me, I fell into a lethargy; thought nothing and felt nothing for several days; dozed over my fire, or stared vacantly at the fields. Mr. Binks had a housekeeper; but she remained in the dark and backward abysm of the kitchen, and he waited upon me with a magisterial air which dignified the tray he brought to my door three times a day, with a kind, set little speech.

"Here is your meal, marm; may you relish it! The weather is softening; the wind is milder—more favorable for invalids. Sartinly you will be round by to-morrow."

At last I did get round; that is, I crept down stairs, and Mr. Binks dragged his housekeeper into the parlor to look at me.

"Didn't I say so, Mary Jane? Ain't she down stairs? She hasn't died on my hands, has she?"

"Mr. Binks," said Mary Jane, "always looks on the bright side of things, and you must excuse him."

If he was glad to have me down stairs, he was more rejoiced to have me sit at his table. There, to my surprise, I discovered another boarder, who bore a shadowy resemblance to myself, inasmuch as she was dressed in mourning, and looked delicate and feeble. When she saw a purpose of introduction in Mr. Binks's eye, she fluttered and turned her head, but in vain. In a loud voice he said:

"This is Mrs. Hobson; been with me, off and on, nigh to six years—haven't you, Mrs. Hobson?—and going all the time."

"Yes, Mr. Binks," she answered, gently inclining her head toward me, with a twinkle of humor in her eyes.

"Birds of a feather flock together," added Mr. Binks. "By your looks I conclude you have them 'ere mysterious complaints which make women so unaccountable. My wife was the same; first and last, she cost me a couple of hundred in patent medicines. She would try every individual one."

Mrs. Hobson and I exchanged looks, and both of us laughed; the laugh melted the frost between us, and we became friends. Take her for all in all, she was the most self-contained, heroic, patient creature I ever knew. She had come to that pass in life when nothing comes from nothing; consequently she reconstructed trifles into matters which filled up the hours—those slow serpents to people who have exhausted or lived out all illusion and enchantment. She had learned, she told me, to be more interested in a flower-pot than in a garden; to derive more satisfaction in the chairs and tables in her own room than she had formerly felt in setting up a whole house.

"Every small thing tells," she said, "when one becomes isolated; the soul comes out of it under observation. As for change, that which is good for us we have; it is in the atmosphere—its storms and sunshine; in the sky—its sunrise and sunset, its trailing clouds of glory and of gloom. In the sea too—so fixed and ever-varying."

Mrs. Hobson never told me her history; I never asked it. Having no wish to reveal mine, why should I demand hers? Mr. Binks, uneducated as he was, and as native as an oyster to the place which gave him birth, was delicate and refined in his care of her. He told me, soon after I made her acquaintance, that if ever there was a saint upon earth, she was one; that when she died she ought to have a monument equal to Washington's; that she had come to his house in the dead of winter, accompanied by a young man he thought to be a lawyer's clerk, and a great deal of baggage. In conclusion, he said: "Mrs. Sinclair, marm, I expect you have guessed I am an inquisitive man, but I never asked Mrs. Hobson a question, and I am never going to. She is as good as gold, and as sick as Lazarus. I don't mean that she has any irruption, for she hasn't. She gives fifty dollars every New-Year's to the poor, and pays me every Saturday, reg'lar as clock-work. She has property here."

When I began to ramble about the country, Mrs. Hobson accompanied me. She professed gratitude for an opening in her accustomed ways; the small area of wood and field surrounding the village she had never explored. I taught her the names and habits of wild flowers; how to gather and preserve various delicate plants, and how to watch the various and minute laws which are opened to the eye of the student in the book of Nature, which I had learned from *ennui*. It was "Eliza" and "Helen" between us soon. One day, when perhaps infected by my enthusiasm at the discovery in the woods of a fragrant and delicious flower, she said:

"Eliza, you should have known my cousin Alicia Raymond. Of all the persons I ever knew, you might have understood and aided her. I am foolish that I have never told you the chief reason of my coming to this wild place after my widowhood. Here for some years lived, and died, a woman of genius. Behind yonder point on which stands the lighthouse is an old house, belonging to me now, where she lived. To-morrow we will go there."

"Alicia Raymond! surely I have heard the name. Is she not in some literary complication—a book of the time—or literary dictionary?"

"I dare say; her father, Commodore Raymond, was proud of her, and published some of her childish performances. His house was frequented by all the distinguished people of his time; but when he died she was forgotten. Talk about Chatterton and Keats—if they did not live in their lifetime, they do now, while Alicia's memory only exists in mine and that

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of her brother. Mr. Binks continually says, one half the world does not know how the other half lives. I say, what a mockery the life of genius is! What half of a community knows it? What does even the nearest neighboring soul know of it?"

Helen's passion astonished me. A hectic flush rose in her cheek, and she gesticulated with vehemence.

"It is all luck," she cried. "After old Brontë had lived a starving life—and God knows what his wife passed through in suffering, aspiration, and contemplation!—and after the daughters had starved every way—most of all, starved for Beauty—fame came to them. Eliza, what a tragedy was the life of Charlotte Brontë! Do you know that I have a scrap of her handwriting? She did not have paper enough to scribble on—think of that! But I am convinced, from my own experience in this narrowish way of life, where there is nothing which may be called rank, where no one possesses fortune, where all the paraphernalia of living is limited to that which supplies bread and clothing, that this gifted woman, Alicia, discerned a world of beauty and truth that made an everlasting happiness for her great soul, as did Charlotte Brontë."

"Dear Helen, how shall we idlers be taught this ideal happiness?"

"As soon as we can be made to believe that what is called material or positive happiness is no more truthful or exact than that named visionary or romantic happiness."

Mr. Binks, without being aware of a sense of the comic, called us a "game pair," when he met us strolling the by-roads; and so we were to the ordinary eye, for who would have guessed that any fire burned in our ashes? We were a couple of faded, middle-aged women, clad in black garments. Why should such indulge in aspirations for happiness, or the expectation of doing any farther work in this gay world?

In a day or two after Helen's mention of Alicia Raymond, on a calm, sombre afternoon, we took our way toward the light-house.

"We will go," said Helen, simply, "to the house Alicia last lived in. She gave it to me; the spot, worthless as it is, has chained me; the ground about it is barren; nobody would think of bringing it under cultivation, for it is a mixture of swamp and sandy beach; mullein, briers, sedge, and the beach pea dispute pre-eminence. Suppose, Eliza"—and Helen brightened at the thought—"that you and I should occupy the house?"

"But we should have to leave out the genius which has made such an impression upon you, and, I confess, upon me also. I have a lively curiosity concerning this Alicia and her surroundings."

We toiled in silence among the coarse pebbles of the beach, and climbed over the boulders scattered here and there on our way. The village grew distant, and the landscape solitary; on the left were swampy pastures, wild thickets, and borders of desolate woods; on the right, the wide bay, with distant headlands and islands uprising in the air. The waves came from afar, spent in their sounding fury, and fell in soft foam round the rocks and the pale smooth sand. The beautiful sea-swallow hovered near us, uttering its wild cry, and the little sand birds ran fearlessly before us.

"No wonder she lived here, Helen!"

"I knew you would like the scene; we are almost there—see!"

We had turned the point now on which the light-house stood, and I saw a large old-fashioned house standing in the middle of a natural lawn; two or three cherry-trees were in front of it, and a few fir-trees, indigenous to the soil, twisted and gnarled, but vigorous, were scattered over it. Helen took a key from her pocket as we went up a little path.

"How thick the butter-cups are!" she said, gayly; but I saw that she was deeply moved.

"Yes," I replied; "and the woodpecker is busy also; look at the hole under the eaves by the window-frame! How rank the flags are by the granite step! the ugly things flourish every where. No matter what happens, year after year their dull yellow flowers vulgarly blow."

"Year after year," she repeated, turning the key and opening the door. "So uniform was Alicia's life that it seemed eternal till it came to an end; then it was like a vision. Come in now; you will not see bats nor owls, for after a while it became my recreation to keep the house in order. I have given it sun and air; in the summer I pass half my time here. Has it not an occupied air?"

It was a plain common house; on one side a small parlor, on the other a large one. There was little furniture in either room. A table, a few chairs, book-cases with wide gaps in the shelves, a sofa, a desk, and some portraits on the dingy walls of literary people. I was surprised, however, to see the excellence of said portraits—Raeburn's Scott, Holmes's portrait of Byron—the one Byron himself preferred—Severn's portrait of Keats, a fine engraving of George Sand by Calomme, one of the young Mozart, one of the boy Chatterton, and a few delightful water-colors.

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that your friend Alicia was perfectly obscure?"

"Except to a few men and women of letters with whom she corresponded. Look over this desk, please; you may comprehend her taste. She *was* happy without fame, I believe."

"I might take her life for a text, and preach a sermon for these crusading days, when women assume so much, and so ardently desire that every assumption should be made public."

"Do so, if you dare. Every day of Alicia's life was made beautiful for the sake of beauty. She taxed all things for this purpose. A bit of moss, a bird's feather, an autumn leaf, a spray of grass served her. Her means went far to suit her artistic habits and tastes. She lived here six years in all. Her only brother re-

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turned from the East Indies with an obstinate disease, and was ordered to pass a year or two in the country. He selected this, where his mother was born."

"This desk is curious," I said; "have you examined it?"

"Only in a general way; but look over it. I think, now, I'll give up the place, having been long enough sentimental over it; and it is a trouble to fight with mould and moth."

I opened some little drawers; they were full of nick-nacks, ivory boxes, ornaments in agate and marble, pearl and shell carvings, paper-knives, gypsum figures, clay vases and boxes, Chinese toys, bits of fine china, engravings, and a hundred other articles. One of the prettiest was a green crystal basket in a gold frame. A minute nest was in the basket, and several rose-colored eggs with chocolate spots; a bit of paper was tied to the handle, on which was written—"Robbed May 20, '64."

"They were a queer couple, this brother and sister," said Helen.

Poking into the deep pigeon-holes of the ancient desk, I came upon a book with a brass lock; it was fastened, but on the cover was printed with a pen:

"He who does not run may read."

"Where is the key, Helen?"

"I have it, and you may read the diary; I never have. Let us go back, it is nightfall nearly. Mr. Binks thinks my mind is unsettled about this house; he will come for us with a lantern if we wait."

As we walked slowly homeward, Helen gave me some particulars of her cousin's life. If she had a mania, it was for composition; there were several manuscript volumes in existence, upon which months of labor had been bestowed. Her literary habits were as industrious and methodical as if her work had the market value of a Thackeray or a Dickens. But she had the most self-contained, self-sustaining soul that ever existed, requiring neither praise nor appreciation to feed an ambition perfectly pure and lofty in its aims. If she had lived, she might have given her work to the world.

"Look over the little diary by yourself," Helen said, while we were at our supper, and beamed upon by the genial Binks. In my room I opened Alicia's volume, and soon felt its fresh, natural atmosphere.

April 22, 1864.—House on the beach at Bront's Point just taken possession of by Brother Alton and myself, in the township where our beautiful mother died in our childhood. Nothing threatens recollection of our last city campaign. One Julia—sweet girl—may enter into *his* dreams; *my* vision will be disturbed by no apparition of tulle, Neapolitan ice-cream, or the waltz band. I know he left the pretty creature to be with me. Ten rooms, up stairs and down, every one shabby and delightful. The rude lawn is full of clover and blooming grasses, and under the lonely stone walls, old as Adam, nicest brambles grow. We pulled down the paling this afternoon before the front of the house. Put up our Mexican hammock between the door and cherry-tree. Such a pretty view from said hammock: the lawn running to the beach, which is smooth, for it is the edge of the cove rounding in between two gravelly points, and looks quite lake-like; near the shore it is blue and smooth, when outside it is gray and rough under the beating winds.

The waves curve in and fall upon the sand, leaving soft bubbles and silky weeds, bits of drift-wood, snowy and silvery shells, and all the mysterious *débris* of the sea, daily tossed upon a hundred shores by the relentless tide. On each side of this secluded, fairy-like cove are groups of richly stained rocks. Above all this sea and shore I can watch the sunrise and sunset. But what civilized being ever sees a sunrise? The room with windows commanding this view I have named my own—this where I at this moment am. Funny gray paper on the walls, with sepia pictures—elegant fox-hunters on high-bred horses, hounds, whippers-in, a pleasant wood, and an impossible fountain. I have hung red curtains before the windows, and filled the mantel-piece with Indian china; matting is laid upon the floor, and the furniture is covered with Alton's Indian chintz—peacocks, parrots, birds of paradise, all so lively that I expect them to scream at any moment. A wood-fire burns in the chimney; Alton sits on the brick hearth beside it, a novel in his hand, his booted legs crossed, and he tugs at his mustache perfectly abstracted. "*Julia*," I cry, from some impulse of mischief. He starts, drops his book, and says:

"Confound you, Alicia! Is she at the shutters? I thought I heard a woman whimper."

"It is only the water lapping the shore, Alton; better music than that of a woman's tongue."

"Shut yours, then, and go on with your pen. Its scratching is an opiate. I dare say what you write would prove a sleeping-draught to your reader."

Alton picks up his book, rustles a page or two, then lights a cigar, and resumes his musings. As I scribble on he rouses once more, winking his long black eyelashes, and says:

"Sis Alicia, literary people, after all, are only coral worms. It takes a million to make a little reef in the ocean."

"But the reef is there, Alton."

"Yes; and how much drifts to the patient minute structure!—weeds; all the refuse of the violence of the deep; weary sea-birds, with seeds of plants in their crops; the tangle of strong currents from pole to pole—and a world is made! I have half a mind to call you Coralline."

"Go to bed, my boy, or how shall I ever write a proper description of this house!"

"I'll go, my love, and snore to the breakers of Bront's Point. The air is superb coming through the shattered panes. And I shall be so hungry in the morning. What have you in the larder?"

"Nothing; I will watch for a fisherman."

Exit Alton with a grimace and loud yawn. Yes, this room suits me—at midnight—the present hour. Here is my new patent inkstand, which promises to be a failure, and a paper-weight with a bird on it unlike any known species of bird, and my comfortable port-folio under the shaded lamp. I have filled up the china

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closet with illustrated books. Their gold, red, and green backs glisten behind the glass door. What friends they are! A dead author is better than a live friend: the one can not change nor fail, the other may. Rogers, Gray, Bloomfield, Goldsmith, Béranger, Tennyson, my goodly company! The last brand has fallen on the hearth, and the white ashes cover the coals. The bay gives tongue under the moon. A journal is a good thing—to express that which is neither in the heart nor brain! By-the-way, in rummaging my brain to-day I believe that I thanked God for suddenly feeling virile; I mean that I emerged from my fog. Why is Alton tramping overhead? Pooh! what is the feeling of a restless heart?

April 28.—East wind. The chimneys have smoked. We had trout for dinner to-day. Alton caught them in a brook a mile above us, on the other side of the high hill at the back of the house, where the sun seems to sit down and rags of clouds gather and hide. Spying inside and outside of myself for the fashion of my novel. The hero is vital. What name can I give him—Greek, Oriental, or English? Cleon, Hafiz, John! Come, let me clutch thee! Lonely old town this. Nobody comes to see us; evidently there is no social system in vogue. Somebody went by, though, to-day—a man with a horse, cart, and pitchfork; all went over our lawn straight to the beach. When I saw his purpose—that of gathering sea-weed—I went out and helped him; that is, I poked over the long green ribbons dashed up by the tide, and discovered shelly creatures on their first voyage from home, bright and smooth pebbles, and umber tufts of fat weeds. I hope Helen Hobson will visit us soon. So much of society as she can give I require.

I laid the diary down and sought Helen.

"I have left off at the mention of your name, Helen."

"Do you wonder at my permitting you to read a private record? I shrink from it. Will you go through with it? Since you came I have decided to settle my affairs so far as that old place is concerned. When Alicia's papers are looked over and every thing removed, I will sell the house. When you leave the town I will go also, for I can no longer endure it. We will not precisely play Naomi and Ruth, but I trust we may not live far apart."

"What about the brother Alton?"

"He will never return here. Nothing could induce him to look at any thing which might remind him of the lost Alicia, the sister he loved so wonderfully well. The delay is owing to him. Many letters have passed between us on the subject of Alicia's papers and possessions, and the house which she gave me. He has refused over and over again to have any thing to do with them, and at last, thanks to you, I have decided for myself. Read the fragmentary journal, and then give me your opinion whether any of her manuscript should be published."

"I should not imagine her a solitary or eccentric person from the little I have read."

"She was alive and at home with every thing except human companionship; but I never understood her."

"I dare say; no one understood her. Have you thought of that as a reason for her isolation? What should drive one into solitude, if a lack of comprehension of one's sincerest feelings and motives can not? And then, what strange modes of expression pride of soul will take! There are those, even in this jostling, crowded world, whose virgin hearts take alarm at the least approach to or necessity for revelation. They wait for some other world to be developed in—some unknown deity to govern them. I like this Alicia; she has her own atmosphere. Maybe I am sent here to be aided by her."

Helen's eyes glistened.

"Be, then," she exclaimed, "my atonement. Your mind is nearer hers than my futile, vacillating one was. Alicia is one of my dearest memories. Teach me to hope that she forgave me for every shortcoming of obtuseness, ignorance, and habit. What wretchedly imperfect, unfinished creatures we are! The flood did not wash us right, after all."

Some occult influence led me the next calm, cloudy afternoon to the old house by the sea, Alicia's home. I was glad to be alone. The grass on the lawn waved me a welcome; butter-cups glistened in it; bees and butterflies hummed and hovered every where. The wind sounded a fitful melody round the eaves, and shook the tall cherry-trees before the door. I had Alicia's diary with me. Taking a seat on the granite gate-sill, I opened it; as I read, shadows flickered over the page, the wind fluttered the leaves, stalks and unripe cherries fell into my lap, and birds constantly twittered over my head. I was Alicia, or I was the dream of myself—which? I looked toward the vague, blue horizon where land and water blended, and should not have been surprised to see a colossal reflection of either uprising in the distance.

May 6.—My birthday. Alicia, the child of an unhappy mother, is twenty-eight to-day. Sho! The gray water laps the paler sand, glimmers and trembles; the purple clouds glide by. Insidious Spirit of Beauty, dark or bright, you lurk every where.

May 8.—Poor fellow! his grave is nameless. So shall mine be.

May 10.—Happy again under this sky, before this sea. Is happiness atmospheric? Read Victor Hugo's novel, "The Toilers of the Sea." A Greek poem in French. Greek—a little distracted.

May 15.—Happier perhaps for being wrapped in a cloud of illness. Civilized people for the most part have nurses when they are ill. The black woman in the kitchen does not care for me, and while I suffer Alton stays in the woods. There is a deep frown on his face; I know what it means. He does not know how to approach me.

June 3.—I am gay. A box of books came to-day. So much good reading in so much good

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solitude. I see why Alton likes "Faith Unwin." The lonely, pathetic, simple tenor of human feeling suits him. Alas! why and for what should I torture my genius? Let it be in its afrite box —small, neat, compact. It need not rise in a cloud of smoke and assume in some kindred imaginative mind shape and meaning.

June 10.—I watched the road for Helen Hobson this morning. She did not come. Walked out and picked field flowers, so gay now every where.

June 11.—Helen came with a pair of amethyst ear-rings for me, a sketch by M'Entee—so like my friend—a bower of trees, a glimpse of blue, and a solitary wanderer beneath the boughs. Art is better than nature. We talked, at first, about newspapers and religion. Helen ate a great deal. Next day we "parted at the gates of Ispahan"—that is, Alton drove us to the railway station, six miles away. He made us swallow a mouthful of whisky from his flask, and muttered something which made Helen color. I did not understand him; but a moment after I discovered tears on my face. Suppose I was intoxicated. Heavens! What does it all mean? Are we wretched? What are we playing at, in this mechanical way? Shadows over the scene—death-ripples, gliding over the surface so glassy and hard! All forgetfulness must be intoxication.

June 12.—Summer drops in for a few hours on our bleak coast daily. Threw stones into the water to-day. Saw in the sand vermilion spiders, and black, swift-gaited ones. The blue scentless violet still blooms near the dead seaweed, and the vivid yellow cinque-foil. Read the cook-book. Dashed into the opening of my novel. First line—very striking: "*On an autumn morning*—"

June 20.—I like old boggy fields. The sweetest flowers grow there, the greenest moss; there birds congregate, and the frog doth flourish. I brought home from said bogginess a bunch of delicious white violets, and put them to Alton's nose. He was lying in the hammock, with his hat pulled over his eyes. He caught my hands, and drew my face to his.

"Alicia, my love, how are you? Tell me, do you suffer?"

"One way, yes; two ways, no. And how are you, master?"

"Bored one way; two ways, no."

"How handsome you are, my dear!"

"Ain't I? Bring out the big looking-glass, quick!"

He kept my violets; where they went to I could not discover. No letters have come to him. 'Where is that heartless girl? Pooh! she is not heartless.

June 21.—The sea is awfully full to-night. "It runneth here, it runneth there," crowding round all the points, pressing up every pier, and wave kisses wave. Read "Tom Cringle's Log" —a first-rate nautical novel.

June 27.—Telegram scared us to-day. Alton is summoned to the city upon some Indian business. He looked so wistfully at me when he came for a good-by that I said, "See Julia, by all means, and give her my love."

"Can you love her?" he asked, eagerly.

"I'll try."

"You never will, Alicia; I am a fool to ask it."

Cried, and made a beautiful loaf of cake after he left. Then fell to reading. Wordsworth is a good doctor for the mind.

June 28.—It struck me just now that I should never be happier. I am alone with my own power. What I decide to be, that I am for myself. So long as I am solitary, how can I be convicted of error? Last night I sat in Alton's deserted room and watched the orange sunset waning slow. The moon rose, and I saw spectral sails gliding down the bay and vanishing beyond a range of purple cloud. The sea grew wild as the moon rode up the sky; its tumult filled the air. Nothing in nature can be finer than these scenes in these hours. From nature, went to Wordsworth again; he is a teacher, as many painters and musicians are.

July 1.—Droning on my novel with faith and a tormented conscience. Shall I dare tell the truth about men and women? Can any wild invention excuse me for bringing to light that which exists with reason and with passion? Who may speak if I can not? I fear not my unborn publisher. No feat of my mind can deprive me of the fixed income which provides me bread; nothing can separate me from my sole living love —Alton—nothing from my sole friendship with Helen Hobson. As for opinion, criticism, admirers, enemies—how can I be reached *here*, or farther on—the grave? One may be egotistical on waste paper, as this is; and I assert that I have an experience in the life of love, enjoyment, and suffering which, frankly expressed and described, should teach timid and ignorant hearts their capacities and their limits. Have I the power? Shall I build better than I know, if I go on? *On*, I mean so; but must leave my pen and paper behind me, then.

July 2.—My woodland walks are perfect now. The lady's-slipper is blooming above the pine needles; its pink-veined hanging bells, between two pointed green leaves, looked so pretty in the dry underbrush this afternoon. I dreamed away several hours under an aged, flat-topped yellow pine; the air was indescribably delicious; every time I looked about me found some new flower, among them the dwarf Solomon's-seal—an emerald, grooved leaf, with tiny dots of white flowers on the tiny stalk. Numerous grasses are in bloom, attractive in form, and dull, delicate in shade. Came home and found Alton drinking claret out of the pale Bohemian glasses, that is, one glass. Talk about writing novels and speaking the truth! Here we two were together, kindred souls at that, in utter ignorance of each other's moods and circumstances, having been parted a day or two, and as shy as strangers'

"Where have you been, Alicia?"

"In the woods."

"You mean tree woods?"

"Yes; the breezy, aromatic, uninterfering woods."

"Go with me now there; sunset will not come off this two hours. Besides, there is no more beautiful moment than that when the sun's last rays drop below the level trunks. The birds sing their even song; and the insects, creatures of night, begin their oratorio. Then, for greeting, too, the shrubs send up odors to mingle with the flying crimson clouds."

So we started. I continually said to myself, "Poor moth, glow-worm, vain-banging beetle,

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seeking the light and prating about novels!" Whatever Alton's thoughts were, he showed no disturbance, looked from right to left, and at last said, "Hist, hush!" We stood still, and presently heard the whir of wings and stifled chirps.

"Come out of the path, under the scrub oaks," he said; "it is dry. Here is the moss, with its red eyes. See here, with such things in it, Alicia, the world is pretty."

I looked into a holly-bush, as he directed, and close to the ground was a thrush's nest—four little chocolate-colored birds in it. The father and mother, with square cinnamon tails, kept near us, with distressing cries.

July 6.—Read Emerson, who makes apparent the originality of other authors. Read the "Simon" of George Sand. Her case gives me despair. I was alone in to-night's deepening dusk, still and unoccupied; the walls of an invisible, fearful destiny I felt to be slowly closing round me. The cold gray sea, monotonously roaring, typified it. Horrible existence, now serene enough to contemplate inevitable death.

July 8.—The tissue complains to the brain. One's organs will not be subservient to intellectual action. They shall be, though. Wish I could get some black ink. Made a raid in the shops on Main Street for it, and that put me in better spirits. Saw blue yarn, eggs, but no ink. Lighted on a piece of lovely chintz, and bought it for Alton's windows.

July 10.—Two military officers arrived. Wore my violet grenadine and black lace. Alton's eyes beamed when I came in to dinner. Had roasted chickens, and the gold brand Champagne. The ice was slightly troubled with roots. Wondered whether they were the filaments of the Arethusa pink, or the adder's-tongue. Officers talked about icebergs being at the north yet. Also cursed war movements. Ate up all the dinner. Smoked terribly, and went away with inane compliments.

July 18.—"My days go on." No motive for writing. The moth-millers distract me. The beetles fly about greatly o' nights also. Full-blooded summer swells the sea and is in my veins. Let me sew a womanly seam. Who am I to summon giants? I remember a fine, sacred soul—vanished. He had the best of mine, yet left me. Eternally my heart is his. How frail and rapid my memorials recalling him—the western wind blowing after sunset, when the sky is still emerald and amber, and distant shrub and flowers send their odors to me, when the white water is motionless, and the crescent moon gives me silvered beams, where we often were, Arnold and I.

July 20.—The fields are wonderful, a mass of white, yellow, and blue blossoms in the deep, waving beds of green. Alton makes my heart ache. His eye passes me by, even when his smile is most pleasant, his voice most kind. Somebody sent me a bunch of white roses to-day. A friend came unexpectedly. Alton is playing cards with him in the east room. I saw this friend for the first time in November last. What is he here for? I wish I could fall in love with him. It might amuse us this summer weather.

Two hours afterward.

"Sir—Mr. Dresden," I asked, "do cards amuse you?"

"Not in the least. I came all these miles to see your ladyship, and your indifference is killing."

"So I was afraid. I wish to make amends, and beg you to talk with me. Alton, go away. Leave Mr. Dresden and myself together. I am forgetting human beings, among all these waves, grass, and insects."

Shrugging his shoulders, and giving a pitying smile to Dresden, he sauntered off, candle in hand.

Mr. Dresden and I looked at each other and laughed.

"Tell and teach me, Miss Alicia," he begged. "I am but a baby of thirty-five, you know. You can mention insects."

"I am old too. Look at my hair."

With sudden passion he kissed the band on my forehead.

"Oh, Alicia, do not be such a heavenly icicle. What can I do to please you? Give up your dreadful isolation, or let me share it with you. Come; let me carry your camp-stool and your umbrella. I'll mend your pens to my dying day, learn botany—any thing. Or, better—" and here he caught my hands—"come out into my world, be my wife! Don't you know that my father has lately left me a large fortune? Alton knows it. I have his best wishes. We three shall never separate. I love you, Alicia. I am worthy even you."

"What! Does Alton know that you would marry me? Will he give me away?"

"No away about it. Visionary, Quixotic girl, yes! My love, let us go to the Old World, cities whose legends enchant you, to the birth-place of the genius you worship, the cradle of the arts you revere."

Oh, the pictures that flashed across my soul as he spoke the glowing vision of life without being aware of it! I put my hand in his; he saw tears in my eyes.

"Alton!" he shouted.

Instantly, like a ghost, Alton stood in the doorway.

"Do you mean for me to marry Dresden?" I asked.

"I mean that you shall do as you choose to do," he answered, stamping his foot. "But I like Dresden; he is good, strong."

"I can not die abroad. Somehow I can not fall in love, either. I wished most seriously to love you, Mr. Dresden. What's the matter with me? I *am* fond of you. But you must leave me."

"Alicia, you are a fool!" said Alton. "Come away, Dresden."

"Not I; I intend to talk with Alicia; you can take leave again of me. I begin to understand your sister."

And we did talk deep into the night. I like him better, much better; but what would become of my literary career? A strong man's love must interfere with my hero; and my heroine might interfere with him.

July 23.—He has gone. I feel free. What a perfect sunset we had!—purple drifts, crimson bars suffusing the sea, and then grew clearest light in the sky, with Venus, red and diamond-pointed, beside the young moon. I found to-day a great lunar moth sticking to a bush; splendid creature; hid him in my handkerchief, brought him home, administered chloroform, and pinned him on the curtain.

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"Poor Dresden," said Alton, who was watching me.

"Kiss me, brother dear; I am lonely."

He complied, and then heaved a sigh. I continued:

"It need make no difference to you—"

Alton put his hand over my mouth.

"Hush! the lunar is kicking still, Alicia."

July 30.—Brought home a bunch of the wax-like flowers of the round-leafed winter-green. It has a penetrating odor, resembling that of the tuberose. More than "the glory in the grass, the splendor in the flower," I long for; their beauty suggests that which I require. The evening is profoundly quiet; the shield of the full moon shines in the water. Alton is floating upon it; I see the sail of his boat on the edge of the moon's wake, where the water is dark; the sail is motionless. I am going out to walk—have had the heart-ache before in moonlight nights, and out-of-doors too. After a while my heart will be uplifted; something from the mysterious stars, far off as they are in the void, will come down to my aid.

August 1.—Gathered fresh immortelles to-day from the sand-banks between here and Gilford. Filled Arnold's glass—the one he drank from last—which I keep by me always. Arnold! Why should I dream of other love, either in speaking or writing? By-the-way, Alton and I have read six novels this week, full of conventional white-kid love.

August 21.—Blank to me, and all out-of-doors looked blank.

September 3.—Dog-days.

Goethe says: "The highest problem of every art is, by means of appearances, to produce the illusion of a loftier reality. That is, however, a false effort which, in giving reality to the appearance, goes so far as to leave in it nothing but the common everyday actual." Wordy, this; and yet when I think how I lie about *Lucretia*, the heroine of my novel—that is, how I enlarge and diverge from the slender stock of the real experience from which I derive my *Lucretia*—I perceive that Goethe, the calculating, is right. I *am* afraid, after all. Or do I follow the principle governing the universe, that every flower must have an ugly root—that behind or back of all beauty is the black, rough, coarse structure? Who has ever looked thoroughly into the lining of things? First rough beams to support our dwellings; then rough laths and mortar; then delicate, beautifully colored papers, or fresco painting; and upon that pictures, the culmination of art!

September 10.—Dog-days have a merit of their own, a variety. Excellent aromatic fogs; vivid sunshine to ripen wild, luscious berries; heavy dews to comfort the dying grass and hardy, lowly herbs, and to moisten the painted leaf before it drops to the cold, waiting earth. I wander on; pretend to be artistic and intellectual, and all that, when I know that Alton's life beats loudly for Julia, the woman he loves. I shall have to send for her. If she has a heart she must love this spot. I say that, although it is on the New England coast, near Plymouth Rock—throne of the exalted Puritans—it is beautiful. Yes, I would have her here already. I cough so, I suppose that I must die soon, and I do not want to leave Alton alone. For, let him start at the hour of my death, for any spot on any continent, he would be alone unless some kind, loving woman should accompany him, to watch and guard him.

September 20.—Autumn days, autumn fields—*not* happy autumn fields. The days that are no more are not between us yet. We tremble, we suffer; still our eyes behold them. What trivial things we say to each other daily—about the wind, weather, flowers, each other! Oh, my poor boy—my brother!

September 26.—Marsh marigold, and golden-rod, and wild asters, star-like, white, and lavender blossoms thickly strewing every path. Well, flowers make me believe in God. In the most secret and waste places they bloom. In the ditch, thicket, swamp, beneath the trees choked with thorns and thistles. Still, God need not convict us if we do not choose to watch and follow nature. Oh, miserable, canting generation, groveling in the ignorance of your forefathers! And why should the forefathers be reproached? Cain killed Abel, and nobody has excused Cain. Where did his vice come from?

September 28.—Now the days are inclined to thin mist. The crows are busy between shore and wood, cawing perpetually. The crickets chirp day and night; they creep into the house, under the hearth, into the wall, into every crevice. I like the unfeeling cricket. If we are very sad, we do not heed his voice; if we are merry, we say, "how sociable and friendly the cricket is." The grass has changed. The sedge through which the tide washes is brown and sere. All these months gone, with bud, blossom, and fruit, and I have done nothing. Thirty chapters in my novel—all wrong, maybe. At any rate, I walked the room and felt my eyes water over the last one. Here's my journal, any how. How may we impart to each other the *ineffable?*—poor, poor word! How shall we help our neighbor souls with our nameless self-exaltations, which, noble and generous, do not seem to belong to our personality? They are not actions, nor resolves even. Yet, what moves and governs the world? By this prating I do not mean to say that I have done the ineffable with my pen.

September 30.—The brake along our rough granite walls is rich red-brown, pale amber, yellow-brown. Cheery autumn, dying so richly—loving summer, while reaching toward winter. This ineffectual record must end. Helen Hobson may read it; perchance, some person she loves, for Helen never liked trouble of any sort. October is at hand. Leaves lie on the grass already with decay's many tints.

"You shall not stay beyond the first frost, Alicia," orders my dear Alton, this evening.

"Oh, my darling, think of the Indian summer; let me stay!"

"I have written to Dresden. We are all going to the country you have dreamed of—Italy."

I pretended not to hear him.

"Won't you shoot any this month? Somebody says—

'For solemn autumn came with yellow wing.'

I take it to be snipe or plover; black wings and yellow legs, you know."

"Dear Alicia, I love you so that I will allow you to kiss me. Poor Dresden—a better fellow than I am; got more money."

I pull the boy's yellow mustache, and he nips my cheek.

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"Don't be a goose," he continues, "but get ready and go, just as any sensible girl would.

> "'Let you and I, fair sister, look
> Into the future's radiant book,
> And learn its lessons, and the scope
> It offers to the hearts that hope;
> And *we* will hope; for, sister, mark,
> To-morrow is not always dark!'"

"Alton, Alton!"

In a moment I am in his arms, and we are weeping together. We say no more about departure. I determine to send for Julia Beaufort. How can I endure her? I must, though, for she will come.

October 8.—A delicate frost. It gave me a cold. Alton has been savage to-day. Pulled a few autumn-stained maple leaves at eve, and saw that the lady-birch was growing yellow fast. The children brought us berries—the last, they said. I asked Alton should I preserve them for his sweet tooth. He answered, "Yes," and I went to him. Tears were in his beautiful eyes.

"Alicia, darling, am I a brute?"

"No, dear; you are angry because I can not live."

"You shall live, by Heaven! you shall live. What does God mean by all this daily agony? My love, ever since we have been in this secluded spot, do you know that I have seen young men and women, idols to somebody, dying with your insidious, treacherous, terrible disease? I *can not* bear it. There is no reason about it. Talk about 'chastening' and 'discipline;' these things, destroying life and happiness, make us infidels."

"Yes, I know it, dear. I have a note from Julia; she will be here in a day or two."

He did not speak a word, but kissed me repeatedly, and then went away.

October 20.—Julia Beaufort has been here a few days; she is quite a child, but she has never suffered. How pretty she is! I like to watch her. What a lover Alton is! his eyes continually stray in my direction; if I leave the room he follows me. Sometimes he sits at Julia's feet, sometimes beside her, with his arm about her, but he always appears absent, dreaming, and asks her, "Am I not dull, missy? You do not really think me worth the having, I know; if you do, what will happen? I only know how to care for old Alicias—ailing sisters. Let me go, Julia."

"I would, if it were not for parting from this same Alicia. I have accepted you on her account; she is dearer than you to me."

"Then I love you, child."

And I know that *they* love each other with a gentle affection, though there is a shadow upon it; but that will pass. Love will have its way. George Sand says, upon the bones of the dead, or upon a bed of roses, it is all the same to lovers. The drama here refreshes me. One way I see that I have failed in the story I am writing; that is, they teach me so. Alton loves Julia enough to make her his wife and the mother of his children; the desire to possess another woman will not enter into his heart. Yet, deep in the core of that noble heart is an undying love and regret for *me*. Every fibre of his soul recognizes me as his mate. What a pity! Yet he will be happy. Farewell, children; you have not seen me cry.

October 28.—Gray skies, gray sea, gray boughs. The winds rise and wail so, and we have long dull rains. Julia went away yesterday. The wedding is arranged. She cried terribly when she kissed me, and said she had never been so happy—what a girl's reason for weeping! I promised to be with her; but I have a conviction that if I leave this house I shall never return to it. What does that matter, though? I am on the last chapters of my book; I ventured to read two or three of the later ones to Julia. She clapped her hands at first, then grew silent; as I read on her delicate cheek crimsoned, her eyes blazed, she moved near me, took my hand, and kissed it. I refused to read her more.

"Oh, sister!" she cried, "how dare you tell the truth about us women? And, where have you lived, what have you done?"

"Does knowledge imply a wandering up and down the space of continents, and the speaking of French and Italian?"

"Not that," she stammered; "but I thought that you had been so entirely apart every way from the common herd. I did not know that one could create without experience."

"Nor can one; like Ulysses, I am a part of all that I have seen; and much good it has done me, hasn't it?"

"I do not understand you, dear Alicia; does Alton?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I am so afraid of him—and you too. Thank you for giving me your written thoughts, though; I shall never forget them."

Now I am glad that she knows a thought of mine. I went about the house after she had gone, Alton having taken his departure for the woods with his gun, and never liked the rooms so little, they were so empty, desolate, and dark. I shut two or three entirely. "Next year," I said to myself. Then I packed some boxes of nick-nacks and put labels to them—that was dreary too; and I was glad to hear Alton's tramp and cheery whistle.

November 2.—Alicia Raymond—her mark.

Suddenly Alton ordains that we leave. Into a pigeon-hole goes this journal. I shall leave this room habitable—that is, I will have nothing set in order. Helen may do that for me.

This was Alicia's last record.

Helen told me that Alicia died abroad. When her brother Alton returned to this country she, Helen, was sent for, and the old house, with Alicia's papers and last wishes, given to her.

"You should have seen," said Helen, in conclusion, "Alicia's room—the one where you found her journal. When I opened the shutters to let the light in I could not for a moment persuade myself that Alicia or Alton would not presently enter, the bustle and presence of an occupation were so evident. Alton's cigar ashes and newspaper and an open book were on one table. At another I saw Alicia's little work-basket, with bits of muslin hanging from it; a vase of flowers arranged by her hands the day she left, probably, now black and rough; a pair of slippers were under her chair beside it, with blue rosettes. At the desk were loose papers, letters, boxes, and a tied-up bunch of grasses—fallen to seed and scattered like dust;

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the chairs were opposite each other, or in groups, as if company had lately sat in them, and the sofa-pillows were tumbled where some one had been resting. It was like a mirage. Then it grew terribly painful. It was a long time before I threw away the flower-stalks even; but you know that some material things must be taken care of, and I was forced to let in air and sunshine. As you know, also, I have never looked into Alicia's papers. Now what do you think of her?"

"I think if there were more minds among us equal to themselves, as hers appears to have been equal to *her* highest needs, we should have a better literature. I doubt whether she would ever have been induced to publish any thing."

"But is it not a pity she should be lost to the world?"

"She has her world in Alton, in you, and will have in me. Did Alton marry Julia?"

"Yes; and she cherishes Alicia's memory tenderly."

"That is enough."

BLOCKADE-RUNNING.

THE labors of our brave sailors during the late war have not received that attention which their merits deserve. So numerous and so near at home were the battles—we kept our eyes so steadily fixed on the armies that traveled up and down under different leaders between Washington and Richmond—that we have hardly done justice to the work of the navy. Yet the blockade of the Southern coast on so short a notice, and with so small an armament to begin with, is one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. A coast line of 3549 statute miles, longer than the whole coast of Europe from Cape Trafalgar to Cape North, the longest line of blockade ever attempted, was by no means the chief difficulty. That low and sandy line of coast before the Southern States is pierced by 189 openings for commerce, equally open to smuggling. Our Southern coast is double-fronted: one view looks out upon the broad Atlantic; the other westward upon a long line of internal water-communication—bays, channels, rivers, lagoons, swamps, that pierce the land in all directions. Storms will so change the shifting sands of each bar that the channel of to-day will sometimes become the dry land of to-morrow. And all along that coast dwelt a population keenly alive to the pecuniary advantage of successfully welcoming the English stranger; happily triumphant when it could deceive or destroy the Yankee invader.

When Mr. Lincoln proclaimed the blockade in April, 1861, it caused a remarkable inequality of prices. On one side of the Atlantic were thousands of bales of cotton, which was rising in price over all the world except in the Southern States; and on the other side were powder and guns, coffee and tea, medicines and woolen goods, begging to be exchanged for this very cotton; and the only separation between these goods was that paper proclamation. A single cargo that could enter those forbidden ports was a fortune in itself. To evade that proclamation all the skill, all the greed, all the nautical science of Great Britain were called into requisition. The fires of the ship-yards of London and the Clyde roared with unwonted activity to supply the great demand for swift-sailing vessels. Success would pay larger premiums than were ever attained by any legitimate business in the world's commercial history; fully equal to the profits realized from Spanish galleons by the Drakes and Frobishers of the Elizabethan age; nearly equal to the profits of the slave-trade. To win this success English seamen entered into the perilous but lucrative service with alacrity. The price of steamers rose with great rapidity—what matter if a thousand pounds too much were paid for the vessel? a successful trip would realize tens of thousands. The London *Times* of November 25, 1863, says that three fine steamers had that week been sold to run the blockade: the *Caledonia*; the *Iona*, that sold for $100,000; and the *Fairy*, that had been used by Prince Alfred in his trip round the Scottish coast—three of the best steamers built on the Clyde. The vessel that royalty had hardly ceased to use was now employed to break the laws of a friendly power. All three of them had ministered to the enjoyment of travelers during the season, and were none the better for their summer's wear; but their second-hand prices brought more than their original cost. Two more steamers were building at that time for the same purpose. "Should the demand," says the *Times*, "continue at this rate, there will soon be scarcely a swift steamer left on the Clyde. The steamboat owners never before had such a harvest, some of their steamers having been sold for nearly double their original cost, and that after a season's use." In December the same paper relates that a new steamer, the *Greyhound*, having developed unexpected speed on her trial trip, Liverpool and Manchester were both after her within three days, and she finally went to Liverpool, having realized a high price. But her speed only brought ruin to her new owners. She was captured by the United States steamer *Connecticut*, and sold with her cargo for about half a million of dollars.

The capture of the bark *Springbok* was one of the first that called public attention to the legal results of the blockade. This vessel, British built and owned, left London for Nassau in December, 1862, and was captured the following February, one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles east of Nassau. Her clearance was legal, she was sailing between two English ports, and apparently on legitimate business. If she intended to violate the laws of the United States, it could only be subsequent to her present voyage. But on her capture a large part of her cargo was found to be contraband of war. There were 50,000 navy buttons, stamped C. S. N., evidently intended

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for the Confederate States navy; there were 80,000 army buttons, marked for the infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Besides these were army clothing, cavalry swords, brogans, navy boots, etc. Brought into New York and there presented for prize, the court decreed that the contraband articles were evidently intended for the use of the enemy. The vessel and her cargo were, therefore, confiscated and sold.

During all the war Wilmington, in North Carolina, was the great dépôt of the blockade-running trade. Every effort was made by the navy to crush the business that centred here; but it was found impossible. A curious instance of this was seen on the day of the powder explosion off Fort Fisher. On the 23d of December, 1864, one of the largest fleets, if not the largest, ever animated by one purpose, on this side the Atlantic, the American Armada of the nineteenth century, stood in toward the fort, bound for its capture or destruction. There were about fifty men-of-war and seventy-five transports, and among them was the gun-boat *Louisiana*, stored with two hundred and fifteen tons of powder, every barrel with its head out and its fuse in. How to bring this vessel, with its fiery cargo, safely under the walls of the fort, without having it blown up in advance by the guns of the fort, was the question of the day. "This," says Admiral Porter, "Commander Rhind was enabled to do, owing to a blockade-runner going in right ahead of him, the fort making the blockade-runner signals, which they also did to the *Louisiana*." Here were one hundred and twenty-five men-of-war and transports, their only object to stop smuggling, and one saucy steamer passing through them all, and being made the unconscious pilot of the powder-laden gun-boat that was to blow the fort out of existence. It is needless to inform our readers that the gun-boat blew up, but that the fort did not.

On both sides it was acknowledged that the capture of Fort Fisher would be the turning-point of blockade-running; and to stop this was to cut off the South from the rest of the world. This fort, Admiral Porter said, "was much stronger than the famous Malakoff." But, like Malakoff, it fell. Just prior to its destruction Rear-Admiral Porter wrote to the Department: "Blockade-running seems almost as brisk as ever, and, I suppose, will continue so as long as it is remunerative. The new class of blockade-runners are very fast, and sometimes come in and play around our vessels; they are built entirely for speed. Within the last fifty days we have captured and destroyed five million five hundred thousand dollars' worth of enemy's property in blockade-runners. To submit to these losses and still run the blockade shows the immense gains the runners make and the straits the enemy are in." Truly it must have been a profitable business to be able to lose one hundred and ten thousand dollars a day for fifty days, as the Rear-Admiral writes, and still remain lucrative. In January of the same year Rear-Admiral Lee informs the Navy Department of the destruction of the steamers *Ranger* and *Vesta*, and adds, "The Department will perceive that this is the twenty-second steamer lost by the rebels and the blockade-runners attempting to violate the blockade of Wilmington within the last six months, an average of nearly one steamer every eight days."

The rapidity with which these vessels were captured or destroyed during the last part of the war attests no less the vigilance of our sailors than the boldness with which it was attempted to run the blockade. What a life of adventure and watchfulness that was on board the blockading squadron! What hopes of prize-money! what eager chases of a flying enemy! Follow the career of one of the ships of that squadron; take the *Sassacus* for instance—and we only select her because her name is so prominent in the reports before us. On the morning of the 1st of February, 1864, her crew descry black smoke curling up from the lonely beach at the mouth of Stump Inlet. Sailing down upon the steamer from which the smoke issued, her crew are seen busily engaged in throwing overboard her cargo, a portion of which was already scattered along the beach; for they preferred its ruin to its capture. A few guns dispersed her crew, and she was then boarded and found to be the *Wild Dayrell*, but two days out from Nassau. Every attempt was made to get her off, but in vain; and finally the *Sassacus* and her companion-steamer, the *Florida*, fired into her, and destroyed both vessel and cargo, the latter alone valued at $200,000. The next morning smoke is again seen rising in the distance, and soon the chase commences of a vessel whose crew speedily endeavor to lighten her by throwing over the cargo. A few 100-pound rifle shot soon stop her oceanward career, and conscious of coming destruction, she turns and heads for the beach. Taken possession of by the boats of the *Sassacus*, she proves to be the iron steamer *Nutfield*, 750 tons burden—one of the last and best steamers out of the Thames. She was laden with an assorted cargo of merchandise, munitions of war, Enfield rifles, pig-lead, and a battery of eight Whitfield rifled guns. Finding it impossible to draw her off the beach or to save her cargo, she, too, was fired into and destroyed. Two days after, another steamer is discovered and beached. It was the steamer *Dee*, so far driven up on the land that she, too, was fired into and destroyed, with all her valuable cargo. On board of her were found a number of valuable books directed to Jeff Davis.

Four days later the *Florida* saw another steamer passing in, the side-wheeler *Fannie and Jessie*, commanded by a notorious blockade-runner, Captain Coxetta. Driving her on to the beach, a hopeless wreck, her captain drowned in his endeavor to escape, another steamer was discovered, which subsequently proved to be the *Emily*, with a cargo of merchandise and salt.

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She was also fired and destroyed. Here in ten days five steamers were destroyed at one spot. The cargoes were all consumed in the same flames that burned the vessels. The *Fannie and Jessie*, the *Emily*, and the *Nutfield* were new vessels, and their destruction probably ruined their owners. The *Wild Dayrell* had made one successful voyage, which more than paid her cost. The *Dee* was an old offender.

Whenever the blockade-runner could not escape, every effort was made to destroy her, generally by wrecking her on the nearest beach. The London *Times*, all whose sympathies were with the South during the rebellion, and who regarded it as the worst of all fates to fall into the hands of the United States government, says: "The risk to the commander is fearful, as Federal cruisers are most dangerous to encounter. The instructions to commanders of blockade-runners are to beach their ships rather than let them be captured by the Federals. When there is no chance for the escape of the ship at night, the crew scuttle her and escape, if possible, in the boats; before the Federals can board the scuttled ship she is very often water-logged and sunk." The *Times* says that the pay to the commander is very high, proportionate to the risk he runs and the profits he is expected to make. A round trip from Bermuda or Nassau pays the captain £800 ($4000), besides the privilege of purchasing twelve bales of cotton for £15 a bale, worth £75 at Liverpool. Two trips can he made "each moon" from Nassau, one from Bermuda; so that for his fortnight's successful voyage from Nassau the captain realizes $7600! The *Times* subsequently prints a letter from the captain of the steamer *Banshee*, who succeeded in making his escape, but at the expense of his deck load: "We left Wilmington September 21; at 5.30 on the 22d discovered a large steamer about two miles off. This fellow gave us a tremendous chase. At first, when the water was smooth, we gained on him; it then came on to blow, and he got his sails to bear, and came up with us. I thought I saw New York in prospective. We then threw over part of our deck load, and went away from him. The wind increased almost to a gale, and he came up again. We then put her head to the sea, and threw the remainder of the deck load off, which lightened her, and we gained steadily, and lost him at 7.30 P.M., after a chase of fourteen hours; and right glad I was to see him stop. There never was such a chase except the *Nashville* by the *Keystone State*, and we should most surely have been taken if we had not lightened her."

The chase of such a blockade-runner as this was always a scene of intense excitement to every person on board; pride, patriotism, and pocket were all appealed to. These steamers were richly laden, and their capture put half the value of vessel and cargo into the pockets of the captors. England was very unpopular with the marine, and England had built and manned every one of these illegal traders; their capture touched the purses of English merchants. They were built expressly for speed; and to capture them it was first necessary to overhaul them by superior speed. All these vessels were so built as to deceive; they were very long, low in the water, quite narrow, and painted a dull, neutral color, so as not to catch the eye of the watching sailor. They burned a coal that emitted no smoke. As if conscious of their illegal errand, they tried to hide themselves and their work in the obscurity of darkness. To see, chase, overhaul, and capture them, thus benefiting at once the country and their own pockets, was the eager desire of every American sailor. And in the four years of the blockade one thousand six hundred captures, of every description, from the empty boat from which the oars had been lost to the magnificent steamer but just launched on her first voyage, attest the skill, the energy, and the watchfulness of our brave marine.

When the capture was made the vessel was sent, under the charge of a prize crew, to some neighboring port, generally Key West, Philadelphia, New York, or Boston. Soon after the proceedings commenced it was found that the expenses of the trial were very different at the several ports. Congressional investigation developed the fact that at Boston costs amounted to 5.83 per cent., at Philadelphia to 14.09 per cent., and at New York to 15.39 per cent.; so that it cost three times as much to procure justice and condemnation at New York as at Boston. The great object of the lawyers employed by the English owners was so to delay the sale that the expenses should be so large that neither the government nor the captors should realize any money out of it; their ill wind should blow no good to any one else. The *Louisa Ayres* was brought into New York laden with fish, and within twenty-four hours Mr. Smith, the United States District-Attorney, moved for an order of sale, on the ground that the fish would not keep. The counsel for the late owners came into court with a long array of affidavits from parties who swore that the fish were not perishing, but would keep any reasonable time; the motion for an immediate sale was therefore denied. Soon after the Brooklyn Board of Health notified the Prize Commissioners that, if the fish were not removed, they would have them cleared out as a nuisance. The cargo was thereupon ordered to be sold, but did not pay expenses, only realizing $105, when the invoice price was $5000. When the *Stettin* was captured and brought into port, her old crew quietly flooded the cargo with salt-water to its destruction. The *Hiawatha* was sent to New York, where the United States Marshal permitted one of its owners, named Potts, to keep charge of it. As soon as it was in his hands Potts shipped to Liverpool 250 of its packages of tobacco, valued at $25,000. Just before the goods were to be sold under a decree of condemnation the tobacco was discovered to

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be missing. The sale was therefore adjourned; and before it finally took place the remaining articles had so risen in value as to more than replace the twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of abstracted tobacco.

The laws that regulate the condemnation of prizes provide that all who join in the capture shall share in the proceeds; and that all shall be considered as aiding in the capture who are within signal distance. The captor generally gets half the avails of the property sold, both of ship and cargo—government the other half. The proceeds, after payment of expenses, are divided among the captors in proportion to their pay and rank. The commanding officer of the squadron gets one-twentieth, or five per cent.; the fleet captain receives one-hundredth, or one per cent.; but if the capture is made by a single vessel, her commander gets one-tenth. When the *Hope* was captured by the little tug the *Eolus*, off Wilmington, October 22, 1864, the acting-master of the latter won $13,164 85 for his day's work. The assistant-engineer received from that single prize $6657, or more than four years' pay. The seamen obtained over a thousand dollars apiece; while the very cabin-boy, whose pay was less than two dollars and a half a week, won $532 60 for his share. But the lucky *Eolus* also assisted, nine days later, in capturing the steamer *Lady Sterling;* and the *Lady Sterling* and her cargo sold for $509,354 64. Each of the acting-ensigns of the *Eolus* received $9589 67 from the *Sterling*, making about twenty-three thousand dollars prize-money for their ten days' work. The seamen each received two thousand in addition to the thousand they had pocketed nine days before from the *Hope*. It was a fortunate capture, that of the *Lady Sterling*, and shows how uncertain it is whether the smuggler shall make a fortune for its owners or its captors. When she came down the river, soon after dusk, she was happily noticed by one of the blockading squadron that was not near enough to stop her, but that sent up signal rockets to warn the rest of the fleet that a blockade-runner was going out. The *Calypso* and the *Eolus* saw these rockets and sailed in; and as the *Sterling* came sweeping by under as full a head of steam as the best of coal and oil could produce, the *Calypso* poured a full broadside into her, every shot striking and setting her on fire. But the *Lady* swept on. The vessel and her cargo were worth eight hundred thousand dollars, and her captain could not voluntarily yield that value to the Yankees. For three hours the *Sterling* sailed southward along the shore, followed by the *Calypso* and the *Eolus* a little farther off from land, but near enough for the six glasses on board the *Calypso* to scan every movement on board the burning steamer. After a chase of about thirty-five miles, varied by a few guns at long bowls, the *Lady Sterling* turned round, hoping to escape by doubling on her tracks. But the movement only brought her into the jaws of the *Eolus*. A broadside was once more poured in as she turned; and finding it impossible to escape, she surrendered. The fire had then obtained almost complete possession of the cargo; but by throwing over the 180 bales of burning cotton the vessel was brought into port and court, and, damaged as she was, sold for over half a million of dollars.

When the *Magnolia*, on the last day of July, 1862, captured the *Memphis*, with her cargo of cotton and resin, she was so fortunate that no other vessel was in sight. No complaint was made with the Ancient Mariner that they were

> "Alone, alone—all, all alone—
> Alone on a wide, wide sea."

For there was no other vessel to divide the more than half a million of dollars that that hour fell into their clutches. The lieutenant of the *Magnolia* received $38,318 55 for his single share of that day's work. Each ordinary seaman won over seventeen hundred dollars.

During the war one thousand six hundred captures were made. Of these less than eight hundred have been condemned and their proceeds paid over. Yet these captures realized at auction more than twenty-five millions of dollars. As much property was destroyed as was captured; so that it is safe to say that the loss of the blockade-runners was over fifty millions of dollars. The success of the blockade on the part of government was one of the great facts of the late war. It was the largest blockade ever attempted, and it was thorough. In a semi-official communication to Lord Russell, Mr. Mason called the attention of the Premier to the continued violation of the blockade by the runners. Lord Russell replied by naming to the representative of the Confederate powers the different prices that prevailed on the two sides of the blockading fleet. At Charleston, cotton was in abundance at eight and ten cents a pound, and tens of millions of pounds waiting to be sold; at Nassau, only eight-and-forty hours away, it was worth over a dollar, and the manufacturing world was hungry for it.

The benefit of this smuggling to the Southern cause was incalculable. The business it carried into the South, the life and activity it brought, the news it told and carried away, the sympathy it communicated, the money it left behind, all these were sinews of war, without which that war must have ceased from twelve to twenty-four months earlier than it did. The intercourse furnished by the blockade-runners was the connecting link between the Southern Confederacy and the outer world; substantial evidence of the sympathy of other and older nations. It was of as much moral value as material; it cheered and encouraged the Southern heart, that would otherwise have felt ostracized from the family of nations.

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WHAT DID MISS DARRINGTON SEE?

IT was not so very long ago, for it was only about a year before the outbreak of the great rebellion, that Colonel Sibthorpe, living at Catalpa Grove, —— County, Kentucky, wrote to Mr. Allen, a merchant in Boston, with whom he had large dealings, to procure for him a governess. The correspondent was requested to look out for a young person capable of "finishing" the education of the colonel's two motherless daughters, aged respectively eighteen and sixteen, and of preparing his younger son for admission to a Southern college.

Mr. Allen was at first not a little embarrassed by a commission so entirely out of the ordinary course of business; but as he had a strong desire to oblige his Kentucky friend and customer, he at once set about making inquiries for a suitable person to "fill the order." Whether his search was attended with much or little difficulty I am unable to say; I only know that it resulted in the engagement, at a liberal salary, of Miss Elizabeth Darrington, from whom I have derived the chief incidents of the story I am about to relate, and who has reluctantly consented to my making them public.

Perhaps you have seen Miss Darrington? If so, I dare be sworn that you remember her more vividly than many a handsomer woman. At the time I speak of she was about twenty-four, a small figure, slight now, but promising fullness as time should go on; a face neither beautiful nor plain in feature, but showing intellect and *esprit*, and a manner unmistakably that of a gentlewoman. (It is a word little used now, but it expresses what I mean far more accurately than the flippant term "lady.") Sprung from one of the oldest and best families in Massachusetts—one which had produced governors and legislators in the early colonial time, and in nearly every generation since some man of shining mark—she had not only inherited a fair share of the family talent, but she had breathed an atmosphere of intellect and culture from her infancy. She had also been early forced by circumstances into a position of self-reliance, and had learned to think and act independently. The result was a character not so easily summed up as that of a woman of the model sort, made up after the ideal of newspaper homilists, and the reverend gentlemen who lecture on the "Woman Question." Such as these would have found something of paganism in the very virtues of Miss Darrington, without, perhaps, perceiving that there was a touch of nobility even in her faults. Proud, certainly—every thing about her, from the curve of her well-cut lip to the high-arched instep of a rather small foot, attested to that fact. Cold? I am not so sure. Her best friends said so; and at least the glance of her eye was cool and steady. Yet she had a keen physical organization, and enjoyed life with a zest unknown to duller and narrower natures. In short, she was one of those women, peculiarly the product of our later civilization, in whom the brain is uppermost, feeling in abeyance, and gifted with a power of self-rule which, if they do suffer, enables them to hide it as skillfully as a Mohican. She liked men, but they seldom got farther with her than the point of good-comradeship. Very young men, by-the-way, were inclined to fight a little shy of her; but she liked shrewd elderly ones, and these were always her admirers. Her manner, too, was not the modest violet manner of the model woman; there was just a touch of conscious power in it—a fine, well-bred self-assertion, which stood her in good stead in her peculiar position at Catalpa Grove, and enabled her to keep the young ladies of the house very much in order. In those days Northern governesses of the meek sort used often to fare a little dismally among those high-spirited and not over-cultivated Southern girls. But one glance into the level gray eyes of Miss Darrington would have convinced a duller than the Sibthorpes that this was a woman on whom it would be dangerous to play off any airs of superiority. They had a wholesome fear of her at the end of the first hour, but they cordially liked her by the end of the first week, and their respect and liking never diminished while she remained with them. The truth is, real New England "blue blood" is the very bluest in America, and the pride it engenders is more than a match for the haughtiest "F. F. V."—a fact which our Southern friends did not know so well before the war as they do now, for the reason that in their isolated plantation life they were seldom brought in contact with the real thing. They had their estimate of the Northern spirit from second and third rate specimens. The Sibthorpes were fine girls, however, and when they found out the stuff the governess had in her they were ready enough to make Catalpa Grove a pleasant abode for her, and soon its gayeties were incomplete without her.

The grove was in a populous county, and within easy visiting distance of the city of L——. There was always open house, and a very delightful house at that. The colonel was a good specimen of the Kentucky gentleman, frank, hearty, hospitable, and well-bred, until you touched his prejudices. He greatly admired Miss Darrington, and, indeed, showed some disposition to give his feelings practical expression, but was skillfully checked by the lady before he had committed himself. It did not in the least suit her book to be made love to by her host. She had undertaken a profitable year's task, and she wanted the salary. She did not choose either to resign the chance of earning it or to be made uncomfortable by the presence in the house of a rejected suitor.

You think I am describing a hard and selfish woman. What do you think she was down there governessing for, that finely trained, thorough-bred creature, among those free-and-easy, not over-intellectual Kentuckians? She was

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the eldest of four children. Her father was dead, and her mother a delicate, fine lady, as lovely and as helpless as a baby or a flower. Elizabeth was the support of the family. She kept the children at school, and wrote every week to her mother a long letter, full of fun and nonsense and merry rattle, to make that dear woman believe she had not a care in the world. But, trust me, she had plenty.

Miss Darrington had been about six months at the grove when, one morning in March, the household was thrown into a little cheerful commotion by a letter from Tom Sibthorpe, the colonel's eldest son, announcing his return home. He wrote to say that he should bring with him a friend, a young Cuban, with whom he had been traveling, and whom—for I am compelled to give him a fictitious name—I shall call Raphael Aldama. The expected advent of this stranger caused not a little excitement to the young ladies of the grove. He was of Spanish birth, but his family had lived for years in Havana, and he had formerly been at school with Tom Sibthorpe in New Orleans. The girls had never seen him; but they told Miss Darrington the most remarkable stories about him, of his wonderful personal beauty, his astonishing strength, his terrible temper and reckless daring, his duels and scrapes. He was very rich, very haughty, very magnificent. They were wild to see him, but rather inclined to be afraid of him. He was said to be as irresistible with women as he was dangerous with men. Miss Darrington did not find their picture of the expected guest particularly attractive. She laughed to herself, mentally decided that the romantic Cuban was probably a very ordinary young savage, and thought no more about him.

The travelers reached Catalpa Grove on the day expected. It was in the afternoon that they arrived; and his imperial highness, Signor Raphael, was pleased to retire immediately to bed, where he spent the night and the whole of the next day. All day long the two Sibthorpe girls were in a little fever of excitement, and were not above showing it. Alice could not practice her music lesson, and Rosalie had more trouble than usual with French verbs. They laid out their prettiest toilets for the evening, and teased Tom Sibthorpe with all sorts of questions about his friend. Miss Darrington listened, a little *ennuyée*, checked a satirical smile, and yawned behind her fan. When they had fluttered away she arrayed herself in the plain white dress which was her ordinary evening wear, with no ornament, except some scarlet blossoms of the Japan quince in her dark braids, and went down to play galops and waltzes for the others to dance.

The evening was well-nigh spent, her fingers were getting tired, and she was playing half mechanically, her thoughts carried far away, when Alice Sibthorpe came toward her, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, and begged to present the Signor Aldama, who desired the pleasure of her acquaintance. She looked up, indifferently, and met the glance of an eye before whose fiery and intolerable splendor her own for an instant fell—for an instant only. She was quite too practiced a woman of the world to lose her self-possession, though for a moment compelled to acknowledge the force of a magnetism more powerful than her own. A voice peculiarly soft and melodious addressed her, and the sweet, measured tones in which she replied betrayed no disturbance. Alice took her place at the piano, and she moved to a sofa, the stranger placing himself at her side; and she found herself studying curiously the face before her.

It was a very handsome face. She acknowledged that instantly. A white forehead, smooth as a boy's, over which the black hair clustered in heavy rings; an arched nose, the wide delicate nostril of which had a quiver of pride in it, like what one sees in fiery young horses; lips full yet firm, a strange sweetness in their smile, yet a fierceness in their passionate curve which suggested possibilities of cruelty. The eye was large and looked like black velvet, with the flash of a diamond in its centre. With all this a figure strong yet slender, a springing, cat-like tread, and a manner full of lazy grace, yet marred by something of haughty indifference.

Miss Darrington looked now steadily into the eyes whose bold, strong glance had at first beaten down her own, and recognized the nature of the soul that looked out from them. "It is a case for Van Amburgh," she said to herself, "or Girard, the lion-tamer. What jungle can have reared a wild animal like this?" But the low musical voice in which he addressed her did not accord with this harsh impression, and his manner at the moment was almost reverent in its gentle respect.

From that evening an intimacy singularly close and confidential existed between these two. I say existed, for it was a thing which had no growth; it seemed to spring up, "full-statured, in an hour." But whether it were of the nature of love or friendship the lookers-on were puzzled to decide. But, at least, he seemed never willingly absent from her company, and she had an evident pleasure in having him near her. Yet she certainly made no effort to attract him. So much was admitted, even by the two Sibthorpe girls, who, having, perhaps, anticipated an admirer in their brother's friend, may have felt a twinge of resentment at seeing him immediately carried off by the governess. But they were not ill-natured, and they had no lack of admirers; so they soon accepted the situation, wondering a little, too, for it was not vanity in them to think that, in point of beauty as well as youth, they had the advantage. But Raphael had known plenty of beautiful women—had enjoyed to the full the incense of their admiration—while a woman with brains was a new revelation to him. The spell of intellect and culture he found irresistible. This was the more strange as he was

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the last man whom a superficial judgment would have supposed likely to be attracted by such qualities. He had very little culture himself, little education, indeed, in the ordinary sense of the word. But he had seen a great deal of *life* in his five-and-twenty years—a life of vivid impressions and keen emotions. He had always been his own master, knowing from boyhood no law but his own will. The result was a character fixed in its mould, yet giving the impression of immaturity. Though really older than Miss Darrington, he seemed to her like a grown-up child. His nature showed a tinge of barbarism, a certain antique simplicity, which seemed to belong to a past age. She could not fail to see that intellectually she was vastly his superior; and it is good evidence of the natural nobility of the man's nature that he, too, recognized that fact without resenting it. He had worshiped passionately at many a lovely shrine, but never quite free from the haughty feeling that his homage honored her on whom it lighted. Now, for the first time in his life, his boldness had become timidity, his audacity respect. The story of "Undine" may repeat itself in more forms than one. The soul in this half-savage breast sprang into conscious life with the first pure, unselfish love which had ever dwelt there. Unselfish, for he knew from the very first that it was hopeless. She was honest with him all through. She let him see that truly as she liked him, frankly as she admired him, she had only friendship to give him. Not that she told him so in words—a woman is a blunderer to whom such words are necessary—but he did not fail to perceive the truth.

Yet it must be confessed that she found in his companionship a wonderful charm, the secret of which she could never fully analyze. It might lie partly in his remarkable beauty—always a spell to any woman—or the intense personal magnetism by which he affected all who came near him. It might be the very contrast between her own complex but balanced nature and this romantic and ardent, though untutored soul. Then, too, he adored her, and what woman ever lived who did not love to be worshiped? His honest affection must have been inexpressibly soothing to her often-wearied spirit. I think she might even have loved him but for the recollection of—but that is *her* secret, and has nothing to do with my story.

So, though on the frankest terms of intimacy, they never talked of love. Without surrounding *herself* with any apparent defenses, she compelled *him* to a complete reserve in that direction. A coquette might have refused to listen to him; she assumed that he had nothing to say, and so persistently ignored the possibility of any thing else that he could not escape the position she assigned him.

Of course it was not to be expected that this sudden and close intimacy could escape comment in the little circle at the Grove. But after the first dash of surprise they treated the matter with indifference, good-naturedly, willing that the parties should please themselves. Only Tom Sibthorpe, gifted with a somewhat more acute observation than the rest, watched the pair with a puzzled interest.

"By Jove!" he said to his sister Alice, "I did not think the woman had lived who could so tame the tiger in Raphael Aldama. Can you tell me the secret of her power? It is not coquetry; she never throws out a lure; yet the very soul of the man is on its knees before her. It can not be beauty; she is not so pretty as you, or Rose; though in the real *air de grande dame* she beats you both out of the field—that little thing, not over five feet high! I don't know but it is in her pride, after all. For the first time in his life Raphael has found some one prouder than he is. Do you believe she will marry him?"

"I should think so, certainly," replied Alice, rather surprised at the doubt.

"Possibly you are right. Women should know women. But I am not sure that she is one to say, 'all for love, and a world well lost.'"

"How can you be so censorious, Tom?" cried Alice, indignantly. "Miss Darrington is no more cold-hearted than you are. Besides, if it is a question of worldly advantage, she has every thing to gain from such a marriage."

"You think so, my dear, but she knows better. To her the losses might outweigh the gains."

"What would she lose?"

"The whole world in which she has hitherto lived and moved and had her being. Don't you see how opposite they are in character, in education, in ideas of life? She has been reared in the stimulating mental atmosphere of the North, and is, to say truth, a very fine specimen of its culture; has grown up in sympathy with the living forces of thought which move the modern world. He is like the child of some past civilization, who does not even know himself out of harmony with this thinking nineteenth century. There can be no spiritual kinship between the two. If she were to marry him she would lose the freedom she prizes beyond every thing, and gain, not a *mate*, but merely an *adorer*. And such an adorer! A woman might as well trust herself to a typhoon."

"Don't you think his love for her would last?"

"How can I tell? He has loved a hundred times before; though, to speak the truth, I never saw him in such earnest as now. But if he did not weary, she would. His passion is too *exigeante;* it would bore her in a little while."

"You seem to think she does not care for him."

"Nay; that is where I am wholly at sea. She is not one to wear her heart on her sleeve for such daws as we to peck at. But, after all, what does it matter? These things are always unequal. *Il y a toujours l'un qui baise, et l'autre qui tend le joue.*"

"You are a horrid old cynic, Tom."

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"Yes, dear; and a stupid one at that; so let us talk of something else."

So the warm spring days flew swiftly by, and the old house rang with the gayety of that careless Southern life; and these two floated on with the stream, enjoying the present, but knowing well that their pleasure could not last. At least she knew this. She understood that there could be no permanent tie between them. They had drifted together from opposite poles; they would soon drift apart again, and that would be the end. But it was not easy to keep him to this view.

"Why talk of the future at all?" he said, impatiently. "Let me at least dream that I have you forever. These hours are so sweet—I sip them slowly, like drops of some precious wine. I even fancy sometimes that the days go lingeringly, as if the very moments felt the joy they hold, and were loth to depart from us. We are but children playing in the sun; let us play that we are lovers—and love, you know, is eternal."

"Oh, but that is too idle."

"Yes; I will have it so," he said, evidently feeling that he was securing an advantage. "You insist that this companionship of ours is not any part of our real lives. It is a little dream we are dreaming together—a brief drama which we enact. In such a fictitious world it is no matter what *rôles* we take for our own. I choose the part of your lover. You can listen to my vows, for it is only play, you know."

She laughed, but made no reply. She was unwilling, by objecting, to seem to attach any importance to this new freak. He never relinquished the ground her silence conceded; yet he seemed always to feel that this advantage was a stolen one, and was careful not to press it too far. Though after that he would often hold toward her the language of a lover, he was strangely gentle for one so naturally fierce and wild, and he played with this whim in a half sad, half tender way, which sometimes moved her more than she chose to show.

Raphael was passionately fond of music, and sang well in a wild, lawless way of his own, though in that, as in every thing else, quite guiltless of scientific method. He often chose to be present when Miss Darrington was giving her morning lesson to the young ladies; and, as what he chose to do it was rather difficult to prevent, both teacher and pupils soon learned to go on without paying any attention to him.

One memorable morning in May the two girls had finished their lesson and left the room. Raphael, who had been lying on a sofa by the window, with a newspaper over his face, as if asleep, flung it away as they closed the door.

"Now that those chatterers are gone, sing to me, Isabel," he said. It was one of his caprices to substitute for her stately English name of Elizabeth, whose consonants plagued his southern tongue, the softer Spanish form which is its equivalent.

"What will you have?" she asked, reseating herself. "Are you in a sober mood, or will something gay and sparkling suit you better?"

"Any thing you like will please me."

"That is a very flattering frame of mind in which to find one's audience. As a reward you shall hear this choice little bit from Tennyson's 'Maud,' which has just been set to music."

"Very well; I have not an idea who Tennyson is, and never heard of his 'Maud;' but if you like it I shall. I only want to hear your voice."

"What pretty things you say this morning! But I assure you that my grum tones do no justice to it. You should hear Alice."

"Alice screams like a macaw."

"That is not quite complimentary to my best pupil. But now, barbarian, be silent, and listen."

The song was the one, so familiar now, beginning, "There has fallen a splendid tear." She sang it in a way of her own, rolling out the words at the top, or rather bottom, of her voice, trying to imitate the deep, passionate tones of Maud's lover, as he stands, half stifled with impatience, listening in the hush of the summer night for the footfall that he loves:

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate.
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near;'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

During the singing of the first stanza Raphael kept his position on the sofa, but the second had not proceeded far when, with a smothered exclamation, he started upright, and sat leaning eagerly forward, listening with a flushed and working face. At the close he sprang to his feet, and came toward her, his eyes burning like coals of fire.

"*Jesu Maria!* Why do you sing like that to me?"

The passion in his tones made her tremble, but she answered as calmly as possible: "I had no special reason. I thought the song a pretty piece of hyperbole, which would please you."

"It is not hyperbole; it is truth," he said, softly, a sudden paleness replacing the flush on his face. He stood close behind her, and leaned over to look at the sheet from which she had been singing. His fingers rested for a moment with a light touch upon her hair—a

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touch inexpressibly soft and caressing—as he repeated:

"'My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.'

Why, yes," he went on, dreamily, "surely the earth does not furnish a grave so deep that the sound of her little foot above it would not send a thrill through his heart."

"Raphael, I think you rave."

"Indeed no," he said, smiling softly. "Can not you see that if I were really your lover, as we only play I am, neither death nor the grave could divide me from you? In life, distance might divide us. Your own coldness, the cruel *convenances* of the world in which you live, might build themselves like a wall between us; but were this soul unchained by death I should be free to seek you, and the universe of God is not wide enough to divide me from her I love. Not highest heaven nor deepest hell could keep me from my darling."

"You would not appear to her in the fashion of the spectre bridegroom, in the ballad of 'Leonora' we read the other day? Few ladies would like that."

She spoke lightly, for the scene was becoming too painful, and she felt that she must end it at any cost. But her effort failed. He only smiled—a grave, patient smile, strangely unlike himself, she thought—as he answered:

"No, surely. Do you think I would frighten her, or harm one hair of her little head? Not to terrify, but to bless, would I seek her. And she would know my soul at last, and read all its love for her—a love she was too blind to believe in here."

Tears sprang to her steadfast eyes. "Dear Raphael," she said, "I will not wrong you by jesting any more. I do know your generous regard for me, and I am grateful for it. But if I were to listen to you it would be the bane of both. We are not suited to each other. We belong to two different worlds. The air of yours would scorch and blast me, as mine would chill and destroy you."

"You do not care for me, then?"

"Indeed I do care. I was cold and lonely here, away from all I love; you came, and I was warmed with the sun of the tropics. It is you who give the charm to these sweet spring days which are passing so swiftly. But when they are gone that will be the end. You will leave us, and though you will think of me kindly for a while, the world of excitement and adventure will quickly renew its charm for you, and you will thank me then that I have left you unfettered."

"And you?" he asked, in a tone of some bitterness. "You will forget me, doubtless?"

"I shall never forget you," she answered, sadly. "I shall remember you always as the kindest, the most generous of friends. My life is one of labor and care; and this brief holiday we have spent together has the charm which only rare pleasures have. To you it is like the rest of your life, and so its memory will fade the sooner."

"So you doubt alike my truth and constancy?"

"Doubt your truth? Ah, no! But for constancy—what is it? We are none of us constant—God be thanked, who gives us the power to change. How could we live if we had not that—if every sorrow held its keenness forever?"

"Do I cause you sorrow, Isabel?"

"Only when I see you unhappy. Did you not say that we were children playing in the sun? Then what have we to do with care? Let us play the play out merrily, for the end of it is near."

She staid for no reply, but smiling on him kindly, though with swimming eyes, she rose and left the room.

A week later Raphael went. Imperative business compelled Tom Sibthorpe's departure, and his friend had no pretext for lingering longer. In the interval he bore himself toward Miss Darrington with a fair degree of the coolness she had been teaching him, but whether from pride or acquired indifference she could not tell. The day before his departure he ordered his horse immediately after breakfast, and rode to L——. She noticed, as he passed the window, that he had exchanged the white linen suit which, in common with other gentlemen at that season, he wore constantly, for a complete black dress.

He was gone nearly all day, only making his appearance after dinner was over, and the whole family assembled in the drawing-room. He had resumed his usual garb, and seemed in very gay spirits. Several guests were present, and he made himself brilliantly agreeable to them, flirted with Rose Sibthorpe, and paid any number of compliments to Alice on her singing. Miss Darrington played superbly, but he did not approach her. When she had finished, however, and walked away from the others into the shelter of a window, he soon followed.

"Have you heard," he said, "that I go to-morrow?"

"So Tom has been telling me."

"You speak very quietly. Do you understand that we part finally—that we shall never meet again?"

"Yes, I know."

The words were almost inaudible, for pain choked her voice. He went on:

"Well, then, since it is so—since we shall never be any thing to each other any more, will you not give me something which shall at times remind me of you? Otherwise I might forget you, you know."

"What shall it be?" she asked, faintly. The smile on his lips was almost more than she could bear.

"Any thing which you have worn, so it will seem a part of you."

"Wear this, then," drawing from her finger a little plain gold ring.

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There was a flash like triumph in his eyes as he received it, and touched it to his lips before placing it upon his own finger.

"Now," he said, still speaking in the same slow tone, as if he were controlling it by an effort—"now, will you look at what I have here?"

He took a small parcel from the breast of his coat and placed it in her hand. She removed the wrapper, and there appeared a common jewel-case of purple morocco, which, on being opened, revealed, reposing on its velvet bed, a trinket of singular and beautiful workmanship. It was a large drop, or globe, of exquisitely cut crystal, inclosed in a fine net-work of gold.

"Do you like it?" he asked, as she did not speak.

"Who would not? It looks like a soap-bubble tangled in a golden net, or a great dew-drop bound round with threads of Titania's hair. Surely you did not find such a rare and curious thing at L——?"

"No; I carried it there to-day. For what purpose I am not sure that I dare to tell you. It is an heir-loom in our family, and has come down to me through many generations. There is a tradition among us that it is a talisman, and brings good fortune to her who wears it. Will *you* wear it in memory of the last Aldama?"

Miss Darrington hesitated. "Ought you to part with a thing of such peculiar value?"

He answered with a strange smile: "I do not part with it. I only make of it a link between myself and you. While you wear it you can not wholly forget me. If you wish to do so, reject it."

She answered by fastening it to her watch-chain. Again that triumphant flash broke from his eyes. Some one approached the window. Their *tête-à-tête* must come to an end. He leaned toward her and whispered hastily: "Some day, when you look at it, you will learn how high my presumption has soared. But the link between us is riveted now. You can never undo it." The next moment he had moved away, and was laughing gayly with a group of ladies.

That night, in her own room, as Miss Darrington was laying aside her watch, she once more examined curiously the crystal drop. As she turned it over and over her fingers must have touched a small spring concealed in the gold net-work, for the globe parted in the middle, and the sides falling open, revealed a small but perfect photograph likeness of Raphael himself. This, then, was the errand which had taken him to L—— that day; this was the piece of presumption which he had hesitated to confess to her. He had probably believed that she would not discover it till after he was gone. Should she tell him that she had done so, and reject a gift to which he evidently attached a half-superstitious importance? On consideration she decided against this course. It would bring about an exciting and perhaps stormy scene, and could do no good. They were not likely ever to meet again, so no embarrassment could ensue from her acceptance of his gift, and she need never wear it unless she chose.

The two travelers were to leave early next morning, as they had a ride of some miles to reach the nearest railway station. The heat was excessive, and Miss Darrington, who had not been well for some days, found herself languid and suffering; but she went down as usual. Alice Sibthorpe was in the room with her when Raphael came to say good-by. He spoke his farewells lightly and gayly to both ladies, and left the room. Alice followed to say another parting word to her brother, and to watch with the rest the bustle of departure. Miss Darrington remained alone, and yielding to the languor of indisposition and the oppressive heat she sank down upon a lounge. A sadness deeper than she was prepared to feel, and which she chose to attribute mainly to physical depression, sent the slow tears stealing through her closed eyelashes.

So sunk was she in the listlessness of her sorrowful mood that she did not heed the opening of the door, or perceive that she was not alone until, looking up, she saw Raphael again beside her. His face was pale, his lips trembled, his eyes flashed darkly through the tears that filled them. He bent over her; she extended her hand. He caught and pressed it in his own so fiercely as almost to draw from her a cry of pain. He seemed making an effort to speak, but his voice died away in his throat.

There was a sound of footsteps approaching the door. He heard it and started. Then suddenly dropping on his knees beside her couch, and bending down to her feet, he kissed them passionately, again and again, and rising, darted from the room. She heard him spring down the staircase, and the next moment the clatter of his horse's hoofs dashing away, and the voice of Tom Sibthorpe swearing at him to stop.

Miss Darrington was both shocked and pained by an incident which revealed a feeling on the part of her friend so much deeper than she had thought possible. But she consoled herself with the reflection that with him all emotions, though keen, were transient. Some other woman, she believed, would soon ensnare his fickle fancy, and efface from his mind all memories of pain. "I shall regret him longer than he will me," she said, and turned to work as the best cure for sorrowful thoughts.

The autumn of the year 1868 found Miss Darrington living in Boston. A busy woman now, for life with her had been steadily gathering new interests and occupations. Some youthful dreams, indeed, had faded out of sight, some triumphs anticipated once had been wholly missed; yet in the career she had marked out for herself a fair measure of success had rewarded her efforts, and won her the recognition so dear to us all. Without being a famous woman, she had secured a position which enabled her to make her social world what she would. She was happy and cheerful, for with

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her no sense was dulled, no power of enjoyment diminished; only the uneasy restlessness of youth had passed, and given place to the secure repose of one who has found her place and learned to fill it.

With a life thus pleasantly full, it was not surprising that the episode of her Kentucky sojourn gradually faded from her thoughts. As for her Cuban friend, it was seldom now that the idea of him returned to her. Beautiful as he had been to her, the passing *tendresse* she had felt for him had taken no hold upon her life. She had never woven his image with a single dream of the future; and the feeling with which she remembered him, though grateful and even tender, had no longing in it. The little globe of crystal still hung at her watch-chain, recalling, when it met her eye, a pleasant memory of those spring days they had spent together; but for that reminder she might perhaps not have thought of him at all. She had never seen him, and all that she knew of him could be briefly told. On the outbreak of the war he had entered the Confederate army, held the rank of colonel, and fought with reckless bravery. But becoming offended at some real or fancied slight put upon him by his commanding officer, he resigned his commission; and the next thing known of him he was enlisted on the Union side. Probably he was actuated each time more by a love of adventure than by any special sympathy with the cause either of Union or rebellion. Severely wounded in the third year of the war, he again withdrew from the service, and returned to Cuba. At Havana he had a quarrel—it was only about a dog—with an Englishman in the street; and the result was a duel, in which the Englishman was killed. To avoid the consequences of this affair he went to Mexico; and in that ever-seething caldron of revolution and tumult he was finally lost to view.

One evening late in September—it was the twenty-ninth, as she had reason afterward to note—Miss Darrington sat alone in the little room which served her as a study. It was a narrow but lofty apartment, its single high-arched window looking westward over the green trees of a square, with a glimpse of the Charles River shining beyond. A library table, a single tall book-case, a lounge, a bust or two, some flowers in the window—these were nearly all the objects noticeable in the room.

Miss Darrington, who had been unusually busy all day, laid down her pen, and, leaning wearily back in her arm-chair, turned her eyes on the glowing evening sky. It had been a day of unusual beauty, very warm for the season; and the sun was setting in a sky soft, brilliant, and clear. A flood of yellow light streamed on the quiet river and brightened the distant view. The spires and leafy domes of Cambridge swam in a golden haze. The softened radiance filled the little room, and, falling about the lady herself, seemed to wrap her in an atmosphere of reverie. She was dreamily conscious of the beauty of the parting day; but she was not thinking of that, or, indeed, of any thing definite. She was, in fact, physically and mentally tired; and it was perhaps owing to this that a kind of depression stole over her—not really a sense of pain or sorrow, only a heavy languor of spirit, a feeling more tinged with the hue of sadness than was habitual with her. A long time elapsed. The sunlight slowly withdrew; the splendor of the sky passed into the paleness of evening, and a few of the larger stars began to show themselves; but still she remained motionless, and half unconscious of place or time.

"Isabel!"

The name was uttered almost at her elbow in a low, clear voice, whose accents were unmistakable, even if she had not on the instant remembered who alone in all the world had ever called her by that name. She turned eagerly to welcome the unexpected guest. "Raphael!" she exclaimed, in accents of undisguised pleasure.

He was standing just within the room. The door, a heavy one, was closed; and she wondered in a flash of thought how it could have opened to admit him unheard by her. She half rose to meet him; but a strange thrill shot through her, and an irresistible force bound her to her seat. She looked at him fixedly. There was still enough of brightness in the fading twilight for her to recognize unmistakably his form and features. But his face was very pale, and there was a look upon it unlike any thing she had ever seen there. So sad, yet so still—so full of some strange calm—it filled her with awe. She noticed that he wore a dress half military in its character, with some tarnished gold embroidery upon the breast, and a large cloak, thrown back and falling from his shoulders as he stood, his hat in his hand, in an attitude of careless grace she well remembered. He was so near she could almost have touched him with her hand. But yet he never spoke; only his lips parted with a tender smile, and his eyes dwelt on her with a glance so intense, so full of fathomless love and sorrow, it was more than her heart could bear.

She tried to speak; but though her lips shaped his name, her voice died away in a husky whisper. Suddenly over the pale sad face broke a look of rapturous joy—a smile like the sunshine of heaven; and in that instant the figure vanished—was gone utterly in a breath; and the lady *felt* that she was alone.

Miss Darrington is not a nervous woman, but it was some minutes before she could summon sufficient calmness to act, or even to think. Then she rang her bell, and a servant came to the door. "Come in," she said, in answer to his respectful tap. But when he attempted to obey her the door was found locked on the inside. She remembered that she had herself turned the key some hours before to secure herself from interruption. Moreover, the man, on being questioned, declared with evident truth

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that no visitor had passed in or out of the house since noon. It was by a strong effort of will that she now drove back the superstitious feelings that assailed her, and forced a smile at her own absurdity. Of course the thing was an illusion, a trick of the imagination played on by nerves overworn with work. It was odd, though, that imagination should have raised up so vividly the image of one who certainly had not recently been in her thoughts. Then, too, her memory could hardly have supplied some details of this vision; they were unfamiliar. Where could she have got the picture of her friend in that garb? The wide gray cloak, the gold-laced military dress—these were very unlike the negligent white linen suit in which she remembered him. Only on one occasion had she seen him dressed otherwise, and that was the day when he rode to L——, to sit for the photograph which still hung at her side. On that day he had put on a black evening dress. Then the voice which had uttered her name—a name which only he had ever applied to her. How could imagination have raised that sound in her ear with such suddenness as to give her a shock of surprise?

It was odd, certainly; but she did not choose to indulge herself in morbid fancies upon the subject. Convinced that a low physical condition was really responsible for the illusion of which she had been the victim, she resolutely put the whole thing out of her mind, and set herself to get back the healthy tone to which nature entitled her. She left off writing, rode and walked frequently, and went much into society. But she was not able to dissipate the impression made upon her mind by what she had seen. Whenever she thought of it it was with a renewal of the same strange thrill which she had contended with at the time. She could not help recalling certain words which Raphael had once spoken to her, how he had vowed to seek her through the universe when death should have left him free to do so. Could such things be? And had death really freed that fiery and generous spirit? If so, where and when had he passed away? In a country so full of political and social turmoil as Mexico it was easy to imagine all possible contingencies, especially with a man of his temper. She found herself frequently turning to the columns of "Mexican correspondence" in the newspapers, for the chance of lighting upon his name; yet she knew well how easy it would be, in the chaos of that country, for a single stranger to vanish out of life and leave no trace. And then she told herself again that this was all nonsense and nerves; that her old friend was probably alive and well somewhere, and that he had forgotten her as completely as if she had never crossed his path. So, by degrees, the intensity of her first impression wore off, and her mind was regaining its accustomed poise, when a new incident occurred.

Tom Sibthorpe, at the close of the war, had settled himself to the practice of law in New York. He and Miss Darrington often met, and a warm friendship had grown up between them, kept alive by a frequent correspondence, not sentimental, but much like that which two clever men are apt to enjoy. One day early in December the lady received a letter from her friend, in which, after discussing in a lively manner one or two items of personal gossip, a new book, and the last *bon-mot*, the writer said:

"Have you heard that it is all over with our poor friend Aldama? He was one of the few victims of the almost bloodless revolution with which sleepy old Spain has just been astonishing the world. I was not unprepared to hear of him as involved in that affair, for I knew that the dream of a free and regenerated Spain had taken strong hold upon him. You remember that, notwithstanding his long residence in Cuba, he was always intensely a Spaniard in feeling. Seven or eight months ago he went to London, and fell in with Prim and his conclave of schemers. Of course they made much of him, for he was just the man for their purposes. His reckless courage, his familiarity with every species of dangerous adventure, his indifference to the ordinary objects of ambition, which took him out of the list of rivals, and the immense wealth at his command, would make him invaluable to them. He entered heart and soul into their schemes; but he seems to have been haunted by a presentiment that his life would be the cost. Some time in the summer he wrote me a long letter, in which, though it had occasional flashes of his old self, it was plain to see that he was oppressed by some strong foreboding. His life, he said, had never been of any use to himself or any one. He had wasted it all in the pursuit of a pleasure he had never found, chasing a phantom of happiness which had forever fled before him. It might partly redeem the worthlessness of such a life if he could strike one blow for Spain and liberty. If his country was to be free, some of her sons must bleed for her, and he could at least die as well as a better man. Then suddenly changing both his tone and topic, he referred to our school-days together, recalling certain wild frolics we two had shared, in a gay and witty way that made me laugh then, but which now I can only think upon with tears. That was the last I heard from him until a few days ago, when a letter from my sister Alice, who, as you know, is married to Mr. Manners, an Englishman living in Madrid, gave me the whole sad story.

"It was in the month of August that Raphael, choosing, as usual, the post of greatest danger, went from Paris to Madrid, to communicate with the heads of the conspiracy there. The southern provinces were already alive with insurrection, but none of his friends in the city thought of connecting him with the movement. Only George Manners, a young relative of my brother-in-law, became, to some extent, his confidant, and was deeply infected with his enthusiasm. The thing must have been well

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managed, for the extent and power of the uprising would seem to have been quite unrecognized. But events, as you know, moved very fast. The absence of the Queen from her capital furnished the insurgents with just the opportunity they required, and immediately the revolt became a revolution. Raphael, who must have held in his hands some important threads of the affair, remained in the city until the resignation of the Queen's ministry; but on the 20th of September he left Madrid to put himself in communication with Serrano, who was marching to give battle to the royalist forces. George Manners went with him, telling Alice that there was going to be a row, and he wanted to see it. A fortnight later George came back alone. The account he gives is not very clear as to details, but the main facts are plain enough.

"They succeeded in joining Serrano's forces a day or two before the engagement, which occurred on the 28th of September, not very far from Cordova; my recollection of the place, as named in the newspaper reports, is a little at fault. Raphael had a command, and in the action became separated from his friend. When the fight was over, the Queen's troops defeated and scattered, Manners tried in vain to find him. The young man had himself been taken prisoner, and only released when his captors found him a hinderance to flight, so his knowledge of the incidents of the fight was a good deal confused. After a two days' search, however, he learned that a wounded officer had been carried by some of his men into the hut of a peasant, the locality of which was pointed out to him, and had since died there. He hastened to the place, and in the still, cold form that lay there alone on a rude bench, covered with a rough cavalry cloak, he recognized his friend and ours."

Miss Darrington paused in her reading, and her breath came short and quick. The 28th of September! And he had lived for some hours after—how long she would never know. But she recalled with a shock that made every nerve quiver that it was on the evening of the 29th of September that she had seemed to see him in her own room!

It was some time before she could command herself sufficiently to go on with the letter.

"Poor Raphael," the writer continued; "there were splendid possibilities in him, if a bad education had not spoiled their promise. I hardly knew until he was gone how dear he had been to me. We were almost like brothers; and yet I know that he never fully revealed himself to me, and never would. After that visit to Catalpa Grove he was more than ever reserved. He was greatly changed, too; his boyish high spirits had vanished, and he seemed colder, graver, older by many years. I could not fail to see that his nature had been stirred to its profoundest deeps by some experience—whether of joy or pain I never knew. The key to his secret was not in my hands. Dear friend, I believe that if any one possessed such a key it was yourself. You knew him but a little while, but you read him far better than I. No need to tell *you* how rich in high impulses, in noble aspirations, was that generous, ungoverned soul. But the world was out of joint for him always. Only once did any hope to set it right seem offered him, and he missed that. If he had not— But forgive me. I am speculating upon contingencies which, perhaps, were never possible."

Miss Darrington read no farther. The letter dropped from her hands, and her face was buried in them, while hot tears forced themselves through her fingers—tears of remorseful tenderness, as she thought how little she had prized, how little deserved, that strong, true, generous love which had held her to the last in such tender remembrance; which had made its way across the ocean, across the wider, deeper gulf that divides us from the unseen world, to give to *her* the greeting of lips that were sealed, the last loving look of eyes that were forever closed to all on earth beside!

She believed that. If you doubt it—if you think it can not be—will you tell me *what it was* that Miss Darrington saw?

MATCHES.

NOT the sort, gentle reader, said to be made in heaven, but another, of which, though much less is written, yet, despite the abstruse nature of all kinds of match-making, much more can be understood. The matches to be described are more suggestive, from their name, odor, and the flames they kindle, of the under world rarely mentioned to ears polite in modern life, than of the paradise where the former are supposed to have their origin. It is of *Lucifer matches* and their manufacture, the patient thought applied to their creation by machinery, and the marvelous results achieved, that I sit down to write.

More than twenty-five years ago there came to our little village, nestling among the woods and hills far away in Central New York, a grave, quiet young man, who was said to have failed not long before in mercantile business. He was a man of one idea; "queer," the gossips called him; who, instead of being content to earn a living like his neighbors, as a sensible man should, wasted days and weeks in *pottering* at a machine, the like of which had never been heard of before.

Well do I remember, as a child, the building, hardly twelve feet square, containing both laboratory and work-shop, in which this recluse lived, where he patiently toiled at his experiments for ten long years, and where, at last, he achieved success in the object of his labors. To the children of the neighborhood this little den was a place most mysterious. Its small windows—cut near the roof to prevent the curious from overlooking his experiments and stealing his secret—the never-opened door, the

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reputed inhospitality of the occupant, and the mystery that attached to him—all invested the little house with an awfulness quite impressive. It was to us as the haunt of some alchemist or the retreat of a sorcerer, and we half imagined that incantations were being said there, and spells and charms being wrought, and kept a respectful distance accordingly. Good Mr. G—— has little idea how many of his quiet, undisturbed hours he owes to the fact of this impression among the children, the smaller of whom scarcely dared take a nearer view than from the hill above, where they were separated from the little work-shop by an unfordable stream.

Immediately on Mr. G——'s arrival in the village he had built two or three little shanties, in which he commenced the manufacture of matches in small quantities, the work being done mostly by hand, or with the aid of very simple machinery. The boxes for packing were made by children at their own homes. He superintended his business operations in the most careful manner, meanwhile devotedly prosecuting his efforts in the little work-shop. Gradually the business increased, the buildings grew in number and size until there was quite a settlement by the bank of the stream which furnished the motive power, and match-making became the principal industry of the village. Never was inventor more reticent. Little came to the ears of the people about the new wonder, yet it was known that all his leisure hours were spent in the little work-shop, though it was *not* known that the machinery was slowly and surely growing to perfection under his persevering industry and genius. Among those who were furnished profitable employment at the factory a secret dread began in time to be felt lest something should be developed which would take the work from their hands and the bread from their mouths. This, in the minds of many, deepened into dismay, as, after several years, rumors began to get abroad that the machine was finished, and would soon be in operation. It was the old, old story—the same fear which seizes the minds of laborers every where upon the introduction of modern machines, where, with the aid of the elements, one alone does the work of a score or more of hands.

Mr. G——'s invention has now been in use for about twelve years. Upon witnessing its operation, a few days since, I could not wonder at the chagrin of the employés when it was brought into competition with their labor. It seems as though the magic of the children's imagination had actually been embodied, that spells had been wrought upon the obstinate steel, and the elements had been charmed to execute man's thought.

A block of wood two feet long, and of a thickness sufficient for the length of a match, is placed upon a little iron shelf in one of these machines, not a great deal more ponderous than a sewing-machine. The shelf moves forward by little jumps, bringing the end of the block just above a cutter composed of tiny circles of steel, which takes off twelve splints at each ascending stroke. These splints then pass between the links of a chain, as it is called, composed of two pieces of wood (each the length of a common clothes-pin, and of the same shape were it open at both ends) placed together, their convex sides toward each other. These pieces are linked at either end in twos, the pairs about an inch apart, forming a continuous chain two hundred feet in length. This chain passes through the machine directly over the cutter, the splints as they are separated from the block being received between the two sides of the clothes-pin links, which are grooved to suit them. The chain moves just rapidly enough to take up the results of each cutting as the knife performs its work. Passing along a few feet, a little hammer jumps up from the floor and strikes each link with force enough to dislodge the imperfect splints, which are but slightly held, and they drop upon the floor. A few feet farther on the chain passes over a wheel, which revolves slowly in a tiny reservoir of melted brimstone, the ends of the incipient matches getting a bath as they pass. After this they move forty or fifty feet farther, until quite dry, when, on their return course, they are held down by a steel finger, and made to just taste the liquid phosphorus, which is taken up by a second wheel from a reservoir similar to that which holds the brimstone. They then finish their journey of forty or fifty feet, by which time they are quite dry. At the end of the course the chain passes over a wheel elevated above the cutting-machine, from which it falls perpendicularly. As each link reaches a tray made to receive them, the matches, smoking and threatening to ignite, are gently pushed from it by a sliding piece of steel, which is thrust out just often enough to dislodge each row as it is brought along by the endless chain. This, emptied of its contents, soon passes again through the machine, over the block, to receive another package of its tiny freight within each of its innumerable links.

Eight of these machines are running constantly, making eight hundred gross of matches per day, a gross numbering fourteen thousand, and chipping away in the course of a year six hundred thousand feet of pine lumber. This lumber is thoroughly dried in a kiln before being prepared for the machines. Two hundred and fifty thousand feet of bass-wood are annually made into shipping cases. Three hundred barrels of brimstone and ninety thousand pounds of phosphorus are taken up yearly by these endless chains from the little reservoirs.

The machine for making the paper boxes—the smallest packages in which the matches are put up—seemed to me most ingenious of all. This, too, is small—not taller than an old-fashioned spinning-wheel. Upon a rod, at the back of the machine, is placed a large roll of paper, cut as wide as the boxes are long. The

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end of this roll passes to a large wheel, about eighteen inches in diameter, which slowly revolves. On its way, however, one edge of the paper rolls over a tiny wheel, which dips in a vat of water, fed, apparently, by exhaustless springs; then, prepared by the water readily to absorb the paste, it passes between two V-shaped reservoirs, which leak from the small end just paste enough to make the two sides of the paper readily adhere when the time comes for them to stick together. As the paper reaches the top of the wheel first mentioned a steel bar, of the size desired for the box, rests upon it, thrust out from a larger wheel, which closely flanks this, and in which some wonderful intelligence seems to reside, directing all its movements with unerring precision. At the same instant a sharp little knife descends, chopping off the paper into the lengths required. A steel mallet, a trifle farther along on the wheel, folds the paper snugly round the bar. A little steel finger presses the pasted edges together, when a fairy hammer comes down upon the end of the box, which extends just far enough beyond the bar, pressing one side of the paper close upon its end. In an instant another finger, impelled by a little coiled wire, presses the end of the box down upon another side; a third turns in the side opposite; while the last is smoothly and firmly pressed upon the others by a little mallet, which meets it just in the nick of time as it passes. When the box is finished, and you think the last operation done, what is your surprise upon discovering that the little machine carries a printing-press along with it—type, ink, and all! Without making any halt, while quietly moving along toward its jumping-off place, it receives, from a little stamp in the form of a roller, the name of the maker and of the village in which he lives, together with an important piece of information, condensed in two words—"None better." By this time the box has made the circumference of the wheel, and is ready to drop off complete. A steel plate is adjusted to press lightly against its lower edge, the genii inside the larger wheel suddenly withdraw the bar from the box into its hole, four tiny brass fingers seize it, while three others, which shut into the first like those of clasped hands, throw it—by a backward motion, lest the grasp should be too tenacious upon the pasted box—into the huge basket beneath.

But do not imagine that only one box is completed in a revolution of the wheel. While we have been watching the progress of one, three others have been in process of manufacture upon the same wheel; the various operations of pasting, cutting, folding, turning in the ends, and printing going on at the same time; the bars, mallets, fingers, and springs performing each their appropriate work, upon every successive box, as though the presiding genius of the machine, like some of the "lightning calculators," could give its mind to half a dozen different things at the same moment.

The boxes are emptied into immense dumb-waiters, which, every year, carry twenty tons of them to the room below, in which sit forty or fifty girls busily at work filling the boxes with matches, no machinery yet being invented to supersede human labor in this part of the work.

So perfectly do these machines do their task that only one person is required to tend each. To be supplied with the raw material, and to have their product removed when complete, is all they ask. Almost the only part of the work left to be done by manual labor is the sanding of the boxes, making the cases, and packing the matches; yet there are employed in the various manufactures connected with the establishment two hundred and fifty hands. A large proportion of these are children, by whom much of the work can be done as well as by adults.

This manufactory is *sui generis*. Mr. G—— is quite independent of all the rest of the world. All the machinery in use is his own invention. It is all made at his shops. He keeps his own machinists at work year after year, making new and repairing old. The repairing constitutes a large part of the work, for, owing to the nature of the manufacture, some portions of the machinery wear out rapidly. The little cutters which shape the matches out of the block, *e. g.*, sometimes last only two or three days, while other portions burn out from contact with the phosphorus. There is no machinery like it. It is patented both in England and the United States. The right to use it has never been sold, the manufacture being more profitable than would be the sale of rights to use the patent. Ten years were spent in perfecting it, years which, could they tell their story, would speak of numberless discouragements, of plans constantly improving, of untiring industry and genius, and of imperfect schemes abandoned because other and better grew out of previous failures.

Contrary to the principle generally supposed to obtain, of taxing most heavily the luxuries of life, matches, which certainly must be counted among necessaries, are taxed twice the amount of their cost. A cent stamp is required upon each box of one hundred matches, which is itself worth only one-third of a cent. At the time this tax was imposed much inconvenience was felt by the manufacturers, they being obliged to double their capital or diminish the amount of their production. The inevitable committee waited upon Congress to convince members of the error of so large a tax, but failed to make that august body view the subject in the same light with themselves.

The factory I have attempted to describe daily uses stamps to the amount of eleven hundred and fifty-two dollars. Since the tax bill of 1864 this factory has paid into the United States treasury a million and a half dollars. This is a larger contribution, in proportion to the value of the article taxed, than is levied upon any thing else except whisky. A gross box of matches, which, before the war, sold for forty cents, now sells for two dollars and forty cents.

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There is a singular and very curious disease of the jaw to which persons who work in match factories are liable—the result of breathing the fumes of phosphorus. No danger exists, however, except to those having carious teeth. If these be permitted to remain in the mouth the jaw becomes affected, crumbles, and decays, just as do the teeth themselves. In rare instances a portion of the jaw has had to be removed. This malady is now guarded against by a regulation requiring those employed in rooms where there is phosphorus to submit periodically to a dental examination, and have all cavities plugged as soon as they appear, this being the only effectual preventive. There is a theory held, I believe, by the proprietors of this factory, that, if the operatives would breathe through the nose, and keep the mouth shut, they would avoid all danger from the phosphorus. "But this," slanderously added my informant, in giving me his opinion, "would be too much to expect of the women." The effect upon the general health is not, I am sure, deleterious, judging from the rosy cheeks and nicely rounded forms of the fifty girls who sat at work in the large, well-ventilated room, filling the little boxes; their fingers flying, each motion exactly adapted to produce the greatest result in the shortest possible time, and with such precision that it seemed as though there must be concealed about their elbows some of those wonderful springs which produce such marvelous effects in the rooms above. A large proportion of the workwomen are foreigners, the deep blue eyes and jetty, curling hair, the fair skin and ruddy cheeks, telling of Celtic blood, where there was no trace of it either in speech or manner, so rapidly does daily intercourse wear off the sharpness of foreign descent.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS AND NIGHT-SHADE.

LOUNGING one autumn day into a New York picture-gallery, I was attracted by a living face which had for me far more of interest than the best of the paintings that hung upon the walls. It was the face of a girl who sat on a sofa with a young man—perhaps her brother, one thought at first—much more probably her lover, was the next conjecture. Neither the girl nor the young man looked at the pictures, or seemed in any way conscious of their existence. The gallery was evidently a rendezvous for them, and nothing more. I wish I could by any descriptive words of mine convey an adequate idea of the face and the expression of this girl, as they then impressed themselves on me. She was tall and slender, and, being dressed all in black, she looked perhaps even taller and more slender than she really was. Her face was slightly aquiline, her hair black, crisp, and wavy; her complexion almost like that of a creole; her eyes intensely dark. Decidedly she was a very handsome girl—although her face was thin and sharp, and the eyes, rather deeply set, had dark circles round them. But it was not her beauty which first struck the spectator; indeed, at first, one was not likely to think her beautiful; it was the mobility, the variety, the intensity of her expression. Every feature, nay, every fibre of her face, came into play as she spoke, and added force and character of its own to her manner. Her eyes never rested—never retained the same look in them for a moment. She was telling her lover some long story or other—with a personal grievance in it, apparently—and without much of gesture, without altering her position in the least, she threw as much dramatic energy into it as if she were a tragic actress. Her eyes now flashed angry inquiry on her lover, as if she would ask him whether he did not fully sympathize with her; now glanced aside with a half-alarmed expression, as if she dreaded that some listener might have caught her words; now dropped appealingly and sadly; now lighted again with pride and resolution; now seemed as though they were about to fill with tears. Observe that they were not twinkling eyes. Twinkling dark eyes never can have any depth of expression in them; they can express malice, but not hate; merriment, but not humor; disappointment, but not grief; self-conceit, but not pride. The eyes of the girl I speak of did not twinkle. They were deep, lustrous, flashing eyes. They seemed to watch you, almost to oppress you, in whatever part of the room you might happen to be. Eyes, face, expression—all spoke of an eager, impatient, and passionate nature; a nature capable of immense sacrifice and daring, liable, almost doomed, one would say, to much suffering—"a fiery soul that, working out its way," seemed likely, indeed, to fret "the pigmy body to decay," and "o'er-inform its tenement of clay."

The lover who listened to her was a handsome young man, elegantly dressed—just a well-got-up fashionable young man, with nothing very remarkable about him. He looked intelligent and good-natured; and he certainly seemed to listen very patiently and with interest to the long outpouring of the girl's words. She had, apparently, as great a command and variety of language as of expression. Looking at her, and much struck with her appearance as I was, I could not think that even were I a bachelor I should have envied her lover. I could scarcely form to myself the idea of any lover approaching her with a caress. Yet it was not that she inspired awe. There was nothing majestic about her, and assuredly there was nothing cold. No; she rather inspired something like a sentiment of pity. One could not help thinking—"This girl's eager soul will consume her; the realities of life will come against the edge of her impatient spirit like blocks against a razor; no man will ever love her enough; no sphere, no scene, no mode of existence will satisfy her. She is destined to

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create her own disappointments, and to fret away her life against them."

And as I looked at her I began to wonder whether, after all, that marvelous mobility and force of expression were not merely physical gifts in this case, as in so many others. Perhaps all that animation and eagerness may have been awakened by some utterly trumpery cause. Perhaps her long and passionate tale of grievance is about her father's refusal to buy her a new dress, or her cousin's ill-natured conduct during the last week of their stay at Saratoga.

But as I passed the pair, on my way round the room—for I began to fear that I had watched them quite long enough—I heard—I could not help hearing—some words drop from her lips which somewhat sustained the earnest and passionate view of her nature and her story:

"For I am alone on earth, except for you!"

The words clung to my memory and lived there. I came afterward to know all about her who spoke them. And dismissing myself now wholly from the narrative, I shall tell her strange and painful story.

Sara Hamersley was the daughter of a Virginian father and an Italian mother. She was highly educated, brought up in luxury, living more of her life in Europe than in Virginia. And she was in a fair way of being spoiled and rendered a mere woman of fashion and frivolity, when two great events occurred to arouse her soul. First, her mother died—and she had always loved her mother passionately; next, she fell in love with a young New Yorker, a man likely to succeed to a large fortune, Leslie Sewell by name. They met in Florence and Naples and Rome; again, another year, in London and Paris. And when both had returned to America, Leslie Sewell asked her to marry him. This was just at the close of the war, and the hatred toward the North felt by Mr. Hamersley, who had, nevertheless, spent the best part of the years of war pleasantly in Europe, was intense. He insisted that his daughter must not marry young Sewell, the New Yorker. She, as proud and determined as himself, declared that nothing should prevent her from marrying the man she loved. A bitter quarrel was springing up, which the sad and sudden death of her mother stopped for a time. Poor Sara was literally torn with grief, and almost, for the moment, ceased to think of her lover. But the thought of him returned more and more powerfully in her loneliness, and their correspondence never had ceased. So when, a year after her mother's death, her father asked her decisively whether she had yet given up all idea of marrying Leslie Sewell, she answered, firmly, that she never had and never would. Then came the quarrel all over again—a quarrel between two passionate, unyielding natures. Within six months Mr. Hamersley had married again, and his daughter left his house. She had some little money of her own, and she came to New York to live, consoled in her trials by the thought that now she was brought close to her lover, and had given up all for him. She felt proud of the sacrifice which proved her love.

And he? Well, Leslie Sewell was a good sort of fellow. To her, an enthusiast in every thing, he seemed a god. His quiet self-possession, apathetic good-humor, appeared to her eager, passionate soul the very sublimity of serene and noble calmness and depth. She thought she had found a tranquil, strong nature to lean upon; and all her spirit demanded to be at once controlled and soothed. Poor Leslie had all a man's dread and dislike of worry and trouble, and her vehement impulses and eager demands perplexed him sadly. He was very fond of her—oh yes! of course—and then he had pledged himself to marry her, and, of course, he meant to keep his word. But, then, easy-going Leslie, in the beginning, had never counted on a family quarrel; he did not like the responsibility of having separated a girl from her father; he always thought the whole thing would have been *en règle*, quiet, and fashionable. He found himself entangled in a romance, and he was never fond even of reading romances. His pleasant, joyous life became darkened by a shadow. The passionate, pathetic eyes of Sara Hamersley spoiled his delight in his fast trotting horses and the Central Park; her pale cheeks came between him and his appreciation of the beauties of the "Forty Thieves" at Niblo's. He was an unpoetic and commonplace illustration, or, perhaps, rather a burlesque, of Goethe's exquisite and famous idea, used apropos of Hamlet, of the oak planted in the crystal vase. The whole nature of a man like him was not fit to inclose the love of such a heart as Sara Hamersley's; and the poor fellow began to feel wretchedly uncomfortable. The best dinner of Delmonico's serving lost its relish for him; he had no palate for the Champagne, even though he felt driven to drink it hugely; and chicken salad was for him as tasteless and arid as the sand of the desert or the red mud of New Jersey.

To make the matter worse, it was not very long before Leslie found out that he had really fallen in love with the wrong woman, and that the right woman was at his hand. His cousin, Cecilia Wynter, a marvelously pretty, bright-haired little thing, with a figure which made even the Grecian bend look graceful, and who would have seemed a model of fashion in a night-gown, came home from Europe. How admirably she could ride! How brilliant she was at croquet! What a delightful waltzer she was! And how charmingly she talked—vivacious, yet easy and gentle—no mysticism, and no bewildering vehemence and overpowering passion about her! She could love a man in a really lady-like fashion, and never discompose herself or him. She was a woman who was evidently quite free from jealousy. Her happy husband would, doubtless, be at liberty to dispose of his spare time and attentions as he would, without question or quarrel. Then she had a large for-

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tune, and her family all liked Leslie Sewell; and, indeed, the pretty Cecilia evidently liked him too. Ah, yes; there was the woman who would have suited him—there was the woman he should have married! And now! But, of course, he meant to keep his word.

Sara had eyes, and saw. At first she refused to accept the evidence of her senses when they told her that he whom she believed her lover was growing cold to her—loved her no more—nay, was actually tired of her. But the truth soon came cruelly, crushingly on her, and she saw that he would gladly be rid of her. Moreover, she had watched, and she now knew the cause.

She came to the point with characteristic vehemence:

"Leslie, I know all; you do not love me any more."

"Oh, now come, Sara. I do wonder at you. Really, I do. How can you say such a thing? How have I ever shown—"

"No; you have been polite enough never to turn your back on me; and I believe you would have married me without a murmur. Thank you for that. But your heart—have you a heart?—is gone from me, and I will never marry you! There, that relieves you from all trouble, and sets you free. I will never marry you. I swear it! Never, though you were again to love me! Never, though the spirit of my dead mother came down from heaven to command me! Never, though you and I stood alone on the earth!"

"Dear Sara, you are too hard on me. Let me urge you—"

She only flashed on him a look of utter scorn, superb disdain, and left him.

He went that night to his club with a light heart, and could hardly conceal from his friends the joy that possessed him. Next morning he called on Cecilia Wynter, and he took her for a drive that afternoon in Central Park.

Sara went to her home that evening, and passed whole hours seated in a chair, with her head leaning on her hands, and gazing into vacancy. Hardly could any creature have suffered keener agony than she did through all that time. Why did she not weep and sob, and become convulsive or hysterical, as other women would have done? She was, one would think, the most demonstrative of her sex; her love had been singularly effusive; and now she sat silently under one of the heaviest blows that can be inflicted on human passion and human pride, and she made no sign. Was it because the blow had utterly stunned her? No; it was because she was thinking of revenge.

After a while she arose, with brighter eyes, and moved with quick and easy step. The consolation which another woman would have found in religion she sought, and for the moment found, in thoughts of revenge. That night she outwatched the stars, and sank to sleep, at last, only when exhausted by the strain of one fierce resolution, and the work of devising plans to put it into practice.

A few weeks made a great change in the demeanor of Sara Hamersley. From a quiet, almost lonely life, she passed into a vivid, varied existence. She went a great deal into society. She always had many friends, who would have been delighted with her company; and now, at last, she availed herself of their kindness and their invitations. All her talents, which were many, she employed in rendering herself a brilliant ornament of society in New York. Her friends were delighted at the change, and those who knew her set it down to her release from her engagement with poor Leslie. "It was the oddest infatuation on her part," they would say. "Leslie Sewell is a handsome fellow, and a good fellow too, but he has no brains to speak of, and they never could have got on together. Probably she had begun to find that out, and was oppressed and made miserable by the thought, poor girl! Now she is free, and see how happy she is!"

Sara was on the best of terms with Cecilia Wynter, and, of course, with Leslie, who was now Cecilia's affianced husband. Sara had generously sought out Cecilia, and showed her first the warmest good-will, then the most marked friendship. After a while they became constant companions. Good-natured Leslie was delighted with this condition of things, and could not sufficiently congratulate himself on the manner in which Sara had taken the changes of the past few weeks. He began to think that, after all, Miss Hamersley could not really have loved him very much, and he was too good-natured not to be glad of it—although that, perhaps, is as severe a test as can well be applied to man's good nature. To be really sincerely glad, for the woman's own sake, that a woman whom we thought to be dying of love for us did not care three straws about us all the time—yes, that is a trial of man's loyalty and generosity! This Leslie Sewell was, with all his dullness and his faults, so good a fellow that his nature stood the hard test, and came out triumphant. He was sincerely glad to think that Sara Hamersley had never been really fond of him.

The wedding morning came, and Miss Hamersley was actually one of the bridemaids. Very beautiful she looked, with her dark hair, her eyes now burning with a lustre more intense than ever, and her white dress. She quite eclipsed the pretty, harmless-looking, blonde bride. After the marriage there was a breakfast—English fashion (the Wynters were very fond of doing every thing in European and, particularly, English style)—and there was Champagne, and there were healths, and stammering little speeches. After the toast of the bride and bridegroom came, in due time, "the bridemaids."

Sara had a glass of Champagne before her which she had barely tasted. As the gentlemen rose to drink the health she drew the glass toward her, and then seemed to be reviving its foam with the touch of a dainty little biscuit.

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"Cecilia, love," she whispered to the bride, "will *you* not drink our healths?"

"Oh, dear Sara, I never touch wine."

"No, love, nor I, usually; but I have tasted some this once, to your health. Come, do drink from this glass, for love and good fortune."

She put her own glass into the placid hand of Cecilia.

"To oblige *you*, Sara," said Cecilia; and she drank. "Oh dear! how unpleasant to the taste!"

A bright flash shot across the face of Sara Hamersley, and her lips quivered.

"Who returns thanks for the bridemaids!" called the father of the bride, glancing along the table.

"Pray, allow *me*," said Sara, now rising gracefully among the astonished company. "Allow a bridemaid for once to speak for bridemaids." ("Odd girl," some voices whispered.) "I only fear I shall disturb the delight of the morning by what I have to say. Leslie Sewell, I drink the remains of this wine, with which I have poisoned your pretty bride, and thus I execute at once vengeance on you, through her, and justice on myself!" And before any of the bewildered guests could interfere — not many of them, indeed, had fully heard her words — she drained the glass, and gazed around the room with defiant, triumphant smile. Then there were wild cries and shrieks; every body started up; several of the ladies rushed to the fainting, affrighted bride; and Sara Hamersley fell on the floor, dead.

She had killed herself, but not her enemy. The mineral poison she had hastily dropped into the Champagne glass had not had time to blend itself thoroughly with the wine, when the bride's dainty lips just touched its foam; and Cecilia escaped with a swoon, and a few days of sickness. The story was hushed up, as well as such a thing could be, and the general idea was that Sara Hamersley had suddenly gone mad, and swallowed poison. But there were some—her former lover was one—who knew only too well how deliberate and how relentless had been her plot of vengeance.

ANNE FURNESS.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Veronica," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

I HAD an opportunity of observing Donald better the next morning, as he and grandfather and I strolled round the garden together after breakfast, and of comparing his present appearance with my half-effaced remembrance of him as a boy.

Donald retained the grave candor of his expression, and a mixture of frankness and shyness in his smile, and in a certain trick of the eyebrows, which had made his somewhat homely face attractive when he was a child. But there were thought and purpose on his forehead now, and reflective earnestness in his eyes, that had come with ripening years. And although his dress was plain almost to rudeness, and his gait careless, and his gestures abrupt, he was unmistakably a gentleman. I use the word in no high-flown sense of innate honesty and nobility. I simply mean to express that most subtile and indefinable combination of qualities (consisting, in Donald's case, neither in elegance of attire, nor suavity of demeanor, nor polish of language) which Englishmen recognize as conventionally constituting *a gentleman*. And in saying that Donald was unmistakably a gentleman, I should limit my assertion somewhat. For example, it crossed my mind as we were pacing the moss-grown garden paths, that Sam Cudberry, if called on to recognize Donald as a gentleman, would probably decline to do so, on the ground of his rough gray coat and thick boots.

To grandfather's great delight, we found that Donald had retained a very vivid recollection of the garden and the shrubbery, and of all the "moving accidents by flood and field" which we had enacted there. It all looked smaller to him, of course, than he had pictured it in his mind, he said. But, with that exception, the garden of Mortlands was precisely what he had remembered and expected.

When our stroll was finished, grandfather withdrew to his study, taking Donald with him, as they had various matters to discuss together, and I said "good-by" to both of them, for I was to return to Water-Eardley in good time.

"I'm sorry you must run away, little Nancy," said my grandfather.

"I promised."

"To be sure, to be sure! I don't mean to urge you to break a promise. Give my love to your dear mother, and tell her that Donald Ayrlie means to come over very soon, and pay his respects to her. It will be a nice walk for him some fine, crisp morning; so look for him early."

"Oh, grandfather!" I exclaimed, detaining him by the arm as he was about to turn away, "I did not give you the fashionable intelligence!"

"Now, little Nancy, this is terrible! Not to give *me* the fashionable intelligence, when you know it is the pabulum—that sounds very fine, I think; quite like a newspaper—the pabulum of my existence!"

"Yes, I know," I returned, laughing at his solemn face. "And, therefore, lest you should be starved outright, I hasten to inform you that

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there is to be a ball at Woolling very shortly. What do you think of *that?*"

He looked as if he thought more of it than I had expected, for his face expressed genuine surprise.

"A ball at Woolling? At the Cudberrys'? What on earth for?"

"What for? Why, grandfather, even an unfashionable intelligence understands that a ball is for dancing!"

"Oh, ay, ay! And are you going to this ball?"

"I suppose so. But we are not asked yet."

"How did you hear of it?" asked grandfather, quickly.

"From Mr. Lacer. That gentleman—an officer—a friend of father's. We met him on the race-course."

"I have heard of him."

"Have you?"

"Yes. Good-by, my child. God bless thee!"

Grandfather kissed my forehead tenderly, and laid his hand upon my head. There was something which I could not quite define to myself in his face—a shade of sadness, and an uneasy *questioning* look. I thought of it several times on my way home; but I thought of so many other things too, that they finally put that look of grandfather's out of my head.

I reached home at such an early hour that there was time for a drive with mother before dinner. My father was not out of his bed. He had taken to be quite a sluggard, seldom rising before eleven or twelve o'clock. And this, I knew, was a great grief to my mother. But she had long since found remonstrances and petitions unavailing to induce him to return to his former active habits. At first, indeed, he would profess penitence, and promise amendment. Then he took to laughing at mother in a kind of superior manner, asking her if she supposed him to be a little boy in need of a nursery-maid to keep him in order. Finally, he had become irritable on the subject, and curtly desired her to hold her tongue, and not bother him.

"I am so glad you have come home early, dear Anne," said my mother, "for I was wishing to have you as a companion in my drive. I am going to Woolling. We have received an invitation to the ball there. It arrived yesterday evening. And, as it is a long time since I have paid Mrs. Cudberry a visit, your father said I had better go and take our answer in person. Your father says we must accept the invitation. For my part, I do not expect much gratification from this ball. But I hope you may enjoy it, child. Though, from the usual behavior of the girls to you, I almost fear you may meet with something disagreeable."

"I don't care a straw for any thing 'the girls' can say or do, mother. So on that score you may be quite easy," I made answer, with quite unnecessary energy. Mother sighed softly as she said, "But don't quarrel with them, Anne, if you can possibly avoid it. Remember, child, they are your dear father's kinsfolk!"

Poor mother! it is touching to look back and see how, as my father lost ground in the esteem of those around him, and as his faults grew to such proportions as made it impossible even for her to ignore them, she replaced her old proud and joyful worship of him by a tender pity; how she encompassed him with a yearning fondness, and would unhesitatingly have shielded him with the soft, faithful breast against any breath of blame or shaft of unkindness. She was delicately fearful of resenting even the coarse insolence with which it frequently pleased the Cudberrys to treat her, lest it might appear that she was less friendly than formerly with "her dear George's cousins."

On our way to Woolling I gave her an account of my grand entertainment to the little Arkwrights, and I informed her of Donald's arrival. She was much pleased to hear of the latter, and said she hoped he would prove an agreeable and useful companion to her dear father. Mother had taken a great fancy to Donald in his childish days, and made me describe him to her as he was now, chatting of him with great interest. Of his personal appearance I found no difficulty in giving a picture. It certainly was not a flattering one. I described him as a blue-eyed, light-haired young man, with plain features, and a figure rather too broad for his height, clothed in a rough coat, and with sun-burnt hands, which looked as if they had been unacquainted with gloves from the cradle. But I did him the justice to add that he would certainly be recognized by gentlefolks as a gentleman notwithstanding. For the rest, he was very silent and very shy—or, it *might* be, very stupid. Though, on mother's point-blank questioning me as to whether I thought him stupid, I was obliged to declare that, so far as my observation had enabled me to judge, he appeared sensible enough.

We were in the midst of our talk when we arrived at Woolling, and the chaise turned from the village up a lane that led to Mr. Cudberry's house.

I have never seen so altogether *incongruous* a house. It would have been almost as difficult to assign the proper rank to it as to its owners on a first view. It had neither the dignity of decayed gentility nor the coziness of prosperous vulgarity, although there were traits of both one and the other about the building.

The house had no distinctive name. On the rare occasions when Uncle Cudberry received a letter it was addressed to Mr. Cudberry, Woolling; and it duly reached its destination.

Uncle Cudberry possessed a considerable number of acres, which he farmed himself. He was said to grow the best wheat for miles round, and was proud of that reputation. The farm came up close around the dwelling. There was only a small strip of garden dividing it in front from the fields. At the back there was a large farm-yard, with barns, and cart-sheds, and pig-sties, bounded by an ocean of turnip fields. The approach to the house was by a

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road which, in truth, deserved no higher title than that of a cart-track. It ran through the open fields, and was intersected by no fewer than seven five-barred gates. These gates were always fastened, to prevent the cattle from straying, and whosoever passed through them was admonished, under pain of divers penalties, to shut them again carefully. Very few things excited so much emotion in Uncle Cudberry's usually phlegmatic nature as the finding a gate left open or imperfectly secured. There were certain seasons when the gates were fastened with huge padlocks; and then any adventurous visitor, who was not easily balked by difficulties, might gain access to the house by climbing over sundry stiles of ingeniously inconvenient construction; or he might, if he were a bold equestrian, leap his horse over seven five-barred gates in succession. But I never heard of any one attempting this latter exploit. If neither alternative suited him, he might simply stay away. And this, indeed, was the course which I think recommended itself most strongly to Mr. Cudberry. He would triumphantly bring forward this liberty of staying away as a conclusive argument on his side whenever his daughters urged him to have a new road made from the village of Woolling to the house.

"Why, lass," he would say, speaking very deliberately, "them as can't get over a stile are but lame dogs."

"That's all very well, papa," Tilly would answer, sharply; "but how *are* people to scramble about like monkeys? You know that second stile beyond the five-acre field is *awful*. And you've never had it mended! And nobody would like to try getting over it that had any decent clothes on; for corduroy is the only thing to stand that stile, and even *that* not always."

"Well, now, look here, Miss Cudberry; do *I* ask 'em to come? No. Very well, let 'em stay away, then! That's fair. What have you got to say against that?"

And so the new road was never made. The cart-track came up to the edge of the garden; the garden was fenced off from the fields by a wire railing; there was a duck-pond a little to the right of the road on the field side of the wire fence, and a weeping-willow drooped over it. This willow was the only tree visible from the front of the house, except some woods on the horizon, so that the outlook over the flat, well-cultivated, ugly farm was rather dreary. At the back of the house, beyond the farmyard, there were bits of pretty rural scenery; deep winding lanes, half hidden by tangled hedgerows, and green uplands, and the towers of a noble mansion rising above the trees in a neighboring park, and the bright, changeful river. No part of the house was of a later date than the middle of the eighteenth century; some of it was at least a hundred and fifty years older. The ancient portions of the building were the nobler. They showed traces of wealth, and had been evidently intended for the habitation of gentlefolks. There was a large stone hall, surrounded by carved oaken settles, on the ground-floor; there was a long low room with mullioned windows, and a ceiling of carved oak like the settles in the hall, and a noble mantel-piece of the same wood, which was looked on by judges of the art as a remarkably fine specimen of carving. Up stairs there were two or three spacious apartments, with their floors all awry, and queer closets, and a long rambling passage that led nowhere, and even a trap-door, giving access to a hiding-place in the thickness of the ancient masonry, wherein tradition said a Romish priest, who acted as a political agent from abroad, had been concealed in the days of Cavalier and Roundhead. For the Cudberrys of that time had been stanch Royalists, although I never heard that they or any one belonging to them endured much trouble from persecution. Unless, indeed, it were the Romish priest, who must have felt very uncomfortable, if he ever really did stow himself away in that stuffy little hiding-place.

The more modern part of the house was very ugly, and was tacked on to the other in such fashion as in a great measure to destroy the picturesqueness of its elder neighbor. The new edifice was of brick, the old one of stone. The former had all the peculiarities which distinguish buildings of the same period, and it is needless to observe that these peculiarities are not beautiful. It all looked pinched and flat and mean. But this part of the house alone was inhabited by the family. The fine old stone hall was used as a lumber-room, and I have seen it filled up with wheat sacks, specimens of mangel-wurzel, disused harness, gig-whips, store-apples, garden-tools, an old hen-coop, a patent plow, and a heap of other heterogeneous objects. The long low room with the carved mantel-piece was empty and deserted, and its flagged floor, cracked and weather-stained, afforded a varied and interesting promenade for many successive broods of chickens, who were occasionally turned in there to keep them out of harm's way. The rooms above were occupied by servants, and were very bare, very dreary, and very draughty; for the wind whistled through them at night as though that part of the mansion were a huge Pan's pipe on which Boreas performed ghostly strains in a minor key.

There was nothing ghostly about the newer part of Mr. Cudberry's house. It was furnished, as to the articles bought within the last ten or twelve years, with a combination of cheapness and gaudiness; as to the older, inherited furniture, with attenuated chairs, and spindle-legged tables, and chilly horse-hair sofas, and horrible round mirrors that made one feel sea-sick to look at them, and depressing specimens of worsted embroidery which might have been worked in dust and ashes for all the color that was left on their faded surfaces.

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Uncle Cudberry was, as his family phrased it, "a little close." In other words, he was extremely stingy and avaricious, except as regarded any expenditure which could conduce to his own immediate and personal gratification. And as that which gratified him was far from being identical with that which gratified his family, there arose many contests between the young people and the mother on the one side, and Mr. Cudberry solus on the other. It was hopeless to think of vanquishing him in open fight, but he was sometimes outwitted—or at least his adversaries thought so. I am inclined to doubt this myself. I believe Uncle Cudberry's tactics to have been conducted on one simple and invariable principle; namely, to compel his wife and children to undergo the greatest amount of trouble and vexation and weariness of spirit which he found it possible to inflict, in order to obtain from him the most trifling concessions. He made them beg and pray and manœuvre for the purchase even of common objects of household use which were as desirable for himself as for them, thinking, in his astuteness, that if they expended so much powder and shot on necessaries, they would have the less ammunition wherewith to fight for luxuries.

It has taken me a longer time to write all this than it took for the chaise to drive along the cart-track, pass through the gates (happily unpadlocked), and draw up at the wicket in the wire fence of the garden. Mother and I alighted, crossed the bright and neat, though formal garden, and were admitted into the house by Daniel of the ruddy locks, whom I judged to have not long come in from agricultural pursuits, inasmuch as he carried several pounds weight of rich loamy soil on his shoes, and bore traces of the same on his trowsers and on his hands, and even on his forehead, where there was a streak of mud, apparently left there by the application of his own finger.

Daniel grinned until his mouth represented the segment of a circle, and bade us walk into the parlor, as we "knowed the road;" excusing himself from coming beyond the flagged passage, on the ground that he was "too mucky," and that Miss Cudberry would "jaw" him if he spoiled the new carpet.

We assured Daniel that it was quite unnecessary to expose himself to the mysterious perils of being "jawed" by Miss Cudberry on our account, and so entered Aunt Cudberry's sitting-room unannounced.

CHAPTER XVII.

I saw the other day some gutta-percha dolls, whose faces could be squeezed, by the application of a thumb and finger, into the most comical grimaces. The countenances of those dolls reminded me of Aunt Cudberry. Her face had a sort of India rubber flexibility. The lines in it seemed to be not so much wrinkles as creases, which might give place to other and quite different creases when next she moved her face. Her very nose appeared to have no fixed and permanent outline. And yet you would scarcely have called Aunt Cudberry's an expressive physiognomy, for it was impossible to discover any connection between its contortions and the subject of her discourse. She would frown portentously in relating the pleasantest matter; or widen her mouth, into what on another face would have been a smile, at the moment she was uttering the most wobegone complaints. She wore a front of brown curls, which was always a little awry. And she wore a large cap, with bows of satin ribbon stuck all over it; and the cap, too, was a little awry. So was her collar; so was her apron. She was not untidy; but she had an air of general lopsidedness. The odd thing to me, in Aunt Cudberry's appearance, was a grotesque resemblance she bore to my father. She was his mother's sister, and there was a decided family likeness between her and her handsome nephew, although it would have been difficult to define wherein it consisted.

She was sewing in the sitting-room when we entered it, and Tilly and Clemmy were practicing a duet at the piano-forte. I always had a sense of *inappropriateness* in seeing them play the piano. It appeared to be the last thing in the world they ought to have been doing. I was no musician, and therefore did not presume to be critical on their performances. But music seemed to me as *unbecoming* to Tilly Cudberry as a white satin slipper or a wreath of roses would have been to Mrs. Abram!

"Why, now, Mrs. George!" exclaimed Aunt Cudberry, putting down her work and rising to receive my mother. She spoke very loud. If she had not done so, I think she could not possibly have attracted her daughters' attention, for they were playing very vigorously. At their mother's exclamation, they ceased their performance, with a final chord which reminded me of the crashing fall of a tea-tray laden with cups and saucers. I really think there must have been some wrong notes in it. Nobody could have intended that ear-splitting dissonance!

"And how are you, my dear? And Anne, too! Dear me! Poor things! Sit down now, do! And how is George? Po-o-or George!"

Aunt Cudberry said all this in a lamentable tone of voice. There was no special reason for lamentation, but that was "her way," and meant nothing. My mother greeted them all with her usual gentle kindness, and the young ladies left the piano, and, seating themselves near us, plunged into an animated conversation.

"Just imagine, Anne," screamed Tilly, "your walking in without any body to show you the way! You know if it had been strangers, it would have been all the same to Daniel. If pa would only have a man-servant with a little style about him! But pa *is* so obstinate.

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He wouldn't care if we had a bullock to wait at table!"

"I scarcely think Uncle Cudberry would like that," said I, laughing.

"Oh yes, he would. That's just exactly what he *would* like," retorted Tilly, with the most vehement earnestness. "That's Mr. Cudberry, of Woolling, all over. There you have him! If it wasn't for us and ma there would be no style at all about the place. Not a tinge of it."

"Well, Anne, are you coming to our ball?" asked Clementina.

"Yes, I believe so. Mother came to bring the answer in person, instead of writing."

"Weren't you surprised to hear of it?" said Clemmy. But before I could reply Tilly burst in, "Why should she be surprised! What is there astonishing in our giving a ball, pray? But that's so like you, Clementina. I suppose Anne Furness expected we should do a little like the rest of the world some day, and move a little with the times! We've been moped long enough, Clementina, I *should* think. Anne Furness is not *quite* a fool—not *quite!*" in a tone which seemed to imply that I was as yet only on the border-land of idiocy.

"How is Uncle Cudberry? and Henny? and Sam?" said I, desiring to change the conversation.

"Oh, Henny and Sam are gone over to Brookfield. Henny wanted to make some purchases of her milliner. Sam, of course, will call on Mr. Lacer. You never knew such friends as Sam and Mr. Lacer have become. Quite chums!"

"Indeed!"

"Oh *dear*, yes! Mr. Lacer finds Sam very agreeable—*most* agreeable!"

"Oh!"

"Why, yes, you may suppose so, when you think of what Brookfield is. The commonest of the common."

I reflected that if being uncommon were a *sine quâ non* for gaining Mr. Lacer's good opinion, Sam Cudberry, as far as my limited experience of the world went, certainly fulfilled that condition.

"Isn't Mr. Lacer an elegant creature?" said Aunt Cudberry, turning to me at this point.

"I—I—don't know. Yes, I think he is well-mannered."

"Oh, my dear, as to manners, he's perfect. Poor thing! And so amusing! But I must send and tell Mr. Cudberry that you're here. Mrs. George is a great favorite of Mr. Cudberry's."

"Oh, ma!" shrieked Tilly, and fell into a fit of laughter, the cause whereof was and is entirely mysterious to me. But this was no new thing. So many of the Cudberry sayings and doings were so inscrutable to my apprehension that I have sometimes thought my communications with that family resembled the intercourse of a European with some secluded tribe of Indians. The most I could do was to *guess* at their meaning. Very often, no doubt, I guessed wrongly, from want of the necessary insight into their point of view.

Tilly's whoops of laughter had not died away when Mr. Cudberry came into the sitting-room.

He was a thin, dark-eyed, bald old man, who stooped a good deal in his gait. He wore a suit of coarse drab-colored cloth, a red worsted scarf round his throat, and leather leggings buttoned tightly over his lean limbs. His face was as immovable as his wife's was the reverse. His eyes sometimes sparkled when he was angry; but, beyond the necessary motion of the muscles of his mouth when he spoke, I do not think I ever saw any other indication in his countenance that it was made of flesh and blood instead of wood. He spoke in a growling tone, very slowly, very deliberately, and as though he were haunted by a constant suspicion that his interlocutors wanted to *catch* him, to entangle him, to commit him to some rash statement, or, in short, to get the better of him in one way or another.

"Your sarvant, Mrs. Furness," said Uncle Cudberry, shaking hands with my mother. "Yours, Miss Anne. You grow a fine young lass, Miss Anne. Tall and straight. Yes. That's the truth. No mistake about it."

"Oh, *pa!*" cried his daughters in chorus.

"Hey? What's wrong with *you*, Miss Cudberry?"

"Now, pa! Just as if you didn't know that nobody says '*sarvant.*' I do wonder that you like to be so vulgar. Why don't you polish yourself up a bit, pa?" cried Tilly, with terrific playfulness. I use the word "terrific" advisedly, for when it pleased Tilly to be sportive, and to indulge in banter, her voice rose into a shriek, of which I despair of conveying an idea.

"Polish! I'm polished enough," replied Uncle Cudberry, with great deliberation. "Oh yes; as to that, *I*'m plenty polished enough. It don't take much polish, as I know of, to look after the crops. And you can ask any man, woman, or child about the place if they think it 'ud be easy to *do* the master. I reckon they know I wasn't born yesterday, Miss Cudberry."

Strange and incredible as it appeared to me, I had often been assured by my father that Mr. Cudberry had in his youth received as good an education as was usual with gentlemen of his day—a somewhat better education, indeed, than the majority of country squires of his standing. He had been in London, and had even been noted there as a spendthrift. But on coming rather unexpectedly into the property at Woolling (for he was not the direct heir, but inherited on the death of a cousin), a complete metamorphosis took place in his manners and mode of life. The love of money grew upon him year by year. He lived in almost absolute retirement, associating chiefly with mere rustic boors. He adopted their habits and their language. But I used sometimes to fancy that he purposely exaggerated his broad, vulgar mode of speaking in order to

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mortify his daughters and mock at their aspirations after finery. And yet, with queer inconsistency, he was proud of them, and shared their conviction that the Cudberrys of Woolling were people of very great importance and consideration. It was with some idea, I imagine, of teasing Tilly in particular that Uncle Cudberry made a point of complimenting and praising me whenever he saw me. Especially he would remark on my height, as contrasted with his daughters' small stature. There was only one person to whom I ever saw Uncle Cudberry show a glimmering of courtesy, and that person was my mother. Occasionally in his manner toward her might be discerned some dim traces of the gentleman he had once been. And notwithstanding Tilly's peals of derisive laughter, I believe Aunt Cudberry was right when she said that "Mrs. George" was a great favorite with her husband.

Before our visit came to an end Daniel entered the room, bearing a tray with two decanters on it, a piece of cake, and several wine-glasses. The decanters contained, I knew, cowslip and raisin wine, respectively. No more expensive vintage was ever given to visitors to Woolling in the daytime. Of course the ceremony of offering wine might have been omitted altogether; but this would have been a departure from a custom which Aunt Cudberry looked upon as quite indispensable in a genteel household.

Daniel had removed in some way a portion of the loam from his trowsers. He had changed his boots, and put on a black coat, which I recognized from its cut as having belonged to Sam Cudberry, and which was so much too narrow for Daniel's broad, bowed shoulders, that he looked as if he were pinioned in it. The smudge of mud remained conspicuously on his forehead; but he grinned round at us, complacently unconscious of, or philosophically indifferent to, this drawback to his personal appearance.

"White wine or red, Anne?" said Aunt Cudberry, when it came to my turn to be helped.

"Cow—" I began, inadvertently, but I checked myself, and answered, "white, please, Aunt Cudberry." It was a point of honor at Woolling not to call the sweet home-made liquor by its real name. "White or red" *might* equally apply to port and sherry, and Aunt Cudberry found some comfort in the ambiguity of the phrase, although we all knew perfectly well what the wine was, and she knew that we knew it.

"Has George been having any dealings with old Green the coach-maker, do ye know, Mrs. Furness?" asked Mr. Cudberry, abruptly, of my mother.

"Dealings? Mr. Green sold him a pony-chaise. And Mr. Green's grandson came to Water-Eardley to see about repairing it. I know of no other dealings that George has had with him."

I felt guiltily conscious, and my face burned as I listened. Mother did not know then of the money transactions I had heard discussed between Mat Kitchen and my father.

"Ah, well, that's better than I thought."

"Why? What do you mean?"

Mother turned very pale as she put the question, and looked imploringly into Mr. Cudberry's hard face.

"What I mean's neither here nor there. But don't you distress yourself, Mrs. Furness. Old Green has the name of being hard and sharp. He's a cunning man, and knows how to put two and two together and make five of 'em 'stead o' four. But on market-days in Horsingham I sometimes hear a bit of gossip. And they say that the young chap, this Mat Kitchen, is quite as sharp and twice as hard as his grandfather, and that he's getting all the old man's private business into his own hands."

"What business?" asked my mother, innocently. "Has he any other business besides coach-making?"

"Money-lending," replied Mr. Cudberry, nodding his head once emphatically. "And you just tell George to steer clear of the family party. I haven't brought my own pigs to such a bad market, but what I've a right to offer my wife's nephew a bit of advice. Not," he added, touching my mother's sleeve twice or thrice with the back of his forefinger—quite an animated gesture for him!—"not as I've any thing *but* advice to offer him, you understand!"

My mother would not for the world have shown any uneasiness before the Cudberrys which might have led them to reflect upon or in any way blame her husband. But she was very thoughtful and silent as we were driving home again. And after a long meditation, she said to me, "Anne, I am very glad, after all, that your grandfather—and my husband, for it was quite as much George's doing as your grandfather's, you must always remember that, child!—I am glad, I say, that they insisted on my little fortune being settled on me and my children. It will be at least a provision for you, in case— One never knows what may happen!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ball at Woolling was to take place in a fortnight from the day on which we paid our visit to Aunt Cudberry. During this interval we saw Mr. Lacer rather frequently. My father always made him welcome, and appeared to have taken a quite extraordinary fancy to him. Mother, on the whole, was pleased that it should be so; for Mr. Lacer had made great progress in her good graces also, and, indeed, had become more intimate with the whole family than the length of our acquaintance with him would have seemed to warrant. But, as he said, friendship can not be measured by time; and several circumstances concurred to give him an almost confidential footing among us. The first of these circumstances, however, was one

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which might have produced a quite contrary effect.

I have mentioned Flower's propensity to drinking. He always contrived to do his stable-work to my father's satisfaction, but in the evening among his fellow-servants he indulged himself in drinking and talking until, they said, he became almost unendurable. Sometimes one or two of the farm people would drop in, on one excuse or another, to smoke and drink beer in the kitchen. It was a practice which my mother strongly disapproved of; but her authority was not sufficient to put a stop to it, and it was impossible to get my father to interfere in any domestic matters. He let things go as they would more and more every day.

On one of these convivial occasions, being half stupefied with tobacco, and more than half drunk with beer, Flower proceeded to abuse the "master's new friend, Mr. Lacer," in no measured terms. The cook reported the conversation to my mother, dwelling minutely on every insolent and vituperative word Flower had used with that curious passion for the painful, mental or physical, which is so often found in persons of her class. One specific charge which it pleased Flower to bring was, that while he had been employed in the training stables of Lord B——, Mr. Lacer had been caught playing in the spy on those sacred precincts, for the purpose of sending information to London which would influence the betting on an approaching race; that he had been detected in trying to bribe a stable-helper to betray some of the secrets of his employer's establishment; that he had narrowly escaped being ducked under the pump by Lord B——'s express orders; and that he (Mr. Lacer) had made the most strenuous efforts to hush up the whole affair, inasmuch as it, together with sundry other transactions of a disgraceful nature, with which Flower professed to be acquainted, would, if published, have ruined him with his commanding officer, and perhaps have obliged him to leave the army.

This miserable kitchen scandal distressed my mother intensely. She repeated it to my father in my presence, and with a vehemence most unusual with her.

My father was also a good deal disturbed by the matter, although less so—alas! far less so! —than he would have been some years ago. At first he had recourse to scolding mother for having given ear to "servants' tittle-tattle," and was very lofty with her. But mother, to my great astonishment, and I think to his, maintained her point with extraordinary firmness. She made him observe that this odious story was not mere vague calumny; that it was a specific and distinct charge, to which the servants and one or two farm laborers had been witnesses; and that it could not and should not be passed over in silence. My father was singularly averse to risking a quarrel with Flower. The man exercised a sort of fascination over him, as it seemed to us; for my father, although a kind master, had too fiery a temper tamely to pass over misconduct in his servants in general. But the spell which Flower exercised was a very simple one, as we saw and acknowledged later. It derived its power from poor father's besetting infatuation. He had been convinced by some means that Flower could give him valuable information about race-horses, their trainers, owners, and riders. Nay, he had once been heard advising my father to "go shares" in the purchase of a yearling colt out of some famous stable, which animal was "safe to win a pot of money, if properly placed, and the thing kept quiet." Poor mother was in mortal terror of this yearling colt for a long time. But father laughed at her, and said, where was *he* to find money to buy race-horses? And the matter finally dropped.

To return, however, to Flower's charge against Mr. Lacer. So firm was mother in insisting on the matter being sifted, and so evident was it that she was entirely in the right, that my father, who had not lost all his old manliness of heart and his hatred of that which was base and lying and cowardly, gave her his solemn assurance that he would tax Flower with having made this odious accusation, and would, if need were, discharge the fellow from his service at a minute's warning.

The following day Mr. Lacer called. It was in the afternoon, getting on toward dusk. Father was out. We had not seen him since our early dinner, and as he only rose that day in time to get down to the dining-room just as the dinner was being put on the table, and went out directly the meal was over, there had been little opportunity for conversation. Mr. Lacer walked into the small sitting-room, which mother and I chiefly inhabited, and greeted us both as usual. My mother could not feign. There was a constraint in her manner which Mr. Lacer perceived at once, and to our great surprise he at once entered on the subject we had been discussing the previous evening.

"I have been assisting at a rather stormy interview, Mrs. Furness," said he. "I rode round by the stable-yard, and there I found your husband in a towering rage, and Flower in a very trembling and abject condition. And —to be frank—I know all about the head and front of his offending."

My mother turned a startled glance on him. Then she said, "Do you know it, Mr. Lacer? May I ask from whom?"

"From Furness. He told me himself."

There was a silence. I thought Mr. Lacer had acted very wrongly in coming to say this to my mother. He should have waited. Under the circumstances, there was a great want of delicacy in his intrusion into her presence. But his next words altered my judgment a little.

"Mrs. Furness," he said, speaking in some agitation, "I—I hope you'll forgive me; I do indeed. But I could not endure to be under your displeasure. And what an opinion you

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must have had of me if you believed— But I hope you have *some* confidence in me! I hope you did not give me up on the words of a drunken fool!"

My mother trembled a good deal. Her courage and nerve had been tried too much of late. I crossed the room to her, and seating myself near her, took her hand. After a moment or so she answered, with a firm spirit, although with a quivering voice, "All this is very painful to me, Mr. Lacer. You must know that it is so. I do not wish to think evil of any one. You have been very kind and friendly—but—"

"Dear Mrs. Furness," he broke in, eagerly, "I ought to have told you at first! Flower penitently retracts every word. Of course he does! That seemed to me so much a matter of course that I did not think of beginning by saying so!"

Mother held out her hand, which Mr. Lacer took and raised to his lips. This bit of gallantry made her shyly withdraw her hand, and color like a girl. It was, indeed, rather too high-flown for the occasion; but Mr. Lacer had an impulsive, almost boyish way with him at times, which made one pardon a little exaggeration of manner.

"How deeply I regret," said mother, "and how deeply George will regret, that any friend of ours should have been exposed to such an offense from our servant! What an infamous, dangerous creature!"

"I fear you have taken the matter to heart more than was needful, Mrs. Furness," said Mr. Lacer.

"It seems to me that that was hardly possible," said I. "To us it was no light thing either that an inmate of our household should be a vile calumniator, or that a person received on friendly terms by my father should be—what you must have been if Flower spoke truly."

I had not broken silence before; but I was chafed by Mr. Lacer's way of treating the affair.

"You speak rather severely, Miss Furness. Have I offended you?"

"You are not half angry enough with Flower," I replied, bluntly.

"Anne!" exclaimed my mother, with gentle reproof.

"I was angry enough, I assure you, at first; but really the thing was so absurd, so wild! And the man was drunk, quite drunk. He declares he has no recollection at all of what he said last night."

"Thank Heaven, this will rid us of him!" exclaimed my mother, with a slight gesture of her hand, as of one pushing aside a hateful object.

"Rid you? Oh, I—perhaps I did wrong, but the fellow begged and prayed so for forgiveness, and Furness seemed loth to part with him, and—I put in a word for him to induce his master to look over the offense this once, on the understanding that the very next time he is seen to be drunk he is turned off without wages or warning."

Mother fell back in her chair. "Keep him!" she cried. "My husband means to keep him! Impossible!"

"Do you so strongly object to the man, Mrs. Furness? I had no idea—"

"*Most* strongly do I object to him. I have reasons for doing so. I am not actuated by prejudice. He is a dangerous, dangerous man! I would give any thing to see him fairly away from my house."

Upon this Mr. Lacer spoke more unreservedly than he had hitherto done about my father's growing infatuation for betting. He had seen, he said, that it distressed my mother, and had seen it with sincere sympathy. As far as in him lay—of course, his power was very limited; he was so much younger than my father, had no claim of old acquaintance, and so forth—he had tried to stand between my father and temptation of that sort. He thought, if he might venture to advise, that mother was wrong in her desire to get rid of Flower. The man was not pleasant, nor sober, nor honest in speech. But he had the rare honesty in a groom of not cheating in his stable. That was a great point; because Furness—mother would forgive him for saying so—was a little careless and easy-going, did not look into things very closely, and might be robbed right and left by a groom who chose to rob him. Then, as to the other point, Flower's connection with the turf, and his influence over his master, Mr. Lacer must say this. Flower really did know something of the matter. His advice would be sound, in all likelihood, and based on experience. Of course it might be better—well, he would say it certainly *would* be better—if Furness cut the whole thing. But was that likely at present? And if it were not likely, would he not run the risk in losing Flower of finding some one ten times worse?

"It is very generous and forgiving on your part to say all this," said my mother, thoughtfully.

"Well," answered Mr. Lacer, with his frank bright laugh that flashed all over his face, "I am emboldened to speak freely, you see, because I know you are not likely to suspect me of any undue partiality for my friend Flower."

"I wonder," said I, "why he selected you as the object of his slanders! Had you given him any offense?"

"None that I know of. But it really is useless to reason about the matter. The fellow was drunk, and I suppose that he was in a quarrelsome, malicious mood, and confused me, in his stupid head, with some rascal of his acquaintance. I dare say the story he told was true enough, only applied to the wrong person. Don't think any more about it, Miss Furness."

But both mother and I did think about it, and speak about it. After Mr. Lacer had taken his leave we sat over the fire, in the dark, and talked and talked for an hour.

"I do think Mr. Lacer has behaved s[illegible]," said my mother.

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"Y—yes."

"You don't seem to agree with me, Anne."

"I think he has behaved as he thought well and kindly; but I doubt his being right. If father is persuaded to keep Flower just because he *might* get a worse man in his place, that is doing evil that good may come of it, instead of simply doing right at all hazards."

Mother sighed. And, after a little pause, she said: "I am not sure, Anne, that your father would in any case have got rid of Flower when once his first anger was over, and the man had begged pardon."

I felt this to be so likely that I was silent.

"And then you know, child," proceeded mother, "it may be that you and I feel this thing to be more dreadful and shocking than gentlemen do. You see Mr. Lacer treated it lightly. Men brought up like Flower can not be expected to have a high standard of morals. We know so little of the world, Anne!"

So Flower remained at Water-Eardley, and the above-narrated circumstance operated, as I have said, to put Mr. Lacer on a footing of intimacy with us all. Mother would never have given her confidence to any one who had sternly disapproved her husband's conduct. But this Mr. Lacer was far from doing. He contrived to praise my father's generous, hearty, trusting nature, even while lamenting his failings. One day he and my father went off together to a "match" that took place about twenty miles from us. I fancy it was a trotting match between two ponies belonging to some London men. At all events the creatures ran in our country, and were "heavily backed," as they phrased it. Father came back in high spirits. He had won largely, he said; and in the next instant he frowned impatiently, and asked mother why she looked so lackadaisical—what was the matter? She couldn't have put on a more wobegone countenance if he had lost! It made my heart burn within me to see her piteous little smile, and her attempt to treat the rough words as a good-humored jest. Her sweet gentleness softened father's mood, and he came and took her hand and looked into her face and said: "Lucy, I do believe you are an angel." The touch of kindness was more than she could bear—she who was so brave to suffer—and she put her head down on his shoulder and burst into tears; and I ran away and cried to myself in a tumult of pity and indignation.

The next time Mr. Lacer came to see us mother took an opportunity, when my father was out of the room, to say to him in her simple, sweet way that she felt a little uneasy at his accompanying father so much to these different races and matches. "You are younger than George, Mr. Lacer; and if he were the means, thoughtlessly, of leading you into temptation, it would hurt me—it would hurt us—so much."

Mr. Lacer flushed crimson, and looked for an instant as if he had scarcely understood her.

"You mustn't be angry with me," mother went on. "You speak of standing between George and temptation, of dissuading him from this and that; but take care that you don't get a taste for gambling yourself. Those kinds of people are very cunning. I scarcely think you can be a match for them. How should you?" And then she gave him a little sermon. The words were commonplace enough, I dare say; but her sweetness and sincerity gave them value. Mr. Lacer repeated father's words. "You are an angel, Mrs. Furness," said he. "If I had had a mother like you—! But my own mother died when I was little more than a baby. If I could keep Furness straight and square I would, on my soul I would; and—don't be afraid for me. I am up to most of their dodges; so much the worse for me, you'll say! Well, I was left to scramble up as I could when my father married again, and I fell into bad hands. I lived in the stables almost. I got into scrapes that I'm ashamed to think of now. My father paid some 'debts of honor' for me once, against his wife's wish—Mrs. Lacer loves money better than any thing in the world—and he told me that it was the last farthing, over and above my allowance, that I had to expect from him. I was a boy of seventeen at the time, and I have never asked my father for money since. I wish I could forget all those bad times; but I can't undo the past. It is not all my fault, is it? You see I am candid. I think you can feel for me."

He spoke with so much feeling that we were quite moved. He easily showed emotion. The tears were brimming up in his eyes at that very moment. Mother did not think the worse of him for that.

It was the day before the great Woolling ball; Mr. Lacer staid to have tea with us, and we sat round the fire and chatted about the morrow's great event. Father did not scruple to quiz the whole thing, and Mr. Lacer ventured on a few mild jokes about his awe of Miss Cudberry which made us laugh. I was seated nearest to the table, and an idle impulse prompted me to look at a "sporting paper" which lay on it. My father received it regularly, and it had come to be almost the only printed thing he ever read. It was not the sort of literature to tempt me naturally; but as it lay there at my elbow I began idly to glance over its columns. This cursory perusal suggested several reflections which I had the discretion to keep to myself. But all at once my eye lighted on the following advertisement: "Confederate wanted (a *gentlemanlike* person indispensable), with capital, to join the advertiser in carrying out a great thing. Plenty of amusement, combined with profit, for an amateur of racing. No turf habitués need apply, as the *coup* must emanate from an unsuspected quarter. Address, Hic et Ubique, Post-Office, Brookfield."

"What an extraordinary advertisement!" I cried, "what *can* it mean?" and I began to read it aloud. Father jumped up in a passion, and snatched the paper from my hand. "That's

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not reading for young ladies!" said he, angrily. "You'd best stick to your German and Latin" (this with a sneer which he always put on in speaking of my poor little attempts at learning). "I don't pay for your education in order that you may read such things as that!"

CHAPTER XIX.

I HOPE I shall have no reader who will be shocked at the fact, but—the truth must be told—the ball at Woolling began at half past seven o'clock, P.M. It was dark at that hour, being winter-time. But it is useless to disguise that we arrived at Uncle Cudberry's at a little after eight, and were among the fashionably late arrivals. The night was dry; but there was no moon, and we jolted along in the darkness over the deep, frozen ruts in the cart-track that led through the fields. A great stable-lantern hung on the wicket in the garden fence, so that we were able to pick our way across the garden into the house. At the sound of our wheels two or three dogs began to bark, and a shock-headed boy ran out to take the horse. "Can you put him up, Jack?" said my father. Flower looked about him superciliously, but said nothing. He had been a trifle less openly insolent since the affair of Mr. Lacer. Yes; the horse could be put up, Jack said. "Some on 'em was at the Half-Moon in Woolling, and some on 'em at Farmer Batt's; but the master had given orders as Mr. George's beast were to be put in the stable, and his man were to have summut to drink." Jack emphasized this communication in a manner which gave me to understand how deeply he was impressed by his master's exceptional hospitality to "Mr. George." I do not think that father appreciated it as any peculiar favor.

We went into the house, and were shown into a bedroom, to take our hoods and cloaks off. I was surprised and disappointed to find no more preparation for this great occasion. Every thing looked much as usual. I could not define what I had expected, but I had thought that in some way or other the house would have worn a more festive aspect. There were two candles blinking on the toilet-table, which only seemed to make the dark mirror darker; and there was a woman-servant standing in one corner of the room with a scared, sulky face. We took off our wrappings without much assistance from this damsel, and descended to the ground-floor. Father was awaiting us at the door of the long sitting-room. We heard the tinkling of a piano from within, and entered just as a quadrille came to an end.

The door was flung open for us by Daniel, who presented a curious spectacle in his livery coat. He had a large white cravat wound round his throat, and I shall never forget the effect of his ruddy face and his ruddy locks rising above it. His hands were concealed by white cotton gloves of such enormous dimensions that they looked like the colossal wooden hands which may sometimes be seen swinging as a sign over a hosier's shop. The long, low room was but dimly lighted, considering the occasion. Candles were distributed here and there on little side-tables, and on the mantel-piece, and on the piano. They were not very large candles, for their size had to be accommodated to that of the tall, old-fashioned silver candlesticks drawn forth for the occasion from their swathings of wash-leather; and these candlesticks looked as if they had wasted away with years. There were so many people in the room already that it looked quite full, as those who had been dancing in the quadrille continued to move about the floor. We looked for Aunt Cudberry, but did not see her; and very shortly Tilly caught sight of us, and advanced to receive us. Her first words, uttered in her customary piercing tones, were these: "I'm doing the honors. Ma isn't equal to it. How do you do, Cousin George? How do you do, Mrs. George? Well, you and Anne *are* the two extremes! Black velvet and white muslin! Never mind. You sit down there, Mrs. George, among the dowagers. I suppose you don't mean to dance!"

Tilly had a pink silk dress on. It was rather short in front, and displayed her feet when she walked; when she danced it permitted a view of her ankles. She wore a bushy wreath of artificial flowers round her head of a deeper pink than her gown. I do not know what natural flower they were meant to represent. I have never seen any so large, except hollyhocks. But I suppose they could not have been intended for hollyhocks. Henny and Clemmy wore blue and yellow respectively. Each had a wreath. Clemmy, who was the smallest of the three sisters, appeared almost smothered beneath some white species of shrub. There were branches of it on her breast, and on her sleeves, and on her skirt. She rustled and crackled when she moved, and was constantly entangling herself in the other women's gowns. I had wondered a good deal what sort of people they would be whom we should find at the ball. I did not know many of our Cousin Cudberrys' acquaintance. I think the company would have been considered a rather odd assemblage by most persons. There were Mr. and Mrs. Batt, a neighboring farmer and his wife. Mrs. Batt wore a satin gown and a turban, and looked unspeakably wretched. (The majority of the guests looked that, though.) There were Sir Peter and Lady Bunny seated in state on the sofa, and struggling between their own desire to be sociable and good-humored, and their entertainers' determination to show them off and exalt them, for the glory of the Cudberry family and the humiliation of the rest of the company. There were the doctor of Woolling and his wife and his wife's sister. The doctor was very vivacious, and said to every one whom he came near, "Well! hah,

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Sir!" or "Hah, ma'am! This is a lively scene. Great exhilaration of the animal spirits, hey?" Mrs. Hamper (that was the name of the doctor's wife) and her sister appeared to be in no danger of overexciting themselves. They sat side by side in one corner of the room behind the piano, and glared with gloomy impartiality upon every one. Mrs. Hamper had Low-Church tendencies, and was supposed to think dancing sinful. "I wonder she came!" said I to Tilly, who imparted this piece of information in my ear. "Oh, my dear! Came? Of course she came. When a Hamper is invited by a Cudberry of Woolling, you *don't* suppose a Hamper would stay away, do you?"

Besides the above-mentioned guests, there was the family of a rich cloth-weaver, and the family of a poor clergyman, who received pupils in his house. And there were some of the said pupils, looking a good deal bewildered, I thought, and dancing meekly with the Misses Cudberry, who coolly handed them over from one to another in this fashion: "Oh, *you* haven't danced with Miss Cudberry yet, have you? Or was it your friend who sat out? Ah, well then, you can dance with my sister Clementina next time. Miss Cudberry comes first. That is our rule." Or, "I think *we're* all engaged for this dance. I'll get you a partner. The young lady in green? No: you'd better ask Miss Jolly this time. We shouldn't like Miss Jolly to feel herself neglected." Miss Jolly was the cloth-weaver's eldest daughter—a very large and powerful young woman, who bore down upon the other waltzers like a man-of-war among a fleet of cock-boats, and whirled her partners out of breath in no time.

I managed to seat myself near Barbara Bunny, who was looking on at the proceedings with her placid blue eyes rather wider open than usual. "Ain't they rather strange people, Anne?" she whispered to me. "Who?" said I.

"Oh, almost all of them. That stout old lady in the red gown that looks like bed-curtains"—pointing toward a certain Mrs. Hodgekinson, whose husband I knew to be a rich farmer, brewer, banker, and land-owner, at a village about five miles from Woolling—"asked me all on a sudden if I liked going out to parties; and when I said 'yes,' she told me *she* didn't. And she thought the best plan was for every body to stay in their own houses, and eat what they'd got! And her son—that's her son with the ruby studs, and the kind of flounce on his shirt-front—asked me to dance with him, and offered me a peppermint lozenge in the middle of the Lancers."

Barbara's voice was almost plaintive as she narrated these experiences, and the contrast of her serious tone with the absurdity of that which she was saying, set me off into a fit of irrepressible laughter.

"It is delightful to see you so merry!" said a voice very near me. I turned, and saw Mr. Lacer and Sam Cudberry standing behind my chair. It was the former who had spoken.

"Oh, Mr. Lacer," exclaimed Barbara, just like a child, "I am so glad to see you!"

I could almost have echoed the exclamation myself. Mr. Lacer's presence in that company was truly welcome. One felt at least safe with him. As to the others, there was no anticipating what they would say or do next. Mr. Lacer made Barbara a very low bow, and professed himself overwhelmed by her kindness. But it was not difficult to see, by the twinkle in his eye, and the smile that flashed for a moment over his face, that he was not vain enough to put down Miss Bunny's delight at seeing him entirely to the score of his personal merits.

At this moment Clementina struck up a waltz tune on the piano. There was no professional musician engaged. The performance of the music was divided among such of the ladies as could and would play. And the varieties of rhythm thus obtained were very remarkable.

"Is this a waltz?" asked Mr. Lacer, doubtfully.

"Oh no!" screeched Tilly Cudberry, bustling up to us. "It's the Portuguese. Don't you know the Portuguese?" She turned to Barbara as she spoke, and Mr. Lacer seized the opportunity to whisper to me, hastily, "Will you dance this with me, whatever it is? Do, *please*, Miss Furness!" I bowed, without daring to raise my eyes for fear I should laugh. I was just in the mood when the slightest touch would have overbalanced my gravity, and disgraced me forever in the eyes of my cousins.

"I don't know the Portuguese," said Barbara, timidly.

"Oh, you must learn! Sam will be delighted to teach you. Sam, give Miss Bunny your arm, and take her top couple but two. Henny and I dance first and second couple."

Barbara was led off to her fate unresistingly. Then Tilly turned to Mr. Lacer. "Now, Mr. Lacer," said she, with a little asperity. "Come! *You* know the Portuguese!"

Mr. Lacer protested that he had been familiar with it from boyhood. Miss Cudberry waited, standing opposite to him with somewhat the air of a street constable, who has desired a refractory apple-vendor to "move on." "Miss Furness is going to do me the honor of dancing it with me," added Mr. Lacer, intrepidly.

"Anne? Why, goodness! Anne don't know it."

"I am about to have the pleasure of teaching it to her," said Mr. Lacer; and he led me to the bottom of the double line that was being formed down the room. Tilly remained staring after us. I was by no means sure that she would not even then seize Mr. Lacer by force, and drag him to the top of the room; it was so entirely against the rules and regulations at Woolling for a gentleman to dance first with any one but Miss Cudberry! However, Tilly pressed Mr. Hamper, the doctor, into the serv-

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ice, and taking her place with him for her partner, gave the signal for the dance to begin.

I never have seen the "Portuguese" any where but at Uncle Cudberry's. The girls had learned it long ago at school, and I think it must have been the exclusive property of their dancing-master, and his own invention into the bargain. But with their habitual way of ignoring that that which was familiar to them might not be so to the rest of the world, the Misses Cudberry assumed that every one knew the Portuguese, and insisted that it should be performed. It was the dreariest dance in the world. You advanced and retreated, and took hands, and went round and round monotonously to an old-fashioned waltz tune played very slowly. Tilly and Henny, who were proud of their dancing, did elaborate "*steps*," and appeared to enjoy it. But the people who couldn't do steps cut a very awkward figure, and gloom was depicted on their faces.

Miss Jolly had got the youngest and meekest of the pupils in tow, and was bearing down powerfully on the other dancers with that weak craft in her wake, when she went round and round with him, her petticoats making a kind of maelstrom into which small or unwary persons were continually being, as it were, attracted by an irresistible power. Twice I saw Clementina Cudberry engulfed—bowery branches and all—in the voluminous folds of Miss Jolly's thick corded silk gown, that went flap, flap, flap, like the main-sail of a ship. I don't believe Miss Jolly was aware of Clemmy, until some by-standers stepped forward to extricate her. And had it not been for that circumstance I have no doubt Miss Jolly would have swept on through the mazes of the Portuguese with no more embarrassment or difficulty than if Clemmy had been a bramble clinging to her skirt.

I had been in a laughing mood all the early part of the evening, but the influence of the Portuguese would have depressed Puck himself! By the time we went in to supper every one looked exhausted. Poor mother had been wedged in between Mrs. Hodgekinson and Mrs. Batt, and had had to listen to their conversation for three mortal hours. The two ladies had a standing feud which had lasted so long that I believe the original subject of it had been forgotten. However, that did not prevent them from sparring at each other with great vindictiveness whenever they met. They talked to my mother and at each other; occasionally sending a shot direct to the enemy, and blazing away very fiercely. I conjectured that they found some enjoyment in these hostilities. Certainly nothing would have been easier than for either party to get up and walk away from the other. But they remained in juxtaposition all the evening.

Mr. Cudberry achieved the distinction of, for once, uniting the combatants and mortally offending both of them, by coming up to offer my mother his arm to lead her to supper, and saying audibly as he did so, "Why didn't some o' the girls look after you, 'stead of leaving you to be a shuttle-cock betwixt them two tough old battle-dores? I reckon you'll have had a bad time of it, Mrs. George!"

At supper appeared Aunt Cudberry, whom I had scarcely caught a glimpse of before. She put one in mind of a child's drawing on a slate, she was so very much awry, and looked so oddly out of the perpendicular. She really did resemble a fancy portrait of a lady I had seen executed by one of the little Arkwrights. She wore a plum-colored satin gown, and a cap with roses in it. And she had a very large lace collar on that came down half-way over her chest, and was fastened by a brooch containing a daguerreotype portrait of her son. Poor Aunt Cudberry! She had been toiling in the kitchen with her plum-colored satin skirt pinned up, and made her appearance at the head of the table with a hot, red face, but still smiling with gutta-percha flexibility.

The supper, as the Cudberrys boasted, had been entirely prepared at home. There were a roast turkey, and a couple of pairs of fowls, and a piece of beef, and a ham. And these were all very good fare in themselves; but they were spoiled by an extraordinary taste like the smell of new furniture, that pervaded them all more or less. It was some time before I could guess at the cause of this strange circumstance; but when I turned my eyes on the sweets I fancied I had discovered it. Aunt Cudberry, from motives of economy or convenience, had evidently purchased a quantity of gelatine for the preparation of her jelliès, and so forth. There was gelatine in all forms and of all colors of the rainbow; but, alas! these varieties were strictly and solely external, for every sweet dish on the table tasted like all the others, and a subtile stickiness had communicated itself to all the edibles. I believe the cook must have glazed the turkey and the fowls and the beef with gelatine. Miss Jolly's brother, whose manners were not polished, and who was considered a wag in his own family, whispered to Barbara Bunny, "Glue, by jingo!" and made grimaces, as though his tongue were stuck to his mouth, after swallowing a spoonful of jelly, which dreadfully disconcerted poor Barbara. The young gentleman with the ruby studs, and the flounce on his shirt-front, ate nothing after the first mouthful or so. Perhaps he had taken away his appetite with peppermint lozenges; but he drank glass after glass of wine, and my attention was attracted to him as he sat opposite to me by seeing his mother, Mrs. Hodgekinson, stretch forth her arm and remove the decanter from his reach, and when he remonstrated she said, quite savagely, "No, William, you don't. It's no better than poison. British port, indeed! *I* know it."

It is to be feared that the Cudberry hospitality did not convert Mrs. Hodgekinson from her unsociable theory that it was best for folks

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to stay in their own houses and eat what they've got!

When we returned to the dancing-room, I offered to play a waltz for Tilly. My musical skill was extremely small, but it sufficed for that. Tilly received my offer very ungraciously, but did not hesitate to accept it. As I sat at the piano-forte running my fingers over the keys, and waiting until the dancers should be ready, I unwillingly overheard a little family quarrel between Tilly and Henny Cudberry and their brother. The subject of it was Mr. Lacer. Tilly was furiously indignant at what she termed his neglect of her. Sam, who was willing to support the family dignity so far as it was comfortable and convenient to himself to do so, but not one inch farther, bluntly told her she was a fool, and that he was not going to have *his* friend set against him by her nonsense. Henny sided with her sister. There was a sharp altercation. "You *must* give him to understand, Sam," said Tilly, bridling and shaking her head till the hollyhocks quivered again, "that the person to be attended to here is Miss Cudberry. He hasn't asked me to dance once. It's shameful."

"Well, I suppose he don't want to. Is it my fault? You should make yourself more agreeable."

"I think, Sam," observed Henny, waspishly, "that you might stand up for your own family. I always did suppose that the Miss Cudberrys of Woolling were somebody."

"Oh, blow it! I ain't a-going to quarrel with Lacer, and so I tell you. He's promised to introduce me to ever such tip-toppers in his regiment. If I was to say, 'Please would you be so kind as dance with my sister?' he'd laugh at me, wouldn't he? You want to make a fellow look like a fool. And if he likes dancing with somebody else better than you, it's no good trying to bully him out of it. Added to which," continued Sam, with much candor, "I don't believe he'd stand it!"

I felt very uncomfortable during my involuntary eaves-dropping, and played away as loud as I could; but it was not easy to drown the Cudberry voices.

Later I observed Mr. Lacer dancing with Clementina, and afterward with Henny; but I knew that would not suffice to appease "Miss Cudberry." Indeed, when I considered within myself what amount of enjoyment had been derived by any one from this so much anticipated ball, it seemed to me to be distressingly little. Mrs. Batt was in a confirmed state of "tiff" the whole evening. Mrs. Hodgekinson's maternal breast was distracted by apprehensions as to the results of the "British port" on the constitution of her only son, besides being in a glow or smoulder of indignation at not having been taken in to supper by the host. Mrs. Hamper and her sister appeared to be a prey to the profoundest gloom. Aunt Cudberry was tired and worried. The clergyman's pupils, from being simply meek and tractable, had sunk into a condition of exhausted imbecility—due perhaps partly to the port, but also in a great measure to the Portuguese! In brief, the only persons who did not exhibit signs of more or less severe suffering were Uncle Cudberry and Miss Jolly. The former was as undemonstrative as the figure-head of a ship. The latter was blessed with marvelous vigor both of body and spirit. Mr. Lacer gave me his arm to conduct me across the garden when we went away, and as we followed my parents toward the carriage he whispered, with a sigh, "By Jove that was severe, Miss Furness! You look quite done up."

"I am rather tired."

"I am ashamed to say that *I* am, but it is the truth. There's something peculiarly exhausting about the atmosphere of that house, I do believe."

"Not for every body, it seems. Look there."

He turned in the direction to which I pointed, and we saw flitting at regular intervals across the window-blind a colossal shadow, accompanied by a smaller one. It was Miss Jolly performing a final polka with one of the pupils.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE letter of Vice-President Colfax, in which he states his intention to retire from public life, has occasioned some surprise upon the part of those who imagine that official distinction is happiness. But the Vice-President, although his career has been singularly successful and his character irreproachable, declares that he withdraws without regret, and that he rejoices at his prospective release from the exactions, the cares, and the misrepresentations of political life. It is not all happiness, then? The glory has its shadow?

Political life is a curious study. In England the most dazzling prizes are political. In the English novels political success is represented as the greatest triumph. However illustrious in rank a man may be, however rich, the real crown of his life is political distinction. It is very much so in fact. Men of the highest culture, of the utmost refinement and delicacy of nature, enter the lists. Parliament, to the young and accomplished English gentleman of to-day, is what the tournament and the field were to his ancestor. The church, the army, and political life are the three careers open to a "gentleman." And of these the highest in general estimation is unquestionably the last. It is hardly less so in France. The hero in the vaudeville, which is a picture of contemporary life, triumphs at last in receiving his appointment as embassador.

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Upon the actual stage of life scholars, historians, *savans*, are politicians and statesmen also. Guizot, Thiers, Lamartine, Arago, do not disdain an active part in politics, and are doubtless as proud of their political position as of their literary fame.

To cross the Atlantic to America is to reverse the fact altogether. The American "gentleman" upon his travels, who remembers with more real pride than any other incident of his tour the fact that he was invited to dinner by the Prime Minister in England, or by the Foreign Minister in France, in his own country wonders that any gentleman can dabble in the dirty pool of politics. His charitable excuse for his neighbor who interests himself in political affairs is, that he is rather needy, and would like a respectable living as minister to Monaco, and so pays the necessary price, by shutting his eyes and rolling a little in the dirt. If you ask him whether Mr. Gladstone and John Bright, Canning, Burke, and Lord Chatham, also rolled in the dirt, he smiles, and says that they manage these things differently in England. If you ask him whether, upon the whole, those men could have employed their talents more usefully, and would have done more wisely for themselves, for their country, and for civilization, if they had left politics to inferior men, he is astonished that a man of your sense should not be able to make distinctions. If you ask him again whether he is of opinion that a government like ours would be more honestly and economically administered if it were left wholly to blackguards, he shakes his head. If you then press him to know whether such a government will take care of itself if decent and honorable men decline to take any interest in its management, he bows politely, and wishes you good-morning.

De Tocqueville observed that the tendency of the better men in the United States was to avoid politics. He did not find what Thackeray says was believed in England, that sagacious politicians had their eyes upon the universities, and selected the most promising youths as candidates for political honors. Yet, at an earlier period, our own custom was the same as in England. In the first Conventions and Congresses there were men of a corresponding elevation and accomplishment with the best elsewhere. Lord Chatham's compliment to the Continental Congress is historical, and the political history of any State seventy or eighty years ago presents the finest figures. Nor do they seem so only because they are of the past. The essential ability of Alexander Hamilton, for instance, or the moral dignity and power of John Jay, are as evident as the pure patriotism and sagacity of Washington. In explanation of the fact which he observes De Tocqueville suggests that a government of the numerical majority is a government of ignorant men who will be swayed by arguments and appeals to which the better kind of citizens will disdain to condescend. Consequently the danger of our system, he thought, would be the continually greater prominence and influence of unprincipled politicians. Whether his prescience has been vindicated every man will decide for himself.

That the mass of people in any country have been generally ignorant is true. But the promising conditions of popular government when it was established in this country were these: its wide separation from the immediate contact of other states; the great extent of our territory, avoiding the perils of a close population, and a climate favorable to industry; the homogeneity of the population of the colonies, its general thrift and intelligence; familiarity with the forms of popular government; and beyond all these the social truth, of which in various ways history is the ample verification, that in regard to the general welfare, not in every case but upon the whole, every body knows more or better than any body. With this moral conviction, with these material advantages, with the clear perception of the vital relation of the schools to the state, and with the sensible belief that a popular government was not an ideal system, but the best under all the circumstances, our republic was founded. The difficulty which De Tocqueville mentions was to be obviated, first, by constantly enlightening the people; and secondly, by the fact that a fairly educated people would really choose more wisely for themselves than any class among them could possibly choose. Because, plainly, if they were sensible enough to choose the best citizens for legislators, it was all that was necessary. If they were not sagacious enough to do it, how would the best get appointed? Would chance or gunpowder or the guillotine or an order of aristocracy select any more wisely?

It follows, therefore, that interest in politics, which may be in other countries a privilege, is in this country an imperative duty. The American "gentleman," who is amazed that his refined and educated neighbor is "active in politics," must understand that his neighbor is merely doing his duty—is only paying the tax of time and attention and knowledge which it is indispensable for a good government that every decent man should pay. His neighbor is doing all that he can do to enlighten the public opinion, which is the real government of the country, and to direct its action. For nothing can be plainer to every thoughtful man than that if good men do not interest themselves in politics, bad men will. If the tone of politics and the general character of public men have deteriorated, it is greatly due to the feeling that there is something essentially degrading in political life, or in any degree of participation in political affairs. And, therefore, the difficulty has fed itself. The methods of politics have now become so repulsive, the corruption is so open, the intrigues and personal hostilities are so shameless, that it is very difficult to engage in them without a sense of humiliation. But the deeper this feeling is, the more supreme should the sense of duty be.

On the other hand, every man who does his duty in the matter will find that there are great multitudes who are obeying a similar feeling. We are apt to speak of the dirty pool of politics; but a man is amazed, after hearing his neighbor declaim against the rascals and traders and swindlers, to find such troops of honest, generous, and enlightened men who are "in politics" only that they may serve the common welfare. Indeed, if they were not there—if he were the only intelligent and sincere man who went to the caucus or the primary meeting—anarchy and revolution would be close at hand. And every party, however corrupt its management may be, or unprincipled its leaders, acknowledges its conviction of the

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public respect for honesty by generally avoiding in its nominations for high office men of notoriously bad character. The most venal party managers are conscious that a spotless name strengthens the ticket. And to make that consciousness deeper and deeper by constantly improving public sentiment, it is a patriotic duty to engage in practical politics so far as to discuss public questions upon the loftiest principles; to assist in the selection of the best men for office; and, where it can be honorably done with a just regard for all other duties, to make what is to so many men of a certain temperament the sacrifice of taking office.

But if any body supposes that a political career is happiness, he has only to read a few chapters in history, or to reflect upon the letter of the Vice-President. His political life, as we said, has been successful and distinguished, and few men who have been for eighteen years in public position have made so few enemies. It is not to be supposed, of course, that he retires from interest in public affairs, nor that he intends to desert the political duties of a private citizen. But he thinks, and justly, that he has given as much of his life to public office as ought to be demanded, unless he wishes to continue in it. And in withdrawing he mentions the real sting of an honest official career, the misrepresentations which accompany it. For it is only when a man takes office, or is proposed for it, that he feels the full fury of party spirit. And never is a human being so ludicrously contemptible as when he is, not severely criticising the culpable conduct of a political opponent, but indulging party malignity. This malignity would be infinitely funny if it were not so ferocious. It is one of the chief impediments to civilization, for this, among many other reasons, that it so utterly perplexes judgment by its enormous falsehoods. The philosophers say that Nature is so intent upon certain results that she overcharges certain instincts and passions, so as to be superfluously sure of them. And this is also the law of party spirit, which burns a house down to roast a pig.

The ingenuity with which the simplest facts are distorted by party spirit into the most baleful significance is exquisitely comical. The most familiar details of life are invested with awful mystery. If a distinguished gentleman is seen going North or South or East or West—what is he going for? If he wears a red cravat—he is secretly a *sans-culotte*. If he wears a yellow waistcoat—he is no friend of Ireland. The distinguished Mr. Jones meets his friend Smith, and they have a chat about the weather. Party spirit publishes the interesting fact that Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith were closeted in earnest conversation, and begs a naturally indignant people to keep calm at all hazards, and entreats the judicious, upon retiring at night, to look under their beds for torpedoes. The minister in the Feejee Islands or at Behring Straits sends a telegram, and to save money signs it Short or Long, omitting the Tobias and Timothy. "Ah ha!" snorts the watchful spirit of party, "behold the demoralization of foreign courts! Kings and noblemen call themselves merely William, or Charles, or Wellington, or De Broglie; so this debased American, whose soul is eaten up by flunkeyism, and who grovels in spirit before the proud upstarts of an effete despotism, signs himself Short instead of Tobias Short, and Long, forsooth, instead of Timothy Long! Faugh! Out upon such spaniels!" Bless your soul, dear Cato, they only do it to save a sixpence!

These are the absurdities; but there are the malignities also. What a spectacle it is, that of a really clever man sitting down to tax his wits for the most caustic and elaborate misrepresentation of something which he perfectly well knows to be simple and intelligible! Laboriously to increase the misunderstanding and falsehood and ill feeling in the world is certainly the most pitiful of human tasks. But it is one which party spirit relentlessly requires. The man whose views of public policy differ from yours you must make ridiculous and odious if you possibly can. "We have no case," said the defendant's senior counsel to his junior; "so abuse the plaintiff's attorney." Take, for instance, in this country, the question of revenue. Let us suppose that there are two general views: one, that the revenue should be raised by direct, the other that it should be raised by indirect taxation. Or let there be one opinion, that domestic industry should be protected; another, that such a policy is unsound. Apparently here is a question to be decided upon careful consideration of facts and arguments. But the debate is a Donnybrook fair. There is but one rule on both sides. Wherever you see a head, hit it. The great object is to make the opponent personally ridiculous; to smear him with lies and slanders and jibes; to denounce him as a fool or a knave. It is not enough to show the unsoundness of his opinions, to prove them injurious to the public welfare, to state truly the dangerous tendency or the humiliating history of the opposing party, but you must stigmatize by name those who belong to it, or whom circumstances make prominent, as caitiffs, cowards, and contemptible donkeys.

Of course, when their conduct justifies the severest censure, it is not to be spared. It is often the plainest duty to speak of official persons by name, and to contrast their general professions, or their tacit claims of respectability, with their unprincipled conduct. Indeed, the press does no greater service than when it shows that a man who privately is not a scoundrel may be politically or officially a rascal. But to contemplate every act solely with the intention of ridiculing it is a capital crime against the country, because it tends to repel from the public service the very men who are most wanted in it. The more fierce and bitter party spirit becomes, the more venal and perilous will be our politics; and no hero of the Revolution, whose name and memory we reverence, is more worthy of profound regard, as a patriot, than the honest and able citizen who takes office under the government.

WHOEVER goes to the town of North Adams, in Massachusetts, wishes to see the celestial shoemakers. But even if the gates of the factory should be closed against him, the traveler will see one of the busiest of little towns, humming and smoking with various industry, and nestled in the most picturesque and mountainous part of the valley of the Housatonic, directly at the foot of Greylock, in the north of Berkshire. The census shows that North Adams has grown

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more rapidly than any other town in the State, and there are poets native to the region who are of opinion that the shoemakers are but the forerunners of all the wealth of Asia, which is to pour through the pleasant town on its way around the world, the moment that the eastern mountain wall of the valley is pierced by the Hoosac tunnel, which, it seems, is now only a question of time.

Romantic Berkshire is full of picturesque towns; but while Stockbridge and Lenox and Great Barrington and Sheffield maintain their rural tranquillity, and Pittsfield smiles with the conscious dignity of the county seat, and Williamstown, in the extreme northwestern corner of the State, is a secluded sylvan altar to the Muses and to letters, North Adams is the bustling mart and trader; and with thirty-eight factories looks up the valley to Vermont, and westward through the Hoosac Valley to the Hudson and the prairies, and south along the Housatonic to the Sound and New York; while east its indomitable faith and energy have so bored the State that the State in turn has bored two-thirds through the mountain to the east, and, when the other third is subdued, will have cleared the way for North Adams to run along the valley of the Deerfield to the Connecticut, and thence through the heart of the State to the Nashua and Merrimac, and so to Boston and the ends of the earth. Those poets, indeed, in fond imagination and prophetic vision, behold their town

> "High on a throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

Perhaps it is the Mongolian incursion which has so stimulated their fancies. As they pass up a street of factories, under the magnificent hillsides blazing with autumn, and catch glimpses of figures that seem to have escaped from familiar dinner-plates and rice-paper fans, they have a vague feeling that Ormus and Ind have already arrived, while in the tawny skins of those strange figures haply they see barbaric gold.

Up the same street the Easy Chair passed, and presently saw a plain, neat brick factory, with a spacious green beside it. The building was not lofty, and had even a quiet, domestic air, while the universal neatness of the grounds suggested a sagacity which knows the value of pleasant sights and local associations to those who work hard. You pass a gate, and turn immediately into the building, entering a small and neat counting-room, out of which opens the handsomely furnished private office of the proprietor. When you see a gentleman of erect, compact figure, firm eye, and few words, you are aware of a man who means to be master of his own business. The curiosity of all Easy Chairs upon their travels is such that they have thronged importunately to the factory, and it has been found necessary to forbid visitors. But the rule being kindly relaxed, the Easy Chair and its companion, with a friend from whom the whole region hides no secret, passes into the work-rooms.

Here is the finishing-room—light, pleasant, humming, with huge piles of shoes ready for packing, and cylinders covered with sand-paper whirling swiftly, and polishing the soles of the shoes. A glance shows that these clear-eyed, intelligent workmen are not exotics from the flowery kingdom. Then through an airy and spacious packing-room, across a covered way, into the room where the soles are cut, but not by Mongolians. We go on into the furnace and engine and coal rooms, and every where there are the same striking neatness and order. The erect, compact, nervous figure in the office seems to be every where manifested. Then up a straight staircase to the middle of a room above—and here we are in China. It is, like all the rooms, full of light, and admirably ventilated. Around the sides, against the windows, are a series of work-benches, and a group of three persons at each bench, one at the end and one on each side. They are called teams. Here the parts of the shoes, previously made ready, are put together, and in the middle of the room are two or three pegging-machines, where the shoes are pegged. The incessant, staccato noise of these peggers, mingled with the general murmur of the machinery in the building, makes conversation difficult; but it is the spectacle in which we are most interested.

Every body in the room is intently busy. A few of the eyes are raised toward us, and there is a bewildering sensation, as if the population of an entire willow-pattern dinner-service tranquilly turned and looked at us. They look with the long slit eyes turning up at the ends as in the pictures in the earliest geographies that we remember. The workmen are dressed in blue cotton overalls and cotton shirts, and most of them wear the Chinese slipper, with the very thick sole—a kind of junk for the feet. None of them stop, and as we pause to look at them we see that they are evidently very handy, and already use the tools as if they had been long familiar with them, although they never made shoes until they came here. At the pegging-machines the workmen move the shoe with the true knack, but the foreman of the room, an American, says that they show no inventive faculty, but only that of imitation. They could not adjust the machine if it went wrong. Each team works by the piece, and turns out perhaps thirty-five pairs of shoes daily. The general impression, as we look around the room, is that of extreme delicacy and effeminacy. The workmen do not seem to be men. They are generally small, and the breadth of the face, with the flatness and fullness of the nose in many of them, gives an inscrutable expression. Is it the ignorance and prejudice of race; is it merely custom and familiarity, which impart such superior intelligence and sagacity to the few American faces with which we compare them? We are introduced to one of the Chinese foremen, or leaders. He is of slight figure, has a bright, twinkling smile, and speaks cheerfully, as if he were conscious of being an object of curiosity, and did not dislike it. There are about sixty of the Chinese workmen in the room, and there can be nowhere a pleasanter room, nor a busier, more orderly group of workmen. In the other parts of the factory we find the same characteristics, with the most courteous and intelligent American workmen.

Coming down to the covered entrance-way from the street, and crossing what in a college would be called the quadrangle, we enter the domestic quarters of the celestial shoemakers. They are upon the ground-floor, and are very compact. At one end is a lofty and spacious kitchen, where two of the brethren are sitting

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upon the floor peeling potatoes. There are the same order and neatness at every point. Out of the kitchen opens a dining-room fronting upon the quadrangle. There is a series of plain wooden tables along the walls, as in a café, or like the work-benches of the teams in the factory. The seats are wooden benches. The room is high, and there is nothing else in it except at one end, upon the wall, where hang two or three cards printed with Chinese characters, and a few alphabet and arithmetical cards in English. Through a door at the end of the long side of the room we enter the dormitory, which is a room parallel with the dining-room, and probably somewhat wider. There is a range of bunks, like steamboat berths, along each wall, and a double range in the middle. Each range is three bunks high, and the aisle between them is very narrow. The bunks are closed with a curtain toward the aisle, and the air of the room in the morning, when we are in it, is not unpleasant. It is ventilated by a range of deep windows along the cornice, but there is no passage of air through the room except by the door into the dining-room. The beds that we see do not look inviting; but the men are reported to be personally cleanly, and to bathe copiously. In the dining-room as we pass out is one poor fellow ill. He sits upon a bench, leaning drooping and forlorn upon a table, and looks ruefully at us as we pass.

His sorrowful figure emphasizes the truth which the quarters we have just seen have suggested, that there is no domestic life for the celestial shoemakers—that there are no wives and sisters and daughters and sweet-hearts; and, of course, that no country can be benefited by an increase of population without any domesticities. Labor that can contentedly live in this way is not labor for America. That is very clear. But how long any labor in this country would contentedly live so is also a question. The American capitalist, as such merely and for to-day, wishes the cheapest possible labor for his purpose; but the American capitalist, as a citizen, and upon the whole, necessarily wishes well-paid labor. Labor reduced to the celestial conditions which the Easy Chair saw in the neat factory at North Adams would be the swift ruin of the country.

But it could not be so reduced. If something must be pardoned to the spirit of liberty, so a great deal must be expected of it, and the instinctive protest of the country against the reduction of labor and its conditions to the lowest terms would be irresistible. The same spirit protests against the despotism of the Crispins, which the gentleman who means to be master of his own business has, by his Mongolian battery, effectually demolished in his own town. It was diamond cut diamond. For a large and influential element of the Crispin organization, and by no means its most intelligent mass, was brought into the country by capital in the same way in which it now complains that capital is bringing the celestial shoemakers. These last are evidently happy and contented and efficient. But a burned child fears the fire. This country has experienced the consequences of the forced and artificial introduction of a foreign element into the population, and it is not likely to repeat it willingly.

Some years ago the editor of the old "pea-green" monthly, *Putnam's Magazine*, which has just been united with *Scribner's*, received an article for publication called the "Hasheesh-Eater." It was evidently a record of personal experience, necessarily suggesting De Quincey's "Opium-Eater," because describing similar phenomena; but it was written with a facility and felicity which promised a marked accession to what was called the magazine-force of the country. The paper was written, as appeared from the correspondence which followed, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow, a recent graduate of Union College, and it was published in September, 1856, when the author was about twenty years old. Some time afterward a slight, bright-eyed, alert young man, who seemed scarcely more than a boy, called one morning upon the Easy Chair, and with a frank, winning manner said that he was Mr. Ludlow, the author of the *Putnam* paper upon "Hasheesh," and that he had come to town to read law, and open an office, and try his luck in literature.

The Easy Chair, prepossessed by the article and by some acquaintance with Mr. Ludlow's father—an excellent clergyman, of Poughkeepsie—and attracted by the sweet way and sparkling talk of the young man, asked him a great many questions, and answered a great many upon the general subject of literature as a profession. How necessarily doubtful it was, even precarious; how full of peculiar temptations for men of a certain temperament, which the Easy Chair was sure it recognized in the young man; how totally incompatible the unreserved devotion and industry essential to the chance of success in it was with the similar industry and devotion necessary to professional advancement—all this, with a great deal of detail, the Easy Chair stated to the young man, who had already tasted the sweetness of a first triumph, and who listened with smiling eyes of incredulity to the tale.

Some little while afterward Ludlow said that he had opened an office, and, with a merry laugh, declared that while awaiting real cases he wrote imaginary ones, and, in default of lawful fees, was content with literary, which were not wanting; for he had an airy grace of style in writing which well reproduced the sparkling and child-like candor of his social manner. Indeed, some of his early sketches in *Harper's Monthly* and *Weekly* are unique for a graceful lightness of touch and delicate play of fancy. Of course, in the brightness of his eye and a certain glittering vivacity of address, there was something which suggested to the Easy Chair that the young man had not written quite truly when, at the very end of the article, "The Hasheesh-Eater," he said: "I raised the little girl's hand to my lips, and kissed it, and since then I have taken no other hasheesh than such as that." But he evaded all leading questions, and made no confessions, and the Easy Chair's acquaintance with him did not authorize any thing more than a general friendly warning. Those few interviews, and the kindly, hopeful, frolicsome bearing of the young man, who was always a blithe boy, seem now like the warm, clear, brilliant rising of the sun on some soft spring morning, which instantly dips behind the heavy cloud, and is seen no more.

Gradually the Easy Chair saw Ludlow less and less. He had abandoned the freak of the law,

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had been to a water-cure, was married, and his pen was busier than ever. At length he came no longer, and the Easy Chair only casually saw him. A cloud of sorrowful rumors had enveloped the young man's life. Many of them, as is always the case, were doubtless untrue, but many also were probably only too much justified in the minds of those who had known him, and who could not help feeling, with the Easy Chair, that the sad old legend was verified in him, and that at the very outset of his life he had thoughtlessly yielded to an intolerable but hopeless tyranny, which, seeming to stimulate his powers, really exhausted them, while it relaxed his moral purpose and destroyed his will. His domestic relations were unhappy. There was a divorce, and he went to California. Meanwhile he had published a little volume called "The Hasheesh-Eater," and there was afterward a collection of his tales issued in Boston, which was not much heard of. A graver book, called "The Opium Habit," also the fruit of bitter experience, was humanely intended to warn and help his fellow-sufferers; and he was for some time engaged in the preparation of a book describing his Westward journey, and his impressions of the Mormons. He was still a professional literary man, living chiefly in the city of New York and its neighborhood.

During these dreary years he came sometimes hurriedly into the room in which the Easy Chair was busily employed. But he always avoided speaking or even looking, finishing as rapidly as possible with others the business upon which he came, and swiftly disappearing. It was painful to remark the change from the boyish, blooming, smiling candor of an earlier time, and to perceive in his face the first fell ravages of disease. His work upon "The Opium Habit" had brought him an immense correspondence, and he had endeavored, he said afterward, to train himself medically so as to answer usefully the questions that were asked of him. His book upon California was published after some delay. But it is evident that his literary reputation did not increase with time, and he had hardly taken the position to which his peculiar literary talent had plainly pointed. Last June the Easy Chair was surprised by receiving a long and earnest private note from Ludlow, inclosing another for publication. The public note, as presently appeared, was not as frank as it should have been; but it is not necessary to impute any ill intention to the writer. He was already wasted to a shadow and grievously ill, and his private note clearly shows his premonition that he should not return from the voyage to Europe which he was about to undertake. He sailed from New York on the 15th of June, and died in Geneva, Switzerland, on the 12th of September, in his thirty-fourth year.

It is a very sorrowful story, not because he died young, for Raphael and Mozart were but little older when they died, but because, with all his brilliant and graceful talent, his career is chiefly a warning to his fellow-laborers in literature. The slight, bright-eyed, alert youth, who came, beaming with hope and confidence, to talk of the literary life, who wrote for this Magazine so many brilliant little sketches, and such touching verses, and who sank under a slow and withering disease, must not be mentioned here as if he were merely a man of sparkling gifts untimely blighted. There are moral distinctions which can not be buried in the grave; and to say that because a man is dead we must forget his faults, and speak him only fair, is to degrade human life and character.

None felt it more than he. In some verses that he wrote, and which were published in this Magazine for June, 1869, there is evident, under a light phrase, the most passionate regret and yearning of a soul which has learned that no literary success, nor any external triumph, however brilliant, nor any talent, nor genius, compensates for the lack of moral control of our lives. Of how much tragical consciousness is this poem the expression! This young, sensitive, imaginative soul had a clear, sorrowful glimpse of lost opportunities, of a wasted life. He perceived—who shall say too late?—the immortal consolation of a lofty ideal resolutely cherished, the gay contempt of which only aggravates certain tendencies of the artistic temperament. Those who read this little poem, and who feel the despairing heart beating under the music, will surely think gently and with infinite, tender pity of Fitz Hugh Ludlow.

TOO LATE.

"Ah! si la jeunesse savait—si la vieillesse pouvait!"

THERE sat an old man on a rock,
And unceasing bewailed him of Fate—
That concern where we all must take stock,
Though our vote has no bearing nor weight;
And the old man sang him an old, old song—
Never sang voice so clear and strong
That it could drown the old man's long,
For he sang the song "Too late! too late!"

"When we want, we have for our pains
The promise that if we but wait
Till the want has burned out of our brains
Every means shall be present to sate;
While we send for the napkin the soup gets cold,
While the bonnet is trimming the face grows old,
When we've matched our buttons the pattern is sold,
And every thing comes too late—too late!

"When strawberries seemed like red heavens,
Terrapin stew a wild dream—
When my brain was at sixes and sevens
If my mother had 'folks' and ice-cream,
Then I gazed with a lickerish hunger
At the restaurant man and fruit-monger—
But oh! how I wished I were younger,
When the goodies all came in a stream—in a stream!

"I've a splendid blood horse—and a liver
That it jars into torture to trot;
My row-boat's the gem of the river—
Gout makes every knuckle a knot!
I can buy boundless credits on Paris and Rome,
But no palate for *ménus*—no eyes for a dome;
Those belonged to the youth who must tarry at home,
When no home but an attic he'd got—he'd got.

"How I longed in that lonest of garrets,
Where the tiles baked my brains all July,
For ground to grow two pecks of carrots—
Two pigs of my own in a sty—
A rose-bush—a little thatched cottage—
Two spoons—love—a basin of pottage:
Now in freestone I sit—and my dotage—
With a woman's chair empty close by—close by!

"Ah! now, though I sit on a rock,
I have shared one seat with the Great;
I have sat, knowing naught of the clock,
On Love's high throne of state;
But the lips that kissed and the arms that caressed
To a mouth grown stern with delay were pressed,
And circled a breast that their clasp had blessed
Had they only not come too late! too late!"

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Editor's Literary Record.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

WHO ever forgets his first school reading-book? The "First" or "Second Reader" holds its place in the memory of childish days, whether the impression left by repeated perusals be pleasant or distasteful. Too much care can not be bestowed upon a book which, from the necessity of the case, permanently impresses the characters and tastes of so many readers. The peculiar feature of the *School and Family Series of Readers* (Harper and Brothers) is the endeavor, while making the lessons good exercises in reading, to make them convey as much useful information as possible. The wide range of authors and subjects drawn upon insures abundant variety; excellent taste is displayed in the literary character of the selections; and in mechanical execution, especially in the illustrations, the series is quite beyond comparison with any other. In the earlier volumes the departments of natural history and science most interesting to children are laid under contribution; and—we speak from actual experience in the class-room—children using them take an especial interest both in the exercise of reading and the subject-matter of the lessons. The latest issue of the series, "Willson's Intermediate Fifth Reader," is devoted to Composition, Rhetoric, and Oratory, and constitutes a most useful and interesting reading-book, setting out in familiar style the general principles of the various forms of composition, in prose and poetry, and illustrating them by selections from the wide field between Aristophanes and Victor Hugo, the Bible and Mark Twain.—The avowed object of the editor of *Literary Selections for the Students of the Normal College for Young Ladies of the City of New York* (Harper and Brothers) is to cultivate a taste for a higher class of reading than "Fee-faw-fum, the Pirate of the Gulf"—an object which he seeks to attain by a volume made up of selections from such English classical writers as Shakspeare, Milton, Addison, De Foe, of the past, and Tennyson, Carlyle, Macaulay, and Thackeray, of the present era. The object is certainly an admirable one, and the selection is well adapted to the purpose.—Dr. JOHN S. HART'S *Composition and Rhetoric* (Eldredge and Brother, Philadelphia) will do an excellent work if it helps to awaken more interest in the study of such subjects in common schools. All the pupils in them certainly will not be writers of books; but all will be readers, and, after their manner, critics (it is not an essential qualification for a juryman that he should have committed the crime charged against the prisoner); and a better acquaintance with the canons of good writing would help do away with much that is very poor. Most of those whose reading is confined to the lighter class of novels are capable of reading something else with equal avidity. Apart from such indirect advantages, the book contains matter of primary importance to every one in its detailed instructions respecting the form, style of address, subscription, and superscription of letters, and other similar matters.—No one truly understands the use of the English language who has not learned to trace words back to their derivatives. SMITH'S *Condensed Etymology of the English Language for Common Schools* (A. S. Barnes and Co.) is a useful guide to this important but neglected branch of study, and covers a wider ground than any other treatise of similar size and scope with which we are acquainted.—Teachers will welcome in FRENCH'S *Mental Arithmetic* (Harper and Brothers) an evident reaction from the general tendency in such works to the use of long and cumbrous methods of solution, in which formulæ, rigid as those of the higher mathematics, have been applied to the most elementary problems, and clearness and conciseness disregarded. Perhaps, for most of the purposes sought in the study of mental arithmetic by children, any correct solution original with the pupil is to be preferred to a memorized formula. Certainly, if fixed methods are used, the forms here given should promote accuracy and rapidity in combinations. In other points the book compares favorably with similar works. One advantage it shares with the rest of the series, is the arrangement of topics, by which the same subject can be studied in both written and mental arithmetics at the same time.—Professor PECK'S *Elementary Treatise on Mechanics* (A. S. Barnes and Co.) holds a place intermediate between the school books on natural philosophy, which deal chiefly with phenomena, and the higher works on mechanical philosophy. It is a significant indication of the limited extent of the study of mathematics in our colleges and schools of science, that in such a text-book, prepared expressly for their use, it has been thought necessary, or even admissible, to omit the calculus. From this and like limitations it results that the work may be read with interest by any one at all familiar with algebraic language. The practical scope of the book suggests the utility of a somewhat similar volume suitable for working mechanics.—In our judgment spelling should be taught by sight, not sound, *i. e.*, by writing, not by recitation. Of all the spellers, however, which adhere to the old method, *Willson's New Speller and Analyzer* (Harper and Brothers) is certainly the most complete. A very simple expedient enables the author to embrace a much larger number of words than on the old plan could have been comprehended in the same sized book; and we think, too, in such a way as will assist the pupil to retain them in his memory. The book will for this reason, perhaps, prove useful to the teacher who employs writing as a method of instruction, no less than to him who adheres to the verbal recitation.

NOVELS.

Estelle Russell (Harper and Brothers) has qualities which take it out of the category of common novels. We do not remember to have met the author before in the fields of romance, and her "Private Life of Galileo," though in some respects a remarkable book, did not display the same capability for historical that "Estelle Russell" does for novel writing. The tale is one of two nations, and vibrates between France and England. Some important incidents in it turn upon the peculiar marriage laws and customs of the former country. The somewhat intricate plot is exceedingly well managed. The authoress, in converting the marriage of convenience

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into a marriage of love, and rendering Estelle finally happy with Raymond, violates all the conventional usage of novel-writers, and is pleasantly audacious. The conversation is sprightly and vivacious, without being forced, and the characters well drawn, without being powerful creations. It is not so much these qualities as a certain nameless something behind them which induces our statement that the story is taken out of the category of common novels; not so much the novel itself as certain hints and suggestions it affords of power, as yet imperfectly developed, in the writer. It is a curious feature of her book that, while a certain religious coloring pervades it throughout, the reader is left in curious uncertainty at the close whether the author be a Protestant, a Roman Catholic, or a Rationalist; whether her religious sympathies are with the devoted and indefatigable Henrietta, the scientifically skeptical Vivian, the scoffingly skeptical Raymond, or the superstitiously pious Abbé D'Eyrieu. Its most original, if not its greatest power, is in the incidental portrayal of the different phases and forms of religious life as they appear not only in these personages, but in Mrs. Vivian and Madame De Montaigu, who respectively represent the extremes of Protestant and Roman Catholic bigotry, as well as in other less important characters. Yet this power, of which at the beginning we expected a good deal, is employed to no purpose. The religious types of character are artistically etched, but no religious conviction is strengthened, and no religious lesson taught. The most serious defect in the book is a timid evasion of difficulties by the substitution of asterisks for description in passages that apparently overtax the author's power. It is as if an artist, afraid of his subject, should leave the most important head in his piece a blank. But, despite these disappointments, having once opened the novel, we were cajoled into reading it, without the intermission of a chapter, steadily to the end—a compliment which few novel-writers extort from us. We hope to meet the author of "Estelle Russell" again.

Of all George Sand's novels *Monsieur Sylvestre* (Roberts Brothers) is the most wonderful as a specimen of incomparable art, though not the most popular nor the most fascinating. Composed entirely of a series of letters, the continuity and interest of the narrative are nevertheless not once lost. Philosophically—for all George Sand's novels are written with a philosophical purpose—it is an exposition of religion outside the church, yes, outside Christianity; its moral being summed up in the final sentence: "Be an unbeliever again rather than selfish. God does not love cowards." It might, perhaps, serve a useful purpose in France. It is not needed in America.—If it were not for the title-page we should never imagine that the *Choice of Paris* (Hurd and Houghton) was a romance; if it were not for the preface we should not dream that Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin imagined that "the men and women of that day" (the age of the siege of Troy) "were like the men and women of our time." As a school history it would be just tolerable, but as a romance its barrenness of imagination and want of dramatic power render it a positive curiosity in literature.—Of the *Heir Expectant* (Harper and Brothers) it is enough for old novel-readers to say that it is by the author of "Raymond's Heroine." It is a most cogent sermon on the text, "The love of money is the root of all evil;" powerful, dramatic, well sustained, morally healthful.—It is impossible coldly to criticise *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (Harper and Brothers). We read it as the memento of a departed friend, whose power was never more apparent than in this last product of his pen. Of all his novels it promised to be the most dramatic; of them all it flows with the fiercest torrent; with a certain impetuosity of passion that is characteristically unlike his earlier novels; with a definiteness of characterization and a power of description that not even "Oliver Twist" or "David Copperfield" excelled; but with little of that sparkling humor which made his first works the cheeriest of modern novels, but which culminated in his Christmas stories, and has been fading ever since. These opening chapters do but sketch the mystery hinted at in the title; not a word, not a line, not a note is found to hint what in the novelist's mind was to be the final solution of it.—Harpers publish in three volumes, in good, clear type, well illustrated, and at the marvelous low price of $6 50 for the set, the novels of Thackeray; and in the same form and for the same price those of Charles Reade. They constitute the cheapest and the best editions of the works of these two popular novelists.

RELIGIOUS.

Over half a century ago a wealthy currier of England, by the name of Talbot, spent the leisure of many years in arranging the verses of Scripture according to a certain classification of topics, partly for his own study, and partly for the purpose of forming a book convenient for reference. As he was unacquainted with the original tongues, this was purely a classification of the English texts. This was the first attempt to make what the lawyers would call a digest of the Bible. It has been stolen by Whowell, improved on by West, and has now been made the basis of what is fairly entitled to its name, *A New and Complete Analysis of the Holy Bible*, by Professor R. D. Hitchcock. (A. J. Johnson, New York city.) It is really new; for though the previous work of Talbot suggested the idea, and the previous labors of West facilitated its execution, it is really a new arrangement, not merely a new edition of an old arrangement. It is complete, not merely because it contains, under appropriate classification, every one of the 31,173 verses of the Bible, nor yet alone because the classification is exhaustive, but also because the indices and appendices, including Dr. Eadie's edition of "Cruden's Concordance," which make up almost half the volume, render it a very full and valuable apparatus for Biblical study. The illustrations, which are very good, have no more place in it than in a Greek Lexicon; but probably a subscription-book without illustrations would be an anomaly in the trade greater than an analysis with illustrations is to the scholar. The volume is an honor to American scholarship and a valuable contribution to the instruments of Scripture study.

Women of Israel (D. Appleton and Co.) is the only one of Grace Aguilar's works which is strictly historical in its character, and the only

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one in which the Jewish faith of the authoress is openly avowed, or even clearly discernible. Her strong prejudice of race induces her to extol the virtues and extenuate the vices of the heroes and heroines of Hebrew history, so that her volume is not an altogether impartial portraiture of character, but it is nevertheless valuable as a Biblical study, and admirably fulfills its avowed purpose, which is to remove that prejudice against women which is so purely an excrescence upon Judaism. The laws of Moses opened the highest offices in the state to woman, and no history contains more illustrious examples of feminine courage, devotion, wisdom, and piety than that which is resplendent with the stories of Deborah, of Esther, of Huldah, and of Hannah. Yet even in the time of Christ (so greatly had the Jewish nation suffered from contact with other nations) the rabbis declared that it was not allowable to teach the law to a woman, and Christ's disciples were astonished that their Master talked with a woman by the well-side in Samaria. To interpret woman's nature and to do honor to her work was the one object of Grace Aguilar's life, and "Women of Israel" may, therefore, be regarded not only in a religious, but in a literary and social point of view, her most characteristic work.

THERE is no religious writer, in the stricter sense of the term, whom we read with greater interest than Dr. GUTHRIE. Dr. BLAIKIE is doubtless equally sound and equally able, but he is not so interesting. *Saving Knowledge* (Carters), a series of discourses addressed to young men, is the product of their joint pen, and, in literary merit, is very far above the average of popular religious literature.—Despite Mr. W. C. Bryant's indorsement, in an introductory note, of the style of *Work-day Christianity* (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger), as "clear and well-suited to the subject," we think it not infrequently falls into the "sophomoric." Mr. CLARK would write better if he would labor less to produce fine writing. Nevertheless, it is an ingenious, good-spirited, and useful book, despite such absurd statements as that "one of the greatest things that Abraham Lincoln did while President was to black his own boots!" and such laborious rhetoric as that of the paragraph comparing Christ as creator of the world and Christ working at his father's bench as a common carpenter.—*Heroes of Hebrew History* (Carters) is a series of sketches by Dr. WILBERFORCE, Bishop of Winchester, reprinted from *Good Words*. They are something in the vein of Dean Stanley's writings, though with much less of fresh and useful information, and much more of pious moralizing.—Dr. SCHMUCKER'S treatise on the *True Unity of Christ's Church* (A. D. F. Randolph) is more valuable as a witness of the increasing catholicity of the spirit of the age than as a specific plan for an organic union of Protestant Christianity.—We prefer our novels and our theology in separate packages. Such a nondescript as the *Open Door*, by J. HYATT SMITH, is too dull for a story, and too diffuse for a treatise. The doctrine inculcated is open communion, and is addressed by a Baptist minister to his Baptist brethren.—It is somewhat remarkable that so liberal and progressive a treatise as *Geology and Revelation* (Putnam) should be published by a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, just at the time when the Œcumenical Council declares that science is to be accepted as it has been always taught in the Roman Catholic Church. Dr. MOLLOY maintains the geological theory of creation, and undertakes to show that it does not contradict the Mosaic cosmogony. His discussion of the meaning of the words "day," and "evening and morning," in the first chapters of Genesis, is the best we have met, though brief, and though it conducts him to no better conclusion than the frank confession, "We can offer no explanation that seems to us, in any system of interpretation, altogether satisfactory."—*Lange's Commentary* (Scribner) is continued by the publication of a volume containing Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians. Seven independent scholars, German and American, have contributed in the construction of this volume. Its only fault is that it contains too much, and that the scholar is in danger of being bewildered and lost in the very amplitude of the material furnished him.—Robert Carter and Brothers issue a new edition of Dr. HANNA'S *Life of Christ*, which we have heretofore noticed, printed evidently from the same plates, but bound in three volumes instead of six, and sold for half the price of the former edition.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Mommsen's History of Rome, translated by the Rev. WILLIAM P. DICKSON, D.D. (Charles Scribner and Co.), will always seem valuable and interesting to the scholar and the man of thought. But it can scarcely become popular. Few care to read long disquisitions upon the arts and sciences of barbarous ages, or would willingly exchange the vigorous narrative of Livy for modern historical criticism. Niebuhr's example of profuse skepticism and bold reconstruction has had an unhappy influence upon the method of his successors: Schwegler abounds in an excess of research upon unimportant legends; Arnold is often led away by the brilliant theories of Niebuhr; and Mommsen has given us a series of learned essays, rather than a sustained and striking story. We almost forget the theme in the abundance of his illustration.

The first volume, embracing a period of nearly five centuries, has scarcely any narrative. It is made up of highly instructive inquiries into the condition and manners of ancient Italy and Rome. The chapter "On the original Constitution of Rome," for example, condenses almost every thing that is known upon the subject. We are supplied with minute particulars of the habits of a Roman family during the regal period; we are assured that the father was the master of his household, and the king of the state. But, with the usual inconsistency of the skeptical school of historians, we are told nothing of the kings themselves. The same authorities that are held sufficiently trust-worthy to define the regal institutions are rejected as fabulous when they relate the lives of Tullius or Tarquin. They are looked upon as accurate when they assert that the king sat in judgment in all private and all criminal processes; they are altogether worthless when they profess to describe his conquests in Etruria or Latium. Such partial skepticism can not fail to appear illogical.

The second and third volumes grow in inter-

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est, and throw a vivid light upon various difficult passages in Roman history. Nowhere can be found a clearer account of the eminent reformers, the Gracchi, Scipio, and Marius, or a more accurate picture of the decline of the national vigor. Slavery, warfare, and aristocracy destroyed Roman virtue; luxury followed in their track. Yet Mommsen, writing under European influences, can scarcely be said to have done full justice to the leaders of the people. He doubts the virtue of the Gracchi, and applauds the conservative rancor of their defamers. It is a grave error, for from their unselfish lives and mournful fate modern freedom has received one of its strongest impulses. Both taught the dignity of labor, and strove to increase the numbers of the working-classes; both gave their lives to the cause of popular improvement, and have indicated political truths that later ages have never forgotten. Tiberius—pure, accomplished, gentle, eloquent—strove to make Rome once more a nation of farmers, to divide the public lands among the people, and spread a general industry and content. He was set upon by the rich contractors and corrupt nobles, and basely murdered. His brother's fate was not dissimilar. Yet we are asked to believe that these men were tyrants and demagogues because they disturbed the fatal ascendency of a caste! It is not likely that such an opinion will gain the assent of modern scholars.

Of Dr. Mommsen's survey of the corruption of the commonwealth in the seventh century it is impossible to speak too highly. He describes with singular accuracy the national decay. War had produced its necessary fruits. A limited body of wealthy capitalists gained the control of the nation, engrossed every productive contract, and usurped the public domain. The free citizens were driven from their farms; the lands were tilled by hordes of slaves; roads, aqueducts, and bridges were built by servile labor; and even the trade and industry of the city fell into the hands of the rich. Artisans were usually owned by capitalists, and skillful mechanics were bought and sold. As peace and intelligent labor tend to produce equality and general ease, so long-continued warfare must divide nations into paupers and millionaires. A coarse and repulsive extravagance succeeded this process at Rome. The eminent men of the early ages had proved their honesty and their patriotism by dying poor; the contemporaries of Crassus and Cæsar wasted their ill-gotten gains in idle show and fatal self-indulgence.

The chapters on literature and art are also exceedingly well done. They are concise, clear, sufficient. The caustic, acute, and careful Lucilius, the polished Terence, stand out distinctly in a judicious criticism. Dr. Mommsen has paid a just tribute to the historian Polybius, whose passion for truthfulness above all artistic eloquence he has imitated as well as praised; yet it is possible that the careful Greek has suffered with posterity by his bold scorn of all literary art.

While we differ from many of his conclusions, and can not altogether approve of his method, we must admit that Dr. Mommsen has produced a work of great value, learned, vigorous, original, and well fitted to take its place beside the immortal labors of his countrymen Niebuhr and Schwegler. We owe to the limitless toil of German scholars our close acquaintance with the politics and manners of republican Rome. They have enabled us to join in the contests of the forum, and feast at the banquets of Gallus; to catch the allusions of the poets; to supply the defects of Livy; and Mommsen has at length given us a work that unites in its novelty and its vigor many of the highest excellences of historical composition.

To comprise the whole eventful and romantic history of the United States within the limited compass of four hundred pages requires absolute genius for condensation. It is a task which Mr. DAVID B. SCOTT has accomplished with remarkable success in his *School History of the United States* (Harper and Brothers). School histories are proverbially dull and uninteresting. This appears to result, ordinarily, partly from the necessity which compels such condensation, partly from the erroneous supposition that it is only the bald facts of history which children can understand or need to learn. To describe in such detail as renders graphic and entertaining the marvelous episodes which make history more sensational than romance requires room and time which the school historian can not afford. The most dramatic of all historians, Froude, devotes twelve volumes to the illustration of half a century. To omit much that is important, if not essential, for the sake of amplifying what is interesting makes a popular book, but not a complete one. Mr. Scott has discovered the secret of making an interesting narrative by the very brevity of his treatment. His story moves with a rapidity which possesses a certain fascination of its own, though his style is severely simple, and almost absolutely devoid of ornament. But there are no wasted sentences on his pages; no useless words in his sentences; and in his descriptions, though he gives but an outline, he knows how to draw those lines which make the sketch perfect as a sketch. His history of the civil war, for example, gives a bird's-eye view of the whole complicated series of campaigns as a whole; so that, in a comparatively small number of lessons, an intelligent scholar may obtain a correct idea of that great movement, its causes and its effects, while he is of necessity referred to larger and more elaborate histories for detailed accounts of particular campaigns and battles. The book is rendered remarkably attractive to children by the very large number of illustrations which it contains, and its real usefulness is greatly enhanced by a number of maps, without which history is always blind. In that portion of the history which is devoted to an account of the civil war we count no less than seventeen of these maps, illustrating in one form or another almost every phase of the war.

G. P. PUTNAM AND SON issue, in a single medium-sized volume, a condensation of *Irving's Life of Washington*. We have not compared the volume with the original work from which it is taken, but have judged it in a fairer way by reading it, and forming our judgment upon it as an independent history. We do not see that it has lost any of the charm of Mr. IRVING's incomparable style in the condensation, nor that it has omitted any thing which it is essential for the reader of the history of the

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American Revolution to know. — Dr. BONAR tells us in his preface to his *Life of Rev. John Milne, of Perth* (Robert Carter and Brothers), that he wished "not to execute a piece of sculpture." If by this he means that he intended not to be artistic, he has certainly succeeded. His volume is not a biography, but a compilation of selections from letters and Mr. Milne's journal, put together in the careless method of most religious memoirs. A true biography is the most interesting form of literature. Such a memoir as this has very little healthful interest to any except the personal friends of the subject.—The *Life of Arthur Tappan*, by LEWIS TAPPAN (Hurd and Houghton) is more than a biography. It is necessarily a history of the origin, growth, and work of the Anti-Slavery Society, and of the contemporaneous movements with which it was more or less identified. Something of the heat of the old controversies reappears in these pages. But one can not rake in ashes without disturbing the coals. In the main the language is temperate, and the history honest, though not impartial. No one can read it without honoring the Christian principle and courage of Arthur Tappan, who deserves to be enrolled among the great benefactors of his age, though he was neither wise as a serpent nor harmless as a dove.

CYCLOPEDIAS.

Chambers's Encyclopedia (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is the product of two confluent streams. A century and a half ago Ephraim Chambers, then an apprentice to a globe-maker in London, formed the conception of a popular dictionary of universal knowledge, and wrote some articles for it while he tended his master's counter. In 1728 he realized his idea by the publication of the first comprehensive cyclopedia in the English language, for the "Lexicum Technicum" of John Harris, which had appeared twenty years before, was neither popular nor complete. Mr. Chambers, though a man of limited scholarship, possessed unlimited energy. His work sprang at once into a popularity then unexampled. Five successive editions were published in eighteen years; it was translated into French and Italian; and it was the basis of Dr. Rees's "New Cyclopedia," in forty-five volumes, published in 1803–19, at that time the most complete and comprehensive work of its kind in the English tongue. A century after the work of Ephraim Chambers was first given to the public, two brothers, WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, commenced the publication in Scotland of a class of books the object of which was to give general information to the people on various practical and historical subjects. They soon joined in partnership, and the success of "Chambers's Information for the People," "Chambers's Miscellany," "Chambers's Cyclopedia of English Literature," and other similar works, gave them a fame which extended beyond the bounds of their own country. Meanwhile the famous French "Encyclopédie," whose polished style, no less than its irreligious philosophy, made it at once popular and powerful, and the less famed but more useful "Conversations-Lexikon" of Brockhaus, gave a new impetus to this form of literature, which had grown to such proportions since the idea first germinated in the brain of Ephraim Chambers that in England and America alone there were to be counted twenty-three cyclopedias of universal knowledge, comprising four hundred and fifty-four volumes, and this besides a goodly number of cyclopedias on special subjects. The brothers Chambers thought, however, that there was room for another which should realize the conception of the original "Chambers's Cyclopedia." An attempted translation of the "Conversations-Lexikon," a German cyclopedia, designed for the use of those who might desire to take part in the society and conversation of well-informed persons, was wisely abandoned for the present original work, which, as "a dictionary of universal knowledge for the people," has but one rival, the "New American Cyclopedia" of the Messrs. Appleton. It is considerably smaller; is comprised in ten volumes, while Appleton's fills sixteen, besides the annual supplements since 1861. In style it is more popular. There are no long treatises. "The various masses of systematic knowledge have been broken down, as it were, to as great a degree as is consistent with the separate explanation of the several fragments." The condensation, effected with rare judgment and skill, renders the articles more clear and interesting to the non-professional reader, though less exhaustive, and perhaps less satisfactory to the scholar. In metaphysics the work is much briefer than Appleton's; debated points are hardly opened, much less discussed with any elaboration; in science it is more popular, but less erudite and elaborate; in religion and theology it is much more satisfactory—topics with which the American work deals timidly, as though its editors were either unfamiliar with them, or from theological considerations afraid of them. The evangelical sympathies of the Messrs. Chambers are unmistakable; but the views of all sects are stated with rare candor and impartiality, as witness, for example, a remarkably catholic article on the atonement. The same candor characterizes other articles; that on André, for example, which justifies his execution as "a spy of the worst sort." The illustrations add considerably to the value of the work, though not so much as they might. The full-page plates, of which there are eight or ten in each of three volumes now published, add rather to their attractiveness than their usefulness. All but one are pictures of animals. Among the smaller illustrations there is a great overstock of meaningless pictures of plants and animals, and a great dearth of illustrations of modern science and art. In "Cotton" we have a cotton plant, but nothing to illustrate cotton cultivation or cotton manufacture; in agriculture no picture save one of an Egyptian irrigating-machine, and in architecture none at all. The maps, on the other hand, printed in colors, are admirable, as beautiful specimens of drawing and printing as one could ask, and render the Cyclopedia better than a really first-class atlas. The one serious defect in the work for the American reader is its English character. He will rarely have occasion to consult such articles as "Abjuration," "Act of Parliament," etc.; while he will be disappointed to find under the title of "Abolitionists" only a paragraph instead of a history of the abolition movement in this country; under the article "Communism"

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not so much as a hint that John Owens ever came to the United States, or that Fourier had any disciples here; and under the article "Coolies" no account of the Chinese coolies, and no information concerning the aspects of the cooly-labor question in America. Despite this defect, which only a thorough re-editing could have obviated, we think that "Chambers's Encyclopedia" may fairly be considered what it has been called, "the crowning labor of the brothers Chambers in cheap literature," and its republication a work well worthy of the house which gives simultaneously to the American public three such works as "Allibone's Dictionary of Authors," "Thomas's Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology," and "Chambers's Illustrated Encyclopedia." In paper, typography, printing, and binding it is all that the best taste could ask.

Editor's Scientific Record.

RELATION OF BLOOD TO LIFE.

IT has generally been supposed that the presence of blood in a state of circulation in the system is absolutely necessary to life, and that the cessation of such action is always accompanied by death. In a course of recent lectures by Professor Bernard, of Paris, he refers to this belief, and states that if one of the higher animals be suddenly deprived of its blood it will at once expire, since the blood nourishes the tissues, and confers its special properties upon them; but that, under certain circumstances, the vital manifestations may persist for a long time after the blood has been abstracted. This, he states, may be observed at any time in a cold-blooded animal, and especially during the cool season. Thus, a frog in winter will preserve its vitality for twenty-four hours after the withdrawal of its blood; and if one of the abdominal veins be opened and feebly saline or sugared water, or even mercury, be injected, until all the blood is replaced by the liquid, the animal may still move, leap, and manifest all the ordinary signs of life for several days. If the web of the foot be examined by the microscope, a fluid entirely destitute of globules will be seen to circulate in it, showing that the blood globules have been removed without suspending the functions of life. This is stated to be somewhat analogous to the condition of things in the hibernation of animals, and in the cold stage of cholera in man, during which the circulation may apparently cease completely, so that no blood shall flow if an artery be opened, and yet all the ordinary manifestations of life continue. In both cases a considerable reduction of temperature is observed, and the functions of the red corpuscles are reduced correspondingly in activity.

PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

An important memoir upon the effects of alcohol upon the human body was lately read before the Royal Society of London, giving the result of experiments prosecuted by two eminent army surgeons upon an intelligent British soldier. This man was perfectly healthy, and entirely unaccustomed to the use of spirits or tobacco in any form; so that the effects produced were direct, and could be readily appreciated. It was ascertained that small quantities of absolute alcohol—say one or two fluid ounces—given in divided doses, seemed to increase his appetite, while four fluid ounces lessened it considerably, and larger quantities almost destroyed it. While this particular effect may have been the result of peculiarities of constitution in the individual experimented upon, it is also possible that, in case of disease, much smaller quantities of alcohol might affect the appetite. The number of beats of the heart in 24 hours was increased very largely—to an average of at least 13 per cent.—and the actual work done by the heart, in excess of the normal task, was found to be equal to that of lifting 15 tons one foot; and, indeed, during the last two days of the experiment the extra work amounted to 24 tons.

The general conclusions, from this experiment and others which we have not time to mention, are very decided that, in case of ordinary health, the use of alcohol, even in small doses, is very much to be reprehended; but that, when the system is run down and enfeebled, it may be given as a stimulant, and for the purpose of causing the organs of the body to act with greater vigor.

EFFERVESCENT CITRATE OF MAGNESIA.

The London *Chemical News* copies, with much approval, from the *American Journal of Pharmacy* the following recipe for an improved effervescing citrate of magnesia, and extols it as much superior to the preparations under that name made and used in England. It is made by taking 4 lbs. of powdered citric acid, 1½ lbs. of calcined magnesia, 3 lbs. of bicarbonate of soda, 3 lbs. of tartaric acid, 6 lbs. of powdered white loaf-sugar, essential oil of lemons one-half a fluid ounce, and alcohol (very strong) as required. To the powdered citric acid the sugar is to be added, and the two thoroughly mixed; then the soda, magnesia, and tartaric acid are to be introduced, and the whole passed through a No. 4 sieve three times, to insure a thorough mixture. The powder is then to be moistened with the strong alcohol and passed through a No. 8 sieve, and placed on a wooden tray to dry, at a temperature of 120°. The oil of lemons is to be added when dry, and the whole is to be bottled in well-dried and clean bottles. This preparation can be kept an indefinite length of time.

THE OPOSSUM AS A HOUSE PEST IN COSTA RICA.

Few portions of the earth are without some mammal which takes up its abode in houses, and infests the premises generally, coming out at night, and causing more or less destruction to the buildings, furniture, etc., as well as doing mischief in the way of carrying off or spoiling food. Most parts of the world are provided with these pests in the form of mice and rats, the best known being the brown or Norway rat, and the small house mouse, both of them natives of the Old World, and accompanying man in all his

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successive migrations and settlements throughout the earth. In America we have two or three species of native rats that perform the same function; one, the hairy-tailed rat (*Neotoma*) of the Pacific coast and the Rocky Mountains, considerably larger than the house rat, and surpassing it even in its pilfering propensities; the other, the small deer, or white-footed mouse, which occasionally leaves the fields and forests to take up its abode in human habitations. Both these species are soon displaced by the foreign importation, whenever the latter makes its appearance. In South America, besides the true rats, there are other forms of mammals which occupy a similar relationship to man; and one of the most troublesome and inconvenient of these occurs in Central America, in Costa Rica especially, in the form of a very small opossum, or opossum rat, which, about the size of the brown rat, has very similar habits as to carrying off food, knocking down articles about the house, and, in a variety of ways, contriving to do much mischief. This animal, like our opossum of North America, can grasp with all four feet; and enjoys the additional power of using its tail as a fifth hand, by means of which it is enabled to pick up objects, or move from place to place, much as the South American monkey can do, and thereby greatly increases its predatory and foraging abilities. In some parts of the country it is a favorite article of food. It has become an associate of man, and, as in the case of the house rat, is scarcely ever found except in his immediate vicinity, especially taking up its abode under the roofs of houses.

EXTINCTION OF SIBERIAN MAMMOTH.

In the course of a communication upon the Siberian mammoth, made at the last meeting of the British Association, Mr. Howorth gave a summary of the conclusions arrived at after an extended research, embodying them in the following propositions: First, the mammoth lived in the area where his remains are found; second, a great portion of the area is now a moss-covered tundra, or an ice and boulder heap, as in the Bear Islands; third, no herbivorous animal of the size and abundance of the mammoth could find food in the area now; fourth, although covered with wool, and therefore adapted to a much more rigorous climate than that of India or Africa, neither the mammoth nor the hairy rhinoceros could survive the present winter temperature of Northern Siberia; fifth, the remains of the food eaten by the mammoth and rhinoceros, found and examined by Russian naturalists, belong to plants only found now in more southern latitudes. A natural conclusion from the facts in question would seem to be that the climate and physical condition of Siberia have changed very much since the days of the mammoth. In support of this it can be shown that the Arctic Sea, north of Siberia, is retiring rapidly, and exposing banks of sand containing mammoth remains, the land gaining rapidly on the sea along the whole coast line. The appearance of the tundra seems to point to a not very remote subsidence, or else an overflow over Siberia, or at least a very considerable part of its extent, during which the mammoths were gradually driven to the higher portions of the land, and there ultimately drowned, the remains found being generally at distant intervals, and aggregated in small groups or herds, and not scattered indiscriminately. A possible cause for this overflow, according to our author, may have been the draining of the vast internal sea which was supposed to have once existed between the Euxine, or Black Sea, and the Klingar Mountains, which may have taken place very suddenly, and, by changing the climate of Asia from an insular to a continental one, brought about a great and sudden reduction in the temperature of the north, causing the bodies of the mammoth to be rapidly frozen, at least in some localities, and thus preserving them.

AMERICAN SHELLS IN EUROPEAN WATERS.

Some interest has lately been excited among English naturalists by the discovery of an American fresh-water shell, the *Planorbis dilatatus* of Gould, in the canals near Manchester, England, and some speculation has been entered into as to the origin of its appearance. It was suggested that it may have been introduced in cotton-bales brought over from America, either as a perfect shell or in the form of the egg, and then thrown out with the refuse after the manipulation of the cotton. To this Mr. J. G. Anthony, of Cambridge, one of our best American chonchologists, replies by the assurance that it is not an inhabitant of the cotton-producing States, and therefore some other reason must be sought to solve the problem.

EUCALYPTUS TREE.

The *Eucalyptus globulus* is esteemed in Australia on account of its wood, which is very hard and superior to teak; and for its leaves, which contain a peculiar camphor-like essence, known as eucalyptine, which dissolves caoutchouc more readily than sulphide of carbon does. It is suggested that in the southern part of France, and in Spain, this plant would be very useful as a forest tree, since it reaches, in its native climate, an enormous height and size; and it may be well to consider the propriety of experimenting upon it in California and Arizona, where the temperature and amount of moisture in the soil, as well as the composition of the soil itself, may be much like that of its native country. Should the peculiar properties of its leaves as a febrifuge be established, and its asserted equality and possible superiority to quinine be substantiated, it should be considered an object of the utmost importance to introduce it.

CARBUNCLE IN ANIMALS.

The subject of carbuncle among animals still continues to exact that attention from physiologists and agriculturists that its importance demands, and a memoir lately published by M. Davaine sums up what he believes to be the present state of our knowledge on the subject. He states that it is well established, first, that carbuncle can be communicated from infected animals to those that are sound without immediate contact—that is to say, at some distance apart—a fact which has suggested the idea of some sort of volatile virus; second, that contagion does not manifest itself at a great distance from the animal infected, but always in a limited area; third, that the removal of the infected animals is a means which is usually efficacious in preserving the others from the ulterior ravages

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of the malady; fourth, that in the great majority of cases the spread of the disease is due almost entirely to contagion, the so-called spontaneous instances being too few to be worthy of much consideration. After explaining these various propositions, our author attempts to demonstrate that the active cause of the transmission of the disease from one animal to another is to be found in the bluebottle, or blow-fly, of our premises, and he recounts numerous experiments made to show that not only may the disease be transported by this means, but that it is the immediate cause of its spread, and that the microscopic examination of the tongue and of the tips of the feet of this fly reveals the presence of the morbific agencies in the most unmistakable manner. He therefore urges that diseased cattle should be isolated at a considerable distance from their fellows, and as soon as dead should be buried carefully, so as to prevent any access of the fly to the body. If this be strictly attended to he feels assured that there will be little difficulty in restricting the ravages to one or two special cases. How far these conclusions are founded in fact or in reason we are unable to state; but we have no doubt that the subject will receive the attention it merits at the hands of all those interested.

TEST OF ACTUAL DEATH.

A positive method by which real death may be distinguished readily from that which is apparent only has been for a long time a desideratum, and prizes of considerable value have at various times been offered for the announcement of some unerring test to determine between the two. Among others proposed for this purpose is the application of a few drops of a solution of belladonna to the eye. If life be present, in a few moments a dilatation of the pupil will be observed, very easily noted in comparison with the other eye, which has not been so treated. This is so independent of the condition of the eye that it is even observable in case of complete amaurosis or of paralysis, and is appreciable when all the ciliary nerves have been cut; and it may even be noted upon an eye that has been removed from the orbit as long as muscular contractility remains. Whenever, therefore, its application produces no effect whatever upon the eye, we may assume that muscular contractility has ceased, and, consequently, that life has entirely passed from the body. A precaution is, however, necessary in cases where dilatation has already taken place to the full possibility of the iris, which sometimes occurs in a case of apparent death, particularly when caused by the use of belladonna. A counteraction is therefore necessary in this instance, which is to be effected by means of the Calabar bean, which, if life be still present, will cause the pupil to contract.

MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATION OF VARIOUS ATMOSPHERES.

A communication was recently presented to the Royal Irish Academy by Dr. Sigerson upon the microscopic appearances shown by special portions of the atmosphere. In "iron-factory air" he found carbon and ash and iron, the iron being hollow balls measuring the two-thousandth part of an inch in diameter, with shells only the thirty-thousandth of an inch in thickness, and quite translucent. In "shirt-factory air" there were filaments and fragments of linen and cotton, with minute eggs. The air of fanning-mills and oat-mills had fibrous fragments, starchy grains, and spores. Antimony was found in the air of printing-offices, and is believed to be present to an injurious extent in type foundries. Stable air was found to contain cuticle, scales, and hair; and hair-dressers' establishments had a similar atmosphere. Tobacco smoke proved to contain globules of nicotine; while the air inhaled by tea-tasters was discovered to contain tea sprinkled with fibrous tissue and drops of powerful narcotic oil.

PHYSIOLOGY OF MEAT EXTRACTS.

We find in the scientific journals additional assurances of the value of extract of meat (special reference being made to that of Liebig) as a stimulant. The extract is said to be much more efficient in this respect than tea or spirits, since it acts, in addition, as a nutritive material. By itself it is not considered as a substitute for ordinary food; but mixed with bread or biscuit, hard-boiled eggs, etc., or prepared in the form of soup, it is very beneficial. One writer in the *Chemical News* says that, when dissolved in hot water as a soup, or thinly spread upon bread or biscuit, it gives strength almost immediately, and stands in the same relation to ordinary food that petroleum does to coal, enabling power to be speedily obtained. A special experiment was made by this gentleman upon the extract as an aid in long and fatiguing exercise, and he found that for exhaustion attendant upon long walks nothing he could use had any thing like the same beneficial effect.

REPRODUCTION IN NAIS.

It is well known to most students of natural history that the old saying, "every thing living is born of an egg," is by no means universally true; but that, while reproduction is generally accomplished by means of the egg, other methods by which the species is propagated are almost infinite in variety.

An interesting illustration of a peculiar method of reproduction may be seen in the case of a certain form of marine worm called the *Nais*, in which an individual first divides up into two parts, leaving the head on one and the tail on the other, and which become complete animals by the development of a tail on the anterior section and a head on the posterior. Each one of these, however, has a further mode of development in the form of buds, which appear at the posterior extremity, and which, when thrown off, become as many additional animals.

NEW AUSTRALIAN FISH.

During the last few years several forms of animal life have been brought to light which had been supposed to have entirely disappeared from among the living. The dredge in the deep seas has been the most efficient agent in such revelations; but we now have to record the discovery of a fresh-water type in Queensland, Australia, which rivals or even surpasses in interest any of those discovered in the salt-waters. The newly discovered animal is a fish which is apparently most closely related, among living species, to the mud-fishes of Africa and South America

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(*Protopterus* and *Lepidosiren* of naturalists), but less aberrant, and in the structure of the pectoral and ventral fins very analogous to those fishes of the Devonian epoch which are known as *Crossopterygians*, and to which most of the species described by Hugh Miller in his "Old Red Sandstone" belong. The mud-fishes of Africa and South America depart so much from the ordinary type of fishes, and approach the amphibian reptiles in so many respects, that at first the opinion that they were amphibians was very prevalent; but of late years the "fish" theory has preponderated, and the discovery of the new Australian animal completely established the latter view, and furnished a link connecting the previously known living forms with the ancient crossopterygians. The discovery has been announced by Mr. Gerard Krefft, the curator and secretary of the Australian Museum at Sydney, who has even referred the species to the supposed extinct genus *Ceratodus;* and named it *C. forsteri;* but doubt will be entertained by many whether it is really so nearly allied to that genus as supposed by Mr. Krefft. The species very improperly called the "*Burnett*" or "*Dawson salmon*," from the two rivers of Queensland in which it is most abundant, has flesh colored like the salmon, and is much esteemed as food. It sometimes attains a length of six feet, or even more.

ACTION OF CHLOROFORM ON PLANTS.

Some interesting results of experiments upon the influence of chloroform on plants have lately been published. In one instance a Mahonia plant in bloom was inclosed in a glass bell, in which some cotton was placed, slightly saturated with chloroform. The stamens of this plant, as is well known to physiologists, resemble those of the barberry in springing back against the pistil when irritated. At the end of one minute after the commencement of the experiment these stamens exhibited great tetanic rigidity, and resisted all attempts at irritation. Exposed again to the action of the atmosphere, after the lapse of eight or ten minutes the irritability reappeared, at first feebly, and more fully in the course of twenty-five or thirty minutes. When the action of the chloroform was continued for ten or twelve minutes the flower assumed its original tint, but the stamens did not recover their sensibility on exposure to the atmosphere, and the next day showed signs of having been completely killed.

LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.

An interesting memoir has been recently published by Mr. Lankester, of Oxford, in regard to the longevity of animals of different species, and in this we are informed that an actinia has been kept for 42 years in an aquarium, and is still alive. Some crustacea are known to attain a great age; one species, however, reproduces and dies in from two to three months. In the insect the perfect form varies in its duration of life from some months to a few hours, dying on reproduction, while the age of the larvæ ranges from seventeen years (at least, as in the case of the American locust) to a week. Fish, according to the author, have great tenacity of life, in one instance a carp having been known on good evidence to reach the age of 150, and a pike 267 years. This fish is said to have weighed 350 pounds, and to be 19 feet long, having been kept in a fish-pond in Germany. The toad is said to live 36, and the frog 12 to 16 years, while tortoises are credibly believed to attain a much greater age than this. Cases have been known in which certain hawks and ravens have been preserved alive over 150 years. Whales and elephants are believed to reach an age of from one to two hundred years. The horse lives 25, occasionally reaching 40 years; the ox 15 to 20; the sheep and goat 12 years.

OZONE PRODUCED BY FLOWERS AND ESSENCES.

According to Professor Montegazza, certain vegetable essences exercise an important influence in the production of atmospheric ozone, this being most marked in the case of mint, cloves, lavender, lemon, thyme, nutmeg, etc., which in contact with atmospheric oxygen in light cause the development of a large quantity of ozone, equal, if not superior, in amount to that produced by electricity or by the decomposition of the permanganate of potash. According to the author the oxidation of these essences is one of the most convenient means of producing ozone, since, even when in very minute quantity, a great effect is accomplished. In most cases these essences require for the purpose the direct rays of the sun; occasionally the effect is extremely slight. In certain instances the action, commenced in solar light, was found to continue in darkness. In some experiments a vessel perfumed with essence, and then washed with alcohol and perfectly dried, still developed a proportionate quantity of ozone, provided it contained a slight odor of the essence. In addition to the substances mentioned, spirits of turpentine, Cologne-water, and other perfumes and aromatic tinctures, are also capable of accomplishing the same result. Certain flowers, as the narcissus and hyacinth, also develop ozone in closed vessels. As an inference drawn by the professor from these experiments, he recommends the cultivation of flowers in marshy districts and in places infected with animal emanations, since the ozone thus produced will tend to destroy them. For the same reason flowers of agreeable odor should be cultivated about residences and in gardens, as this may be considered a direct sanitary precaution of much importance.

INCREASE OF TEMPERATURE BY NERVOUS ACTION.

We have already referred to some experiments of M. Schiff, of Florence, upon the increase of temperature in the nerves and nervous centres, resulting from sensorial and sensitive impressions. This gentleman has recently published a fresh series of experiments, chiefly upon fowls, in the course of which thermo-electrical piles of copper and bismuth, small but very carefully constructed, were inserted into the brains of these animals, and the wounds allowed to heal, which they were found to do by the third day, care being taken to keep the subjects perfectly quiet during the experiment. This was effected by stretching their legs out behind them, and covering the body with a porcelain vessel, so that the head alone remained free. The wires issuing from each side of the head of the patient,

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and connected with the battery within the brain, were then attached to a most delicate galvanometer, special precaution being taken even against the slightest development of the electrical current from the increased tension of one wire over the other, occasioned by the movement of the bird. When the head thus confined was at absolute rest the exposed surface of the animal was irritated by pinching or touching the crest or feet, or by pulling the tail feathers, or else the auditory centres were roused by a sudden noise, or the visual perceptions stimulated by moving a colored object in front of the eyes. In all such instances complete evidence was obtained that the cerebral action was accompanied by an elevation of temperature.

In regard to the last-mentioned experiment it was ascertained that the impression was twofold, and that the excitation was due partly to fear and partly to the psychical operation involved in the act of vision, since by frequent repetitions of the experiment the element of fear was no longer continued, as the animal became accustomed to it, and this factor being taken out, the movement of the indicator of the galvanometer fell from 12 to a constant of 8.

CANINE MADNESS IN FRANCE.

We have already referred to some investigations upon canine madness by M. Bouley, of France. In a recent communication this gentleman has summed up the results of his investigations for the past six years, and during that time he finds evidence that 320 persons were bitten by rabid animals in France, of whom 129 were injured fatally, forming a percentage of .31. In 123 cases no ill results were reported as having ensued, the percentage, therefore, of "innocuity" there being .38. Of the 68 cases upon which no positive evidence was presented, it is also probable that in the greater number the bite was not followed by any fatal or serious result, as these in all probability would have been reported had they proved fatal, instead of the contrary. We may confidently infer, therefore, that, as far as France is concerned, more than half of all cases of bites by rabid animals are not followed by the death of the subject. Of the 320 cases in question 284 were inflicted by male, and 26 by female dogs, 5 by cats, and 5 by wolves. There were no instances occurring among them of rabies from the bite of man, or of any herbivorous animals. The cases were most frequent in spring, and less so in autumn, although there was comparatively little difference with the season, the winter showing fully one-fourth of the total number. From this it follows that the hot weather of summer is by no means so provocative of the disease as is usually imagined.

TYPHOID FEVER.

In a recent article upon typhoid fever, by M. Morache, it is stated that this disease appears to be due to the introduction of a virus, which doubtless acts as an effusion or a ferment; and that, while theory would suggest the value of an application of creosote, the result of actual practice indicates the propriety of its employment even in preference to carbolic acid, acting as it does upon the ferment, and modifying, if not annihilating, the morbid effusion. According to this gentleman, the action of the creosote produces a diminution of the intensity of the fever, a diminution in the duration of the febrile action, and a diminution of the local and general typhoid symptoms, and causes favorable local action upon the digestive functions.

MR. SWAINSON'S COLLECTION OF BIRDS.

Among the ornithologists whose labors have served very greatly to extend the bounds of their fascinating branch of science by the description of large numbers of species, and their proper illustration by means of figures, few have been more conspicuous than Mr. William Swainson; and his papers on the birds of Mexico, Brazil, etc., have been constantly referred to by subsequent investigators. His labors in this line extended over the second to the fourth decade of the present century; and, as might reasonably be expected, his descriptions are sometimes not quite as complete as the present state of science demands. The types of his descriptions of species have been for some years in the possession of the University of Cambridge; and we are pleased to learn that this collection, numbering about 2750 specimens, has been recently arranged under the direction of Professor Alfred Newton, himself an ornithologist of great eminence.

In addition to this series, the same museum also contains the recently arranged collection of Mr. H. E. Strickland, another English ornithologist of note, and likewise rich in types of original descriptions.

ORGANIC EFFECT OF DIFFERENTLY COLORED LIGHT.

According to M. Pouchet, certain rays of light are particularly favorable to the development in organic infusions of infusorial life, while other rays are most favorable to the growth of microscopic forms of a vegetable character. Thus, white light is said to be best fitted for the former result; after which comes the red ray, then the violet, the blue, and finally the green. On the contrary, for the development of vegetable organisms the green ray is best fitted; next to this the blue and violet, and lastly the white light; the red ray hindering the development of these organisms. An experiment of a similar character has recently been made by Mr. Wake in regard to the effect of differently colored light upon milk; and he informs us that the general result of his experiments with this substance corresponds with those mentioned by M. Pouchet. According to his statements, the fungoid filaments of the milky infusion exposed to the green light were larger than those of the other infusions, while the tendency to the formation of these filaments under the influence of yellow light was but feebly exhibited, although *Bacteria* were very plentiful.

HUXLEY'S CLASSIFICATION OF RACES.

Professor Huxley, at a recent meeting of the Ethnological Society of London, divided mankind into five distinct types, distinguishing them by their color, character of the hair, and form of the skull. These types he named the *Australioid*, found in Australia, the Deccan, and the valley of the Nile; the *Negroid*, including the Negroes and Bushmen of Africa, and the Negritos of New Guinea, Tasmania, etc.; the

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Zanthochroic, distributed through Ireland, Eastern Britain, Scandinavia, North and Central Germany, through Eastern Europe into Asia as far as Northwestern India, and found also in North Africa; the *Melanochroic*, situated between the Zanthochroic and Australioid peoples; and the *Mongoloid*, a large and somewhat ill-defined group, occupying Central Asia, the two Americas, and Polynesia.

COLORED STARCH.

A new article for the laundry has recently been introduced into Europe, and has found much favor. It consists in a starch of different shades of color, by means of which any desired tint may be imparted to a dress in doing it up for a ball or party, and thereby enabling the owner to appear in sufficient variety of color without a corresponding number of dresses, as formerly. The most highly prized of these new starches is the crimson, which is readily prepared by dissolving three parts of fuchsine in twenty parts of glycerine, the fuchsine being first rubbed up in a mortar with a little water to a thick broth, and the glycerine subsequently stirred in. By this operation the fuchsine becomes completely dissolved without using any alcohol as a solvent. One hundred and fifty parts of finely rubbed up starch are to be stirred into the mixture in question, then dried and placed upon hurdles upon which unsized printing-paper had previously been spread out. To apply this in the starching of a white dress, the latter is to be first washed, and a portion of the starch treated with boiling water, as in the ordinary preparation of starch, and applied to the dress in the usual manner of starching. The dress is then to be dried, and after drying to be moistened a little, and ironed in the common way.

BLEACHING BY OIL OF TURPENTINE.

A German author recommends the use of oil of turpentine in bleaching white goods, to be applied by dissolving one part in three parts of strong alcohol, and placing a table-spoonful of the mixture in the water for the last rinsing. The clothes are to be immersed in this, well wrung out, and placed in the open air to dry. The bleaching action of the oil consists in its changing oxygen into ozone when exposed to the light, and in this process the turpentine disappears, leaving no trace behind.

CAUSE OF MOTION OF GLACIERS.

An interesting article has lately been published by Rev. Henry Mosely, upon the cause of the descent of the ice of the glaciers, in which he endeavors to show by experiment and elaborate mathematical calculation that the effect is produced by the absorption of heat from the sun or the atmosphere, which causes an expansion of the different particles, the tendency of which is to produce a movement in the direction of gravitation. It is not necessary that the heat be very great, since the continued action of a moderate temperature will produce as great an effect as a shorter duration of more intense heat. He states, in the course of his remarks, that precisely a similar phenomenon may be observed when a sheet of lead is placed upon the surface of a roof, no matter how low the pitch, if not fastened along the edges. In one case, where the movement was accurately measured on a board inclined about 18½°, of a sheet of lead one-eighth of an inch thick, nine feet in length, and weighing twenty-eight pounds, he found that during some days the descent amounted to from one-quarter to one-half an inch, the action at night being almost inappreciable.

LARGE SCOTTISH SALMON.

Mr. Frank Buckland, in his journal, "Land and Water," describes what he considers to be the largest salmon of modern times, and lately caught in the Tay. Its weight amounted to 70 pounds, its length to 53 inches, and its girth to 31 inches. The wholesale price of the fish amounted to an equivalent in American gold of about $48. It would not be difficult, however, to match this salmon with specimens from Alaska, some of which, indeed, are said to greatly exceed it in weight. Even the trout of our great lakes not unfrequently reach an equal size, and, in fact, are said to attain that of 100 pounds or more. We have recently seen the notice of one caught at Racine, Wisconsin, weighing 52 pounds.

AYMARA INDIANS OF BOLIVIA.

The Aymara Indians of Bolivia and Peru are described by Mr. D. Forbes as a small, thick-set people, with large heads, enormous trunks, and short limbs. The capacity of the thorax is considered extraordinarily large, being adapted to meet the requirements of respiration in a rarefied atmosphere, as these people dwell at an elevation of from eight to sixteen thousand feet above the sea level. The proportions of the lower limbs are extremely curious, the thigh being shorter than the legs, and the heel is inconspicuous. Their color is said to vary from copper red to yellowish-brown and blackish-brown.

GLUCOSE IN FERMENTING LIQUIDS.

A paper was recently presented before the Chemical Society of London upon fermentation, in which it was stated, as an important deduction from experiments, that the addition of glucose to fermenting liquids, especially to the juice of the grape, helps to exhaust the fermentative element, and thus imparts to the fermented liquid a greater keeping power, and also, that each ferment has its favorite soil. In the course of some remarks upon the paper it was stated that the yeast organism, though generally called a plant, is rather an animal in its functions, since the products it secretes are less complicated than those it takes in, and it absorbs no heat like plants, nor does it require light for its vital processes.

ORGANIC MATTER IN WATER.

In a paper on organic matter in water Dr. Keisch states that the addition of a few drops of sewer water to cane-sugar solution starts a kind of fermentation, and when examined under a microscope the turbid liquid is found to be full of small spherical cells. Boiling does not seem to destroy the vitality of these organisms, filtration through a good bed of animal charcoal being the only effectual mode of removing them. It is, however, necessary to renew the charcoal from time to time, else it loses its purifying quality, and leaves the water as bad as before. These

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cells are quite peculiar in their character, and are not removed by filtering the water through the finest Swedish paper; and wherever they are found in water apparently pure in its source their occurrence may be directly referred to contamination by sewage water.

TEMPERATURE OF THE CRANIAL CAVITY.

Mendel, a German physiologist, has recently substantiated the observations of Fick, who shows that the normal temperature of the cranial cavity is lower than that of the body generally, the difference in the case of the rabbit, while in health, between the temperature of the cranial cavity and that of the rectum amounting to from 1.25 to 1.80 of a degree (Fahrenheit), while under the influence of chloroform the difference is still more striking. The application of this anæsthetic usually has the effect of reducing the temperature of the entire body, that of the cranial cavity continuing to be less than elsewhere. Chloral also has the same effect, the depression amounting to several tenths of a degree. On the other hand, we are informed that the temperature of the body rises after taking a medicinal dose of morphine; but that when given in excess it falls. In poisoning by alcohol the temperature of the cranial cavity is said to rise to such a degree as to exceed that of the rectum.

RATIO OF HEIGHT TO WEIGHT OF THE HUMAN BODY.

From the many careful observations that have been made during past years in regard to the statistics of the human frame, the attempt has been made to determine, approximately, the average ratio, in perfect health, between a given height of the body and its weight, so as to indicate whether any individual case exhibits an excess or a deficiency of the proper proportion. As a result of the observations made on this subject, we are informed that, for the height of five feet, the normal weight is one hundred and fifteen pounds, and that an additional inch in height should be accompanied by an increase of about five pounds in weight. From this it will be seen that if the proper weight of a person five feet high be one hundred and fifteen pounds, one of five and a half feet in height should be one hundred and forty-five pounds, while an individual six feet high should weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds. While this law is quite reliable above five feet, it is also proximately correct for a considerable number of cases below, as well as above, the starting-point; although, in individual instances, especially in the case of children and growing persons, there is a wide difference of weight with heights below five feet. As a general rule, we may consider any variation in weight from the ratios just given to depend on excess or deficiency in the development of the fatty tissue, which, in a normal human body, weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds, and five feet eight inches in height, should amount to twelve pounds.

Dr. Lankester, from whom we borrow these remarks, in discussing the probable object of the fat of the human body, states that it appears, in the first place, to be a reserve of material for producing muscular force when needed, animals growing fat in summer, but becoming thin in winter from the demand on the stock for heating purposes. Hibernating animals, which are fat and sleek before going to sleep, wake in the spring lean and emaciated from the loss of fat in maintaining the necessary animal heat. If, therefore, the supply of fat be less than the average, we may conclude that disease in some form has actually commenced, or may be anticipated; while if there be a redundancy, it may be looked upon as likely to interfere more or less with the functions of life. It is for this reason that the value of such investigations is vindicated, and any variation from the weight which should correspond to the height, according to the above-named table, should invite a critical inquiry in regard to the health of the individual. Thus, one of the earliest symptoms of consumption is a tendency to loss of weight—this being observable in many persons long before any symptoms of tuberculous deposit appear. At this stage of the disease it is maintained that the use of substances containing fat, such as cod-liver oil, etc., in supplying the deficiency of fat, will have a very decided effect in checking or even preventing the ultimate ravages of the disease.

In the case of the excess of fat, where this material is uniformly diffused throughout the body, it is carried with comparatively little difficulty, and may involve little or no inconvenience. But when accumulated in particular regions it is likely to interfere with the functions of certain organs, and produce grave results. Most of us are familiar with the case of Mr. Banting, an Englishman, who published a pamphlet to illustrate the effect of his personal experiences in reducing corpulence. But it may be questioned, in many instances, whether this attempt is entirely safe; and the advice of a competent physician should in all cases be invited as to whether the actual accumulation of fat, or its probable increase, is such as to render it expedient to resort to any special change of diet, or other agencies, since it is believed that many persons have materially shortened their lives by attempts of the kind in question. And it is suggested generally with regard to stout people, or those who weigh more than their height should require, that if they suffer no inconvenience from their weight they might better let well enough alone; although it may not be amiss in such cases to avoid any unnecessary or excessive use of fatty food, and such substances as have a special tendency to produce fat.

CURRENTS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

Professor Wyvill Thompson, in a late lecture upon deep-sea temperatures, as shown by the recent explorations of the English, Swedish, and American governments, remarks that the North Atlantic consists, first, of a great sheet of warm water, of which the most marked portion passes through the Strait of Florida, the whole being generally called the Gulf Stream, of varying depth, but reaching off the west coast of Ireland and Spain a profundity of 800 to 900 fathoms; secondly, of a general indraught of antarctic water, compensating at all events for that part of the Gulf Stream which is deflected southward; and thirdly, of a comparatively small quantity of arctic water, which, flowing through two or three narrow channels, replaces that portion of the Gulf Stream which makes its way into the Arctic Sea.

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CONTINUITY OF LIQUID AND GASEOUS FORMS OF MATTER.

We have been accustomed to consider matter as presenting itself in the three different stages of solid, liquid, and gaseous, and to assume that these are separated by well-marked boundaries. Whatever may be the case as to the relationships of solids and liquids, late investigations have shown that there is no distinction between the liquid and the gaseous conditions of matter. In a recent lecture by Dr. Andrews many interesting experiments were presented to prove this fact. In this lecture, selecting carbonic acid as his illustration, the experimenter stated that at any temperature between —134 Fahr. and +87.6 Fahr., under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, it is unquestionably in a state of gas or vapor, and that if, within these limits, we take a given bulk and gradually augment the pressure, the volume will steadily diminish, although not entirely uniformly, until we reach the point at which liquefaction begins. A sudden fall or diminution of volume now takes place, and, with a little care, it is easy so to arrange the experiment that part of the carbonic acid will be in the liquid and part in the gaseous state, the two conditions of matter thus coexisting in the same tube and under the same external pressure.

If, however, the experiment be made at a temperature above 87.6 Fahr. the result is very different. Under a pressure of seventy-four atmospheres the densities of liquid and gaseous carbonic acid, as well as all their other properties, become absolutely identical. The most careful observation fails to discover any heterogeneity, at this or a higher temperature, in carbonic acid, when its volume is so reduced as to occupy a space in which, at lower temperatures, a mixture of gas and liquid would have been formed. Thus all distinctions of state have disappeared, and the carbonic acid has become one homogeneous fluid, which can not, by change of pressure, be separated into two distinct physical conditions. Other fluids experimented upon under similar circumstances gave parallel results, and we are entitled, therefore, to draw the conclusion that the gaseous and ordinary liquid states are simply extreme forms of the same condition of matter, and can be made to pass from one into the other by a series of gradations so gentle that the passage shall nowhere present any break of continuity.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes October 25.—Elections were held October 11 in five States: Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and Nebraska. In the first-mentioned State only members of the House of Representatives for the Forty-third Congress were elected; in the other four State officers were elected, and also Congressmen. We have not the official statements, and can only give the approximate results. In Nebraska David Butler, Republican, was elected Governor by about 3000 majority, and John Taffe, Republican, was re-elected to Congress. In Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa the highest State officer elected was the Secretary of State. Ohio is estimated to have gone Republican by over 16,000, Indiana Democratic by 2000, Iowa Republican by over 25,000.

In these five States the Democrats have gained six or seven members of Congress. The Pennsylvania delegation stands 12 straight Republicans, 1 independent Republican, and 11 Democrats, while the present delegation is composed of 18 Republicans and 6 Democrats. In Ohio the Congressional delegation stands relatively the same as at present, 14 Republicans and 5 Democrats. The Indiana delegation will stand 6 Republicans to 5 Democrats, instead of 7 to 4 as at present. Iowa re-elects her entire Republican delegation.—Colorado Territory, on the 11th, elected a Republican delegate to Congress by a majority of nearly 1400.

The President has appointed Senator O. P. Morton, of Indiana, to succeed Mr. Motley as United States Minister to England.

One of the most destructive freshets ever known in this country occurred in Virginia during the last week in September, attended by great loss of life and property. At the city of Richmond the water overflowed the streets, so that ferry-boats were used instead of horse-cars. Buildings and property were carried away, and communication with the surrounding country cut off. At Harper's Ferry a large part of the village was submerged, many substantial buildings destroyed, and forty lives lost. Three women and three children were drowned at Lynchburg. The Potomac rose several feet, carrying away the bridges between Washington and the Virginia shore. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was seriously damaged, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad above Harper's Ferry was swept away. The losses at and near Lynchburg were estimated at $1,500,000.

General Robert E. Lee, President of Washington College, in Lexington, Virginia, died on the 12th of October, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

EUROPE.

Since the commencement of the siege of Paris, the gates of which were closed September 16, the reports which we have received by telegraph from day to day have been so contradictory that no reliance can be placed upon them. The city was invested by the Crown Princes of Prussia and Saxony—the head-quarters of the former being at Versailles, to the southwest, and those of the latter at Grand Trembloy, on the northeast. Between these were the King's head-quarters, since removed to Versailles. The French, under General Ducrot, with four divisions, made "an offensive reconnoissance forward" on the 19th of September, and attempted the dislodgment of the Germans south of Paris. After severe loss, General Ducrot was compelled to re-

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treat under cover of the forts. The environs of Paris were reduced to ruins before the siege, the trees and houses having been destroyed to increase the effectiveness of the fire from the forts, and to enhance the difficulty of hostile approach. The roads, also, had been broken up and obstructed, the tunnels and bridges being demolished; and this circumstance has greatly delayed the operations of the besiegers. The report of violent disturbances in Paris, after its isolation, appears to have had little foundation. That some trouble was caused by thieves and disorderly persons is shown by General Trochu's proclamation against such offenders. The defensive force of the city consists of 250 battalions of National Guards—about 375,000 men—in addition to the regular troops. The entire force, according to some French accounts, consists of 600,000 men; but this is probably an exaggerated estimate. Great manufactories of arms and ammunition were set up; the roads leading to the gates were made impassable, and draw-bridges were substituted for those spanning the moat; all the gates and sally-ports were provided with fresh bastions; the Seine was dammed up and the water-works turned to account; the books of the important libraries were deposited in the cellars; watchmen were posted in lofty towers to give the alarm in case of fire, and large reservoirs of water were erected in the vicinity of public buildings. For the better regulation of the food supplies, the Minister of Agriculture issued an edict that, after September 28, there should be daily placed at the disposal of the citizens 500 oxen and 5000 sheep.

The interview between Jules Favre and Count Von Bismarck looking to peace negotiations, near the close of September, resulted in utter failure. The Count demanded the surrender of Strasbourg, Toul, and Verdun as the condition of an armistice to allow an opportunity for the election of a Constituent Assembly. The Germans, he insisted, must, as a guarantee of future security, keep the departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine, of the Moselle, with Château Salins, and Soissons. After the decision of the provisional government to refuse the offered conditions the following proclamation was issued:

TOURS, *September* 24.—Before the investment of Paris M. Jules Favre wished to have an interview with Count Bismarck, in order to ascertain the disposition of Prussia. The following is the declaration of the enemy: Prussia desires to continue the war, so as to reduce France to the rank of a second-rate power; Prussia wants Alsace and Lorraine as far as Metz by right of conquest, and, to consent to an armistice, she dares to ask the surrender of Strasbourg, Toul, and Mont Valérien. The inhabitants of Paris, in their exasperation, would rather bury themselves in the ruins of their city than accept such terms. To such impudent pretensions we can only reply by fighting to the bitter end. France accepts the contest, and relies upon all her children.

The mission of M. Thiers to Vienna and St. Petersburg does not seem to have led to any more satisfactory result than that of M. Favre.

Toul was surrendered September 23, after a bombardment of six hours. There were surrendered 109 officers, 2240 privates, and 197 cannon. The surrender of Toul was followed, five days later, by that of Strasbourg. The prisoners captured numbered 17,000 men, including National Guards, and 451 officers. Among the spoils were 170 cannon, 1500 horses, 2,000,000 francs in the military chest, and government property in the bank estimated at 8,000,000 more. Several of the principal streets and suburbs had been reduced to ruins. The inhabitants had been driven to their cellars for safety. The Cathedral suffered much, but not irreparably. The famous astronomical clock was uninjured.—The town of Soissons capitulated October 15. Four thousand French prisoners were captured.

The balloon seems to be the only means of escape from Paris. In this way M. Gambetta, a member of the French cabinet, left Paris October 7. His journey was a perilous one, his balloon having descended two or three times in close proximity to the Prussians.

The following proclamation was issued on the 9th of October by M. Gambetta at Tours:

"By the order of the republican government I have left Paris to transmit to you the hopes of the Parisians and others of those who are seeking to deliver France from foreigners. Paris, invested for seventeen days, presents the spectacle of two million men forgetting their differences to withstand the invader, who expected civil discord.

"The revolution found Paris without guns or arms of any kind. Four hundred thousand of the National Guard are now armed, and one hundred thousand Mobiles and sixty thousand regulars are assembled. The foundries are casting cannon. The women make a million cartridges daily. Each battalion of Nationals has two mitrailleuses and field-pieces, and is prepared for sorties. The forts are manned by the marines, and are supplied with artillery of the greatest excellence, and served by gunners the first in the world. Hitherto their fire has kept the enemy from erecting the smallest work. The *enceinte* on the 4th had only five hundred cannon; now it has three thousand eight hundred, with four hundred rounds for each. Every defense has its men at their posts. The Nationals drill constantly. Behind the *enceinte* is the third line of defense—the barricades—which are adapted to the genius of the Parisians. This has all been achieved calmly and orderly, amidst general patriotism. The impregnability of Paris is no illusion. It can not be captured or surprised, and there is no danger of sedition or starvation, which the Prussians have been counting on."

The voting at Rome on the question of annexation to Italy took place October 1. The numbers polled in Rome were 40,805 ayes and 46 noes. In the province of Viterbo there were 24,207 ayes and 228 noes; and in the province of Frosinone the numbers were 25,536 ayes and 271 noes. In the Leonine City the vote for annexation was unanimous, the number of ayes being 1546. Cardinal Antonelli protested against the occupation of Rome as "a violent and sacrilegious usurpation," which opinion has also been echoed by Archbishop Manning, of England. General La Marmora entered Rome October 11, and immediately issued a proclamation, in which he expressed the hope that the Pope would continue to exercise his rights as head of the Church with perfect freedom.

The Duke of Aosta, the second son of the King of Italy, has been chosen candidate for the Spanish throne. His acceptance of the candidature has been officially announced at Madrid.

CUBA.

A terrible hurricane swept over the island of Cuba October 14, causing severe inundations in many parts of the country. Great damage was done to property, and it is supposed that at least two thousand people were drowned. The hurricane is said to have been the severest that has visited the island within a century.

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Editor's Drawer.

"VOLUME XLII." is to-day inscribed on the banner of *Harper's Magazine*, and under it the Drawer summons its several army corps of admirers and contributors to send on to general head-quarters every thing that can pertain to the humorous commissariat, that the same may be equitably distributed for the pleasant nourishment of our grand army of readers. In the leisure of the long winter evenings let the remembered good things be jotted down and committed to the Federal post-bag. Be diffusive. Be mindful of the sanitary advantage of a little honest hilarity; and remember that your "quips and quiddities" will be read by over half a million of the cleverest and best people in the country.

FIVE-AND-FORTY years ago wonderful old Christopher North, in the pages of another magazine—*Blackwood*—discoursed thus of the season:

"Thank Heaven for winter! Would that it lasted all year long! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding branches, and caroling birds, and wimpling burnies, and fleecy skies, and dew-like showers softening and brightening the bosom of old mother earth. Summer is not much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder-storms. Nor let me libel autumn, in her gorgeous beauty and her beautiful decays. But winter, dear cold-handed, warm-hearted winter, welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom! Thine are the short, sharp, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscle, fibre, and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona discoursing excellent music; thine the long snow-silent or hail-rattling nights, with earthly firesides and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts or traveling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul!"

Ten years later, in 1835, in the same magazine, thus pleasantly wrote the "Sketcher:"

Winter, a surly fashion, thankless, rude,
Misnomers thee a heartless niggard, Time's
Stern reckoner, chilled with maxims harsh and crude;
To me thou'rt ushered in with merry chimes—
Thou lightest blazing hearths in ancient hall,
And biddest guests, and wakest jocund laugh—
Thou openest wide to the poor prodigal
Thy parent-arms, and kill'st the fatted calf—
Thy keen breath kindly spares the aged thorn:
So some old healthy shepherd on a rock
Calls with the blast of his unpolished horn
To better fare and warmer fold his flock:
Thou blowest, like old Boatswain out at sea,
Piping all hands to mirth and jollity.

COMMEND us to our good brethren of the clergy for anecdotes of pith and delicacy. At the house of the late Dr. Archer, in London, there was a gathering of friends, and among them Dr. Harris, author of "Mammon," and Dr. Philip, of Maberly Chapel, author of "The Marthas," "The Marys," etc. In the course of conversation the question was mooted, which was the most amiable of the two sisters of Bethany, Mary or Martha? Dr. Archer replied:

"I prefer Martha for the unselfishness of her character, in being more ready to provide for the comfort of her Lord than gratify herself."

"Pray," rejoined Dr. Harris, addressing Dr. Philip, "what is your view? Which of the two do you think would have made the best wife?"

"Well, really," replied the good man, "I'm at a loss; though I dare say, were I making the choice for myself, I should prefer Mary."

Dr. Archer, turning to Dr. Harris, said, smartly, "Pray, Dr. Harris, which of the two should you prefer?"

The author of "Mammon" was only for a moment disconcerted, and replied, in a style that set the table in a roar: "Oh, I think I should choose Martha *before* dinner, and Mary *after* it."

IN the way of dialogue we have read nothing more perspicuous than the following, in the Scotch language, to be found in Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character." The conversation is between a shopman and a customer, relating to a plaid hanging at the shop door:

CUSTOMER (*examining the material*). "Oo?" [Wool?]

SHOPMAN. "Ay, oo." [Yes, wool.]

CUSTOMER. "A' oo?" [All wool?]

SHOPMAN. "Ay, a' oo." [Yes, all wool.]

CUSTOMER. "A' ae oo?" [All same wool?]

SHOPMAN. "Ay, a' *ae* oo." [Yes, all same wool.]

Could it be more clearly or concisely stated?

THE pleasing facility with which an old panoramic show can be manufactured into an entirely new one is amusingly sketched by a military hero, rejoicing in the appellation of "Colonel," who once accompanied Artemus Ward in a steamer down the Ohio. The "Colonel" had traveled with a pictorial show of the Crimean War, and Artemus asked him:

"Are you still in the Crimea, and does my friend Lord Raglan hold on to his gallant steed as well as usual?"

"The Crimea came to an end in Canada; and Lord Raglan is Major Anderson now," was the enigmatical reply. "Still the same old horse, though. Goes over the field of battle at night just the same. The professor understands his business. First we give an illumination of St. Peter's at Rome. Then a little minstrelsy; not too much. Then the Grand Pictorial and Mechanical Animated and Moving Representation of the Taking of Fort Sumter. That used to be the War in the Crimea, and the Siege of Sebastopol. The Crimea got played out, and we turned it into Fort Sumter and Charleston Harbor. Ours are all cut figures. The Russians did not want much painting to turn them into Secessionists, and we had only to paint out the red-coats of the British and color them in blue to make the Federals. Sebastopol stood a little too high on the rocks for the city of Charleston, but we have painted the rocks down. We turned Balaclava into Castle Pinckney, and we had room enough in the Black Sea to slip in a very nice Fort Sumter. The same holes which did for us to puff the smoke through, in bombarding the Malakoff, do for us in firing at Sumter, and Sumter had to have a few holes made for it. All fits in, and costs no trouble. We put the licks in. We did it ourselves. There was a night-scene in the Crimea with a horse to move, and Lord Raglan to go out on it, to look at the dead on the field of battle. Horses are all alike in pictures. Lord Raglan makes a good Major Anderson; but, as no one was killed at Fort

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Sumter, all we can do is to suppose the Major to be surveying the ruins from James Island before going on board the steamer for New York. Our exhibition is particularly well suited for schools. Moral, instructive, and cheap—that's what schools want. In making my arrangements ahead I call upon the schools and contract with them. Five cents each in New England. No getting any more there; ten or fifteen cents any where else."

THE following "Song of Shoulder-Straps," composed by a high private during the late unpleasantness, shows how the fire of poetic genius will burst out when the great occasion demands it:

I volenteered a year ago
  Perhaps a little better
To give seseeh a fatal blow
  If not to clear upset her
Says nancy jane "my darling go
  Your courage I do Admire"
For all the while she hoped that I
  Would rise a little higher

I took the stump and sung my songs
  And made my union speeches
And got a host of volunteers
  And lots of good cream peaches
I had the promise of a strop
  To lift me up some higher
But learned the man who promised it
  Was nothin but a liar

He struted round and drank his beer
  His whisky and his brandy
With shoulder-straps uppon his coat
  A brainless fop and dandy
But when election day arived
  To tell the truthfull story
A Novis got the Shoulder-straps
  As well as all the Glory

I knew the world was full of rogues
  Before I left my mamy
But never saw them half so thick
  As they are in the army
We have had the Gold and Silver age
  The dark and the enlightened
But with the age of shoulder-straps
  Old nick himself is frightened

Like lords they live on uncle sam
  But it beats my wifes relations
To see how nice they fool the boys
  In stealing surplus rations
And then it would astonish hoyle
  The gamester and the joker
To learn how well they all are drilled
  In 7 up and Pokur

I am sory that so many girls
  Are in for show and fancy
The falt that did at first belong
  To my own darling nancy
But now she says that she dislikes
  The strops uppon the sholeder
Since she has bin unto the skool
  And grown a littel older

She sent a littel billetdaux
  To me one blessed friday
Said she I love my darling so
  He looks so neat and tidy
I think that he would neither be
  The better or the boulder
With that Infernal brassy thing
  They weare uppon the shoulder

So now good-by to shoulder-straps
  They rapedly are rusting
And out of date the while
  Are getting most disgusting
It is the mind that makes the man
  Oh hear it every nation
For this will prove to each of you
  Your only true salvation.

Air—Blue tail fly.

IT used to be the habit, before the fashion of printing briefs was introduced, and when all the judges sat in banco to hear appeals, etc., for the counsel opening the cause to hand up to the Chief Justice the whole package of briefs for distribution among his associates. One morning Brother L——, having spent the whole night convivially at cards, came into court with his bundle of briefs, and the cause being called which he was to argue, and forgetting that the venue was changed, laid his package on the desk before the Chief Justice, and, after a moment's pause, solemnly and emphatically said, "*Cut!*"

WE will not undertake to say that it was in the Recorder's Court, the other day, when the crier (having just taken a quid), being called on to present the Book to a person to be sworn, quite innocently held out his tobacco-box to the witness, who thereupon took his solemn "davy." Must have been one of those "quid nuncs" that the newspapers tell of.

THE manner in which the old Egyptians lived and died has been recently made the subject of magazine discussion in England. Every man of any account, in the very olden time, hoped to become some sort or other of mummy—an Egyptian being always considered worth his salt—yet it depended upon his means in what style he would be packed for eternity. Herodotus gives three principal methods, but it is probable that these admitted of modifications according to price. One can hardly realize the satisfaction of going into an embalmer's establishment, and cruising about to choose after what pattern one would "be a body," as Mr. Mantalini put it. But the quest must have had its fascinations. "Genteel, well-cured mummy—very sound—only 7 minæ" ($100), would meet the eye on one side, and seem very elegible; but then the price! Well, then, look at this: "22 minæ" ($300), "and a *perfect gem at the money*—warranted to last 10,000 years—equal to first-class in duration—difference in external materials only." Or, if that does not satisfy, then: "In this style, finest that can be made, with latest improvements, one talent" ($1250). This is the style that may be supposed to have been used by respectable mummifiers, the regular mums, extra dry. But quacks, probably, were more on the "S.—T.—95,060—X." heading their advertisements with "Why give more?" "To persons about to perish!" "When you die send your body to us." "A perfect cure; you last forty centuries, *or your money returned*," etc., etc.

PERHAPS there is no class of professional gentlemen more given to telling anecdotes "on themselves" than the clergy. Who, for example, but a minister could be so thoughtful of the public hilarity as to preserve for "the general joy of the whole company," as Macbeth saith, the following:

The long drought of this summer recalls some of the quaint, and, as we should think in these days, overfamiliar expressions of our fathers when praying for rain. In 1821 a genial company were traveling in a stage-coach from Albany to Niagara Falls. Rev. Jedediah Morse, Hon. Edward Everett, Colonel T. H. Perkins, and Chandler Starr, Esq., with Mrs. Starr, made up the party. The dry weather of that season called from Mr. Morse the following anecdote·

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A Cape Cod clergyman one Sabbath had prayed most earnestly for rain. He entreated the Lord to "uncork the bottles of heaven, and send down the refreshing showers." The drought had lasted through August and a part of September. Tuesday morning the line storm began, and continued with great violence till Friday, flooding the country, and sweeping off bridges in all directions. Saturday night it set in to rain again, and Sabbath morning it was still pouring down. This time the prayer was as follows: "O Lord, we recently took occasion to entreat Thee to uncork the bottles of heaven, and send down the refreshing showers, but we *did not mean that the corks should be thrown away!*" Mr. Starr followed with a story of "Parson Howe," of Milton, Connecticut. On a similar occasion, if not during the same drought, he petitioned for relief in these words: "O Lord, we want rain very much. The rye is suffering prodigiously. Of corn we shall not have half a crop. As for the potatoes, it is all up with them; and there's that grass of Deacon Comstock's, it is as red as a fox's tail."

There were very many people, in the late political campaign in this State, who placed themselves on the independent ground concisely described in the following paragraph:

During the canvass in Pennsylvania for county and borough officers, as well as for members of Congress, a certain Democrat was asked by a friend how he stood on the free-school question. Not being well posted, and fearing some "catch," he replied:

"Well, I stand a *nuisance* in this *champaigne*."

There were a good many neutrals of the same sort, on both sides, in our last "champaigne."

We estimate that an accurate description of what really good pork is may be found in the following notice, the original of which is before us:

Pork.—I hav Still to Spare a few pounds of Old pork, some Salted and some Smoked, *Each as good as Ever greased any man's Cheek or Chin!* J—— B——.
Sennett, N. Y., *November 20th*, 1869.

An Ohio correspondent who recently had occasion to look over the old records of one of the counties of that State, came across the following legal document, which shows what can be done under a writ of *replevin:*

Court of Common Pleas, —— *County*, —— 1837.

John Wilkins
vs.
Wm. Barnard
and
Rebecca Wilkins.
} *In Replevin, Damages* $1000.

The Clerk of the above Court will issue a writ of Replevin for the following child, goods, and chattels, to wit: one male child about fourteen months old, named James Hamilton Wilkins, son of said plaintiff, and indorse, "Suit brought for wrongfully detaining said child, or property, to the plaintiff's damage $1000." M—— J——, *Att'y for Pl'ff.*

The above-named John Wilkins makes oath and says that he has good right to the possession of the child, goods, and chattels described above, and that *they* are wrongfully detained by said defendants; and that said child, goods, and chattels were not taken in execution in any judgment against the said plaintiff, nor by virtue of any writ of replevin or any other mesne or final process whatever issued against him.

John Wilkins.

Sworn to, etc., etc.

The curiosity of our correspondent being excited, he ascertained that the plaintiff and his wife had had a "breeze;" she thereupon "sloped" to her father, taking the child; that the plaintiff, thinking his paternal rights violated, applied to a lawyer to get redress; whereupon suit in replevin was instituted. The sheriff took the child without difficulty, when it occurred to him that the next step was to have an *appraisement of the property.* This appearing to be somewhat difficult, he persuaded all the parties to come with him to town, bringing the *property* with him, where the matter was amicably settled, "as per agreement on file."

We note the precedent for the guidance of the bar of New York.

In the way of poetical paraphrase could any thing be more beautiful than the following, on this sentence in Deuteronomy, xxxiv. 5: "So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, *according to the word of the Lord;*" the literal rendering of the last words being, "by the *mouth* of the Lord."

It is thus rendered by an old English poet:

"Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kissed his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest."

Just at this particular season, when innocent festivity abounds, or ought to abound, in every household, the Drawer writes down for the general edification the following, which, many years ago, was written on the wall of an old way-side inn not ten thousand miles from Connecticut:

"Here's to Pands pen
Dasoc! al Hou?—Rinhar
M, Les, Smirt: Ha! (N. D. F.)
Unle, Tfri; end, shi! Pre,
I, Gnbe, J, U, Stand, K. Indan
Devils!!! Peako, Fn (one)."

Which may be "sugared off" as follows:

"Here stop and spend a social hour
In harmless mirth and fun;
Let friendship reign, be just and kind,
And evil speak of none."

As a matter of duty, and at the same time with a feeling of pleasure, we welcome to the Drawer a merchant of Boston, who, visiting this city, took occasion to make inquiry in regard to the standing of a person who had applied to him for credit, and he was assured that the party was doing a good business, was a member of the Common Council, etc.

"But," said the persevering Bostonian, "is he honest?"

"Honest!" exclaimed the interrogated. "Why, his honesty has been proved better than that of any man in New York, for he has been twice tried for stealing, and escaped both times!"

A correspondent at Christiana, Pennsylvania, sends us the following of an aged negress, very pious, an inveterate smoker, who dropped in to pay a passing visit to a neighbor, who was equally well known as a temperance man and a hater of tobacco. On sitting down the old aunty pulled from her pocket a long pipe and commenced smoking, to the infinite disgust of her host. The man maintained his composure several minutes; but the fumes became too powerful for him, and, rising, he said:

"Aunt Chloe, do you think you are a Christian?"

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"Yes, brudder; I specks I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know there is a passage there which says that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I has heard of it."

"Do you believe it?"

"Yes."

"Well, Chloe, you can not enter into the kingdom of heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, when I go to heaven, I specks to leave my breff behind me!"

FROM over sea we have two small jokes anent the river which flows into the harbor of Liverpool: A wag, crossing to Woodside Ferry, and observing the muddiness of the water, remarked that Shakspeare was quite correct in stating that "the quality of *Mersey* is not strained." A Liverpool pilot, adrift in the Irish Sea during a dense fog, is said to have fervently uttered two lines from Pope's well-known hymn:

"That Mersey I to others showed,
That Mersey show to me."

A CORRESPONDENT at Pumphrey's Landing, Washington Territory, sends us the following extract from a report of the proceedings of the Legislature of Oregon, in reference to the "new element" that is coming among us:

A BILL TO DISCOURAGE CASTE.

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon:

SECTION 1. That it shall not be lawful for any male inhabitant of this State over the age of fifteen years to wear his hair in a queue plaited of greater length than six inches, or shave a portion of the scalp, without first obtaining a license therefor, to be issued by the clerks of the several counties and delivered to the sheriff of the same, signed with his name and seal of office. Such licenses shall be filed and delivered to every person applying therefor upon the payment of ten dollars ($10) gold coin, which license shall be good for thirty days from the date thereof, and be renewed by an indorsement on the back thereof made by the sheriff, and the payment of an additional ten dollars for each succeeding month such person may desire a license.

How is that for a flank movement on "John Chinaman?"

THE following is contributed by a clerical friend in Boston. He has never seen it in print. It was told to him nearly fifty years ago by a gentleman who spoke of it as having occurred within his own knowledge:

Apropos of Sedan. When sedan chairs were in common use, about half a century ago, a pious old Methodist lady, residing in Dublin, engaged a sturdy chairman and his assistant to bear her to her favorite chapel. The evening being stormy, the chair was deposited in the vestibule, and the chairmen took seats just inside the door of the chapel to await the close of the services. The preacher took for his text, Jeremiah, iv. 22: "For my people is foolish, they have not known me; they are sottish children, and they have none understanding: they are wise to do evil, but to do good they have no knowledge." Being from the north of Ireland, there was a slight touch of Doric in his speech, and he pronounced the first clause of the text thus: "For *moi* people is foolish."

On returning home the old lady called the chairman into the hall, and while hunting up the exact change to pay him for his services, asked him how he liked the sermon.

"Sorra a bit did I like it, ma'am," replied Pat.

"Why so?" asked the lady. "I thought it an excellent discourse."

"Faix, thin, ma'am, if it was, what else did he do but blaggaard me native town all through it? Didn't he till ivery body that the *Fermoy* people was foolish and sottish, and hadn't the laste taste of good in 'em? And sure, isn't Fermoy as dacent a little town as there is in Ireland, and *has a bank in it?*"

THE "Woman Question" seems to have a fresh illustration in the following: During the session last summer of the Equal Rights Convention, in a neighboring city, a "strong-minded" sister entered a crowded street-railroad car. An old "gent" rose to give her a seat, but asked, "Be you one of those women's righters?"

"I be."

"You believe a woman should have all the rights of a man?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then stand up, and enjoy them like a man."

The excellent female maintained her perpendicular posture.

THERE is some drollery always going on around the markets. The following is the first instance, in the annals of the Drawer, where a lobster has been successfully introduced: A man who was fond of *good* lobster, was looking wistfully at a basket of them, with his dog by his side, while another by-stander was sticking the end of his cane into one of the disengaged claws of a big fellow at the top.

"How he does hold on!" said the man with the cane.

"Yes," responded the man with the dog; "but it's because he *dents* the cane, and his claws won't stick on the wood. But he couldn't hold on to a critter in that way. When a lobster feels any thing *givin'* he stops pinchin'."

"Guess *not*," said the owner of the basket. "You put your dog's tail in that ere claw, and you'll *see* whether he'll hold on or not."

No sooner said than done. The man lifted up his dog, dropped his tail into the open claw, which closed instanter, and the dog ran off, howling, at the top of his speed.

"Hello!" exclaimed the owner; "whistle back your dog. Blast him! he's running off with the lobster!"

"Whistle back your lobster!" rejoined the other. "*That* dog ain't comin' back; that dog's *in pain;* I can't git him to come near me when he's in pain."

Poor dog! he had to go home!

IN "The Genial Showman," published by the Harpers, wherein Mr. E. P. Hingston very amusingly sketches the various odd characters he encountered during his "management" of Artemus Ward, he mentions a "party" whom he met in a stage between Marysville and Sacramento, who, from certain remarks which he made, seemed to have a prejudice against lawyers.

"Lawyers are mean cusses!" he exclaimed,

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with bitterness. "I'd drown the whole bilin' of them in the Yuba, if I had my way. Do you know what happened to them in Georgia, whar I come from? Well, some one introduced a bill into the Legislature to tax all jackasses ten dollars a year. One of our legislators moved an amendment. He wished lawyers and doctors to be put in the same act. Our Legislature was in high spirits that day, and wanted a little mischief. So, when the amendment was put, they carried it, and passed the bill. They've tried to rub it out since, but they can't do it. We've got it on our statute books. Just as sure as I'm driving you down to the Yuba, the act stands good in old Georgia—all jackasses, doctors, and lawyers have to pay up ten dollars a year. It's *hefty on the lawyers*, but it's *so!*"

It used to be thought dangerous for a subject "to witness the undress moments of a king;" and when dignitaries do relax it is desirable that their companions should be discreet. There is an English nobleman of jovial turn, Lord Fitzhardinge, who lately made a speech at an agricultural dinner, and in the course of it became quite racy.

"The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol," said his lordship, "is fond of billiards. [Laughter.] He was staying with me last autumn, and he was playing a game of billiards on Saturday night. He had the best of the game. [Laughter.] I think it was 47 to 45; and he was 47 when the clock struck twelve. He said to me, 'Could you not put the billiard-room clock back five minutes?' [Loud laughter.] I said I would put it back ten minutes if he liked, and give him a glass of gin-and-water afterward." [Roars of laughter.]

Bless us! what a putting in of the foot was there! It ought in justice to be added that, although the bishop is also a good horseman and great rower, he is at the same time known to be one of the most learned and hard-working prelates, and best biblical critics, in England, being in manliness a true type of the "muscular Christian."

From a letter written in mid-ocean comes the following reminiscence of Lyman Beecher: In the early part of the present century, when Dr. Beecher wrote and preached his famed discourse on "Dueling," at the time the heart of the country was stirred with the death of Hamilton by the bullet of Burr, one of the learned divines of New York said to another:

"Who is this Lyman Beecher that can write and preach after this fashion? I never heard of him before."

"He has been down at East Hampton, on Long Island, for eight years, steeping in Edwards," was the reply.

Among the many resources for moral and physical culture, none is more deservedly popular than our Young Men's Christian Associations. In this city and in Washington there are attached to these institutions gymnasiums furnished with every appliance for developing physical power; and at hours when young men are usually at leisure they may be seen making use of the bars, ropes, ladders, dumb-bells, etc. Not long since there worked in Washington a printer named North, who would occasionally drink too much. One evening, after having struggled with too many drinks, a friend advised him to go over to the prayer-meeting in the Y. M. C. A. building, and ask some of the members to pray for him. The suggestion struck him favorably, and he proceeded to act upon it, but accidentally wandered into the gymnasium, instead of the prayer-meeting. Steadying himself, and looking around, he said, "They told me to come over here to a prayer-meeting, but I've got into a circus!"

As a "war anecdote" how is this? During the "troubles" a young Confederate miss was passing through one of the hospitals, when it was remarked that a prisoner, a lieutenant, had died that morning.

"Oh, where is he? Let me see him! Let me kiss him for his mother!" exclaimed the maiden.

The attendant led her into an adjoining ward, when, discovering Lieutenant H——, of the Fifth Kansas, lying fast asleep on his hospital couch, and thinking to have a little fun, he pointed him out to the girl. She sprang forward, and bending over him, said:

"Oh, you dear lieutenant, let me kiss you for your mother!"

What was her surprise when the awakened "corpse" ardently clasped her in his arms, returned the salute, and exclaimed:

"Never mind the old lady, miss; go it on your own account. I haven't the slightest objection."

Quite useless to attempt to get the weather-gauge of a Second-Advent brother. In Michigan, for instance, dwells a worthy minister of that persuasion, who is the fortunate possessor of eighty acres of land. While conversing recently concerning the nearness of the Final Day, and the necessity of forgetting the temporal in the infinite, a good Presbyterian brother suggested, since the end was so near, that B—— should give him forty acres of his land, for which not only should his earnest thanks be given, but the Lord would impute his generous deed unto him for righteousness. "Besides," added he, "what is the use of declining, when the change would only benefit me a little while?"

"No, Sir," replied the good man of the Second Adv.—"*no*, Sir! the Lord has said to me, '*occupy* till I come,' *and I intend to do it!*"

He's doing it yet.

No man has greater popularity in the lecture-room than Gough, and no one has more faithfully obeyed the famous maxim, "The three great rules ever to be observed in oratory are, 1st, Action! 2d, Action!! 3d, Action!!!" He is always acting and in action. Of himself he writes:

"I have been criticised severely for the ungracefulness and violence of my gestures. I do not wish to deprecate criticism. I know I am ungraceful and awkward. I once heard a boy say to his companion, as they came out from the lecture-room where I had been speaking,

"'Jimmy, did you see him go it with his feet?'

"I never studied the graces of action or gesture; probably I should be more graceful if I

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had. We often acquire unfortunate habits that are hard to break. A German in Philadelphia told his employer that he was 'going to hear dat Mr. Gough, vat dey say dalks mit his goat dails.'

"How I acquired the habit I do not know, but I condemn the motion as much as any one can, and would be grateful to any person who would strike me on my knuckles with a stick whenever I 'dalk mit my goat dails.' I think I could not make a speech with my hands tied. I have never tried it. But I will not make excuses for my gestures.

"I am often amused by the committee, after erecting a platform perhaps twenty feet by fifteen, asking me if I should have room enough, or whether the president would be in my way if he remained in the chair. I find people do not generally prefer to sit on the stand while I am speaking; perhaps desiring to 'see him go it with his feet,' or fearful of being kicked off; and it is dangerous to get too close to me when I am 'going it.'

"Dr. Beman once, when I was speaking in his church, stepped very softly behind me to arrange a refractory gas-burner, just as I threw back my fist, and he received a 'stinger' in his face. When I felt his hard teeth and soft lips against my knuckles, as my hand came in contact with them so violently, a chill ran through me; but when I apologized afterward, the good doctor said, with a smile,

"'Remember, Sir, you are the first man that ever struck me with impunity.'

"I have found blood on my hand more than once, and occasionally a black bruise, and I certainly could not tell how it was done, but guessed that, while I was 'going it,' I must have struck my hand somewhere."

SPEAKING of geese, and December being the month in which they are supposed to be at their best, the following verse, copied from a number of the *Universal Magazine*, published one hundred and one years ago (December, 1769), shows the relative cost of that admirable bird then and now:

Thursday night some villains broke into the farmyard of Mr. Page, Hendon, near Gosport, and stole thereout 6 geese, and left a letter tied round the gander's neck, wherein was enclosed 6*d.*, and the following lines:

"Pray, Mr. Page, don't be in a rage;
If you are we should not wonder;
We have bought 6 geese at a penny a piece,
And left the money with the gander."

That is the equitable way in which the surreptitious appropriation of poultry was adjusted in the eighteenth century.

A MISSIONARY of the American Sunday-School Union in South Carolina reports:

Not long since, in the county of Buncombe, the freedmen organized a Sunday-school, and elected for superintendent an old man who does not know a letter in the alphabet. According to his peculiar notions of government he carried a long rod into the school, and took his position in the centre to see that "all things be done decently and in order." A boy soon came under his notice by loud spelling, and thinking it about time to show his authority, he attracted the attention of the whole school by calling out,

"Dat letter is not spelt right, Sah!"

This brought the youngster forward, book in hand, saying, "You is a good scholar; you show me how."

This was more than the old man bargained for, and would have silenced some superintendents; but he turned the tables on the chap by replying,

"Oh, you go away from here! I knows nothin' about *your* spellin', 'cept I knows when it's done right."

THEY make this sort of thing in Richmond, Indiana:

'Twas on a calm, midsummer morn,
The birds were singing in the trees,
The dew-drops glittered on the corn
That trembled in the passing breeze.

Then like an orb of liquid fire
The sun rose o'er the eastern hill;
His rays illumed Saint Andrew's spire,
Old Shafer's barn, and Larsh's mill.

The perfumed zephyrs fanned my hair,
While from the meadow far away,
Borne by the soft and balmy air,
Came odors of the new-mown hay.

Bright insects there in myriads rose,
Displaying brilliant rainbow dyes;
One fellow nipped me on the nose—
Severeal got into my eyes.

And basking in the morning light,
Gay flowers were blooming all around;
'Twas there I saw a funny sight,
And there I heard a novel sound.

I heard a jay-bird on a bough
Say with a sneering, jeering laugh:
The old ring-streaked, speckled cow
Has got a spotted calf."

"DOESTICKS" makes his first contribution to the Drawer as follows:

Coming down from a town that is situated "a small few of distance" up the Harlem Railroad the other day, I was at first annoyed, then amused, by the writhing antics of a green-looking chap who occupied the seat just in front of me. He observed closely every person that came in, scrutinized their dress, manners, style, and conversation, and seemed to solve all social problems to his satisfaction, until at last he began to take a strange and peculiar interest in those posts that are set up at the approach of every station. These are painted white, and bear, some of them the letter "W," others "R," that the engineer may "whistle" or "ring," as the case may be, for the warning of the station-master.

My verdant genius looked with ever-increasing curiosity at these mysterious posts. Town after town was passed, station after station slipped by; at every one he beheld the posts with the cabalistic inscriptions; he could make nothing of them. At last curiosity overcame his bashfulness, and he turned to me and asked for an explanation of the puzzling hieroglyphics. I informed him, with all my customary politeness, that the letters were directions to the driver of the engine: when he reached the "W" post he was to *whistle*, while, as he passed the "R," he was to *ring*.

The anxious inquirer turned away with a muttered word of thanks, but presently he turned to me and said:

"Stranger, I s'pose you're right; but blamed if I can understand it. I know that 'W-r-i-n-g' spells 'Ring,' but how you can spell 'Whistle' with an 'R' beats all my district schooling."

Fact.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXLVIII.—JANUARY, 1871.—Vol. XLII.



OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHRIST was born on Christmas-day;
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay:
Christus natus hodie!
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One
Of Mary.

He is born to set us free;
He is born our Lord to be,
Ex Maria Virgine!
The God, the Lord, by all adored
Forever.

Let the bright red berries glow
Every where in goodly show:
Christus natus hodie!
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One
Of Mary.

Christian men rejoice and sing;
'Tis the birth-day of a King,
Ex Maria Virgine!
The God, the Lord, by all adored
Forever.

Night of sadness, morn of gladness,
Evermore and evermore,
Ever, ever!
After many troubles sore,
Morn of gladness,
Evermore and evermore.

Midnight scarcely passed and over,
Drawing to this holy morn,
Very early, very early,
Christ was born:
Christus natus hodie!
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One
Of Mary.

Sing out with bliss;
His name is this—
Emanuel!
As was foretold in days of old
By Gabriel.
Ex Maria Virgine!
The God, the Lord, by all adored
Forever.

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FOLK-LIFE IN SWEDEN.



THE FOREST HUT.

THE kingdom of Sweden, exclusive of Lapland, has a population about equal to that of the State of New York, and an area nearly four times greater. The distribution of population is quite different. In New York, a third of the population is concentrated in the two great contiguous cities of New York and Brooklyn, and fully an eighth in cities and towns of from 10,000 to 125,000 inhabitants. Nearly half the population are, therefore, residents of towns. The population of Sweden is almost entirely rural. By the census of 1865, out of a population of 4,100,000, there were 3,500,000 living in the country, 600,000 in towns. Stockholm, the capital, has 125,000 inhabitants, about equal to Buffalo. Next comes Gottenburg, with 42,000, about equal to Troy. There are four towns having from 10,000 to 20,000, and five having from 8000 to 10,000 inhabitants. The whole number of people residing in towns of 8000 and upward is less than 400,000.

Of the entire population fully four-fifths are agricultural. Foreign writers usually denominate this class as "peasants;" but this word conveys an erroneous idea of their condition. Their designation in Swedish, *Bonde* (plural *Bonder*), is derived from the verb *bo*, "to reside," and means simply "dwellers." Sometimes the Bonde is the owner of the farm which he cultivates; oftener he holds it on lease from the crown or from other proprietors. These leases are for such long periods, and upon such easy terms, that they are practically equivalent to a freehold. Others are cotters who rent a little plot of ground, and keep a cow or two, a few pigs, sheep, and goats, and perhaps a horse. They work during harvest for their richer neighbors, and their wages, added to the products of their little plots of ground, maintain them in tolerable comfort. Mere day-laborers are almost entirely unknown in the rural districts. Mechanics and artisans are rare except in the towns. Every Bonde can perform the work required for building and furnishing his house, and carrying on his farm, even to shoeing his horse. There are, however, itinerant tailors and shoemakers, who go about from farm to farm, and rarely have settled homes of their own.

Sometimes the dwellings of the Bonder stand alone; but quite as often a few are grouped together into little hamlets. The dwellings of the better class are built much alike. Sometimes the barns and cattle-houses are detached; oftener they form three sides of a quadrangle, the dwelling-house constituting the fourth side. They are universally built of squared logs, the ends notched into each other, the interstices being filled in with moss. The roofs are usually of boards, covered over with layers of birch bark or turf. Roofs of tiles or thatch are rare. Glass windows of good size are universal. The

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dwelling-house consists mainly of one large room, used by the whole family for sitting, working, eating, and sleeping. Upon one side is a huge fire-place, and around the walls are wooden settees, which, on opening, form beds for the family. In a recess, usually provided with curtains, is the bed of the master and mistress of the family. The floor is strewn with twigs of spruce, pine, or juniper. It often happens that the beds are insufficient for the accommodation of the family and guests or chance travelers; in that case bundles of straw are laid on the floor, upon which the occupants sleep, dressed in their ordinary clothing. On Christmas-night all the family must sleep in one room; the children upon the straw-covered floor, to commemorate the fact that the child Jesus made his advent into the world upon a bed of straw. This bed on the floor is hence denominated *Sykson-säng* or "brother-and-sister-bed." In the chimney is a slide which is closed when the wood has been burned to coals so that no smoke is produced; combustion then goes on slowly, and all the heat of the fire is thrown into the room. Opening into the main apartment is a smaller one, nominally a spare bedchamber; but it is seldom used for that purpose, and serves mainly as a wardrobe for the Sunday finery of the family. Another small room is used as a kitchen.

The food of the people is abundant and nutritive, though, according to our ideas, rather coarse. The staple dish is a "brose" of rye or oat meal and milk. The meal is also made into thin loaves, with a hole in the middle. These, strung upon horizontal poles, are suspended from the rafters. Potatoes are the usual vegetable. Milk, butter, and cheese are abundant. Meat is much more common than is usual among the peasantry of other European countries; but it is usually salted; the common people, indeed, have an aversion to fresh meat of any kind.

Several circumstances combine to produce the peculiar form of the social life of the Swedish Bonder. Until within a few years they constituted one of the four estates of the realm: Nobles, Clergy, Burghers, and Bonder. The representatives of the Bonder used to sit in Parliament and appear at royal entertainments dressed in the homespun garments of their order. Now, however, there is no political distinction between the orders. There are about 3000 "noble" families, who own about an eighth of the land of the kingdom; but their nobility of itself gives them no special prerogatives, although, as a matter of fact, most of the civil and military offices are filled by them. The burghers have now only this advantage over the Bonder, that 10,000 inhabitants of a town are entitled to a representative in the Lower House of Parliament, while 40,000 are required in the country. The clergy have no separate political representation. The Parliament consists of two Houses. The members of the Upper House, 119 in number, are chosen by the provincial assemblies and municipal corporations. They must be thirty-five years of age, have landed property of the value of $22,500, or an income of $1100; they are elected for nine years, and receive no pay. Practically the members of the Upper House must mainly belong to the nobility. The Lower House consists of 185 members, chosen for three years. Every Swede of the age of twenty-one, having real estate of the value of $280 or an income of $225, is eligible. The delegates receive their traveling expenses and



SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS.

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a salary of $335 for each session of four months. The cultivators of the soil have to pay seven-ninths of the taxes, keep the roads in repair, and maintain the *Indelta* or national militia, numbering 35,000 men. Besides his pay each soldier has a cottage and a piece of ground. In time of peace the *Indelta* are called out for practice only one month during the year.

Education is compulsory upon all classes. Every child must attend school until he has acquired a specified proficiency; the minimum is reading, writing, elements of arithmetic, the catechism, Bible history, and singing. In sparsely settled districts the children often have to walk long distances to school. The statistical reports show that 20,000 have to go three or four miles, and 70,000 two miles. They set out in the morning, carrying their dinners with them, and return in the evening. It is almost impossible to meet with a Swede of either sex who is not able to read and write, or to find a cottage, even in the depths of the forest, without a Bible and a few books, mainly of a religious character.

The state religion is Lutheran in doctrine and Episcopalian in form. According to the census of 1860 there were—heads of families, we infer, only being enumerated—1000 Jews, 900 Roman Catholics, and 500 Mormons; all the others were entered as Protestants. By the strict letter of the law no one who has not partaken of the communion can marry or hold office under the crown. The revenue of the clergy is derived partly from the crown, but principally from tithes and voluntary contributions, usually paid in kind. The Archbishop of Upsala has an income of $6000 a year; three bishops have $5000 each, the remaining eight bishops from $2500 to $3000. There are about 150 deans who average $1500; and 1200 rectors who have, including the products of their glebe lands, from $500 to $1200. The incomes of the remaining clergy, curates and the like, about 3000 in number, will not exceed $200 or $300 a year. As a class the Swedish clergy compare favorably in attainments and character with those of any other country. They belong almost entirely to the Bonde class, it being very seldom that one of a noble or burgher family enters upon holy orders.

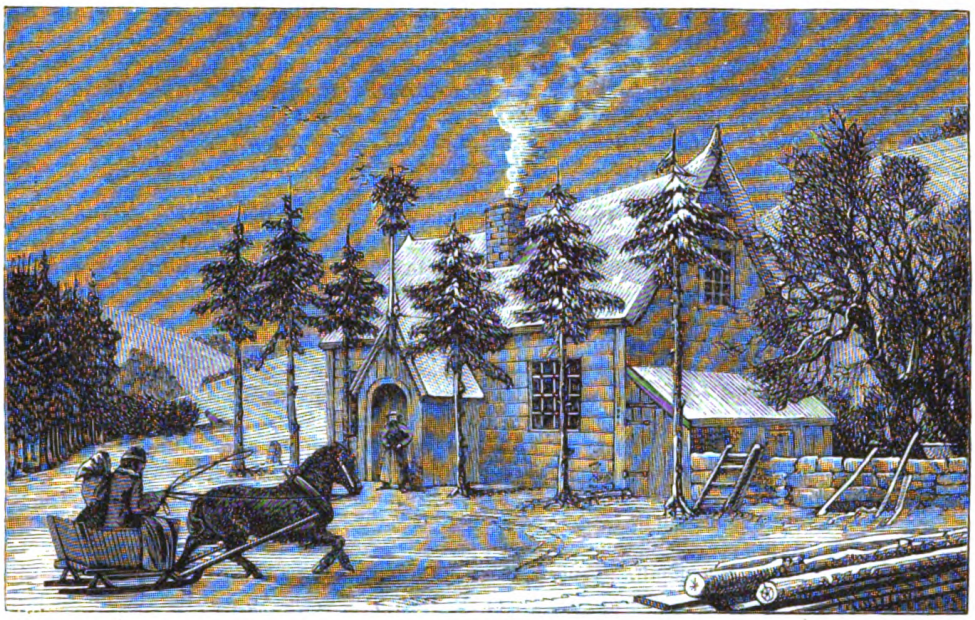
The Swedish rural population is practically divided into small communities, having little intercourse with each other. Few of the Bonder have ever visited a town of 10,000 inhabitants, or gone a score of miles from their homes. Thus it has come to pass that their habits, manners, and customs have remained unchanged from generation to generation. Not a few of their customs and superstitions date back to a period before the introduction of Christianity. These were often so deeply rooted in the popular mind that the early missionaries found it impossible to eradicate them, and they not unfrequently adopted the wise course of giving a Christian turn to old heathen observances. This is clearly seen in the manner of celebrating Christmas, or, as it is called in Sweden, *Jul.**

Jul is the great Swedish festival, but it was a festival among the Scandinavians long before the birth of our Saviour. The origin of the name *Jul* is lost in the night of ages. One explanation, which appears the most plausible of all, is that it is simply a corruption of the word *Hjul*, "wheel," and means the annual circuit performed by the sun; the days shortening during one half and lengthening during the other; the point where the longest night and the shortest day met being called *Jul-mat*, "wheel-meeting." They commenced their year with the longest night, for, according to them, night, darkness, and cold, preceded daylight and warmth. This longest night comes on the 21st of December. Odin, who lived about a hundred years before Christ, ordered that at this season a great sacrificial feast should be observed, lasting during the period when the lengthening of the days was hardly perceptible. This festival, called *Jul-blot*, continued, according to some, until the 13th of January, according to others, until the close of the month. As there was only four days' difference between Jul-mat and Christmas, when Christianity supplanted paganism, there was little difficulty in making the change of time, and the heathen Jul, retaining its own name and some of its old observances, was transformed into Christmas.

Preparations for the coming Jul are made long beforehand. While the grain is unthreshed the choicest sheaves are selected from which to brew the Jul-ale and bake the Jul-bread. On Jul-afton, the day before Christmas, the cattle must be let out from the cow-house and driven to water at an earlier hour than common, and returned before noon; otherwise the next harvest will be late. The Swedish peasantry have the same antipathy to forests which characterizes our pioneers; all trees are carefully cut down around their dwellings. But at Jul young pines, stripped of their bark and lower branches, are set out before the house; and as the sun goes down a sheaf of unthreshed grain is hoisted on a pole from the house-top for the benefit of the small birds, for all creatures must have reason to rejoice on the day when Christ came into the world. Meanwhile, within doors the women have been busy scouring and brightening the room and household utensils. The best garments of the family are got out and hung upon the walls, for they think that the Jul-fire shining upon them will preserve them from moths. The servants then proceed to the cattle-house. A mess has been prepared, composed of the same materials as the dinner of the family; a portion of this and a bundle of the choicest forage are given to each cow, with the words, "This is Jul-afton, my little one."

* Pronounced "Yule." The Swedish *j* has always the sound of our consonantal *y*.

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THE JUL-PINES.

The horses, in addition to their forage, have a drink of ale, in order that they may be mettlesome when going to matins the next morning. The poultry are regaled with a dish of Jul-gröt, a kind of pudding of flour or rice and milk. The very watch-dog is unchained this night, for it would be a pity that the poor fellow should be tied up and miserable, while every other creature is free and happy. From the position of the cattle auguries are drawn as to the coming harvest. If they are lying down, the crops will be abundant; if they are standing, they will be scanty. If possible, a few hairs from a newly-killed bear are put into each crib; this, it is supposed, will act as a preventive against the attacks of these ferocious animals during the ensuing year.

When night has fallen the great room is lighted up with pitch-pine torches and candles. Supper comes off at ten or eleven o'clock. A pig's head—or, at least, some part of a swine—and a large loaf of bread, called Jul-boar, is always placed on the table. This is an undoubted relic of heathen times; for the boar was especially dedicated to the god Frey, the giver of light and sunshine, because it was said that this animal, by turning up the soil with his tusks, taught man to plow. All the family coin and silver cups and spoons are placed on the table, for it is held that the light of the Jul-fire will cause them to be lucky and increase.

The supper concludes with a psalm, in which all the company join. A tankard of ale is left on the table for the delectation of celestial visitants; this is called *Angla-öl*, "angels'-ale." A plate of stirabout, a little tobacco, and some articles of diminutive clothing are left here and there for the *Tomte Gubbe*, or "little old man of the house," a sort of friendly elf, upon whose good-will much depends. He is supposed to have the form of a little old man not larger than a child. The few who profess to have seen him describe him as clothed in gray home-spun, with a red night-cap and clumsy shoes. His special office is to watch around the house and cattle-sheds, to see that every thing is kept clean and tidy, and that the animals are well cared for. So long as he remains with the family all goes well; but if he is displeased, and betakes himself elsewhere, misfortune is sure to follow.

The superstitions connected with Jul-night are innumerable. No one must be absent from his home, for on that night the Trolls, or demons and witches, are roaming about. The dead also rise from their graves, and, after visiting their former homes, repair to the church and celebrate divine service. The fire on the hearth must not be allowed to go out, or the candles to be extinguished, during the night. The remains of the Jul-candles are carefully preserved, since they possess great medicinal virtues, being especially efficacious for the cure of chapped hands, frosted feet, chapped lips, and sore teats of cows. The shoes of all the family must be placed together, in order to insure unanimity among the wearers. If any one places his shoes upright against the wall, and finds them fallen to the floor in the morning, he will die within the year. If an unmarried man puts his shirt in the barn, its position in the morning will indicate what will befall him in the course of the year. If the arms are folded across the breast, he will die; if one arm is stretched out, he will be married. Various other mishaps are prefigured by other changes which may occur in the position of different parts of the garment. But if it remains as he left it, nothing particular will happen to him.

There is one notable exception to the rule

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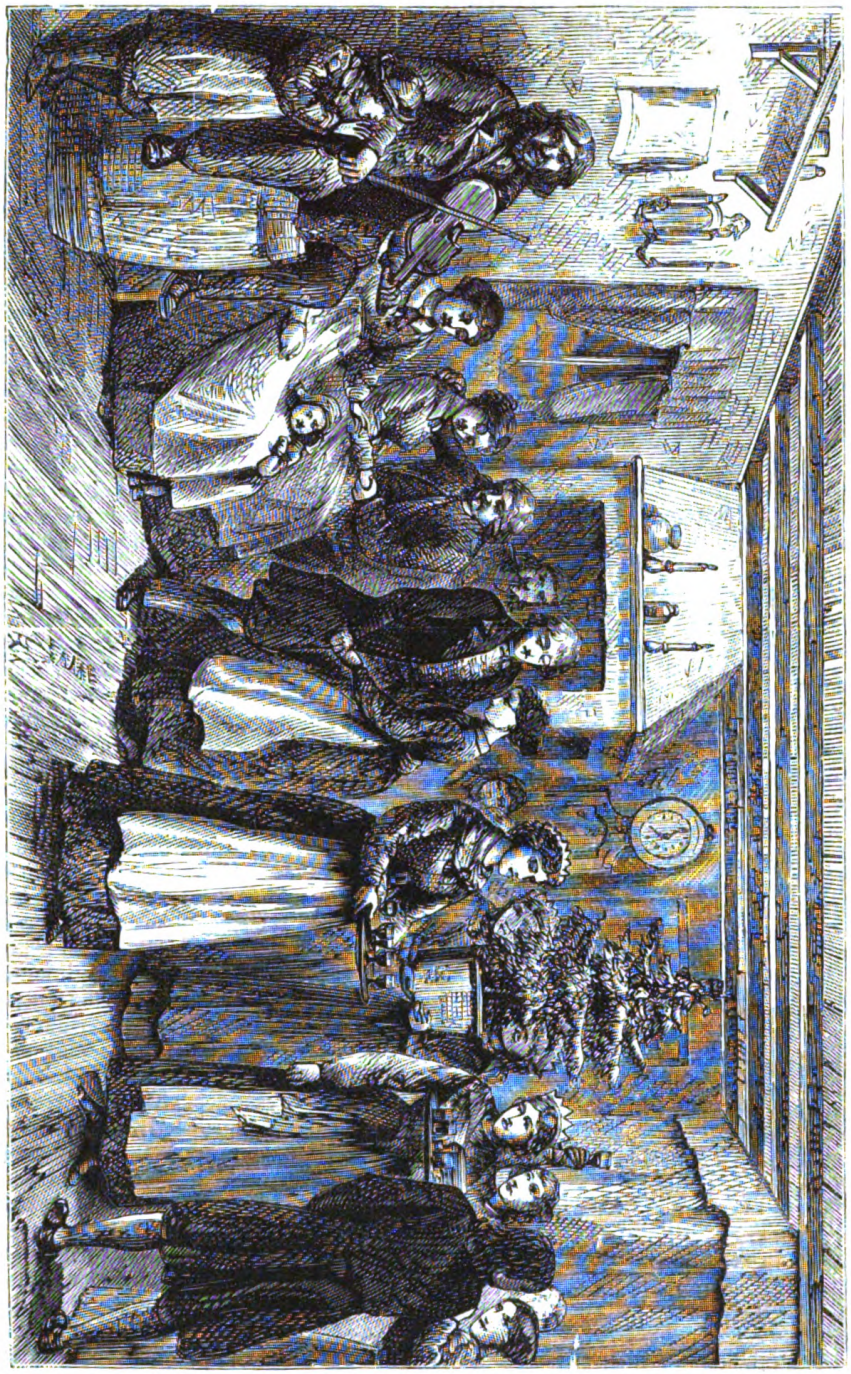
that a man must remain indoors upon Jul-eve. Sometimes a person, in quest of supernatural knowledge, makes what is called an *Ars gang*, or "yearly round," on that night. Preparations must be made for this mystical journey. Some secrete themselves, fasting for a day or two beforehand, in a dark cellar, or some other place of concealment, where they can neither hear nor see any living creature. He must divulge his intention to no one; must speak to no one; must not laugh or be affrighted at any thing which he sees or hears. Usually the pilgrim goes alone; but now and then two or three accidentally encounter, but they must not speak to each other. It is related by the Dean of Gottenburg that two men were thus making the round. There is a popular belief that at a certain instant the water of every spring is for a moment turned to wine. One of the pilgrims, happening at this moment to drink from a spring, incautiously exclaimed to his companion, "Now the water is wine;" whereupon a voice was heard from the depth, "And your eyes now are mine;" and the unfortunate man became blind from that instant. The pilgrimage begins a little before midnight, and must cease before matins. The pilgrim goes first to a church-yard, or to several if there be time. If a pestilence is at hand he hears the grave-diggers at work, and sees funeral processions moving about in every direction. If he passes a house he knocks gently at the door, and asks, "Is any person to die here?" If such is to be the case the doomed person himself answers, "Yes;" if not, a mystic voice from within replies, "No." If the harvest is to be abundant, the fields will resound with the noise of sickle and scythe, and diminutive men will be seen bearing great sheaves, or driving wains loaded with hay and drawn by mice. If the harvest is to be scanty, few people will be seen in the fields; empty wagons will be driven along, while the idle reapers sit sorrowfully by the way-side. If there is to be war, the woodman's axe will be heard ringing through the forest, the road will be thronged by phantom warriors, and the melancholy cry of the plover will sound in the dim distance. Every approaching calamity, such as fire or flood, will be prefigured near the spot where it is to take place. Should a man have performed the rounds for six successive years, on the seventh he will encounter a horseman, from whose mouth proceed flames of fire, and holding a Runic tablet between his teeth. If the pilgrim succeeds in getting possession of this tablet he will acquire the power of seeing eighteen feet underground, and be able to answer any question which may be put to him. Should he perform two more pilgrimages, upon entering a grave-yard he will encounter a troop of dwarfs, with magic hats on their heads. They will try by all sorts of impish tricks to make him laugh. Should he do this he will lose his Runic tablet, and forfeit all the results of his nine pilgrimages. If buffoonery fails, the dwarfs try to frighten him by horrid visions. If they do not succeed in this before the matin hour they lose the power of getting off until one of them has given up his magic hat. The possessor of the Runic tablet and the magic hat becomes thenceforth a great soothsayer, to whom all hidden things are revealed without the necessity of again going upon the *Ars gang*.

On Jul-day every one makes a point of being present at matins, which usually commence long before daybreak. Many of the worshipers bear torches of pitch-pine. The bright flames, converging toward the church from every direction, present a striking spectacle. The torches are all flung in a heap before the church door, making a brilliant bonfire. The church is brilliantly illuminated, for, besides the candles upon the altar and the chandeliers, candles are burning in every pew. The service is performed in the solemn manner which characterizes the Episcopal ritual; but the officiating priests, instead of their usual black garments, wear long flowing white robes, with a large gilt cross on the back. On leaving church the people enter upon a regular race for their homes, for the man who first reaches his homestead will be the first to have his crops safely housed in the autumn. The remainder of the day is passed in quietness, each family by itself, neither paying nor receiving visits.

St. Stephen's Day, December 26, is observed as a day of pastime and recreation. In most of the hamlets there is a public play-room. Here, or, in case it is wanting, in some private house, the neighbors assemble to engage in singing, dancing, and other pastimes. Before the amusements begin four maidens enter the room; two of them bear refreshments, the other two carry a tub, in which is planted a Jul-bush ornamented with tapers and gay ribbons. This is placed on the floor, and the four maidens form a ring around it, singing a song of welcome.

There are some superstitions connected with the New Year. If the moon is visible on New-Year's Eve a person sometimes goes into the open air with a psalm-book in one hand, a piece of bread in the other, and a silver coin in his mouth. Then, looking at the moon, he allows the book to open of itself. If it opens at a bridal psalm, he will be married during the year, if at a funeral psalm, he will die. "Nyet," or the first new moon of the year, furnishes occasion for innumerable auguries. For as many days as the new moon is obscured by the clouds the seed will be delayed in coming up after planting. The evening-star is the servant of Nyet. If the star sets before the moon, there will be an abundant harvest, for the master is then following the servant, begging him to remain, while the servant refuses, because when the harvest is plentiful he can live without servitude. If Nyet sets first, the crops will be scarce, and the servant is following the master, begging to be retained in his place. The occurrences of New-Year's Day indicate what will

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THE JUL-BOCK.

happen through the year. If a person receives money on that day, he will continue to do it; if he pays it out then, he will have to keep on paying. If the skies are red on New-Year's Day, troubles are at hand. If the wind blows hard, there will be average crops. If the sun shines brightly, hard times may be expected.

Passion-week, with the exception of Good-Friday and Easter-day, is observed as a joyous festival. Formerly it was customary on Good-Friday for parents and masters to flog their children and servants, giving them an "Easter-fright," to deter them from committing sin, "which caused so much suffering to the Son of God." This custom is now observed only in sport by children. The rods with which our Saviour was scourged are supposed to have been twigs of the dwarf birch; hence that shrub is called "Good-Friday's rod." Before the crucifixion this shrub is said to have been a lofty tree, the pride of the forest; but since the cruel scourging inflicted with its branches it has

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been condemned to grow only in fens and morasses, with hardly power to lift its feeble head above the ground. During the agony in the garden the Redeemer was seated under an aspen. Before that time the leaves of this tree were as firmly fixed as those of any other; but on witnessing the great agony their fibres burst asunder, and from that day the slightest breath of wind causes them to tremble.

There are many pleasant bird-legends connected with the Saviour's passion. When he was hanging upon the cross a little bird perched upon the wood, twittering, *Svala, svala honom*, "Console, console him." Hence she received the name of *svala*, "swallow," and in memory of her pity for the Saviour it was ordained that blessings should always attend those who protected her. Hence the swallow is every where looked on with kindness, and it is considered wicked to molest her or destroy her nest. The turtle-dove also hovered over the cross, uttering her mournful note, *Kurri, kurri*, that is, *Kyrie*, "Lord, Lord." Since that time this dove has never been joyful, but wings her flight throughout the world, ever repeating her sorrowful cry, *Kurri, kurri, kurri*. Another bird hovered over the tree, crying, *Styrk, styrk honom*, "Strengthen, strengthen him." Hence she received her name of *styrk*, "stork," and in remembrance of her affectionate sorrow the gift was bestowed upon her of bringing peace and happiness to the households where she is permitted to build her nest and rear her young undisturbed. The stork is a welcome visitor throughout Sweden, and it is considered an act of piety to protect and cherish her. The pine bull-finch, or cross-bill, is said not only to have pitied the Saviour, but to have endeavored with its strong bill to pull out the nails which held him to the cross, and the red marks, ever since seen upon its beak, are the stains of the sacred blood.

An egg is considered a symbol of the resurrection, for although apparently lifeless matter, it has yet within itself a germ which, vivified, bursts its shell, and soars aloft as a rejoicing bird. Hence on Easter-eve hard-boiled eggs are eaten, and eggs gayly decorated are exchanged, with the joyful exclamation, "Christ is arisen!" There are some superstitions connected with Easter-week for which no explanation can be given. If a house is cleanly swept at this time, and the broom is hidden in a neighbor's house, it will attract thither all the vermin which would otherwise have troubled its owner. One must not, during this week, speak of rats, mice, snakes, or other injurious creatures, otherwise they will swarm through the whole year. Webs of linen must not be left outdoors to bleach overnight, for in that case the ground on which the flax grew would be bewitched and grow unproductive. If a housewife expects good luck with her linen, she must at night bring indoors the brake with which the flax is freed from its woody fibres. No linen garments should be washed, or any household utensils lent, during the week. If one wishes to escape being sunburnt during the year, she must wash in water which has been brought from the spring early in the morning before the birds have begun to sing.

The most singular superstition relating to this week pertains to Maundy-Thursday. On the evening of this day the *Pask-Käirngar*, or "Easter-witches," set off for the Blue Hills to pay their homage to their Satanic master. They go up the chimneys mounted on rakes or broomsticks. None of these implements should be left around in the open air, otherwise the hags will seize them for their aerial trip. No smoke should be seen to issue from the chimney after sunset, for this somehow facilitates the escape of the hags; so the fire is put out before night, and not lighted until after sunrise on the following morning. For some unexplained reason these witches must begin their flight by going up chimney. This accomplished, all the rest is plain sailing. Their form of incantation is, "In Satan's name, straight up and away past every corner to the end of the world!" Once upon a time a servant-girl, hearing her old mistress repeat this formula, and observing the effect, thought it would be good fun to take a similar trip. She bestrode the broomstick, but unluckily, instead of the proper incantation, said, "In Satan's name, straight up and down!" The consequence was that she was dragged up and down the chimney all night long. The witches remain with their master until early on Easter-morning, when they set out on their return. At this time they can be safely shot, if proper precautions are taken. The marksman must load his gun with a silver or steel ball, and take his station on the dunghill at the stable door. As soon as he has fired he must rush into the stable, fling himself upon his face in a dark corner, and not look up until he has slept an hour. If then he does not find a dead witch, it is because his aim was not accurate.

May-day, held to be the opening of spring, was an old Scandinavian festival, solemnized, it is said, by sacrificing a child. It is still celebrated in a manner derived from its heathen origin. On the previous evening huge bonfires are built in every hamlet, around which the young people dance, while the older ones draw various auguries from the appearance of the flames. On May-day a sort of sham-fight takes place between two parties, one representing Winter and the other Summer. Winter, however, always gets the worst of it in the end. He is buried in effigy, and ashes strewn over the grave. The children on this day make a point of wandering into the woods for the purpose of robbing the nests of the magpies. The eggs and young are put in a basket and borne to every house, the children singing a song, which runs thus:

"Best loves from Master and Madame Magpie,
From all their eggs and all their fry.
Oh, give them alms, if ever so small!
Else hens and chickens and eggs and all,
A prey to the magpies will surely fall."

Every housewife gives them something for a

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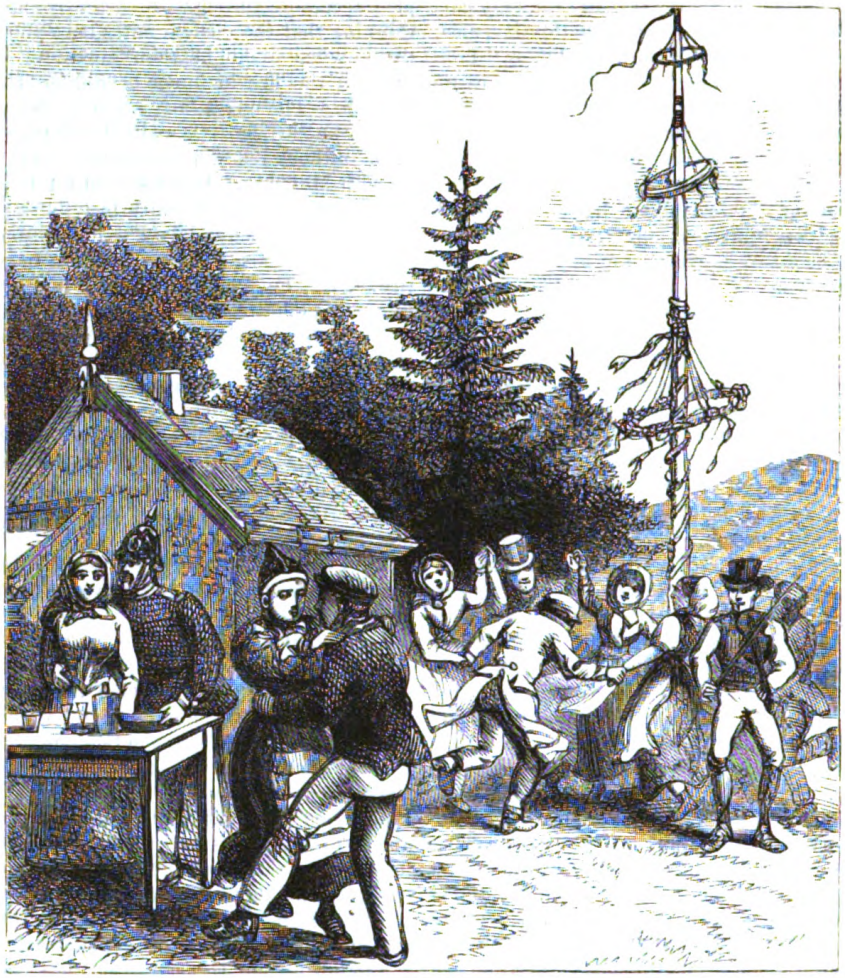
May banquet. May-day is really the only gala day of the Swedish children. On this day, also, the Easter witches are wont to send their "Troll hares" to suck the neighbors' cows. The cattle are usually confined in the cow-houses, which are fumigated with brimstone. In the evening they are carefully inspected; and if any injury is found upon them it is put down to the account of the witches, and a light is made by striking two flints over the creature, which is held to be a sure preventive of any further evil consequences.

The products of the dairy enter largely into the food of the Swedish people; and cattle constitute a considerable part of their wealth. These, during the long and severe winters, must be shut up in the cattle-houses, but on the approach of spring they give unmistakable tokens of their longing for the open air and fresh food. About the middle of May they are turned out into the cleared fields surrounding the homestead. By the time these are eaten down, the forest trees have put forth their young leaves, and are fit to browse, and the grass has sprung up in the glades. To each hamlet pertains a forest tract, partially cleared up, often several miles distant. This is called a *Säter*, and in it are built little log-huts called *Stuga*, one for each proprietor. Before the middle of June the flocks and herds are led out into the säter, every animal, large and small, being tarred with the sign of the cross to protect it from evil spirits. Every cow has her own name, and the young ones are now formally christened by being struck three times on the back with a bough of the *Ronn*, "Rowan," or mountain-ash, her name being at the same time pronounced. These names are usually fanciful, such as Rose, Gem, Lady-bird, Snow-drop, Welcome. A staid old milky mother is promoted to the rank of "bell-cow," and the others learn to follow the tinkling of the bell hung upon her neck. Each separate herd is under the care of two or three young women, who accompany the animals, and usually carry a pouch of meal, from which they every now and then give a handful to each animal. The journey occupies a whole day, the cattle browsing and resting on the way, the herd-girls employing themselves in knitting. Arrived at the säter, the herd-girls take up their residence in the stugas, and occupy themselves in making cheese and butter, or cutting and stacking the grass which grows in the swampy glades. Not unfrequently the master and his family come to the säter, and pass days camping out, assisting the herd-girls in cutting the hay and tender shoots of trees to be stored away for winter fodder. These summer months are perhaps the pleasantest season of the whole year.

St. John's Day, which comes at midsummer, is ingrafted upon an old heathen festival held in honor of Balder, the god of light, or the Sun. St. John's Eve is the most joyous night of the whole year, and is signalized by bonfires blazing on every height, around which the people dance, and through which they jump, little thinking that the custom dates back to the old times when their heathen ancestors passed through the fire in honor of Balder, Baal, or Moloch. The great attraction of St. John's Eve is the *Maj-Stang*, usually translated "May-pole," although it appears to have nothing to do with May-day. It consists of a tall spruce, often of the size of a man's body, stripped of its branches, and hung from top to bottom with ornaments, hoops, branches, flowers, flags, and streamers. Each hamlet, and nearly every considerable homestead, has its *Maj-Stang*, around which on St. John's Day all the population, old and young, dance and sing. Every care is laid aside, and all give themselves up to the enjoyment of the hour. On St. John's Eve, also, it is held that the curtain between the visible and invisible worlds is partly lifted, and various forms of divination of the future are practiced. As on Easter-eve, the mysterious *Ars gang* may now be performed.

St. Peter's Day, June 29, was in Catholic times a high day; but its observance has fallen into disuse. Some curious legends relating to the prince of the apostles are yet treasured up among the Swedish peasantry. It is said that once during the reign of Nero he was somehow released from his bonds. Wandering about the country he met the Saviour. "Lord, whither goest thou?" asked the apostle. "To Rome, to be crucified again," was the response. Peter then saw that he had somehow weakly avoided the pains of martyrdom. He returned to Rome, gave himself up, and at his own request was nailed to the cross head downward, since he deemed himself unworthy to suffer in the same manner as his Master had done. There is another legend respecting St. Peter, not altogether creditable to the apostle, which, however, is told, in substance, of many others in various ages and countries. The apostle, so runs the legend, was once on board a ship with fifteen Christians and as many Jews. A violent storm sprung up, and it was resolved that half the passengers should be cast overboard to save the lives of the others, the victims to be chosen by lot. Peter arranged all in a certain order in line, and announced that every ninth man, counting from the head of the line, should be thrown into the sea, until the whole number of fifteen was made up. When all was over it was found that all of the Christians were saved, and all of the Jews drowned. The following is the order in which they were arranged: 4 C., 5 J., 2 C., 1 J., 3 C., 1 J., 1 C., 2 J., 2 C., 3 J., 1 C., 2 J., 2 C., 1 J. The apostle had to go along the diminishing line six times, taking at the first, second, and third rounds three victims each, and at the fourth, fifth, and sixth two each. Any one who chooses to verify the accuracy of Peter's calculation will find that the following is the order, as they originally stood, in which the victims were flung overboard: Nos. 9, 18, 27; 6, 16, 26; 7, 19, 30; 12, 24; 8, 22; 5, 23.

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THE MAJ-STANG.

Another popular legend respecting Peter is evidently of modern date: A certain Pope presented himself at the gates of Paradise, and desired Peter, the custodian, to unlock the door and give him admittance. "You say that you have the keys of heaven; unlock the door for yourself," said the apostle. The Pope replied: "It is true that I have the old keys, but Luther has been altering the lock so that they will no longer fit."

Slotter-öl, answering to our "harvest-home," is a great people's festival. It takes place on each estate when the last load of grain has been safely housed. The proprietors, in turn, give a feast to all their dependents and neighbors. Besides abundant good cheer and ale, the fiery potato brandy, called *finkel*, the favorite strong drink of the Swedes, flows freely, and a good part of the guests find themselves laid up under the tables.

The Swedes, indeed, can not be called a temperate people. Formerly, when any one could distill finkel, its cost was only twenty-five cents a gallon, and the peasants drank it as freely as water. Stringent laws were, indeed, enacted against drunkenness. By a royal ordinance, put forth in 1814, any person who drank so that he showed a disorderly state of mind was considered guilty of the crime of drunkenness. For the first offense he was fined a dollar and a quarter. For the second and third offenses the fine was increased in a compound ratio. For the fourth, besides a fine of five dollars, he was put in the stocks one Sunday, and declared from the pulpit incapable of voting or holding office. If convicted a fifth time he was to be sentenced to hard labor for six months; and for the sixth offense, to hard labor for a year. If any one appeared drunk in the presence of any officer holding the king's commission, or at any public meeting, the fines were doubled. If at church, the fine for the first offense was five dollars, besides public church censure. For partaking of the sacrament when drunk the fine was ten dollars. If any one died in consequence of drinking, he must be silently buried. About six years ago private distillation was forbidden, and heavy excise duties laid upon brandy. This has greatly raised the price of finkel, and diminished its consumption,

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causing a very sensible decrease in drunkenness.

Marriage is the one great event in the life of a Swedish peasant. There are innumerable marriage customs, varying in different districts. Sometimes the preliminary courtship is conducted by a *Böneman*, or "asker." This is usually a shrewd, elderly peasant, who knows all about the affairs of the neighborhood. If the proposed suitor is like to be acceptable to the maiden and her parents, the böneman brings him to the house. The young people must not on this occasion speak together, or seem to have any idea of the purport of the visit. Afterward, if matters go on favorably, a public betrothal takes place, the groom presenting the bride-elect with a prayer-book, and receiving in return some article wrought by her own hands. This betrothal is a sort of half marriage, but it may be set aside by the consent of both parties. The wedding proper does not usually take place for some time; in some parts, indeed, not until the bride has *bleknat*, that is, literally, "bleached," or "turned pale," a euphemistic phrase, indicating that she is likely to become a mother. The Church has set its face resolutely against this custom, but apparently with less success than is desirable.

The wedding takes place either at the church, the parsonage, or at the house of the bride's parents. If it is to be solemnized in the church, the bridal procession, mounted on horseback, and preceded by musicians, ride thrice around the *Maj-Stang*, and then proceed to the sacred edifice, in front of which a triumphal arch is often erected. If the wedding is to take place at home, the clergyman and friends of the groom meet at his house, whence, after being hospitably entertained, they proceed to the home of the bride. The bride is arrayed in her best, one distinguishing article of attire being the "bridal shoes," which must be made without buckles or ties, in order that she may escape a difficult child-birth. A silver coin ought to be placed in each shoe, which will insure that money shall never be wanting to the young couple. As soon as she has put on the shoes she ought to go to the cattle-house and milk one of the cows, so that milk may never fail in her new home. The bride ought, if possible, to get a peep at the groom through her wedding ring before he sees her; this will insure that he will prove a kind husband. If she means to have the upper hand in the household, she ought, while the ceremony is going on, to have her foot a little in advance of his, and drop a glove or handkerchief; if he stoops to pick it up, he will be fated to bend his back during his whole wedded life. While the nuptial preparations are going on one should not make a noise with the well-pole, as this would lead to quarrels among the guests. It is advisable, also, to set a couple of boys fighting near the house; this will insure that the guests will not quarrel.

After the marriage has been performed there is great feasting at the bride-house. This often lasts several days, the guests bringing the eatables. If the feast is prolonged too far, the hostess sets before the guests a large rice-pudding. This is understood as a delicate hint that they are expected to take their leave, and is always cheerfully complied with. Not unfrequently, especially among the poorer classes, the bride-expectant, some time before the wedding, goes about among her friends and acquaintances soliciting flax and wool as a provision for housekeeping. The future groom, in like manner, goes about asking for grain, usually oats, for seed. She is called a "flax-



HARVEST-HOME.

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WEDDING PROCESSION.

beggar," and he an "oat-beggar." They are expected, however, in turn, to give like presents to others under similar circumstances.

There are innumerable superstitions connected with courtship, marriage, and child-birth. If a youth and maiden eat of the same piece of bread, they will fall in love with each other. A youth must not present his intended with a knife or scissors, for they will cut love; nor with a handkerchief, for it will wipe away her inclination for him; nor with shoes, for they will lead her to walk off with another. If a girl is kind to the cat, she will have fine weather on her marriage-day. If it rains on the wedding-day, the young couple will be rich. If several couples are married at the same time, one of them will have ill-luck. On returning from church the bride should dismount quickly, snatch off the bridle from the horse, loosen the saddle-girth, and give him a tap on the nose. She will then have easy labor. The same end may be attained by her creeping through the collar of the harness. The groom, on his wedding-day, should wear a shirt made by the bride; this should then be laid aside to serve for his shroud. If, on the night preceding the nuptials, she has an infant boy to sleep with her, the first-born child will be a son. At the nuptial banquet she should taste of every dish, and also bite the table-cloth; she will not then be troubled with "longings" during gestation.

It behooves a mother-expectant to be careful in many respects. She must not go bareheaded, or the child will be liable to scrofula. If she looks upon an empty sack with its mouth untied, the child will be always hungry. If she passes under a hide from which the hair has not been removed, and does not touch it with her hand, her offspring will have the measles. If she looks through a crevice in the door, or an auger-hole in the wall, the child will squint. If she eats the egg of a gray hen, the infant will be freckled. If she smells a corpse, the child will have bad breath. If she sees a half-cloven log of wood with the wedge left in the opening, or looks upon a dead hare with the head on, the babe will have a hare-lip. Hence the universal practice is to cut off the head of a hare as soon as it is shot.

When the child is born the fire must not be suffered to go out until it is baptized; otherwise the Trolls will change it for another. As soon as the infant is born a book should be placed under its head, to make it quick to learn. A newly born boy should be dressed in a shift, a girl in a shirt; this will make them accepted when marriage proposals are on the carpet. In both cases the linen should be new, and then their clothes will last longer. The child must touch a dog before it does a cat, so that its flesh may heal readily. If the moon is suffered to shine on its face, it will not be sunburnt. The empty cradle must never be rocked, otherwise the child will be noisy and puling. It should not eat and read at the same time, or it will have a bad memory. If it is expected to thrive, it should never be "loused" on Sunday. If it is loused at the back of one ear, and not of the other, a dog will bite it. In its first bath should be placed the mother's wedding-ring, with money and silver-ware; this will cause it to become rich when it grows up. A fresh-laid egg, placed in the bath, will make the child's skin fair; a red cloth will give it a blooming complexion. An infant should never be left entirely naked, for this will enable an ill-wisher to cast the "evil-eye," and thus bring all sorts of sickness upon it; to guard against

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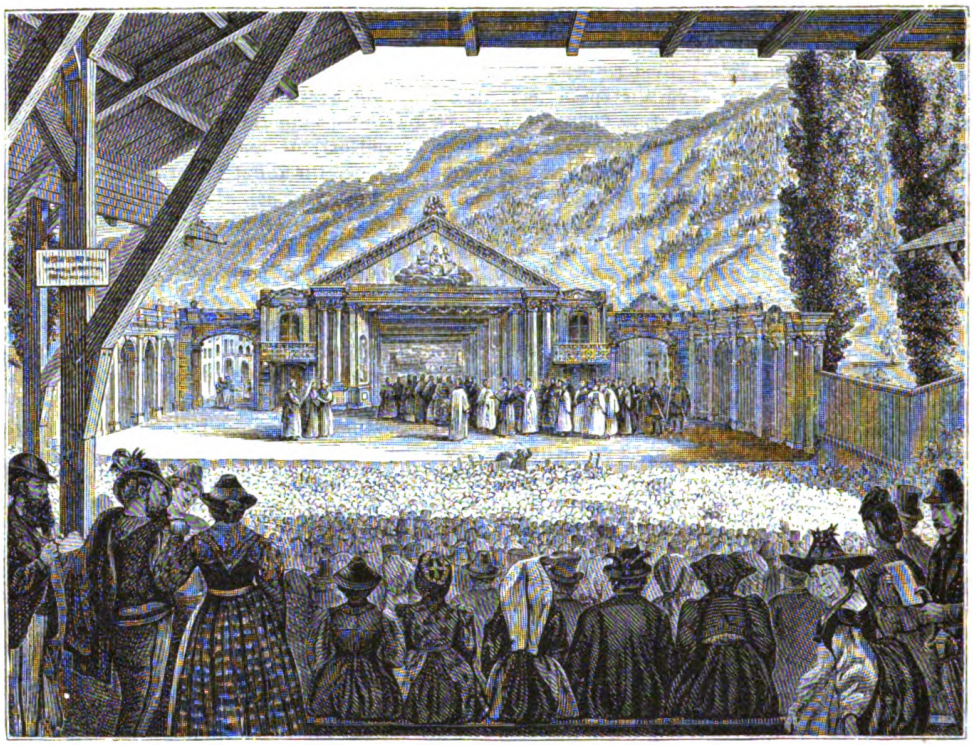
this a thread should be kept tied around its arm, so that it may never be absolutely undressed. Before the infant is baptized a bit of bread should be given to it, which should then be taken away and given to a dog; the animal will then be afflicted with all the maladies destined for the child. Just before christening the child should have a "spanking;" this will give it a good memory. The woman who carries the child to the church must not allow any one to pass her on the road; if she does, people will always be getting ahead of it. If she holds the boy high up, so that every body can see him, he will not be shy or bashful. If the child cries at the font, it will have a musical voice. When brought back from church the mother should meet the child at the door and give it a cake, so that it may never stand in need of food. It should sleep with her in the dress in which it was baptized; this will cause it to be religious. If the child has convulsions in teething, its clothes must all be burned. Hence the first garments are usually cheap, so that, if thus destroyed, the loss may be less.

The superstitions connected with sickness and diseases are beyond enumeration. Sick persons will recover more rapidly if supplied with food from some larder other than their own. If a man has a sudden fit of colic, it is because a woman in child-bed has by magic transferred her pains to him; but if he buttons his breeches around a chopping-block and gives it a good shaking, the pains will leave him and go back to the rightful sufferer. Toothache may be cured by rubbing the tooth with a horseshoe nail, which must then be driven into a growing tree; but if the tree is afterward cut down, the toothache will return. Hooping-cough is cured by drinking water from the hollow of a church-door key. Boils may be got rid of by rubbing some of the matter which exudes from them upon a copper coin, which is to be laid down at a place where four roads meet; if any one picks up the coin, the boils will be transferred to him. They may also be cured by throwing some of the discharged matter into a stream which runs toward the north. Warts may be got rid of by dropping upon them water which has lodged on the latch of a gate, or by tying a thread around them and then burying it in the earth; when the thread has rotted away the warts will have disappeared; or by dropping a pea for each wart in a well; or by rubbing them against a tombstone. Corns may be cured thus: Some one, speaking of a person recently deceased, will say, "Poor Hans is dead." "And so are my corns," replies the sufferer. When this has been repeated three several times the cure will be effected. One can escape the ague by carefully refraining from touching any kind of food before washing the hands in the morning. If a person with a running sore passes over a grave, the ulcer will heal very slowly, or perhaps not at all. Earache may be cured by swallowing the scrapings from a wedding-ring, or by having some one blow into the ear through the quill of an eagle. A sty upon the eyelid is occasioned by the sufferer having seen a chair or stool bottom upward without spitting upon it; to cure the sty some one must bore three holes in the floor in front of the patient, and spit through each of them. Spitting is indeed a preventive against all sorts of maladies. Before sleeping in a strange bed the Swedish peasant always spits into it; if a person who had previously occupied the bed had any contagious disease, this will preserve the new-comer from infection. Expectoration is also a sure safeguard against evil spirits and demons. Dropsy arises from the sufferer having drank brandy mixed with milk or water; it is curable so long as the patient's mother is living, but not afterward. Loathing for food may be cured in two ways: Give a bit of bread to a dog, then take it away and give it to the sick person; or let him eat a piece of bread-and-butter which has for some time been held down the opening of a close-stool. When any one complains of toothache, earache, sore throat, heart-burn, or the like, if the person to whom the lamentation is addressed, will say, "That's a lie," the ailment will at once disappear. A portion of consecrated bread, withdrawn by the communicant from his mouth during the administration of the eucharist, is a sovereign remedy for all disorders in man or beast; or if rammed down a gun, it will cause it to shoot straight. In Catholic times "mass wine" was considered equally efficacious. But of all remedies there is no other one which the common people hold to be as efficacious as the warm blood of a criminal who has suffered death by beheading. The Reverend Doctor Willman says that not long ago, at an execution in the province of Scania, he saw more than seventy invalids walking around the scaffold and within the surrounding cordon of soldiers. They had all obtained permission of the criminal to drink of his blood—a precaution essential to the efficacy of the medicine. The instant the fatal axe fell they all rushed up with cups and spoons to secure some of the blood which spouted from the headless trunk. Each, having swallowed his portion, threw the dish behind him, and was seized by a couple of friends, who walked him backward for a while, and the desired cure was supposed to be effected.

We can not wonder that the Mormon missionaries have succeeded in making many converts among a people who, far from ignorant, yet cherish from generation to generation the strange superstitions a few of which we have here set forth.

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THE PASSION PLAY IN OBERAMMERGAU IN 1870.



THEATRE OF THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

THE history of the religious drama is the history of the gradual development of Christianity out of the forms and customs of paganism. As the Christian religion became prevalent it began to assume the old robes and symbols, to adopt the old festivals, and, after retrenching and reshaping them, to put them to new uses. The Christian Church, far from desiring to outrage the ideas and feelings of a people brought up to pagan observances, sought rather to smooth the way of conversion, and skillfully transferred the old practices to the new worship. The ancient symbols were retained, the ancient forms and usages continued. The pagan festivals were celebrated under new titles, and consecrated to the commemoration of Christian doctrines and anniversaries. The saints assumed the place of the demigods, and even the old gods and goddesses were, by a change of name, adopted and christened. The Virgin, under different titles, took the attributes now of Diana, with her symbol of the horned moon; now of Juno, with her symbol of the white lily, veil, and ewe-lamb; and now of Venus, with her symbol of the dove. Orpheus and Apollo, in like manner, were taken as types of Christ; and the vineyard of Bacchus became the vineyard of the Lord, as may be seen in the cloisters of the old church of Sta. Agnese in Rome. The high-priest of the new religion kept the ancient title of Pontifex Maximus. Prayers were said after the ancient fashion by stretching upward the hands, as in the paintings in the catacombs of St. Calixtus. Whatever could be retained was, with wise prevision, kept, so as to shock established prejudices as little as possible, and to make the path to the new rites easy. The new worship took place in the old Basilica. The forms of baptism were essentially the same as the ancient lustrations; and the ceremonies of Pasqua still retain the pagan peculiarities, when the high-priest went to all the houses to bless and purify them, carrying, as now, a lighted torch and an egg, and consecrating them to the goddess then, as now to the Madonna. The Liberalia in honor of Bacchus were transformed into the festival of St. Joseph, with certain modifications. The Palilia were continued in honor of St. John. The Floralia or Ludi Florales were devoted to the Virgin, and even to this day are celebrated in Genzano in honor of the Madonna dei Fiori, under the name of Infiorata, when the streets, after the ancient custom, are strewn with flowers arranged in fantastic patterns. The Cerealia in honor of Ceres, with their fasting, white robes, vows of chastity, and processions of women and virgins, who strewed their beds with "agnus castus," were adopted to celebrate the visitation of the Virgin; and the garlands that were brought by the peasants of Enna to crown the statues of

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Ceres, were laid upon the altar to the Madonna. The feast of St. Peter ad Vincula was also instituted to supersede the annual pagan festival in commemoration of the victory of Augustus at Actium. In the catacombs and the oldest of the churches in Rome, as in Sta. Agnese, for instance, may be seen in picture and sculpture the mingling of the two religions, where the fable of Eros and Psyche, and Bacchus with his attributes, are sculptured on Christian tombs and sarcophagi. So, too, in the tombs near the ruins of the church of St. Stephano, on the ancient Via Latina, exist sarcophagi of the Christians dedicated to the Diis Manibus, and bearing upon them figures and devices belonging to the purely pagan times.

The wild festivities of the Saturnalia, also, were not utterly discarded, but only modified in form and character. The whole month of December was formerly dedicated to Saturn, but the Saturnalia proper were celebrated from the 17th of the month to the 23d. The first three days were the Saturnalia proper; the next two were the Opalia; the last two were the Sigillaria. These festivals were devoted to the celebration of Christmas and Epiphany. The Sigilla were so called from the little earthen-ware figures and toys which were then hawked about; and this same practice still survives in Rome at Epiphany. The Moccoletti, also, is a continuation of the Saturnalian Cerei, and the mock king of Twelfth-night is a feature of the ancient festival.

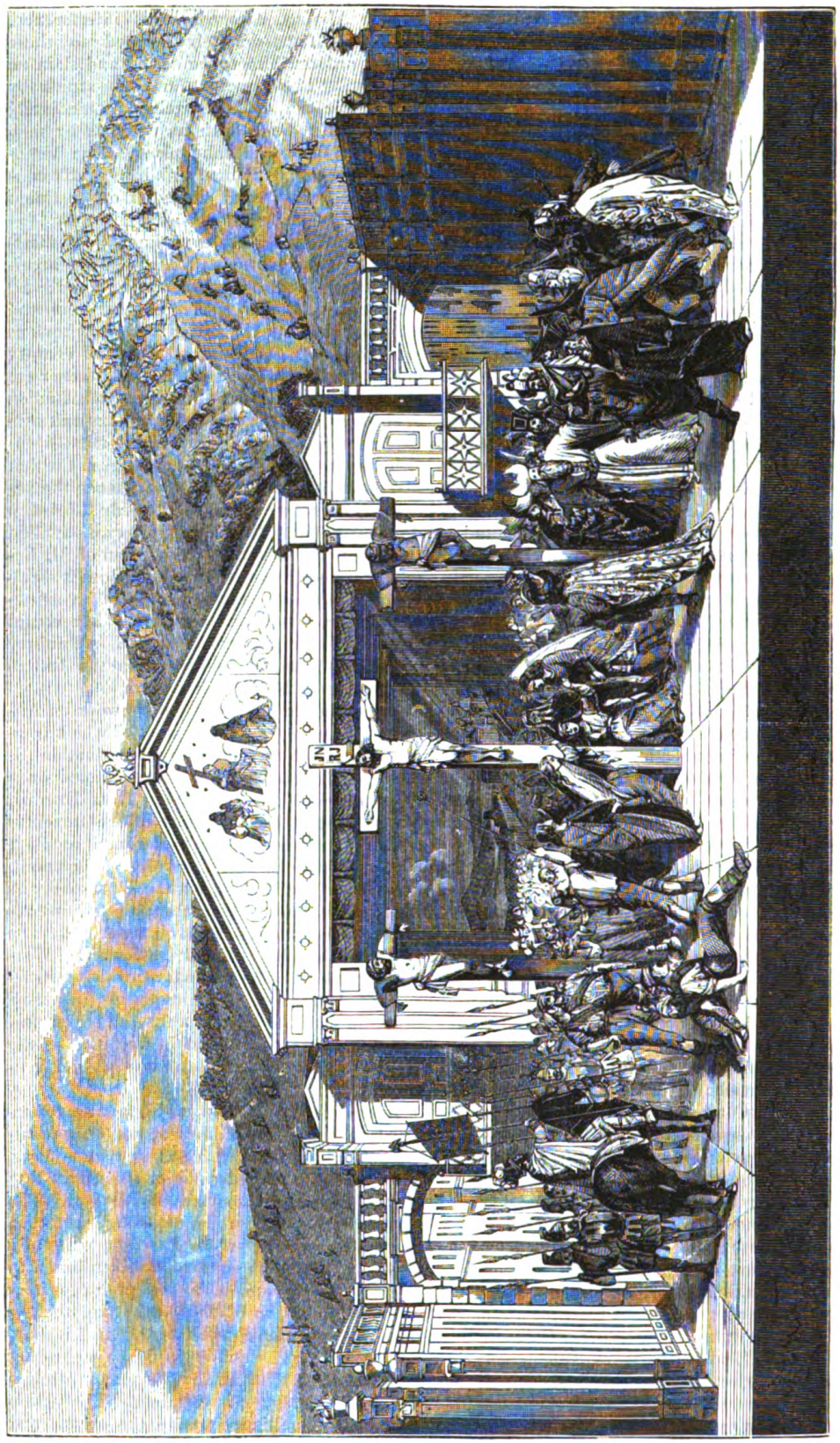
In consequence of the terrible changes which followed the introduction of Christianity into the Roman empire—the decay of its power, pride, and wealth, the assaults from without, the commotions within, the destruction of industry, and the poverty of the people—one great influence which had previously modified the character and cultivated the tastes of the people gradually died out. This was the drama. The theatres still remained, but they were either deserted and falling into ruin, or given over to representations of a low and strolling character. "*Per omnes civitates cadunt theatra inopia rerum*," says St. Augustine, recalling with regret the dramas which in his youth he had so passionately enjoyed. Tragedy and comedy had lost their ancient dignity, and *mimi* had usurped the stage. Constantine and Constans vainly issued edicts prohibiting the gladiatorial shows in the Colosseum—for such was the craving of the populace for those exciting exhibitions that they still survived despite the imperial decrees; and it was not until the sixth century that they entirely ceased, and were finally abolished by the edict first of Honorius, and subsequently of Justinian. They would probably have survived still longer had it not been for a remarkable incident that occurred in the Colosseum in the year 404, when the monk Telemachus, inspired by horror at these bloody scenes, rushed intrepidly into the arena, and vehemently declaimed against them during the performance of some gladiatorial combats. For this act, however, he paid the penalty of his life. The Prætor Alypius, enraged at his interference, and himself passionately devoted to these games, ordered him to be seized and slain on the spot. The emperor, however, struck by this heroic act of Telemachus, immediately decreed that thenceforth no combats by men against men should take place. The Venationes, or combats of men with beasts, still continued, however, until the edict of Justinian abolished them also.

Under Theodoricus, as we know by the testimony of Cassiodorus and Ammianus Marcellinus, comedies still continued to be acted; and St. Thomas Aquinas speaks of spectacles and plays by *mimi* as having existed for previous centuries. At the close of the third century only plays by *mimi* were recited, and these were chiefly improvisations. The theatre had fallen exclusively into the hands of buffoons and harlequins, and was given over to the most licentious performances. Out of these grew the first Mysteries, or Passion Plays, and hence the peculiar character which these early Christian dramas exhibit. The term mystery, as applied to these plays, is not, in the opinion of M. Réville, derived from the Greek, nor does it signify that the events represented are of a supernatural or mysterious character; but comes from the Latin word "*ministerium*," a ministry or function, and is equivalent to the Italian *funzione*, and the Spanish *auto*.

According to Mr. Hone (in his work on Ancient Mysteries), a Jewish play, of which fragments are still preserved, in Greek iambics, is the first drama known to have existed on a Scripture subject. It is taken from Exodus, and represents the departure of the Israelites from Egypt under their leader and prophet. The principal characters are Moses, Sapphora, and God in the burning bush. Moses delivers the prologue in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The author of this play is Ezekiel, a Jew; and Warton supposes that he wrote it after the destruction of Jerusalem, to animate his dispersed brethren with the hope of a future deliverance, and that it was composed in imitation of the Greek drama at the close of the second century.

Appollinarius, Bishop of Laodicea, afterward, in the reign of Julian, not only translated much of the Old Testament into heroic verse, but also turned some of its stories into plays. These, however, are entirely lost. The first mystery play of which any complete record now exists is the Christos Paschon, written in Greek in the fourth century, and attributed to Gregory Nazianzen. In the prologue it is called an imitation of Euripides; and the author calls attention to the fact that in this play, for the first time, the Virgin Mary makes her appearance on the stage. The play in itself is neither original nor interesting. The action is null, taking place outside the scene, and narrated to the audience by messengers; and

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THE CRUCIFIXION AS REPRESENTED IN THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION-PLAY.

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many of the verses are stolen bodily from Euripides. The play is, however, historically interesting, as being the first serious attempt to turn the theatre to the advantage of the new religion, and to supplant the pagan by a Christian drama.

Some of the early fathers seem to have been warmly opposed to plays of every kind; and Tertullian declares that whoever has in baptism renounced "Satan and all his works and pomps," can not, without apostasy, go to the play. In another place, assailing actors and the stage, he cries, "The devil sets them on their high pantofles to give Christ the lie, who said no one can add a cubit to his stature." Cyprian, Cyril, Basil, and Clement of Alexandria, also denounce plays; and even Augustine says that they who go to them are as bad as they who write or act them.

For six centuries we have no other record of religious plays; and then Roswitha, a nun in the convent of Gandersheim, toward the close of the tenth century, wrote six plays in Latin, which, though pedantic and crude, are not entirely deficient in dramatic interest. They were, however, written purely for her sister nuns, and seem never to have been acted outside the cloister. A French translation of them was published in 1845 by M. Charles Magnin, the author of the learned essays on the "Origines du Théâtre Moderne," which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Later than this, under the papacy of Gregory the Great, the germs of the true mystery play are to be found. The Church now began to commemorate by processions, with choruses, chants, and dialogues, scenes of the passion and resurrection of our Saviour, and the various events of his life. These representations at first took place solely in the churches, the doors of which, during their performance, were closed to all but the clergy, the various parts being taken by the priests. Besides these, there were also *tableaux vivants* of incidents both in the Old Testament and in the New, in which Balaam and his ass intermingled with the sibyls and prophets, and Virgil might be seen in company with allegorical figures of Mercy and Justice. Whenever God the Father spoke, three voices were heard in unison, to symbolize the Trinity. And even the serpent found a tongue, and tempted Eve with his flatteries. As the processions, dialogues, and chants were the precursors of the passion plays, so these tableaux are simply the ancestors of the Presepi, which are still seen on the festival of Christmas in many of the churches of modern Rome, when the birth of Christ is represented by lay figures made of wax or wood, and richly draped. The Madonna is always laden with magnificent jewels, a little out of character, but showing the desire to do her honor. Joseph, on the contrary, has only a staff. The ox and ass occupy a prominent place in the fore-ground, while the landscape behind is arranged with considerable scenic skill, with groups of shepherds and flocks and running streams. The kings and wise men are also introduced, wearing crowns, and kneeling before the infant to present their gifts.

In like manner the primitive representations in action of some of the events of the life of the Lord are also preserved in the modern Church, showing how strong a hold they have on the popular feeling. At Easter the Pope still washes the feet of twelve men, who personate the apostles, in one of the side chapels at St. Peter's; and subsequently serves the same set, in a hall over the portico, with a supper, at which the apostles show a good appetite; and after filling their stomachs well, fill their pockets with what remains, to the great edification of an immense crowd, that throng and fight and almost tear each other's clothes off, to obtain a view of the spectacle. If these representations have still so great an effect in the present century, it may well be imagined how deep an impression they must have made in more primitive ages.

These plays, founded on Scripture subjects, attained a great popularity every where; and during the latter part of the thirteenth century were performed frequently in the Colosseum at Rome. On these occasions a broad platform was erected on one side of the arena, just over the place where a chapel was afterward built; and here every Good-Friday the Passion of our Saviour was played to an audience equaling in number, according to Pancirolus, that which flocked to the ancient gladiatorial games. The play was in *ottava rima*, in the rudest dialect of the people, with an intermezzo of various little airs, which were probably sung. Two specimens of these airs still exist, says Marangoni, in the library of the Marchese Alessandro Capponi.

Among the chief plays performed here was "The Holy Farce of the Resurrection" (as Tiraboschi calls it), composed by Giuliano Dati. This title must not, however, be supposed to indicate that any ludicrous character attached to the performance, any more than the term "Divina Commedia" signifies any thing comic in Dante's great poem. Some question has been raised as to the time when these Colosseum plays were first performed; but there is no doubt that toward the end of the pontificate of Paul III., in the year 1546, or at latest 1549, they were prohibited, the Pope being prompted thereto by two reasons: first, that the spirit of the Reformation was astir; and second, that they tended to interfere with his spoliations of the Colosseum. There is no doubt that at the time of the Reformation these mysteries were made the vehicles of attacks upon the Church and its abuses, and the farcical element still admitted was employed to lampoon it severely. To give greater zest to the satire, the old festivals of the Fête des Fous were, to a certain extent, revived, though in a somewhat modified character; and pardons and indulgences of the most ludicrous character were offered in public. At Berne, for instance, in 1522,

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a mystery play was performed against the sale of indulgences to free souls from purgatory, which produced a great effect on the popular mind. St. Peter and St. Paul are here represented as arriving at Rome and meeting the Pope while he is borne along with great pomp in a splendid procession. They pause, and St. Peter asks who is this man; and on being told that this is the Pope and his own successor, he cries, "By my faith, I don't remember exactly whether I ever came to Rome before; but if I did, and in such an equipage as that, I have quite forgotten it."

Toward the middle of the fourteenth century mystery plays were already popular in England; and in Chaucer's time, toward the end of the century, they were performed in Lent, and occupied several days. One of the actors he thus mentions in his "Canterbury Tales:"

"Sometimes to show his lightness and maistrie,
He playeth Herod on a skaffold hie."

After these came the Chester and Coventry mysteries; and it is related that the author of the former made two journeys to Rome before he could obtain permission from the Pope to have them played in the English tongue, they being founded on Scriptural subjects. In the reign of Henry IV. a mystery was played resembling the Corpus Christi of Coventry, and lasted eight days. The prologue was delivered by three alternate speakers, called vexillators; and the play contained forty acts, or pageants, each one consisting of a detached subject from Holy Writ, beginning with the Creation, and ending with the Last Judgment.

Mystery plays still continue to be acted in Germany, Spain, and Italy; but in England they seem to have entirely disappeared. Their place, however, has been taken by the great oratorios, which crowds of people assemble to hear in the annual celebrations in the great cathedrals, and in the Crystal Palace, and for which the English show so strong and earnest an admiration.

In Spain they are still represented, and on the frontiers of Aragon and the Val d'Arran there is a yearly representation of the Passion, in which Christ falls under the weight of a heavy cross, and is well beaten by the people, who rush upon him and shower blows on him in real earnest.

Throughout Italy these mysteries are constantly played; sometimes by real persons with considerable spirit and with good scenery—sometimes by puppets most absurdly and grotesquely under booths. During Easter the scholars of the Hospital of Santo Spirito in Rome generally perform a sort of mystery play founded upon some Biblical story. The play takes place in the theatre of the hospital, and is usually acted in the afternoon. The cardinal having charge of the institution presides, and the place is generally thronged with spectators, to whom tickets are given. In the monasteries, too, it is very common at this season for the pupils taught by the nuns to perform little Scripture pieces, in which the sisters take the greatest interest.

In Germany these mystery or passion plays continued without interruption from an early period down to the latter part of the last century. The oldest composition of this character of which we have any record is of the twelfth century, in which allegorical figures representing Mercy, Justice, Paganism, and the Church, dispute together on matters of doctrine and religion, until finally the Church settles the whole question in debate by announcing its own opinion and adding this distinct statement·

"Quisquis est qui credit aliter
Hunc damnamus æternaliter."

Beside this may be put, by way of contrast, one of the latest of these plays of the last century, which is given by Mr. Hone as being furnished by a correspondent who saw it in Bamberg about the year 1783:

"The end of a house or barn being taken away, the dark hole appeared hung with old tapestry, the wrong side outward, a curtain running along and dividing the middle. On this stage the Creation was performed. A stupid-looking Capucin personated the Creator. He entered in a large full-bottomed wig, with a false beard, wearing over the rusty dress of his order a brocade morning-gown, the lining of light blue silk being rendered visible occasionally by the pride that the wearer took to show it, and he eyed his slippers of the same material with equal satisfaction. He first came on, making his way through the tapestry, groping about; and, purposely running his head against posts, exclaimed, with a sort of peevish authority, 'Let there be light,' at the same time pushing the tapestry right and left, and disclosing a glimmer through linen cloths from candles placed behind them. The creation of the sea was represented by pouring water along the stage, and the making of dry land by throwing of mould."

Exhibitions such as these naturally gave rise to much scandal; and in Bavaria and the Tyrol, despite the murmuring of the people, they were interdicted at the latter part of the last century. One village, however, rebelled against the proscription—the Bavarian village of Oberammergau. The inhabitants, in the seventeenth century, had made a vow every ten years to represent the Passion, in order to drive away an epidemic which then raged among them, and they sent repeated embassies to Munich to pray that the interdiction should be removed. Finally Maximilian yielded, and the Passion of Oberammergau was again represented in 1811; and ever since, at each decennary, it has been more and more popular, so that crowds flock to see it from every part of Germany, and the village and all the places near are thronged to overflowing. The back-ground is the mountains; the spectators sit in the open air, except such as are fortunate enough to get a balcony

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of one of the houses which form the *avant-scene* and *loges*, and are covered by a temporary roof of wood.

In the old parish records of Oberammergau one reads: "Anno 1631, on account of the long Swedish war, is there much fever and hot headache among the Bavarians and dwellers in Swabia, and daily do many men die.

"Anno 1633 the pest increases so fearfully that in the parish of Kohlgrub (three hours from here) were there only two couples left, and a man named Caspar Schuchler, coming here to visit his wife and child, fell by the road-side, and was buried.

"From that day to Senion and Tuda evening eighty-four people died of the plague; accordingly eighteen Bürgers, assembling from the village of Oberammergau, vowed that once in ten years would they present in living pictures the Passion of Jesus Christ.

"From that instant the plague ceased, and those who were ill instantly recovered."

Thus we have the origin of the mystery play in Oberammergau, and with two or three exceptions—the French period, and different invasions of the Tyrolese—the vow has been faithfully observed every ten years.



"CHRISTUS."—JOSEPH MAIR.

The little village of Oberammergau is prettily situated just inside the Bavarian Tyrol, in a sort of meadow land, with bold high hills on the south, and lower rolling country north. The inhabitants, numbering some twelve hundred, are peasants, and, with few exceptions, carvers in wood—an occupation which seems to raise them quite above the ordinary *bauer*, or farmer. Many of their carvings are really art works, and bear the marks of careful study. Ruben's "Descent" and Da Vinci's "Last Supper" have been most beautifully cut in apple wood.

In the centre of the village is the church, an object of veneration, love, and tender care, as the well-preserved frescos, fresh blooming flowers on the altar, and exquisite neatness of the interior amply testify. The church-yard and exterior show the same loving hands, which rear delicately climbing vines, and plant flowering shrubs near each little hillock. There is something particularly touching in this simple but constant remembrance of the dear departed ones. Sleeping around their church in the heart of the busy village, every mass brings some kind friend to sprinkle their graves with holy-water, which, whether the act, considered religiously, have virtue or not, is, at least, a proof that they are not forgotten.

The cottages, built of stone covered with plaster, with the low broad Swiss roof weighted with stones to hold down the shingles, have each its little garden of vegetables, fruit and rose trees; and on approaching the village, the entire absence of large cultivated fields shows plainly the indoor occupation of the peasants. An atmosphere of general peace and good-will seems to pervade the place, and pursuing the even tenor of their way, the villagers come and go, making their faith their life, and so are gently gathered to their fathers. This being the character of these peasants, one can understand with what a sense of reverence and pious care they undertake the performance of so sacred a drama as the "Passion of Christ," considering it a bounden duty, which, if not conceived in a devotional spirit, would be to them an everlasting stain.

Two years previous to the performance the principal characters are chosen, as the individual personating Christ must allow his hair to grow for that length of time, as also Joseph of Arimathea, St. John, and many of the disciples, and the beards are trained to imitate as nearly as possible the best existing pictures of the various characters. In the preceding January rehearsals are held four times weekly, continuing up to the time of performance; and after every Sunday vespers, in the church, costumes and stage appointments are arranged. The selection of colors is wonderful. St. John has the real Albrecht Dürer green and red; St. Peter, the blue and yellow, expressing doubt; Judas, orange and yellow; the Maria, crimson and blue; the Christ, crimson and purple; and so on. The robes of the Jewish priests and dwellers in Jerusalem are all symbolical colors, and so exactly like the pictures with which we are all familiar that one soon regards every character as an old friend. The theatre, capable of seating six thousand people, is, with the exception of the first and second rows of boxes, entirely uncovered, exposed to wind, rain, or

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"JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA."—THOMAS RENDL.

sun, as the case may be. The stage, also uncovered, and representing the streets of Jerusalem, has in its centre a small roofed theatre, on one side of which is the house of Annas, and on the other side that of Pilate. This theatre, of course, is provided with a drop-curtain, flies, traps, and the necessary theatrical accessories. Here all the action takes place, and here are arranged all the Old Testament tableaux, always preceding each scene; for instance, "The Lord's Supper" follows "Miraculous Manna in the Wilderness." This small theatre is capable of being used with the large stage to good effect when a pageant or procession of any sort occurs.

A few details, which were not mentioned in the letters of 1860, may not be uninteresting here, however practical they may appear.

At the "Crucifixion," when the curtain rises, the three crosses are seen on the ground, the Christ being nailed and the thieves tied. By strong men they are lifted and lowered into tightly fitting sockets, a foot or more deep. The two thieves are simply tied with their arms hanging over the arms of the cross, and the legs, also bound, rest with one foot upon a long nail. Here they hang fifteen minutes, after which, being beaten with large leather clubs filled with straw, they are taken down. The Christ hangs by a firm band passing around the body to a nail in the centre of the cross, over which, of course, the flesh-colored tights are drawn. The extended arms are tied with concealed cords from the wrists, and between the fingers one sees the nail-head and blood-stained hand. In the same way the left foot rests upon a false sole, and the nail appears between the crossed feet, making the position somewhat endurable for a reasonable length of time; but thirty-five minutes of such suspension produces intense pain in the ends of the fingers and elbows—in fact, the poor man suffers an agony almost amounting to paralysis. The crown of thorns and the cloth about the loins complete this extraordinary picture—a perfect Albrecht Dürer. Every thing is made in the village and by the villagers; indeed, they take special pride in disdaining any outside assistance.

The entire cost of stage appointments, costumes, orchestra, etc., for the season—every Sunday, from last of May to last of September—is about 36,000 florins ($18,000). At each performance about $5000 is received; and at the close of the year, after each actor has been paid his share according to rank of rôle (last year the man personating Christ had two hundred florins, each child six florins—a mere pittance for an entire season, if money were the thing sought), the remainder is divided among charitable objects, church embellishments, etc.

The journey from Munich is uninteresting until Murnau is reached, when a long range of Tyrolese Alps suddenly bursts upon one—snow-capped peaks and glaciers; and so on, through richly cultivated fields and red-tiled villages and way-side shrines, we climb the "Ettaler Berg" to Ettal, the famous monastery of the fourteenth century, built by the Emperor Ludwig, the Bavarian, who, as a proof of the approbation of Heaven, received a marble effigy of the Madon-



"PILATUS."—TOBIAS FLUNGER.

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na, executed by an angel, as the old legend has it, but really the work of Andrea Pisano, a pupil of Giotto, and certainly doing great credit to its illustrious author. Here we find crowds of pilgrims, peasants, nobles, and strangers of every nationality, some hearing high-mass, some examining the beautiful church, and others, not ignoring bodily refreshment, are testing the qualities of Ettal beer; for long ago the monks gave place to the brewers, and the fine old cloisters, once the scene of midnight prayer and wrestling with spiritual foes, now resound with the jolly song of the hop-picker and the thud of foaming beer. As we ride on the crowd increases; peasants in every conceivable costume, women with high hats, women with low hats, and women with no hats at all; scarlet dresses, velvet bodices, and long silver hairpins; braided hair and curled hair, quilled petticoats and plain; men in pointed Tyrolese hats with gilt tassels, knee-breeches, and bare legs; masses by the road-side, and a little holy family before each shrine. Surely John the Baptist must feel honored, whether he turns his head to Bavaria or America, on this 24th of June.

Favored of the gods are we, indeed, to have tickets and a dwelling previously engaged; for what mortal, however sanguine, could hope for bed, or even roof to cover him, as we drive through the crowd of cherry baskets and cherrier women into the market-place of Oberammergau? Hot is no name for the heat, but the villagers, with white handkerchiefs on their heads, have a most refreshing air of coolness; and as we stop at the little shop of carved woods to ask our way, out trots the good little frau, in her clear white muslin cap, to say, "Oh yes; you are the English people who are to come today." We enter the large, low-studded kitchen, work-shop, living-room—for it answers to all three names—with its exquisitely clean floor, long row of dressers, and bright green tile-stove reaching to the ceiling. The windows are filled with plants—bright geraniums and stocks—and covered with curtains white as the "driven snow." Such an air of homely comfort pervades the whole apartment that we begin to think ourselves very fortunate, when we are told that over two thousand must sleep in barns, carriages, or on door-steps; so, although we are five, three ladies and two gentlemen, with two rooms between us, the only communication with the outer world from one being through the other, and a trap-door and stairs to the kitchen, we eat our bread and are thankful.

At seven the village band go marching through the lanes to announce the eve of the Great Fest, and at nine o'clock the bell rings for all to be in bed. The music is repeated at three the next morning, and from this early hour masses are celebrated till seven. At the high-mass the actors are present, and receive a special consecration for the day before them. The church-bell at eight o'clock finds us at the door of the theatre, which presents a most singular appearance, crowded to overflowing with every nationality and characteristic costume—a Babel of tongues and clamor of expectancy hushed by the first sound of the orchestra.

The choir come on to the stage, after the manner of the old Greek chorus, singing the prologue. The curtain rising as they retire, displays the tableau of "Adam and Eve driven from Paradise." Again the choir, and the first act, showing the streets of Jerusalem through which the multitude came shouting hosannas, and strewing palm branches, Christ in the midst of them riding on an ass. The whole audience tremble with excitement, and the expectant hush is painful, as the personation of one so sacred to most of them makes his appearance; but in every face we read satisfaction—the long dark hair, mild eye, tender yet firm expression—the whole face and figure realize one's idealization of the God-man. Every movement is natural, yet so indicative of extraordinary being that one forgets that the dark green hills beyond are Bavarian, and fancies the swaying poplars, which form a long line on each side the theatre, are the trees round about Jerusalem.

In connection with this scene the choir—twenty in number, and dressed in long gowns of red, blue, green, and purple, each one wearing a lace apron and a long open-sleeved mantle, also of some bright color—sings the following chorus:

Hail to Thee! hail! O David's Son,
Hail to Thee! hail! thy Father's throne
Is thine award.
In God's great name Thou comest nigh;
All Israel streams with welcome cry
To hail its Lord.

Hosanna! He who dwells in heaven
Send from above all help to Thee.
Hosanna! He who sits on high
Preserve Thee everlastingly.

Blessed be the life that springs anew
In David's house, in David's race;
To glorious David's glorious Heir
All nations bring your songs of praise.

Hosanna! to our King's own Son
Sound through the heavens far and wide
Hosanna! on His Father's throne
May He in majesty abide!
Hail to Thee! hail!

This chorus is full of life, and is a fine triumphal opening hymn. The entire play is divided into eighteen parts. Each of these parts opens with a tableau from the Old Testament, during which the chorus sings. This tableau is typical of the action that follows, which is taken from the scenes of the New Testament. For example, the second part opens with the tableau of the sons of Jacob plotting over the sale of their brother. The tableau is preceded by a beautiful tenor solo, "See, ah, see, the dreamer comes." The leader of the chorus sings two verses while the curtain is up, and after it falls there is a duet of tenor and bass, the words showing the analogy between the tableau and the action which follows, representing the high-priests taking council how they may destroy Jesus. The gravity and pedantry

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"MARIA."—FRANZISKA FLUNGER.

of the council is very finely rendered. The next Old Testament tableau is of the bride bewailing the loss of her bridegroom. The accompanying song is the most beautiful in the entire play, both as regards the words and the music. It has been well translated thus:

Where is my love departed—
The fairest of the fair?
Mine eyes gush out with burning tears
Of love and grief and care.

Ah! come again, ah! come again
To this deserted breast.
Beloved one, oh, why tarriest thou
Upon my heart to rest?

By every path, on every way,
Mine eyes are strained to greet thee,
And with the earliest break of day
My heart leaps forth to meet thee.

Then the Wechselgesang, or Antiphon, runs thus:

Beloved! ah, what woe is me,
My heart how rent with pain!
Oh, friend beloved, oh, comfort thee,
Thy friend will come again.

Soon to thy side he comes once more
For whom thy soul a while must yearn
No cloud shall ever shadow more
The joy of that return.

From 8 till 11 A.M. the various incidents in Christ's life are represented, closing with the scene of "Judas's Betrayal"—a piece of superb acting. This first part includes, of course, the ointment of the Magdalen, the Last Supper, after Leonardo da Vinci, and the agony in the garden, all wonderfully presented. Every little detail is carefully observed, the feet-washing, the sop of Judas, and the consecration.

"After bodily refreshment," as the little text-book has it, the audience take their seats at twelve, noon, and the wondrous drama proceeds with "Christ's trial before Annas and the Jewish priests"—before Pilate, who literally washes his hands of "the blood of this just person." In this scene Christ and Barabbas are brought out on to the balcony of the Roman governor, while the Jewish priests and the rabble stand in the street making their accusations.

PEOPLE. "Let Barabbas be
From his bonds set free."
CHORUS. "Nay, let Jesus be
From His bonds set free."
Wildly sounds the murderers' cry:
PEOPLE. "Crucify Him! Crucify."
CHORUS. "Behold the man, behold the man;
Oh! say! what evil hath He done."
PEOPLE. "If thou settest this man free,
Cæsar's friend thou canst not be."
CHORUS. "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! woe, woe to thee;
This blood, oh, Israel, God shall claim from thee."
PEOPLE. "His blood on us and on our children be."
CHORUS. "Yea, upon you
And on your children too."

Then follows the release of Barabbas and the "Cross-bearing," after Paolo Veronese, which is made particularly touching. Far in the back stage is seen the throng of men and boys approaching, with Christ in their midst bearing his cross, and the two thieves with theirs; then come Maria, John, the Magdalen, Joseph of Arimathea, bewailing the agony of their Lord and Master; and Christ, sinking under the weight of his burden, is held up and comforted by the St. Veronica of the legend, carrying the



"NATHANIEL."—PAUL FRÖSCHL.

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pocket-handkerchief which Correggio has made so familiar. Simon the Cyrenian takes the cross, and him they slowly follow through the broad streets as the curtain falls. The effect of this scene upon the simple-hearted peasants, who compose so largely the audience, is startling, the sobs of the women and groans of the men giving great reality to the whole. Then follow the scourging, the purple robe, the crown of thorns, and finally the crucifixion; when the peasants, unable to restrain themselves any longer, burst into a perfect wail of weeping.

The "Descent," with the long linen cloth of Rubens, is most tenderly and poetically managed, and the grouping of the Holy Family wonderfully fine. The "Entombment," after Raphael, is touching, and the effect much enhanced by the pleasant, comforting music accompanying it.

The peasants show their childish interest in the whole thing by laughing when the guards fall down at the "Resurrection," and are quite as full of joy over the "Ascension," which, to eyes accustomed to Raphael and the later works of the Italian school, is a little repulsive. The Christ, really made to ascend by some theatrical contrivance, bearing the mark of the nails, thorns, and with blood-stained breast, holds in his hand a large white flag, with the scarlet cross of St. Andrew, evidently a copy of some picture of the earlier Spanish school, utterly devoid of the poetical and strictly simple efforts of former scenes; but that *only one* picture should be disagreeable is marvelous, when the condition and comparative isolation of the peasants who perform this play are considered.



"RABBI."—ANTON HEISERER.



"MARIA MAGDALENA."—JOSEPHA LANG.

To sit from 8 A.M. till 5 P.M. with no fatigue other than that of reaction after so much excitement speaks every thing. It is a spectacle which must have a most humanizing effect upon those who witness it; and in the words of the good old monk of Ettal, anno 1634, "And not only were they all healed which were afflicted, but they begged God to bless these his servants who had thus lovingly exposed the passion of His blessed Christ."

We quote from Mrs. Bushby's narrative, published in the September number of *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, the following interesting paragraphs respecting this wonderful representation:

"We arrived on Friday evening, and on the whole of that night travelers were coming into the village; where they were stowed away was a marvel to us.

"The next day the number of arrivals increased; and I do not suppose that in any part of Europe so strange a scene has been known as the one presented by this village on that day. People were pouring into it not by hundreds but by thousands, the whole place was thronged by living beings, many, of course, not knowing where they were to find a night's lodging. I never beheld such a sight. They came, numbers on foot, looking weary and worn out, several in clumsy omnibuses and other public conveyances, besides wagons, carts, etc., the best class in hired carriages. The streets were crammed with ten or twelve people abreast walking, and conveyances passing them on both sides. The prospect of war was forgotten, no-

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"JOHANNES."—JOHANN ZWINK.

thing but the Passion Play was thought of. At Munich, at Würzburg, we heard only of it.

"What with the pealing of the church-bells for afternoon service, and the bells attached to the necks of the cows which were driven in from the adjacent pastures, and the cracking of the postillions' whips, and the positive roar of human voices, I was half distracted. We sallied forth to the temporary stalls near the primitive but picturesque little theatre to purchase photographs of the actors, being told that every one would be sold off before night. We were struck by the very intelligent and interesting countenances of the principal actors. I may mention Joseph Mair, who personified Jesus Christ; Jacob Hett, who was Peter; Johann Zwink, who took the part of John; Johann Lang, who was Caiaphas—a most energetic and admirable actor, whose delivery was so perfect that every syllable he uttered could be heard distinctly at the farthest end of the theatre; and Gregor Lechner, who was Judas, looking and acting the part so splendidly that it would have brought down thunders of applause in any theatre in Europe or America.

"On the eventful morning the church-bells were pealing from the earliest dawn of day, and the church was crammed with people attending the early masses, among whom were several of the performers. At five o'clock, the musicians who formed the orchestra went through the village playing—every body was then astir. At six o'clock the doors of the theatre for the religious play were opened, and people began to flock to it. But as we had places among the reserved seats (and very comfortable they were), we did not go until the firing of three guns announced at eight o'clock that the business of the day was about to commence.

"Unfortunately it was a very wet morning, the rain pouring in torrents; but through the kindness of M. Sebastian Veit, our host, a carriage was procured to take us to the theatre.

"The orchestra, the members of which, as well as the chorus singers, all belonged to the village, played first, then came a chorus of male and female voices, and then the first tableau was shown, which represented Adam and Eve being driven out of the Garden of Eden by an angel with a sword in his hand. This tableau was beyond every thing beautiful; you gazed with breathless wonder on the splendid figure of Adam, which never moved a muscle. Eve and the angel were both also perfect. In a subsequent tableau the same man who had stood as Adam personified Cain just after the murder of Abel. There were numerous tableaux interspersed among the acted scenes, the first of these latter being Christ riding on an ass, coming forward among a large crowd in bright Eastern dresses. Joseph Mair did this admirably, as indeed he did all the most interesting and touching scenes he had to perform. He was robed in purple, without any ornaments, the simplicity of his dress being most striking compared to the varied and gorgeous costumes of the high-priests, Pilate, Herod, and others; his countenance expressed meekness and yet sublimity, his bearing was dignity itself, and this apparently holy peace Joseph Mair preserved throughout the whole long day, and during every phase of his performance. You looked and wondered if he were animated by a divine spirit! It might fatigue the reader were I to tell of each separate tableau and each separate scene from the Old and New Testaments. The tableaux in the Old Testament were typical of the scenes in the New, which were most exciting and full of painful interest.

"The young man who represented 'the beloved disciple' had a delightful countenance. Peter was an older man, and had more to do; nothing could be finer than his remorse and sorrow after he had denied Christ. But perhaps next to Joseph Mair, Gregor Lechner, who was Judas, called forth the greatest astonishment and admiration. No one could have fancied that he was only a villager, a carver in wood; but indeed, as we were told, these simple inhabitants of Oberammergau require *no* tuition, but have so much innate talent and so much elegance of demeanor that they seem born to grace the stage. Mary the mother of Christ and Mary Magdalene did their parts extremely well, but they were not equal to the male actors.

"During a tableau representing Tobias taking leave of his parents, a dog was one of the figures on the stage. It remained so motionless that many persons around us declared it

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was a skin stuffed, but just as the descending curtain had reached a foot or two of the ground, up sprang the poor beast and ran away, which occasioned roars of laughter, and was the only time the solemnity of the immense audience was interrupted.

"The poor actors sometimes, the orchestra and the chorus singers all through, had to perform under the most frightful torrents of rain, which also inundated a great many of the spectators who were in uncovered seats and exposed to the fury of the elements. The reserved seats were under a wooden roof, but open at both sides, so that one could see the mountains and fields. The covered part of the stage was small but picturesque. On account of the storm the mid-day pause of an hour took place earlier than usual. Very many persons kept their seats, however, having brought refreshments with them. Cutlets, cold meat, chickens, and cakes, wine, beer, etc., were in requisition; but we and our pleasant English fellow-lodgers went home to Mrs. Veit's, a carriage having been sent for us, and had dinner, or what we called luncheon, there, returning in the same carriage to our places in the theatre before the recommencement of the performance.

"To give an idea of the construction, so to call it, of this religious representation, I may mention that the chorus explained what was coming before every tableau and every scene, and the connection between the Old and New Testaments. For instance, it showed that the tableau giving a picture of Joseph's brethren selling him to the Midianites for twenty pieces of silver betokened Judas selling his Master for thirty pieces of silver, and the following is a free translation of the verses sung to explain this typical meaning:

"How in every limb I shake!
Judas—Judas—art thou mad,
Thus the price of blood to take?
Was ever miscreant so bad!
Thunder and lightning come—descend,
And to this sinner put an end.

"'One among you will betray me,'
Thus spoke the Lord. For greed of gold
That one to deeds of darkness sold
Himself—and scowling looks he cast
Around, then fled from the repast—
Judas Iscariot was he!

"Judas—Judas! what a crime!
Stop the dark design in time!
No! he by avarice was led,
And straight to the high council fled,
What at Dothan had occurred
Repeating there, by evil spurred.

"What will ye give us if we sell
This boy to you? his brethren said—
The youth his father loved so well!
And the bargain soon was made;
For twenty pieces then of gold
Their brother's life and blood they sold!

"What reward will ye give me,
If my Master I betray?
For thirty silver pieces he
Has cast his Master's life away,
And the bloody compact signed,
By Satan's guidance rendered blind.

"What by these scenes to us is shown
A picture is of mortal life,
For the world is ever prone
To be with evil passions rife;
And often by their deeds do men
Their gracious Lord betray again!

"The brothers of a Joseph you
And a Judas execrate,
Yet their sins you all renew,
For envy, avarice, and hate,
Arising in the human mind,
Disturb the peace of all mankind!

"The introduction to the scene of the 'Lord's Supper' consisted of two tableaux: the first, the Israelites being fed by manna in the wilderness; the second, two men apparently passing through a crowd, and carrying a pole from which hung a large bunch of grapes. In these tableaux there were some three hundred persons, including men, women, and children of every age, grouped to perfection. They typified the bread and the wine distributed at the Lord's Supper. The evident intention of the whole play was to explain, as I mentioned before, the intimate connection between the Old and the New Testaments, and says much for the careful study bestowed on the Scriptures by these simple but most intelligent villagers. The scene of the 'Lord's Supper' was very fine, and the difficult part of washing the disciples' feet was performed in the most dignified and graceful manner by Joseph Mair. At this moment the chorus in the back-ground sang a solemn chant.

"The scene in the Garden of Gethsemane was most solemn and interesting. While his



"PETRUS."—JACOB HETT.

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"JUDAS."—GREGOR LECHNER.

disciples slept, the representative of Jesus knelt down to pray, and no words could describe the resignation, the devotion, which his countenance, almost sublime, expressed. You might have heard a pin fall in that vast assembly when he pronounced, in German, these words in a perfectly clear though subdued voice:

"'*Oh, my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done!*'

"They seemed to come from his inmost soul, and so, poor man, they did, for he had only heard during the mid-day pause, a short time before, that he was one of those doomed to go in the contingent from Oberammergau to join the Bavarian troops who were ordered to take part in the war about to be commenced.

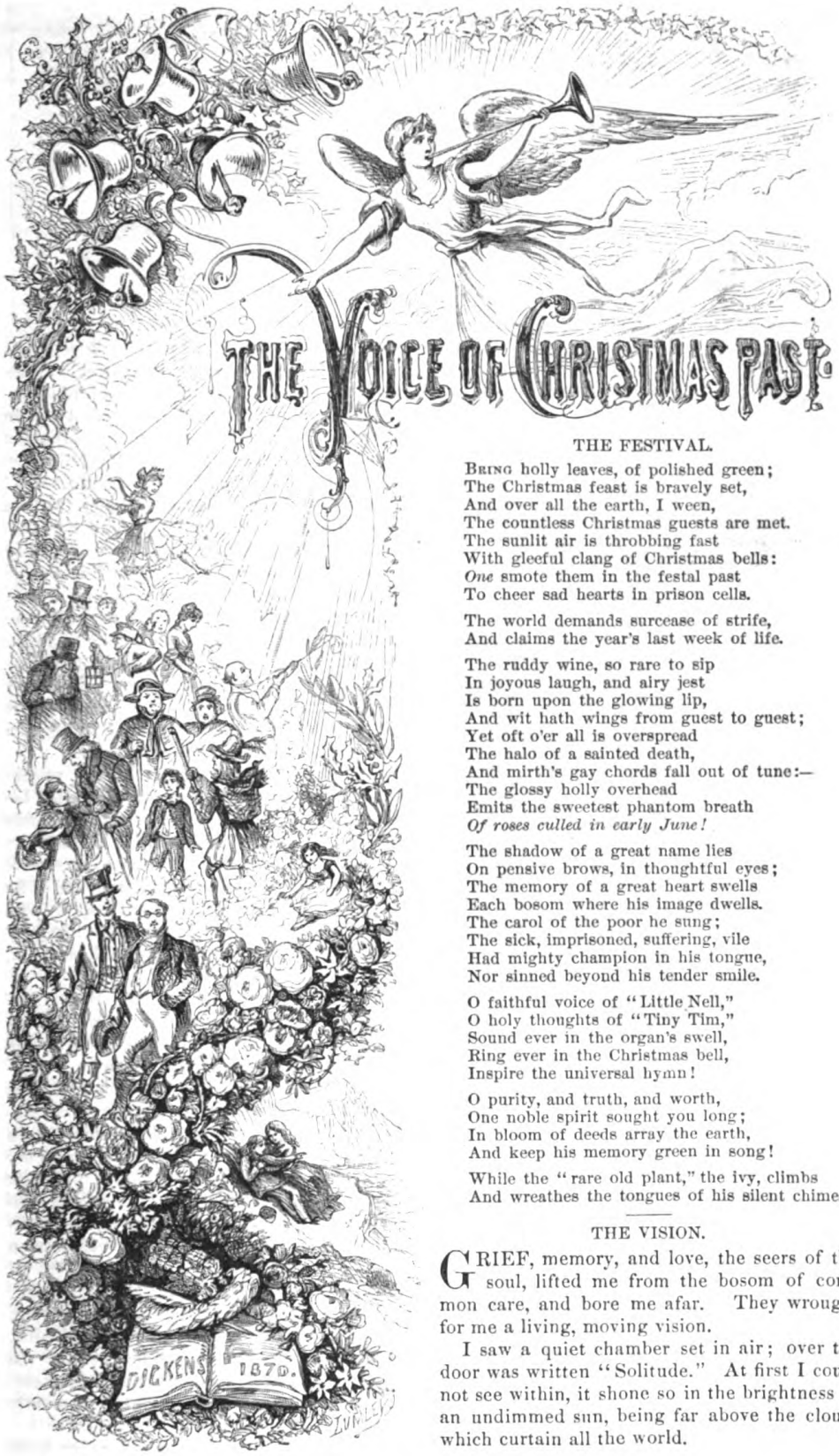
"Oppressed as his heart must have been at this cruel doom, he and some others of the principal actors in the Passion Play, who were also thus doomed, went through their parts with the most unfaltering zeal, and the religious drama went on uninterrupted to its painful conclusion —the 'Crucifixion'—which was followed by the appearance of the open sepulchre, and a tableau representing the ascent. Joseph Mair's position on the cross was most trying, and on one of the first occasions that he was placed on it he fainted, when he was taken down and laid in a sheet, with his head on Mary's lap.

"It was a marvelous spectacle altogether—one to which no description can do justice, and which was well worth a journey across half Europe to witness. It is impossible to speak too highly of the grace and dignity displayed by many of the actors, and their admirable delineation of the characters they personified, though they were quite self-taught. They reminded me of Thorwaldsen's splendid statues—'Christ and his Apostles'—which I had admired and gazed at with so much reverence at the Frue Kirke in Copenhagen. I could almost have fancied that by a miracle these grand master-pieces of the great Danish sculptor had been animated, like the dry bones mentioned in the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, and transferred to the boards of the little open theatre at Oberammergau. Can I give the actors in the extraordinary Passion Play greater praise?

"On Monday the most of the visitors departed as they came, on foot, or in various kinds of carriages, and in carts. Every thing wore an air of sadness, for in the afternoon of the day before it was known all over the village, and to those who were in it, that war was declared between France and Prussia. On Saturday all had been smiles, anticipations of pleasure, and hope in the future. On Monday there were gloom and distress through the whole place. Twenty-eight men belonging to little Oberammergau had been selected to serve in the war against France, and among these were five or six of the best performers in the Passion Play. How could it go on without them?—if indeed it could go on at all during the war, which would prevent tourists and almost every one from coming to see this extraordinary exhibition. The people of this Bavarian village, who are almost all carvers in wood, are, generally speaking, very poor, and they had expected to have made a great deal by their 'Passions-Spiel.' Fifty thousand gulden were spent by the inhabitants of Oberammergau for the theatre, etc.; thirty thousand gulden for the costumes, many of which were very rich and splendid; twenty thousand gulden for painting the building, and to workmen of various sorts.

"The money made by the representations which had been given had just paid off this large debt, and they were after that to play for themselves, nothing having yet been divided among the numerous actors. The poor men who were to be carried off to fight for Prussia, and some of whom were leaving their wives and children with scarcely the means of support, were presented with fifteen gulden each, as an act of kindness toward them. It was a sad sight to see them as they marched from the village."

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THE FESTIVAL.

Bring holly leaves, of polished green;
The Christmas feast is bravely set,
And over all the earth, I ween,
The countless Christmas guests are met.
The sunlit air is throbbing fast
With gleeful clang of Christmas bells:
One smote them in the festal past
To cheer sad hearts in prison cells.

The world demands surcease of strife,
And claims the year's last week of life.

The ruddy wine, so rare to sip
In joyous laugh, and airy jest
Is born upon the glowing lip,
And wit hath wings from guest to guest;
Yet oft o'er all is overspread
The halo of a sainted death,
And mirth's gay chords fall out of tune:—
The glossy holly overhead
Emits the sweetest phantom breath
Of roses culled in early June!

The shadow of a great name lies
On pensive brows, in thoughtful eyes;
The memory of a great heart swells
Each bosom where his image dwells.
The carol of the poor he sung;
The sick, imprisoned, suffering, vile
Had mighty champion in his tongue,
Nor sinned beyond his tender smile.

O faithful voice of "Little Nell,"
O holy thoughts of "Tiny Tim,"
Sound ever in the organ's swell,
Ring ever in the Christmas bell,
Inspire the universal hymn!

O purity, and truth, and worth,
One noble spirit sought you long;
In bloom of deeds array the earth,
And keep his memory green in song!

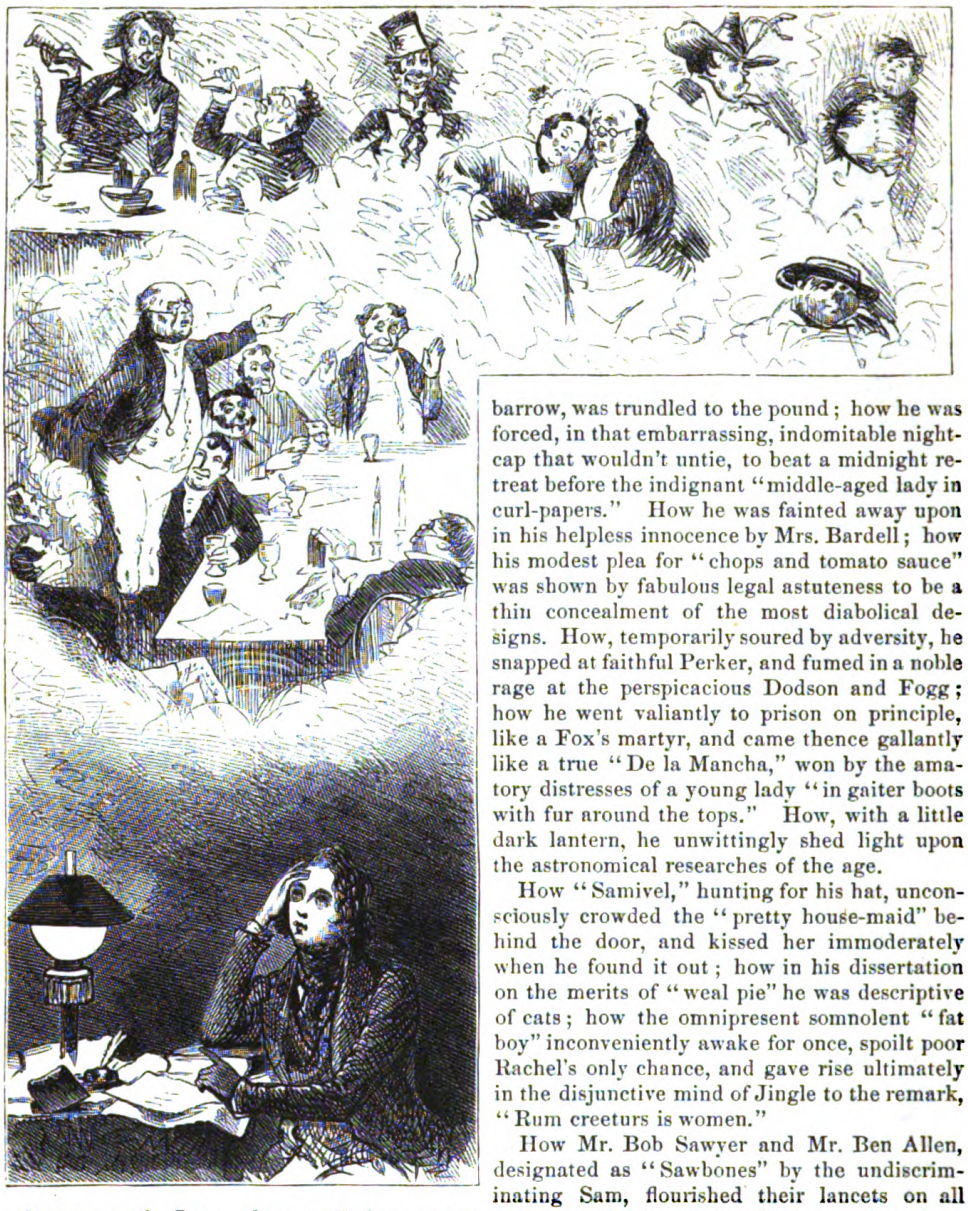
While the "rare old plant," the ivy, climbs
And wreathes the tongues of his silent chimes.

THE VISION.

GRIEF, memory, and love, the seers of the soul, lifted me from the bosom of common care, and bore me afar. They wrought for me a living, moving vision.

I saw a quiet chamber set in air; over the door was written "Solitude." At first I could not see within, it shone so in the brightness of an undimmed sun, being far above the clouds which curtain all the world.

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But presently I saw the seated figure of a man—a youthful face, its fresh cheek resting on a hand whose nervous fingers ran through thick and shining hair, the blue eye strong and full and fixed, and a half smile giving a mirthful magic to the features. It was the artist, the Master, within his Chamber of Creation.

In answer to his beckoning finger there suddenly appeared the immortal Pickwick, in plumpness, spectacles, and gaiters, who nimbly leaped upon a chair, and with one hand beneath his swallow-tails, the other deftly punctuating in the air, pleaded for an introduction, in a strictly "Pickwickian sense," to the world for himself and his brother M. P. C's. So the door swung open, and they departed into the outer world; and I saw in swift and separate glimpses how the good Pickwick, fast asleep in a barrow, was trundled to the pound; how he was forced, in that embarrassing, indomitable night-cap that wouldn't untie, to beat a midnight retreat before the indignant "middle-aged lady in curl-papers." How he was fainted away upon in his helpless innocence by Mrs. Bardell; how his modest plea for "chops and tomato sauce" was shown by fabulous legal astuteness to be a thin concealment of the most diabolical designs. How, temporarily soured by adversity, he snapped at faithful Perker, and fumed in a noble rage at the perspicacious Dodson and Fogg; how he went valiantly to prison on principle, like a Fox's martyr, and came thence gallantly like a true "De la Mancha," won by the amatory distresses of a young lady "in gaiter boots with fur around the tops." How, with a little dark lantern, he unwittingly shed light upon the astronomical researches of the age.

How "Samivel," hunting for his hat, unconsciously crowded the "pretty house-maid" behind the door, and kissed her immoderately when he found it out; how in his dissertation on the merits of "weal pie" he was descriptive of cats; how the omnipresent somnolent "fat boy" inconveniently awake for once, spoilt poor Rachel's only chance, and gave rise ultimately in the disjunctive mind of Jingle to the remark, "Rum creeturs is women."

How Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Ben Allen, designated as "Sawbones" by the undiscriminating Sam, flourished their lancets on all occasions of faintness or distress with a freedom quite reviving to behold; how Mrs. Leo Hunter, at her literary reunions, sang movingly of the "frog" who persisted in "expiring on a log;" how Job Trotter tried Samivel's patience very much in the "water-cart" way; and how the "red-nosed Stiggins" came to condign disgrace in a water-butt, owing to an elaborate attempt to induct him into the boot business on the part of Sam.

And I see how the world, the care-worn, busy, plodding world, laughs at these people, and finds rest and respite in the laugh, which, growing to a roar of glee, reaches even to the quiet chamber; and within, the Master, hearing, laughs only more deeply and pleasantly than they.

And now before him, with an eager hand

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upon the door, stands impetuous young Nickleby, stayed in his exit by those honest, jovial brothers Cheeryble—noble types of the sterling worth of essential human nature

—who wait for a parting word with the Master. It is said; and these, too, pass from the chamber's silence into the world's tumult; and with them a various train—so swiftly that I do not see the faces of them all.

There is nimble, tip-toeing Mantalini, profuse in flattery and genteel profanity, spendthrift and libertine, muttering lugubriously to his silly wife: "Oh, demmit! does my soul and life—bless its dear, demd, winking, blinking little eyes—want me to go and be a demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body?"

But with a facile, leering smirk the while for sweet Kate Nickleby, who clings, pure and shrinking, to that grim Uncle Ralph, who in the secrecy of his villainous soul plans, on the pretense of protection, a dastard's profit from her tender blushes and bright eyes.

Then rise before me, dark and clear and sad exceedingly, the scenes of Dotheboy's Hall; the stupefied, wan face of Smike; the tragedy of outraged, ruined childhood.

Crushed, repressed, famished, crazed, and dazed are those children's faces, where the laugh, wit, trust, and happy overflow of youth should beam and sparkle.

I see the hapless Smike, forlorn victim of the brutal Squeers—most crushed, most dazed of all—pushed through the crowding woes and deprivations of his life into his early grave; and not until the sod lies freshly on it does Ralph Nickleby discover it was his own and only child whose tortures he had planned, whose death he had compassed. Here wrought a Nemesis significant of God.

My eyes are dim, but I can see that by these things the world is stirred, and there is a great clamor of voices, an uncovering of rank and hidden wrongs; and the deep protest of truth and pity, of human love and suffering, surges and overwhelms, though it be for but one divine moment, that clattering falsetto—the chorus of pride and power and ease and selfishness, built upon indolent ignorance of pain.

The Master's eye is stern, though full of tears; and though he smiles, there is a purpose set and sure upon the smiling lips, that lighter thoughts may sometimes flout, but never chase away. That death of Smike had left the door of Solitude ajar, and I saw, evoked in the august seclusion of that Chamber of Creation, the children of his brain come trooping to his side.

They came—so many and so fast that my heart and head and eyes were full with watching and trying to grasp the wonder and the glory of the scene.

The poor hunted foundling, Oliver, trembles in the grasp of Fagin, that ghastliest Jewish knave and coward; or, shrinking, flees before the brutal Sikes.

Friendless Nancy, street-bred and brothel-born, carrying through all her stunted, wretched, and bedraggled life that germ of womanliness, answering so quickly, so piteously, to the compassionate prayer of *happier* Rose Maylie. I saw poor Nancy beaten down in the first soft morning light, in her lone, meagre room, by him for whose guilty sake she had shut her eyes to the bright dream of an innocent and happy life; and I saw the Master's hand touch gently her bleeding head, and heard his voice crying out, bravely:

"Despise her not, ye whose pride is wealth, whose purity is *safety!* Not one among you is so guiltless of her suffering that, of your innocence, you can make a sling to cast one stone at her sin. I work to right such wrongs as hers."

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Then through the door went stubbed, grinning, hobbling Quilp, dragging and pinching his timid, patient wife, mocking and leering at her pain—a picture of the domestic joys, privileges, rights, and immunities which marriage secures to the brute-husband and victim-wife!

Dick Swiveller, airily apostrophizing the "gay and festive scene," is followed by the bent and shriveled form of driveling Age, whose hand is held so fast by "Little Nell." Young, drooping, fragile Little Nell; brave, patient, faithful Little Nell!

They stand a moment on the threshold; and in the same bright morning ray that sheds a



glory on her "light brown hair" the Master sees, far off yet clear, smiling upon him, with full, tender recognition of his work, the mirthful, mournful eyes of Thomas Hood — those sweet, pathetic, merry eyes, where joy swam ever upon tears.

"Come, grandfather," said Little Nell; and they passed out and on through the unwaked city, toward the open country, where "the freshness of the day, the singing of the birds, the beauty of the waving grass, the deep green leaves, the wild flowers, and the thousand exquisite scents and sounds that floated in the air—deep joys to most of us, but most of all to those whose life is in a crowd, or who live solitarily in great cities as in the bucket of a human well—sank into their breasts, and made them very glad."

A dimly seen vision of the ardent and mistaken Lord Gordon, and a faintly heard murmur of the far uproar of swelling riots, and a significant croak of the raven perched on the lean shoulder of harmless, ill-fated Barnaby.

These passing, I beheld the Chuzzlewits, each at war with all his kin—their better natures dwarfed and blighted in the dense, overshadowing cloud of human selfishness. The evolutions of this cloud were wondrous subtile, fine, voluminous.

There was Pecksniff, the reverend cheat and charlatan; the patronizing, plausible, prating, pious, praying, plundering Pecksniff—sinner, sneak, and sycophant; that indescribable spinster, Charity, transformed into Cherrywerrychigo, and the careless trifler, Mercy, into the "ardent prattler and playful warbler," by his clumsy, ostentatious petting.

Poor, giddy Merry was glowered upon by glum and plotting Jonas Chuzzlewit. Soon enough the shadows came, soon enough the burning test, revealing veins of gold in the dross of thy unequal nature!

Honest, credulous Tom Pinch, and sturdy, stiff-necked young Martin, yoked together in that shining Pecksniffian harness, that sits lightly on Tom's willing shoulders, but galls young Martin to the quick.

Chevy Slime, forever ubiquitous just around corners; and gay, mercurial Tigg, running his showy, false, and brief career, with no thought, alas! nor one foreboding, of that darksome wood, in whose dank shadows, where the sunset could not pierce, his blood should soak long-withered leaves, and slake a deep revenge! And sly and sure and silent Nadgett, unearthing the sanguine secret of the wood.

Mark Tapley, "coming out strong under the adverse circumstances" of the mire, miasma, and swindle of "Eden," "floored" with fever, "but jolly."

And Sairey Gamp, first of nurses in this "mortial wale and 'owlin' wilderness of tears" (quoter of the unseen but memorable Mrs. Harris), only moderately and semi-occasionally "dispoged to put her lips to it" and never "denigin of" aught that it is for her interest conscientiously to admit.

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True, loving Tom, playing the organ in the calm twilight to one who, being only one, yet filled the quaint old church for him.

Gentle Ruth and steadfast Mary; tender souls and brave and pure, beams threading bright and certain way through the surrounding gloom.

I hear the voice of Marley's Ghost saying to Scrooge:

"Oh, captive, bound and double-ironed, not to know that ages of incessant labor by immortal creatures, for this earth, must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit, working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused."

I saw Scrooge borne far over the spired city, through the night, clinging to the robes of the "Ghost of Christmas Present," and heard him say of "Tiny Tim:"

"What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

And I shuddered when the ghost cried, in a fearful voice:

"Man! if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered *what* the surplus is, and where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that in the sight of Heaven you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. O God! to hear the insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brethren in the dust."

"Then from the foldings of its robe it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They were boy and girl. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish, and prostrate."

"Spirit, are they yours?" said Scrooge.

"They are Man's," said the spirit. "This boy is Ignorance; this girl is Want."

"Have they no refuge or resource?"

Then I heard the spirit cry out in a dreadful voice, that seemed to rend the murky night, so that in the shadowed city, far below, the church spires and the court-house domes shook and trembled in the harsh vibrations:

"Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses?"

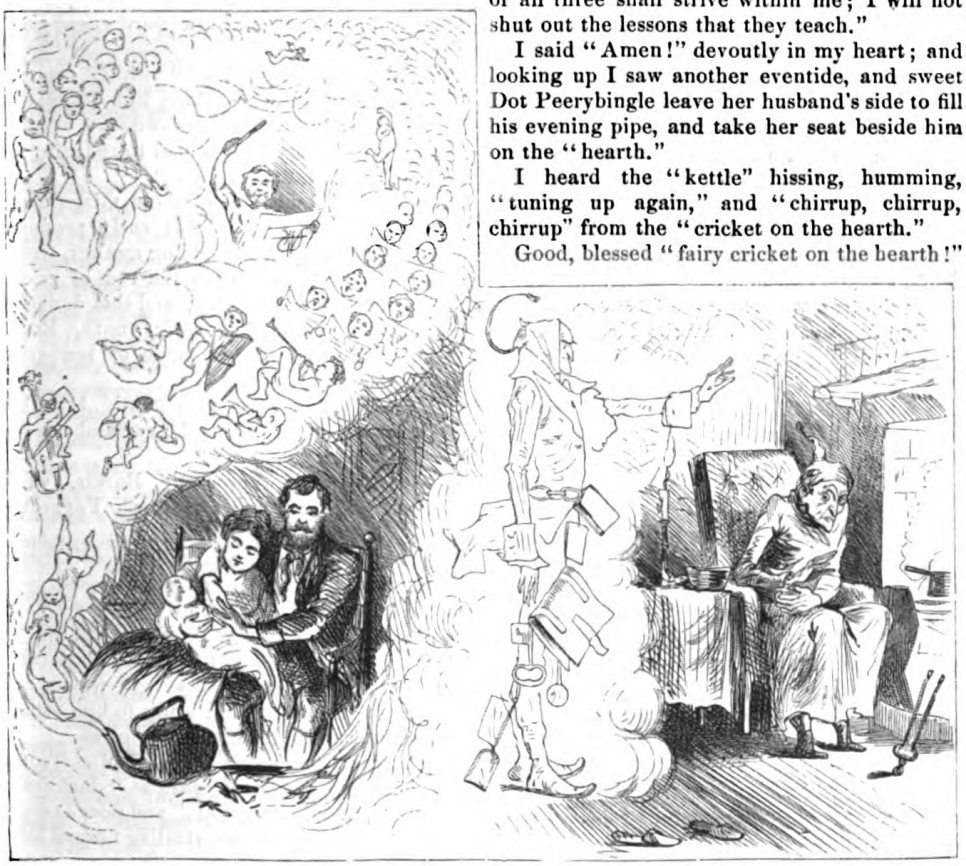
Then presently the "Ghost of Christmas yet to Come" stood pointing downward in that dismal place, "choked up with too much burying;" and Scrooge fell cowering upon his knees, and, reading his own unhonored name upon the mildewed stone, gave pledge, through shiverings of fear and tears of hope:

"I *will* honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me; I will not shut out the lessons that they teach."

I said "Amen!" devoutly in my heart; and looking up I saw another eventide, and sweet Dot Peerybingle leave her husband's side to fill his evening pipe, and take her seat beside him on the "hearth."

I heard the "kettle" hissing, humming, "tuning up again," and "chirrup, chirrup, chirrup" from the "cricket on the hearth."

Good, blessed "fairy cricket on the hearth!"



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chirping all night to the sorrowing husband who thought himself betrayed; showing to him, in the "glass of truth," his young wife fair and spotless, his home untarnished, his trust unbroken, and his love returned. Oh, faithful cricket, chirp on many hearths, I pray; protect the true, and chirp the false away!

Broad day again. I saw the Master in his quiet room. Not quite so young, not quite so smiling; more of the warrior in his stalwart mien and in his piercing eye. There was a vigilance upon him, and a high unfaltering purpose, as through that door of Solitude, which stood wide open now, he looked broadly over the awaiting world. And still from those grand remoter spaces, which I could not pierce, I saw his children troop about him, hovering briefly by his side—for just a little time his very own—and then for evermore the world's. As they passed him, one he gathered in his arms, and for a moment, in mute parting, laid the childish head upon his breast; and the world gave a welcome of peculiar tenderness to the Master's "favorite child."

How ill it fared with little "Davy" and his child-mother when Blunderstone Rookery came under the unrelenting Murdstone rule! I saw him alternately sobbing and sulking over his crowded task; in natural, just resentment, in blind despair, in impotent misery and childish rage; while his dear young mother, who laughed and danced with him in the by-gone twilight hours of a happier time, watched him from the background—always in the back-ground then—weeping, yearning, helpless.

And I heard the honest growl of faithful Peggotty, followed by the irrepressible bursting of buttons from her ample back; and saw her devoured by her first and last sanguinary longing—a desire to wring the Murdstone neck.

The school, where Davy throve under the threatening reign of Creakle and the mild, subsidiary Mell; and where he fell into that blind and generous worship of Steerforth which no unforeseen and sorrowful afterward could ever quite uproot.

Traddles (patiently in love "with the dearest girl, one of ten"), whose hair, like Banquo's ghost, absolutely would not down, no weight short of a dictionary being equal to reducing it to a horizontal state.

Steerforth's home, full of those misguiding influences which wrecked his early promise upon later ruin. His unyielding mother, from whose rocky heart not even the rod of grief could smite the living waters; and that dangerous mate of Steerforth's early youth, Rosa Dartle, whose nature was made of tempests without a calm.

Polite Littimer, who persistently brought shaving-water to beardless Davy, and made him "feel so very young."

Wooden-headed, automatic Barkis, who "was willin'," and lugged stanch Peggotty away.

The old boat-house, where the peevishness of Mrs. Gummidge was so gently construed into a plaint for the "old un;" where Davy played for hours and hours on Yarmouth beach with "Little Em'ly," and talked of Steerforth, and never dreamed what those gay waves, so sparkling in the sun, would bring to him some wild and stormy night that was to come.

The ever-shifting scene revealed Miss Trotwood, making a spasmodic dash at "donkeys" trespassing upon her "green;" and poor Davy, all in rags, and travel-worn, stealing toward her

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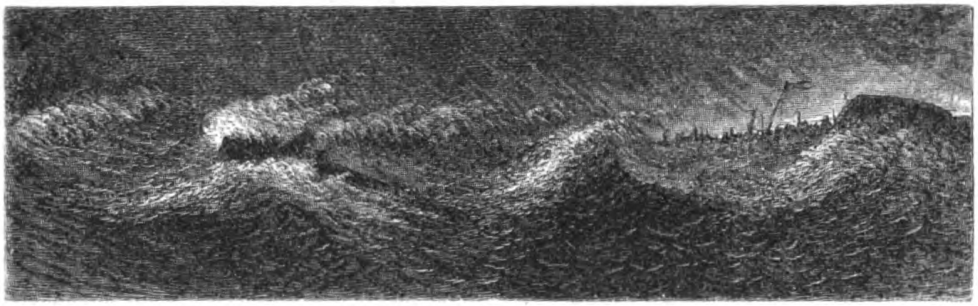
up the garden path, and crying, feebly, "Aunt!" and being answered by that vague "chop in the air" of her meditative garden knife. I heard her annihilating the Murdstones, cutting them in pieces with the quick scissors of her incisive eloquence, and in the same breath bringing out the distinguished qualities of Mr. Dick as an adviser.

Davy's courtship with little Dora, whereby are roused those "slumbering echoes in the caverns of memory" existing in the deserted bosom of Miss Julia Mills.

"Umble," writhing, overreaching Uriah Heep; and Micawber, verbose, bombastic, rich in those funds that always were to be, when some impossible something should "turn up."

The "child-wife," upon whose loving, innocent, brief day the evening closed so early.

I watched the weary quest for Little Em'ly, and saw poor fallen Martha, turned from her frantic seeking of death's kind forgetfulness by the womanly hope of saving a sister, and restoring her to the great love that waited her return, ready to cover all her suffering and sin. There came a dark night, a sky wild with



ragged, hurrying clouds; and Little Em'ly's uncouth, great-hearted lover put out into the sea, scooped deep and beaten white by angry winds; and they who, living, must have been as mortal foes, the raging waves brought back to shore for evermore at peace. A last bright glimpse of Davy, in a calmer, later time, happy in home and all that dear word means.

Again, behold "my Lady Dedlock!" Of all who throng that long bright "drawing-room of Chesney Wold," no figure half so proud, no face more fair, no heart so bursting; and ever by her side the stealthy, lurking, leathern, juiceless Tulkinghorn. Alas for my Lady Dedlock's empty arms and empty heart! while crouched in her lone room, miles away, weeps Esther, lavishing her hungry little heart upon a doll!

Poor ragged "little Jo," who cries so piteously to law and Christian charity, "Wishermaydie if I ain't a-movin' on." Poor "worrited, a-chivied" Jo, the rattling of whose "little cart" was heard by the great Judge in the Supreme Court, where at last just judgments are made ripe for all the world.

Chadband, indistinctly edifying on the subject of a "human boy."

"The young man of the name of Guppy," on whose impressible "'art" is forever imprinted the image of Esther, now grown to be the useful and happy "Dame Durden of Bleak House."

Mrs. Pardiggle, who is effectual and extinguishing in the missionary field.

Neglected Caddy Jellyby, inky, indignant, and very pretty too—intensely vindictive toward Borrioboola Gha-ans, to whose individual possession of tooth-picks, flannels, and tracts she feels her youth and penmanship are being sacrificed. Mrs. Jellyby, superior, serene, and very far-seeing indeed; magnanimously submitting to such trifling interruptions as dinners, marriages, and deaths; and hardly minding it at all when hapless "Peepy" gets impaled upon the iron railing, or plunges headlong down the crazy stairs.

Turveydrop, who supports the whole family in—deportment!

The Smallweeds (whose growth is greatly unlike that proverbial of weeds in general), the senior silencing his helpless, chattering human magpie of a wife with anathemas redolent of "brimstone," and with that flying cushion, after which he is filially punched and shaken up by "Judy."

Krook, in whom suspicion, ignorance, and craft keep up a wriggling life that reeks of gin. His dark and musty shop and cellar, where he hoards those "bags and bags" of hair as bright as Ada's, which, for any happy fate awaiting her, might well be severed from her girlish head and added to his glossy store.

The "law-writer," nameless, homeless, friendless; who "wos wery good" to Jo; who never meets my Lady Dedlock in the "green, green woods of Chesney Wold;" who never in his wildest visions sees that proud head lying on his breast, or puts his trembling hand on "dear Dame Durden's" drooping head, and cries, "God bless my child!" who lives—if it be life—and dies alone, and sneaking rats make more of him than man.

Good, stanch John Jarndyce, so cheery, yet with something of that chancery suit upon him, which even in Bleak House has a "growlery" set apart for it.

Rick and Ada, in the flush of youth and hope and love, piloted by the bloodless Vholes, swirled in the maelstrom of most equitable law! churned in its maw, and thrown up dry and drained, blighted of life, and willing prey to

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death, through whose mercifully opening door poor Richard will "begin the world."

Skimpole, floating above all responsibilities in his airy cheat of childishness, smelling only the flowers, sucking only the fruits in the great, busy, bee-hive world of which he is that greatest criminal, the drone.

Gridley, a human fever, raging and gnashing in those chancery toils, soothed only by Miss Flite, who bids him "expect a judgment shortly," with that pathos of vivacity which makes the kind heart bleed to hear

Little Miss Flite, standing in her sunlit attic window, tears in her hollow, patient eyes, and the bird-cage open. "Judgment" has come, and the birds are free. Out over the blind, deaf world fly "Hope, Joy, Youth, Peace, Rest, Life, Dust, Ashes, Waste, Want, Ruin, Despair, Madness, Death, Cunning, Folly, Words, Wigs, Rags, Sheep-skin, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon, and Spinach!"

Mademoiselle Hortense, with her staccato voice and eyes, and French volcano of a heart; writing upon the walls with delicate and deadly hand, "Lady Dedlock, murderess!"

The "finger of the Roman" pointing downward, with a new significance, at Tulkinghorn, alone, so very late, in his dark chamber.

A step on the "Ghost's Walk," ringing loud through dripping rain; a figure fleeing away through shuddering gusts of night; and, twined round the rusty grating by the poor "law-writer's" grave, the arms of Esther's fugitive, dead mother; much suffering, much forgiven, and, let us hope, at rest.

Sir Leicester Dedlock, walking alone by that grand mausoleum at Chesney Wold, more kind, more merciful than Heaven!

I saw the Master looking after these. Less young, less smiling still, but with a gathered strength and sweetness in his face; about his lips courage, that could be stung by base reproach, yet all too high for fear; and in his brimming eyes angels of good thoughts, that spread broad wings of love and pity over a misguided world.

Patiently he watched and saw that world was loud and angry over his terrible travesty of corrupt law. The mighty wind of truth blew



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Flite and little Jo, and thousands of innocent victims of the same great thief, looked on their champion till he smiled—that deep and happy smile that must be earned.

And the freed "birds" flew and wheeled in changing circles through his little room, while their prophetic notes made music in his soul.

A "villainous prison" in Marseilles. Monsieur Rigaud sits in the grated window, "his mustache going up under his nose, and his nose coming down over his mustache," in an ugly smile. At his feet his "little pig" Baptiste, merrily chirping "Altro, altro," as he draws indefinite maps upon the damp and noisome flag.

Good "Papa Meagles" protesting, in his comical confusion, against "marshonging and allonging," and beseeching black-eyed Tattycoram, in his fatherly way, to "count five-and-twenty."

Irascible Flintwinch, spinning up to Affery, and giving her "such a dose." Poor Affery, groping through the doomed and gloomy house, with her apron over her head, pursued by "dreams."

"Maggie," whose narrow scope of joys knows no higher praise than "Ain't it hospitally?" No deeper depreciation than "There's no chicking in it."

The red-tape trickery of the "Circumlocution Office," and "How not to do it;" showing probity is plunder, and good faith the only lie.

(More lifting of the flowing gown, and angry trembling of the powdered wig; more grateful looks and voices of the oppressed; and more deep, happy smiles upon the Master's face.)

Bleeding-heart Yard, where the duped and thankful poor crowd round the "Patriarch," who, polishing urbanely the "benevolent knobs," is towed away by snorting, puffing "Steam-tug Pancks."

Flora, playing on prosaic, dumpy middle age the mournful farce of early romance, with "Dearest Arthur—Doyce and Clennam far more proper" threading the endless inconsequence of her chatter.

The "Father of the Marshalsea," made somehow sacred even from just reproach by the fond, pure devotion of his child. "The sunset blush is bright on Little Dorrit's face," and on the prison wall, while she is telling Maggie the story of "the princess" and the "treasured shadow," which is very, very like the shadow

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which follows Arthur Clennam as he walks away.

Honest John Chivery, foolish in his poor head, but hopelessly faithful to Little Dorrit in his heart, and prolific of dismal epitaphs.

Empty Sparkler, who likes the flippant Fanny because she has "no nonsense about her," and who is the worthy son of Mrs. Merdle, the "presiding bosom" and lifeless effigy of ultra-fashionable wifehood.

Stately Mrs. General, whose "papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prisms" bear rather heavily on Little Dorrit, who altogether is much put down by that giddy whirl of Fortune's wheel which rolls the other Dorrits to the top.

The glittering dinner, growing suddenly strange and ghastly as Mr. Dorrit becomes once more the "ha—the Father of the Marshalsea," and states to all his staring guests that he is "ready—ha—to receive any—hum—little testimonial." Then the night when the Dorrit brothers pass "far beyond the twilight judgments of this world."

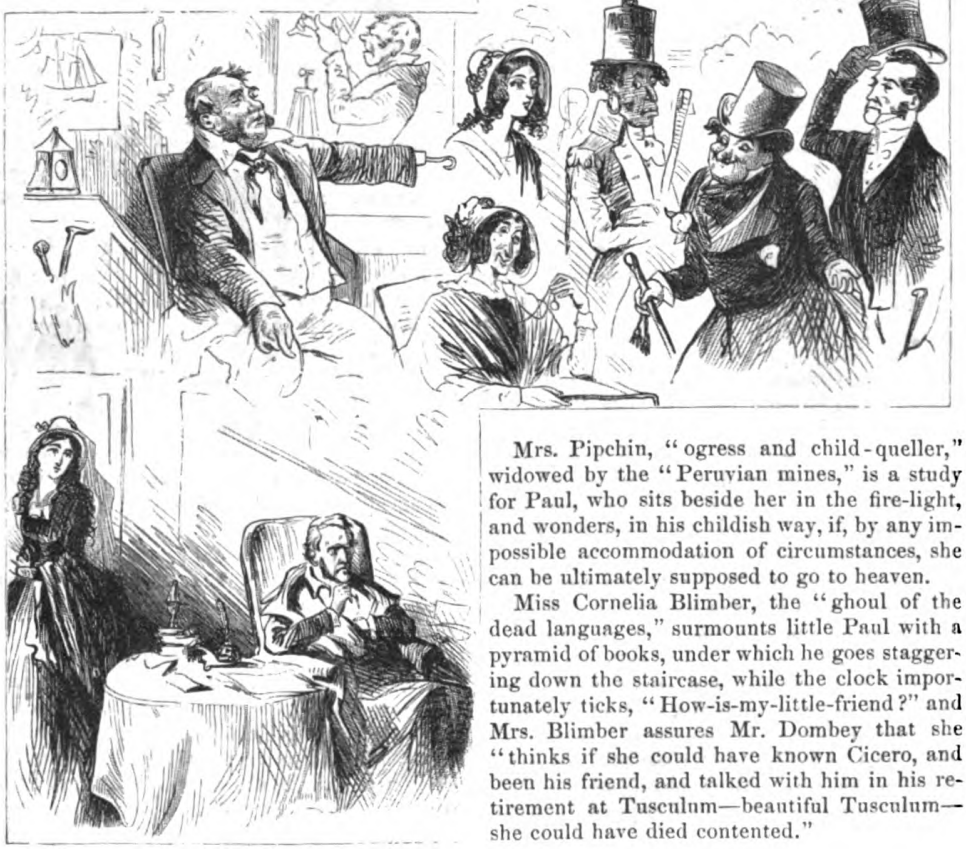
The little church, whence Arthur Clennam and the "Child of the Marshalsea" walk down together into that quiet path which lies before them through the world.

The Master's head leans on his hand;
A warrior still, though something weary of the strife.
Deep shadows, speaking of the inner ways of life,
Are in his eyes, so true and grand.
Among his locks a line of silver here and there;
Upon his brow the wrinkle-written legend, Care.

It was in the year of "Anno Dombei and Son," as Dombey the father thought, when little Paul was born, and his mother, though strenuously urged by Mrs. Chick to "make an effort," floated out upon "the dark and unknown sea that rolls round all the world." On the funeral occasion Mr. Chick is lugubriously merry with "Toor-rul—such is life I mean—rumpty iddity-bowwowwow—that is, we're here one moment and gone the next."

Miss Susan Nipper, nursing holy yet sputtering indignation in behalf of the neglected, gentle Florence, bursting out quite irrelevantly with, "A person may tell a person to dive off a bridge head foremost, into five-and-forty feet of water, but a person may be very far from diving."





Mrs. Pipchin, "ogress and child-queller," widowed by the "Peruvian mines," is a study for Paul, who sits beside her in the fire-light, and wonders, in his childish way, if, by any impossible accommodation of circumstances, she can be ultimately supposed to go to heaven.

Miss Cornelia Blimber, the "ghoul of the dead languages," surmounts little Paul with a pyramid of books, under which he goes staggering down the staircase, while the clock importunately ticks, "How-is-my-little-friend?" and Mrs. Blimber assures Mr. Dombey that she "thinks if she could have known Cicero, and been his friend, and talked with him in his retirement at Tusculum—beautiful Tusculum—she could have died contented."

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Poor little Paul, who is "very old-fashioned," thinks if he could have "Glubb" to talk with him sometimes he could learn faster; but Glubb is not "classical," and Paul must do without him.

He is very fond of Florence—gentle, lonely Florence; and he asks her, looking wistfully from his pillow:

"I want to know what it says—the sea—Floy. What is it that it keeps on saying?" Day by day it keeps on saying, "always the same."

At last the creeping waves come very near,
And float their secret in his dying ear.
"Papa, remember Walter;
I was very fond of him.
Good-by, papa! Good-by, dear Floy, and all!"
The childish accents falter,
And the childish gaze is dim.
So passed the loving soul of little Paul
Beneath the "golden ripple on the wall."

And the grave voice of the Master said:

"The old, old fashion, Death! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion, Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean."

I look up from Paul's white repose, and hear Captain Cuttle cheering his "Heart's Delight" with "Wal'r, drownded, ain't he?" and see hapless "Charitable Grinder" kneading his pudgy fists into his smutty eyes; while Mr. Dombey's button-hole is dared by the familiar fingers of "Joey B.," who is "rough and tough, Sir, and possibly up to snuff, Sir—but deyvilish sly."

Captain Cuttle, raking his addled caput fore and aft with his hook, paying the deference of utter subjection to the redoubtable MacStinger.

Bunsby, oracularly declaring, "Whereby—if so—why not? the bearings of the observation lies in the application of it—awast—then!" with a perspicacity that unravels the most obstinate mysteries. Mrs. Skewton, decked in diamonds, posed as "Cleopatra," long after her "strong toil of grace" is rent by time; shaking her head, which "shakes a little of itself, as if the palsy twinkled now and then in opposition to her diamonds;" admiring "Nature, heart, and what's-his-name" in a mincing burlesque of girlish enthusiasm; and declaring "There is no What's-his-name but Thingummy, and What-you-may-call-it is his prophet."

Edith Granger, proud, beautiful, and young, torn by that self-scorning conflict which, steadfastly arraigning her before her better nature, proclaims her false life of art. Two withered mothers and two beautiful daughters! One mother and daughter proud, rich, and prosperous; the other proud, but meagre, and groveling in sin! Yet, striking out the poverty and wealth, these meet on common ground; the mutual blight of nobler natures stranded on weakness, cowardice, and want.

I heard the Master crying out:

"Fathers! mothers! husbands and wives! Oh, well-draped, decorous Society, look, look upon the waste of it!"



These passed swiftly, and I saw the "bird of prey" strangled in his own rope, and towed by it and the slimy tide to his deadliest enemy. A ghastly sight, the dead inanity; and the living strife, in one dark heart, between a baffled vengeance and a brutal joy; and she, waiting, wakeful and



patient, by the "hollow in the flare."



Lightwood and Wrayburn, "governors both," taking the "Alfred David" of Rogue Riderhood, following him, perforce, upon his gloomy search.

Eugene, confiding to the privacy of his hat his firm conviction of being a "dark combina-





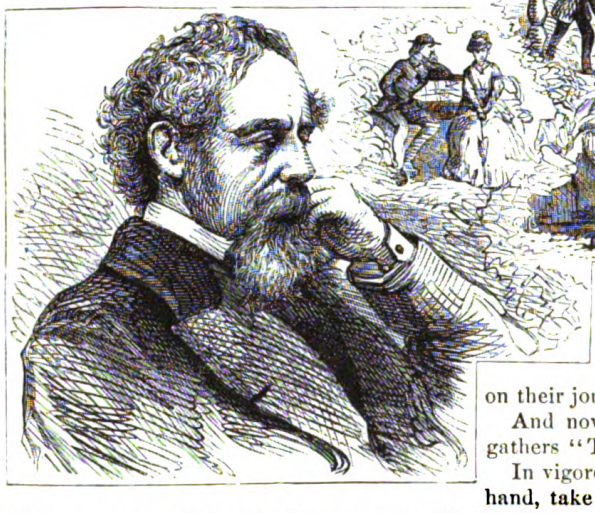


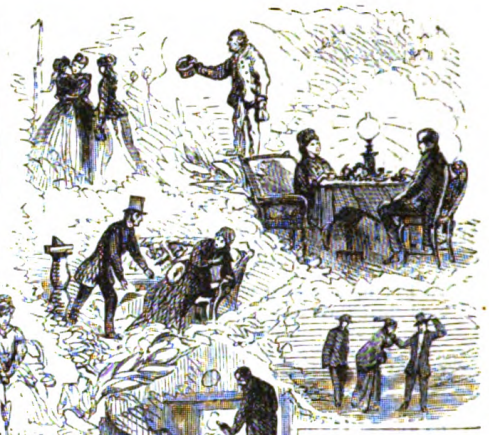
tion of pickpocket, midnight assassin, and robber;" and, in his careless way, as-

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suring Mortimer that "without lime" he is morally certain "his existence would be unillumined by a ray of hope."

In "fumigating Mr. Dolls"—in light burlesque of "M. R. F."—in wildest races through the bleakest nights, only to idly lead poor Bradley Headstone on a senseless, jealous chase—in drifting on by Lizzie's side, in idle wonder at the grimness of the shadow he casts upon her steady path, yet listening sometimes to the





"Who is this in pain?"

The Master's face is brave to look upon; some touch of all these children of his brain is graven there; some deep reflection of the noble purposes with which he sent them on their journey through the world.

And now about him in his sacred chamber gathers "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

In vigorous outlines, obedient to his skillful hand, take shape before him these children of his later years.

The world is waiting!

But the Master looks up suddenly and smiles as with a deep and tender joy; then bows his face upon his folded hands.

"Lightwood bells," the gay Eugene turns life into a witty jest, until the jest is blown into a thousand dizzy atoms by the murderer's hand.

And gay Eugene—a ghastly, scarred, and marred Eugene—struggles back to life's unsolved enigma, and learns of simple truth and usefulness from Lizzie's brave and womanly heart.

The solid silver pretensions of Podsnappery, and the Veneering puzzle so overwhelming to Twemlow. Charley Hexham, too narrowly selfish to be true to any tie on earth.

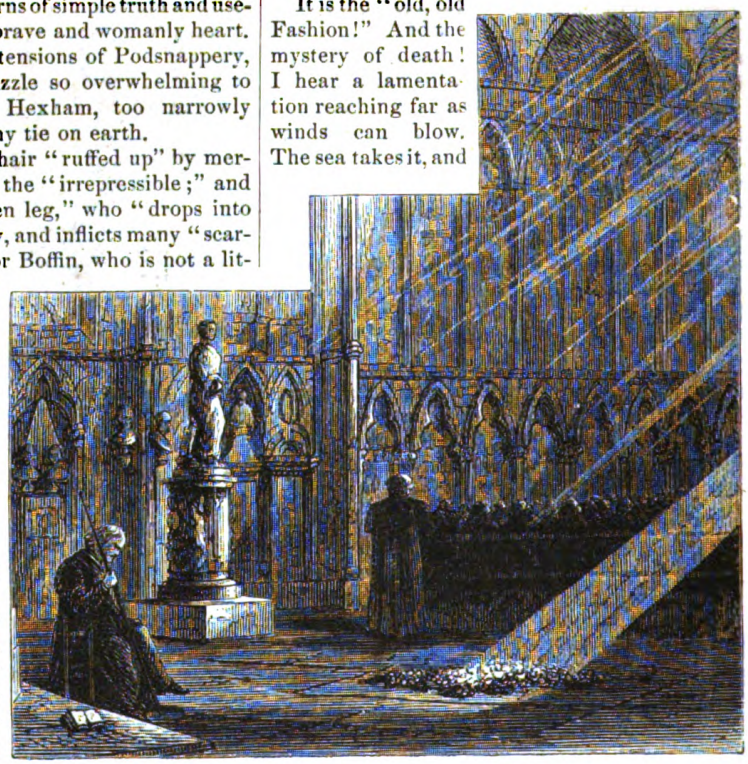
"Chubby Pa," his hair "ruffed up" by mercenary Bella; Lavvy, the "irrepressible;" and Wegg, "*with* a wooden leg," who "drops into poetry" very obligingly, and inflicts many "scarers in print" upon poor Boffin, who is not a little amazed at the gastronomic feat of "Bully Sawyers."

Sloppy, "born to be indiscreetly candid in the revelation of buttons."

Betty Higden, indomitable protest against the oppression of the poor-law.

Little foundling Johnny's simple will, and "dying kiss for the boofer lady;" and Jenny Wren, with her "long, bright, slanting rows of children" singing to her,

It is the "old, old Fashion!" And the mystery of death! I hear a lamentation reaching far as winds can blow. The sea takes it, and



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"The organ sounded faintly in the church below;" swelling by degrees beneath Tom Pinch's lingering, loving touch, "the melody ascended to the roof, and filled the choir and nave."

Then Little Nell:

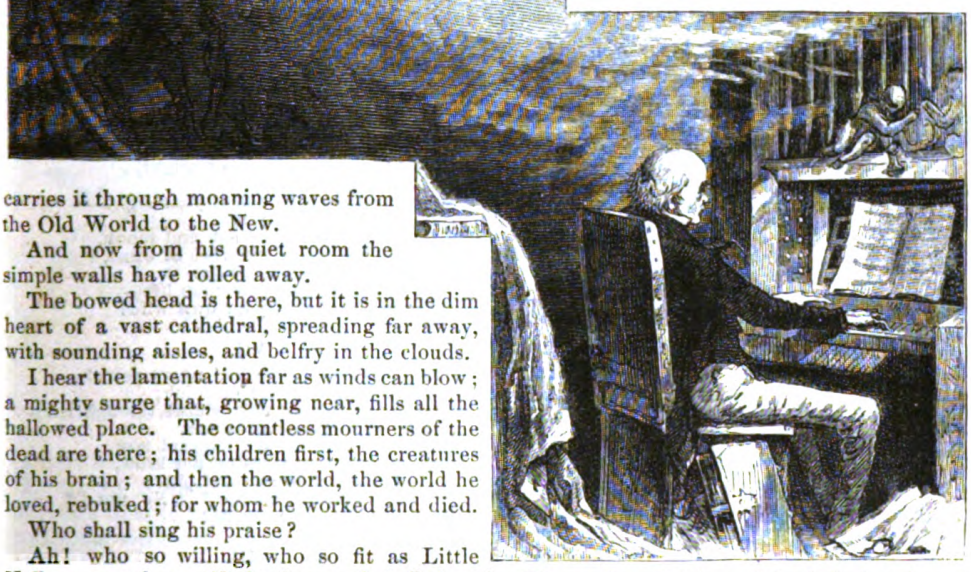
I sing for him who sang for me;
O Master dear and true!
Look back from heaven's new joy and see
How many weep for you.

I know not of the skillful art
That weaves a lofty strain;
I know, in all my grateful heart,
Who grieved for childhood's pain.

Weep for him and your loss, O world!
Weep ye in prisons and in want;
With sword of truth in fearless sweep
He cut your way through pride and cant.

Once more, far up the winding stair, pale Trotty smote the eloquent bells:

"Who turns his back upon the fallen and disfigured of his kind, abandons them as vile, and does not trace and track with pitying eyes the unfenced precipice by which they fell from Good — grasping in their fall some tufts and shreds of that lost soil, and clinging to them still when bruised and dying in the gulf below—does wrong to Heaven and Man, to Time and to Eternity."



carries it through moaning waves from the Old World to the New.

And now from his quiet room the simple walls have rolled away.

The bowed head is there, but it is in the dim heart of a vast cathedral, spreading far away, with sounding aisles, and belfry in the clouds.

I hear the lamentation far as winds can blow; a mighty surge that, growing near, fills all the hallowed place. The countless mourners of the dead are there; his children first, the creatures of his brain; and then the world, the world he loved, rebuked; for whom he worked and died.

Who shall sing his praise?

Ah! who so willing, who so fit as Little Nell, upon whose "light brown hair," from the stained window far above, descends the chastened glory of the sun!

Far up the dim and winding stair went weeping Trotty Veck; "up, up, and higher up," and smote upon those spirit bells that silent swung in shadows there.

"Who hears in us, his chimes, one note bespeaking disregard, or stern regard, of any hope or joy or pain or sorrow of the many-sorrowed throng—who hears us make response to any creed that gauges human passions and affections, as it gauges the amount of miserable food on which humanity may pine and wither, does him wrong."

The tender plaining of the bells is taken up by Little Nell:

O children of the Master's brain,
Can *he* be dead, and we live on!
We wait to bear to him at last
His later triumphs, to be won.

Joy! that his noble work goes on;
That his armor is only laid aside,
Calmly, in golden eventide;
Joy! for his welcome rest begun.

This song was borne to me as from a great remoteness, yet as clear as if the little singer breathed it in my ear; and then the solemn vision, the mourning multitude, the vast cathedral, and the heavenly music passed away; and

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in the air I saw the figure of a Stainless Fame, and heard its voice:

"Sad heart, be comforted, rejoice for the great voice of Human Love, which is not dead; which never dies; which cheers the struggling, rests the weary, and sheds the light of Hope and Mercy on the ignorance and suffering of sin."

And the Master's voice, coming from where I could no longer look, saying:

"Oh, thank God for that older fashion yet of

"Immortality!"



BLIND.

A city is the world in miniature;
These hives of men contain the worst and best;
And thither swarm the drones, the helpless poor—
The blind among the rest.
Here sits a woman in a tattered shawl,
Hugging the babe she shelters from the wind;
There stands a man, unshorn, against the wall,
Both labeled, "*I am blind!*"
One feels the way before him with his cane,
A wary man that never comes to harm;
Another peddles—less for bread than gain—
The brushes on his arm.
A squalid woman next, in maudlin tears,
Led by a girl who tells a piteous tale;
A man and boy—the man is well in years—
Haggard and thin and pale.
I know the last, a pensioner of mine
In better times (return, ye golden days!),
He lacks the beggar's rags, the beggar's whine—
Little it is he says.
The lad speaks for him, tries to sell his ware,
Pencils, or pens, or next year's Almanac—
A tall but stooping man, with grayish hair,
And clad in rusty black.
I shook my head when he came round to-day
(The boy, remember, sees), and would not hear
What he began; but when they turned away
I dropped my alms—a tear!
The man's misfortune, and, forsooth, my own
(My purse, you know, was empty), smote my mind;
I felt dejected—in the world alone,
Aged and poor and blind.
I thought of what he was, or might have been,
Shut up in utter darkness from his kind;
His sorrow and despair, perchance his sin—
What I would be—if blind!

I.

"They gave you nothing?" "Yes, Sir, one;
But they are poor, they say."
"Where are you going now, my son?"
"We'd better take Broadway."
"Remember, then, I can not see,
Nor let them crowd and jostle me,
As you did yesterday."
"No, Sir." "Give me the books, and, mind,
You need not beg—say I am blind."

II.

How hard it is for one like me
To beg his daily bread!
I wonder when the end will be!
I would that I were dead!
Day after day I walk the street
With heavy heart and weary feet,
And tears I must not shed:
They soothed me once, but now I find
They leave a bitterness behind.

III.

This boy of mine is eyes to me,
Since I have lost my sight;
He's careful as a boy can be
Whose spirits are so light.
But sometimes when we cross the street
He goes too near the horses' feet,
And gives me such a fright!
He's tired of leading me all day—
Poor child! he has no time to play.

IV.

When I was his age (he is ten),
I played from morn till night,
Marbles or ball with Cousin Ben,
Or flew alone my kite,
Or climbed the oak—I liked that best—
For there I found the wild bird's nest,
Whose eggs were blue and white.
My heart was like the summer wind—
My father was not poor—and blind!

V.

Some streets are very dear to me;
I wonder how they look!
I see them as they used to be
In memory's happy book.
"I met my Lucy there," I say;
"And here, one bright December day,
The new-made bride I took.
In that old house the baby died—
Would I were lying by its side!"

VI.

If—but you can not know aright,
Ye happy ones who see,
What 'tis, like me, to lose your sight—
I'm sure you'd pity me.
Think—not to see the sun and moon,
The waving woods, the rose of June,
Or friend, or child, or she
Who beautifies your common life—
No, not the face of your own wife!

VII.

'Tis years—what long and weary years!—
Since I have looked on mine;
But in my thoughts she shines through tears,
Like something half divine.
She must be worn and haggard now,
For there are wrinkles on her brow,
And how her heart must pine!
"You're weeping, mother." "No, not I."
It is a woman's loving lie!

VIII.

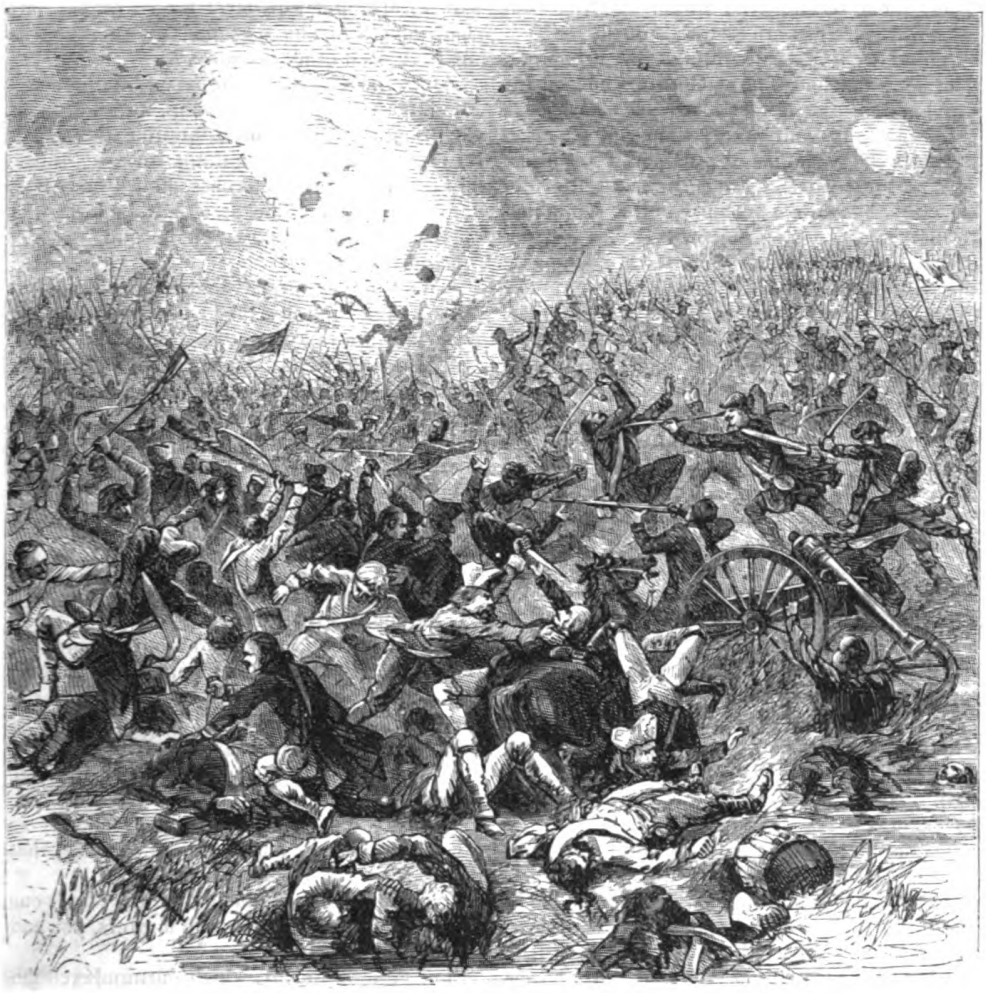
They lead a life of want and woe,
And yet they are so good;
Though I have never been, I know,
What husband, father should.
My child a beggar in the street,
My wife at work that I may eat—
She has to cut my food.
Has *she* enough?—(that I could see!)—
Be sure she gives the best to me.

IX.

There never was a woman yet
So tender and so true;
I never hear the least regret—
She knows just what to do.
Dear wife of mine! dear, patient wife!
You are the angel of my life,
And I could die for you!
And when we meet I shall not mind
That I am poor and old and blind.

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FREDERICK THE GREAT.



CHARGE OF GENERAL SEIDLITZ AT ZORNDORF.—[SEE PAGE 211.]

XIV.—THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

(*Continued.*)

THE battle of Rossbach was fought on the 5th of November, 1757. Frederick had but little time to rejoice over his victory. The Austrians were overrunning Silesia. On the 14th of the month the important fortress of Schweidnitz, with all its magazines, fell into their hands. Then prince Charles, with sixty thousand Austrian troops, marched upon Breslau, the principal city of Silesia, situated on the Oder. The prince of Bevern held the place with a little over twenty thousand Prussian troops. His army was strongly intrenched outside of the walls, under the guns of the city.

On the 22d of November the Austrians commenced their attack from five different points. It was a terrific conflict. Sixty thousand men stormed ramparts defended by twenty thousand as highly disciplined troops, and as desperate in valor, as ever stood upon a battle-field. The struggle commenced at three o'clock in the morning, and raged, over eight miles of country, until nine o'clock at night. Darkness and utter exhaustion terminated the conflict. The Austrians had lost, in killed and wounded, six thousand men, the Prussians eight thousand.

Prince Bevern, aware that the battle would be renewed upon the morrow, and conscious that he could not sustain another such struggle, withdrew with his Prussian troops in the night, through the silent streets of Breslau, to the other side of the Oder, leaving eighty cannon behind him. The next morning, in visiting one of the outposts, he was surprised by a party of the Austrians and taken prisoner. It was reported that, fearing the wrath of the king, he had voluntarily allowed himself to be captured. General Kyau, the next in rank, took the command. He rapidly retreated. Breslau, thus left to its fate, surrendered with its garrison of four thousand men, ninety-eight pieces of cannon, and vast magazines filled with stores of war. The next day was Sunday.

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Te Deums were chanted by the triumphant Austrians in the Catholic churches in Breslau, and thanks were offered to God that Maria Theresa had reconquered Silesia, and that "our ancient sovereigns are restored to us."

These were terrible tidings for Frederick. The news reached him at Gorlitz when on the rapid march toward Silesia. Prince Charles had between eighty and ninety thousand Austrian troops in the reconquered province. Frederick seemed to be marching to certain and utter destruction, as, with a feeble band of but about twenty thousand men, he pressed forward, declaring, "I will attack them if they stand on the steeples of Breslau."

On the evening of the 3d of December, 1757, the king arrived at Parchwitz, in the heart of Silesia, about thirty miles from Breslau. Here the wreck of prince Bevern's army joined him. Thus reinforced he could bring about thirty thousand men into the field. He immediately, in the night, assembled his principal officers, and thus addressed them; the words were taken down at the time. We give this characteristic address slightly abbreviated:

"My friends, the disasters which have befallen us here are not unknown to you. Schweidnitz is lost. The prince of Bevern is beaten. Breslau is gone, and all our war-stores there. A large part of Silesia is lost. Indeed, my embarrassments would be insuperable were it not that I have boundless trust in you. There is hardly one among you who has not distinguished himself by some memorable action. All these services I well know, and shall never forget.

"I flatter myself that now nothing will be wanting of that valor which the state has a right to expect of you. The hour is at hand. I should feel that I had accomplished nothing were I to leave Silesia in the hands of Austria. Let me then apprise you that I intend to attack prince Charles's army, which is nearly thrice the strength of our own, wherever I can find it. It matters not what are his numbers, or what the strength of his position. All this by courage and by skill we will try to overcome. This step I must risk, or all is lost. We must beat the enemy, or perish before his batteries. If there be any one who shrinks from sharing these dangers with me, he can have his discharge this evening."

The king paused. A general murmur of applause indicated the united resolve to conquer or to die. Frederick immediately added:

"Yes, I knew it. Not one of you will forsake me. I rely upon your help and upon victory as sure. The cavalry regiment that does not, on the instant, on order given, dash full plunge into the enemy, I will directly after the battle unhorse, and make it a garrison regiment. The infantry battalion which, meet with what it may, shows the least sign of hesitating, loses its colors and its sabres, and I cut the trimmings from its uniform.

"I shall be in the front and in the rear of the army. I shall fly from one wing to the other. No squadron and no company will escape my observation. Those who act well I will reward, and will never forget them. We shall soon either have beaten the enemy or we shall see each other no more."

After this address to the assembled generals Frederick rode out to the camp, and addressed each regiment in the most familiar and fatherly, yet by no means exultant terms. It was night. The glare of torches shed a lurid light upon the scene. The first regiment the king approached was composed of the cuirassiers of the Life Guard.

"Well, my children," said Frederick, "how do you think that it will be with us now? The Austrians are twice as strong as we."

"Never you mind that," they replied. "The Austrians are not Prussians. You know what we can do."

"Indeed I do," the king responded. "Otherwise I durst not risk a battle. And now, my children, a good night's sleep to you. We shall soon attack the enemy; and we shall beat him, or we shall all die."

"Yes, death or victory," they shouted. Then from loving lips the cheer ran along the line, "Good-night, Fritz."

And thus the king passed from regiment to regiment. Perhaps no commander, excepting Napoleon, has ever secured to an equal degree the love of his soldiers. It is said that a deserter was brought before him.

"What induced you to desert me?" inquired the king.

"Alas! your majesty," the man replied, "we are so few, and the Austrians are so many, that defeat is certain."

"Well," the king replied, kindly, "try it one day more. If we do not mend matters, you and I will both desert together."

The Austrian army, which outnumbered the Prussian over three to one, was in a camp, very strongly fortified, near Breslau. A council of war was held. Some of the Austrian officers, dreading the prowess of their redoubtable opponent, advised that they should remain behind their intrenchments, and await an attack. It would, of course, be impossible for less than thirty thousand men to storm ramparts bristling with artillery, and defended by nearly ninety thousand highly disciplined and veteran troops.

Others, however, urged that this was ignoble and cowardly; that it would expose them to the derision of the world if they, with their overwhelming numbers, were to take shelter behind their ramparts, fearing to attack so feeble a band. Prince Charles, anxious to regain lost reputation, and elated by the reconquest of Silesia, adopted the more heroic resolve, and marched out to meet the foe.

With great joy Frederick learned that the Austrians had left their camp, and were on the advance to attack him. He immediately put his little army in motion for the perilous and decisive conflict. It was four o'clock Sun-

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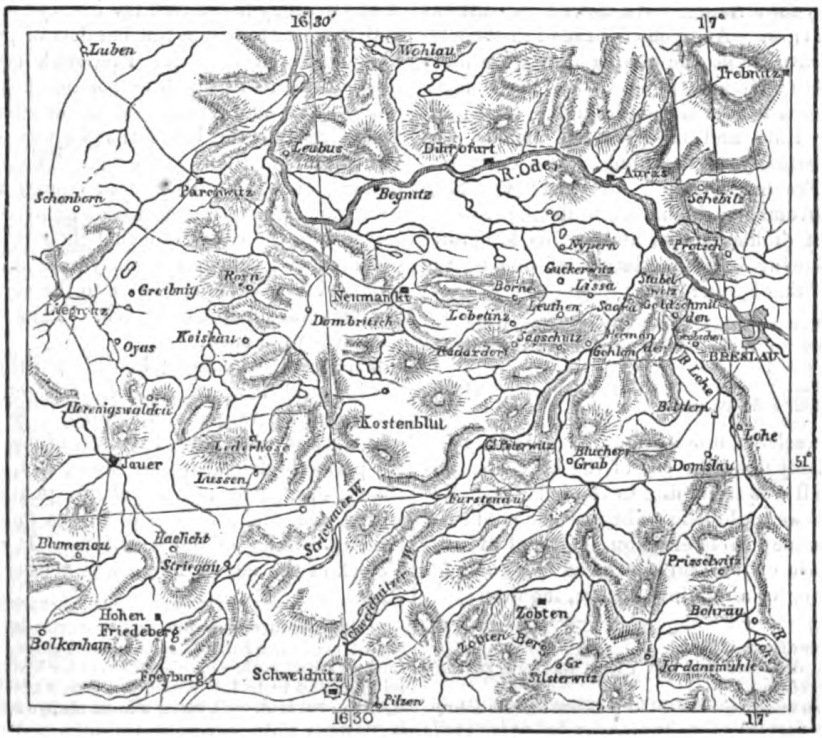
day morning, December 4, 1757, when Frederick left Parchwitz on his march toward Breslau. He was familiar with every square mile of the region. The Austrians were so vastly superior in numbers that many of them quite despised the weakness of the Prussian army. Many jokes were tossed about in the Austrian camp respecting the feeble band of Frederick, which they contemptuously called the "Potsdam Guard."

The Austrians, on the careless and self-confident march toward Parchwitz, had crossed the Schweidnitz River, or Water, as it was called, when they learned that Frederick, with a tiger-like spring, had leaped upon Neumarkt, an important town fourteen miles from Parchwitz. Here the Austrians had a bakery, protected by a guard of a thousand men. Seven hundred of the guard were instantly sabred or taken prisoners. The rest fled wildly. Frederick gathered up eighty thousand hot bread rations, with which he feasted his hungry troops.

Early Monday morning the Prussians advanced from Neumarkt, eight miles, to Borne. Here they met the advance-guard of the Austrian cavalry. It was a dark, foggy morning. Frederick, as usual, was with his van-guard. Almost before the Austrians were conscious of the presence of the foe they were assailed, with the utmost impetuosity, in front and on both their flanks. Instantly they were thrown into utter confusion. The ground was covered with their dead. Their general, Nostitz, was fatally wounded, and died the next day. Five hundred and forty were taken prisoners. The bleeding, breathless remnant fled pell-mell back to the main body, a few miles in the rear.

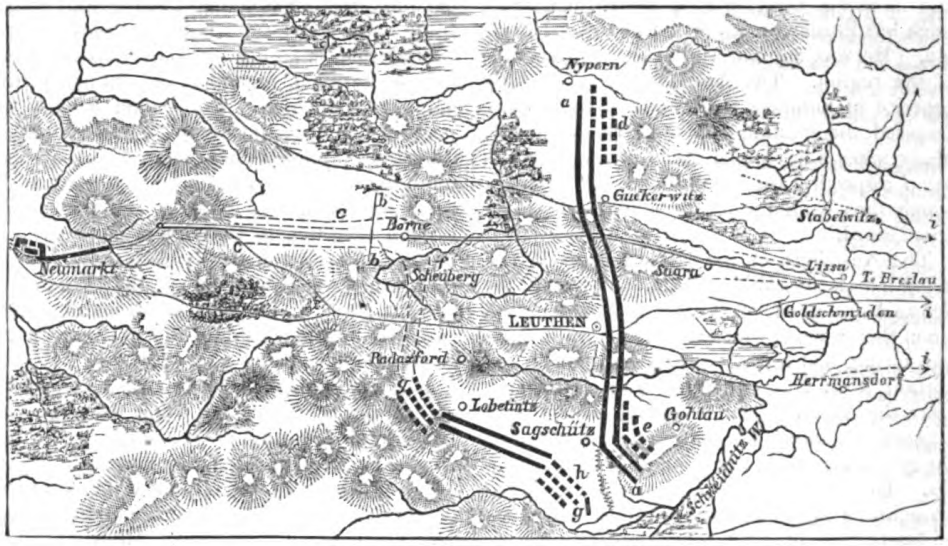
Frederick, pressing forward directly east, toward Leuthen, ascended an eminence, the height of Scheuberg, whence he beheld, directly before him, the whole majestic Austrian army. It extended for a distance of about five miles, drawn up in battle-array across his path, from the village of Nypern, on the north, through Leuthen, to the village of Sagschütz, on the south. So distinctly were their military lines spread out before the eye that Frederick, with his glass, could count them, man by man. Carefully the king studied the position of the enemy, and formed his plan of attack. He designed, while bewildering the Austrians by his manœuvres, to direct the whole concentrated strength of his army upon their extreme left wing. He hoped thus, by the desperate impetuosity of his attack, to roll that whole left wing together in utter ruin before the centre or the right could come to its aid. He would then press on, with numbers ever overpowering the Austrians at the point of attack, until the whole line, five miles in length, was annihilated.

An eye-witness thus describes the tactics by which Frederick executed his design: "It is a particular manœuvre which, up to the present time, none but Prussian troops can execute with the precision and velocity indispensable to it. You divide your line into many pieces. You can push these forward stair-wise, so that they shall halt close to one another. Forming itself in this way, a mass of troops takes up in proportion very little ground. And it shows in



MAP OF THE LEUTHEN CAMPAIGN.

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BATTLE OF LEUTHEN, DECEMBER 5, 1757.

a a. Austrian Army. b b. Position of Saxon Forepost, under Nostitz. c c. Advance of Prussian Army. d. Lucchesi's Cavalry, reinforced by Daun. e. Left Wing, under Nadasti. f. Frederick's Hill of Observation. g g. Prussian Army about to attack. h. Ziethen's Cavalry. i i i. Retreat of Austrians.

the distance, by reason of the mixed uniforms and standards, a totally chaotic mass of men, heaped one on another. But it needs only that the commander lift his finger, and instantly this living coil of knotted intricacies develops itself in perfect order, and with a speed like that of mountain rivers."[1]

"It was a beautiful sight," writes Tempelhof. "The heads of the columns were constantly on the same level, and at the distance necessary for forming. All flowed on exact as if in a review. And you could read in the eyes of our brave troops the temper they were in."

As they marched their voices burst forth simultaneously in a German hymn. The gush of their rude and many-voiced melody was borne distinctly on the wind to the eminence where Frederick stood, anxiously watching those movements which were to decide his own fate, that of his family, and of his kingdom. The following is a translation of one of the verses of this hymn:

"Grant that with zeal and skill, this day, I do
What me to do behooves, what Thou command'st me to;
Grant that I do it sharp, at point of moment fit,
And when I do it, grant me good success in it."[2]

These solemn tones of sacred psalmody fell impressively upon the ear of the king when his earthly all was trembling in the balance. Religionless and atheistic as he was, he could not repress some visible emotion. One of his officers, aware of the king's avowed contempt for every thing of a religious nature, inquired:

"Shall we order that to cease, your majesty?"

"By no means," the king replied. "With men like these I shall be sure of victory to-day!"[1]

The field of Leuthen—for so this battle-field was called—was a vast undulating plain, or rolling prairie, extending for miles in all directions. One or two brooks flowed sluggishly through it. Here and there were expanses of marsh which neither horse nor foot could traverse. A few scraggy firs dotted the dreary landscape, and there were also a few hamlets of peasants' huts scattered around. Frederick concealed his movements as much as possible behind the undulations, and succeeded in deceiving the Austrians into the belief that he was to make an attack upon their *right* wing. The Austrian officers, on wind-mills and in church belfries, were eagerly scrutinizing his manœuvres. Deceived into the conviction that their right wing was menaced, they impetuously pushed forward large reinforcements of horse to the support of the presumed point of attack. Thus the left wing was weakened.

Frederick, who had taken his position upon a wind-mill, saw, with much satisfaction, the successful operation of his plan. Suddenly, with almost miraculous swiftness of movement, his perfectly drilled troops, horse, foot, and artillery, every man reckless of life, poured forth with a rush and a roar as of a lava flood upon the extreme left of the Austrians. It was one o'clock of the day. There was neither brook,

[1] ARCHENHOLTZ, i, 209.

[2] "Gieb dass ich thu' mit Fleiss was mir zu thun gebühret,
Wozu mich dein Befehl in meinem Stande führet,
Gieb dass ich's thue bald, zu der Zeit da ich's soll;
Und wenn ich's thu', so gieb dass es gerathe wohl."

[1] "Indeed, there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal, as of real religious piety and faith, scarcely noticeable elsewhere in his history. His religion, and he had, in withered forms, a good deal of it, if we will look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state—nay, ultra voiceless, or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known!"—CARLYLE.

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bush, fence, nor marsh to impede the headlong impetuosity of the assault. At the point of attack the Prussians were, of course, most numerous. There were a few moments of terrible slaughter, and the left wing of the Austrian army was annihilated. The ground was covered with the wounded and the dead, and the fugitives in dismay were fleeing across the fields.

The Austrian centre was pushed rapidly forward to the aid of the discomfited left. It was too late. The soldiers arrived upon the ground breathless and in disorder. Before they had time to form Frederick plowed their ranks with balls, swept them with bullets, and fell upon them mercilessly with sabre and bayonet. The carnage was awful. Division after division melted away in the fire deluge which consumed them. Prince Charles made the most desperate efforts to rally his dismayed troops in and around the church-yard at Leuthen. Here for an hour they fought desperately. But it was all in vain. The left wing was destroyed. The centre was destroyed. The right wing was pushed forward only to be cut to pieces by the sabres, and to be mown down by the terrific fire of the triumphant Prussians.

Scarcely had the conflict upon the extreme left commenced ere it was evident that by the military sagacity of Frederick the doom of the Austrian army was sealed. With thirty thousand men he had attacked ninety thousand on the open field, and was utterly overwhelming them. An Austrian officer, prince De Ligne, describing the battle, writes:

"Cry had risen for the reserve, and that it must come on as fast as possible. We ran at our utmost speed. Our lieutenant-colonel fell, killed, at the first. Then we lost our major, and indeed all the officers but three. We had crossed two successive ditches which lay in an orchard to the left of the first houses in Leuthen, and were beginning to form in front of the village. But there was no standing it. Besides a general cannonade, such as can scarcely be imagined, there was a rain of case-shot upon this battalion, of which I had to take command. A Prussian battalion at the distance of eighty paces gave the liveliest fire upon us. It stood as if on the parade-ground, and waited for us without stirring. My soldiers, who were tired with running, and had no cannon, soon became scattered. At last, when I had but two hundred left, I drew back to the height where the windmill is."

Before the sun went down the Austrian army was every where flying from the field in hopeless confusion. Their rush was in four torrents toward the east, to reach the bridges which crossed the Schweidnitz Water. There were four of them. One was on the main road at Lissa; one a mile north at Stabelwitz; and two on the south, one at Goldschmieden, and the other at Hermannsdorf. The victory of Frederick was one of the most memorable in the annals of war. The Austrians lost in killed and wounded ten thousand men. Twenty-one thousand were taken prisoners. This was a heavier loss in numbers than the whole army of Frederick. The victors also took fifty-one flags, and a hundred and sixteen cannon.

As the king cast his eye over the blood-stained field, covered with the wounded and the dead, for a moment he seemed overcome with the aspect of misery, and exclaimed, "When, oh, when will my woes cease?"

"My children," said Frederick that night at parole, "after such a day's work you deserve rest. This day will send the renown of your name and that of the nation down to the latest posterity."

He did not order the exhausted troops to pursue the foe. Still, as he rode along the line after dark, he inquired:

"Is there any battalion which has a mind to follow me to Lissa?"

Three volunteered. It was so dark that the landlord of a little country inn walked with a lantern by the side of Frederick's horse. Lissa was on the main road to Breslau. The landlord supposed that he was guiding one of Frederick's generals, and was very communicative.

"Yesterday noon," said he, "I had prince Charles in my parlor. His adjutants and people were all crowding about. Such a questioning and bothering. Hundreds came dashing in, and other hundreds were sent out. In and out they went all night. No sooner was one gone than ten came. I had to keep a roaring fire in the kitchen all night, so many officers were crowding to it to warm themselves. They talked and babbled. One would say that our king was marching upon them with his Potsdam parade guard. Another would say, 'No, he dare not come. He will turn and run.' But my delight is that our king has paid them for their fooleries so prettily this afternoon."

"When did you get rid of your guests?" inquired the king.

"About nine this morning," was the reply, "the prince got to horse. Not long after three he came back again with a swarm of officers, all going full speed for Lissa. They were full of bragging when they came; now they were off wrong side foremost! I saw how it was. Close following after him the flood of them ran. The high road was not broad enough. It was an hour and more before it ended. Such a pell-mell, such a welter! cavalry and infantry all jumbled together. Our king must have given them a terrible flogging."

When the king reached Lissa he found the village full of Austrian officers and soldiers in a state of utter disorganization and confusion. Had the Austrians known their strength or the weakness of the king they might easily have taken him captive. Frederick was somewhat alarmed. He, however, assumed a bold front, and rode to the principal house in the town, which was a little one side of the main street. The house was crowded with Austrian officers,

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THE KING IN SEARCH OF LODGINGS.

bustling about, seeking lodgings for the night. The king stepped in with a slight escort and said, gayly:

"Good-evening, gentlemen, good-evening. Can you make room for me here, do you think?"

The astounded Austrians bowed to the dust before him, escorted him to the best room, and stealing out into the darkness, made their way as rapidly as possible to the bridge, which at the east end of the street crossed the Schweidnitz Water. At the farther end of the bridge Austrian cannon were planted to arrest the pursuit. The officers hurried across, and vanished in the gloom of night, followed by the river-guard. The Prussian cannoneers steadily pursued, and kept up through the night an incessant fire upon the rear of the foe.

The night was very dark and cold. A wintry wind swept the bleak, frozen fields. Still the routed Austrians pressed on. Still the tireless Prussians pursued. The Prussian soldiers were Protestants. Many of them were well instructed in religion. As they pressed on through the gloom, sweeping the road before them with artillery discharges, their voices simultaneously burst forth into a well-known church hymn, a sort of Protestant *Te Deum*—

"Now thank God, one and all,
With heart, with voice, with hands,
Who wonders great hath done
To us and to all lands."[1]

Early in the morning Frederick's whole army was on the rapid march for Breslau, which was scarcely twenty miles distant from the battle-field. The Austrians had collected immense military stores in the city. Prince Charles, as he fled through the place with the wreck of his army, left a garrison of seventeen thousand men for its defense. In a siege of twelve days, during which there was an incessant bombardment and continual assaults, the city was carried. A few days after this Liegnitz, which the Austrians had strongly fortified, was also surrendered to the victor. Frederick had thus

[1] "Nun danket alle Gott
Mit Herzen, Mund und Händen,
Der grosse Dinge thut,
An uns und allen Enden."

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reconquered the whole of Silesia, excepting the single fortress of Schweidnitz.

The army of prince Charles was so utterly destroyed or dispersed by the battle of Leuthen that the morning after his terrible defeat he could rally around his banners, by count, but fifty thousand men. These were utterly disheartened. Stragglers were wandering all over the country. A few thousand of these again joined the ranks. Seventeen thousand men left in Breslau were soon captured. Prince Charles, abandoning guns and wagons, fled through rain and mud and sleet directly south toward Königgrätz, in Bohemia. The sufferings of the troops were awful. Several hundred sentinels, in one night, were frozen stiff at their posts. The dreadful retreat continued for ten days.

"The army," writes prince Charles, mournfully, "was greatly dilapidated. The soldiers were without clothes, and in a condition truly pitiable. So closely were we pursued by the enemy that at night we were compelled to encamp without tents."

Having reached the shelter of Königgrätz he counted his troops, and found that he had in rank and file but thirty-seven thousand men. Of these twenty-two thousand, from sickness, exhaustion, and wounds, were in hospital. Thus, out of the army of ninety thousand men, with which he had commenced the campaign early in December, at the close of the month he could array but fifteen thousand on any field of battle.

The astonishment and indignation in Vienna, in view of this terrible defeat, were intense. Prince Charles was immediately relieved of his command, and general Daun appointed in his stead. It is the testimony of all military men that the battle of Leuthen was one of the most extraordinary feats of war. Napoleon, speaking of it at St. Helena, said:

"This battle is a master-piece of movements, of manœuvres, and of resolution. It is enough to immortalize Frederick, and to rank him among the greatest generals. It develops, in the highest degree, both his moral and his military qualities."

Voltaire, in summing up a sketch of this campaign of 1757, writes in characteristic phrase:

"Even Gustavus Adolphus never did such great things. One must indeed pardon Frederick his verses, his sarcasms, and his little malices. All the faults of the man disappear before the glory of the hero."

On the 19th of December, the day of the capitulation of Breslau, Frederick wrote from that place to his friend D'Argens, as follows:

"Your friendship seduces you, *mon cher*. I am but a paltry knave in comparison with Alexander, and not worthy to tie the shoe-latchets of Cæsar. Necessity, who is the mother of industry, has made me act, and have recourse to desperate remedies in evils of a like nature.

"We have taken here from fourteen to fifteen thousand prisoners. In all I have above twenty-three thousand of the queen's troops in my hands, fifteen generals, and above seven hundred officers. It is a plaster on my wounds, but it is far enough from healing them."

It was now midwinter. Frederick, having established his troops in winter-quarters, took up his residence in Breslau. His troubles were by no means ended. Vastly outnumbering foes still surrounded him. Very vigorous preparations were to be made for the sanguinary conflicts which the spring would surely introduce. Frederick did what he could to infuse gayety into the society at Breslau, though he had but little heart to enter into those gayeties himself. For a week he suffered severely from colic pains, and could neither eat nor sleep. "Eight months," he writes, "of anguish and agitation do wear one down."

His sister Amelia and several other friends visited him at Breslau. Among others was his reader, Henry de Catt.

"Should you have known me?" the king inquired of De Catt.

"Hardly," he replied, "in that dress. Besides, your majesty has grown thinner."

"That may well be," rejoined the king, "with the cursed life I have been leading."

Frederick still sought recreation in writing verses which he called poetry. To D'Argens he wrote: "I have made a prodigious quantity of verses. If I live I will show them to you. If I perish they are bequeathed to you, and I have ordered that they be put into your hand."

Again he wrote D'Argens on the 26th of December: "What a pleasure to hear that you are coming. I have sent a party of light horse to conduct you. You can make short journeys. I have directed that horses be ordered for you, that your rooms be warmed every where, and good fowls ready on all roads. Your apartment in this house is carpeted, hermetically shut. You shall suffer nothing from draughts or from noise."

Frederick, having regained Silesia, was anxious for peace. He wrote a polite letter to Maria Theresa, adroitly worded, so as to signify that desire without directly expressing it. The empress queen, disheartened by the disasters of Rossbach and Leuthen, was rather inclined to listen to such suggestions. But the duchess of Pompadour verified the adage that "hell has no fury like a woman scorned." She governed the wretched Louis XV., and through him governed France. In her intense personal exasperation against Frederick she would heed no terms of compromise, and infused new energy into all warlike operations. Large subsidies were paid by France to Austria, Sweden, and Russia, to prepare for the campaign of 1758.

Frederick was soon aware that peace was out of the question without farther fighting. Before the 1st of April he had one hundred and forty-five thousand men ready for the field. Of these, fifty-three thousand were in Silesia. Many of the Austrian deserters were induced to join his standards. But the most important

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event secured was forming a subsidy treaty with England. The British cabinet, alarmed in view of the power which the successful prosecution of the war, on the part of the allies, would give to France, after much hesitation came to the aid of Frederick, whom they hated as much as they feared France. On the 11th of April, 1758, a treaty was signed between the English court and Frederick, containing the following important item:

"That Frederick shall have six hundred and seventy thousand pounds ($3,350,000), payable in London to his order, in October, this year; which sum Frederick engages to spend wholly in the maintenance and increase of his army for behoof of the common object; neither party to dream of making the least shadow of peace or truce without the other."

Schweidnitz was strictly blockaded during the winter. On the 15th of March, the weather being still cold, wet, and stormy, Frederick marched from Breslau to attack the place. His siege artillery was soon in position. With his accustomed impetuosity he commenced the assault, and, after a terrific bombardment of many days, on the night of the 15th of April took the works by storm. The garrison, which had dwindled from eight thousand to four thousand five hundred, was all captured, with fifty-one guns, thirty-five thousand dollars of money, and a large quantity of stores. Thus the whole of Silesia was again in the hands of Frederick.

It was supposed that his Prussian majesty would now march southwest, for the invasion of Bohemia. Austria made vigorous preparations to meet him there. Much to the surprise and bewilderment of the Austrians, the latter part of April Frederick directed his columns toward the southeast. His army, about forty thousand strong, was in two divisions. By a rapid march through Neisse and Jägerndorf he reached Troppau, on the extreme southern frontier of Silesia. He then turned to the southwest. It was again supposed that he intended to invade Bohemia, but from the east instead of from the north.

General Daun, in command of the Austrian forces, rapidly concentrated his troops around Leutomischel, where he had extensive magazines. But Frederick, leaving Leutomischel far away on his right, pressed forward in a southerly direction, and on the 12th of May appeared before Olmütz. His march had been rapidly and admirably conducted, dividing his troops into columns for the convenience of road and subsistence.

Olmütz was an ancient, strongly fortified city of Moravia, pleasantly situated on the western banks of the Morawa River. It had been the capital of Moravia, and contained about ten thousand inhabitants. The place subsequently became renowned from the imprisonment of Lafayette in its citadel for many years. The city had become an arsenal and one of the most important military store-houses of Austria.

Olmütz was ninety miles from Troppau, in Silesia, where Frederick had established his base of supplies. This was a long line of communication to protect. General Daun, with a numerous Austrian army, all whose movements were veiled by clouds of those fleet and shaggy horsemen called Pandours, was forty miles to the west, at Leutomischel. Cautious in the extreme, nothing could draw him into a general battle. But he watched his foe with an eagle eye, continually assailing his line of communication, and ever ready to strike his heaviest blows upon any exposed point.

The king's brother Henry was in command in Saxony, at the head of thirty thousand troops. Frederick wrote to him the characteristic and very judicious advice, "Do as energetically as possible whatever seems wisest to *you*. But hold no councils of war."

The plan of his Prussian majesty was bold and sagacious. He supposed that he could easily take Olmütz. Availing himself of the vast magazines to be found there, he would summon his brother Henry to join him by a rapid march through Bohemia, and with their combined force of sixty thousand troops they would make a rush upon Vienna. The Austrian capital was distant but about one hundred miles, directly south. As the Austrian army was widely dispersed there were but few impediments to be encountered. The success of this plan would compel the allies to withdraw their forces from the territories of the king of Prussia, if it did not enable Frederick to dictate peace in the palaces of Maria Theresa.

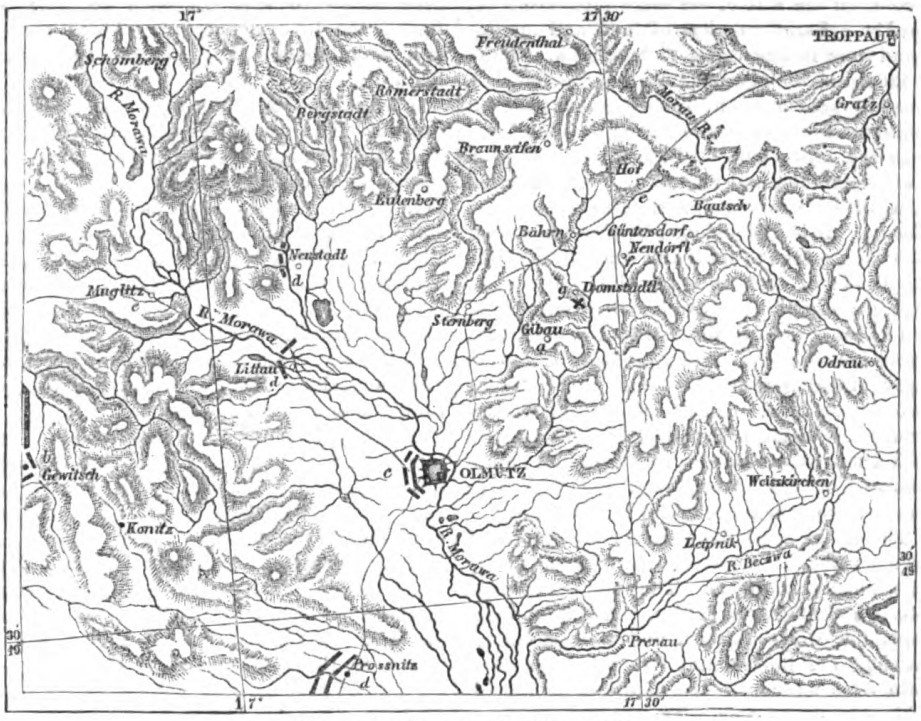
Olmütz was found very strongly fortified. It was so situated that, with the force Frederick had, it could not be entirely invested. Baron Marshal, a very brave and energetic old man, sixty-seven years of age, conducted the defense.

His garrison consisted of about fourteen thousand infantry and six hundred dragoons. General Daun was at the distance of but two marches, with a larger Austrian force than Frederick commanded. Nothing can more clearly show the dread with which the Austrians regarded their antagonist than the fact that general Daun did not march immediately upon Olmütz, and, with the aid of a sally from the garrison, overwhelm and crush Frederick beneath their united assaults.

For seven weeks the siege of Olmütz was prosecuted with great vigor. With much skill Frederick protected his baggage trains in their long and exposed route of ninety miles through forests and mountain defiles. General Keith was intrusted with the details of the siege facing the town toward the east, Frederick, with a vigilant corps of horse and foot, was about twenty miles to the west, watching every movement of general Daun, so far as he was able through the thick cloud of Pandours, behind which the Austrian commander endeavored to conceal all his manœuvres.

While engaged in these labors the tidings reached him of the death of his brother Augustus William. He was prince of Prussia, being,

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SIEGE OF OLMÜTZ, MAY 12—JULY 2, 1758.

a a. Stages of the Prussian March. b. Daun's Encampment. c. Prussian Batteries and Intrenchments. d d d. Prussian Camps. e e. Loudon's March against Mosel's Convoy. f f. Mosel's resting Quarters. g. Convoy attacked and ruined.

next to the childless Frederick, heir to the crown. Frederick seems to have received the news very heartlessly.

"Of what did he die?" he coldly inquired of the messenger.

"Of chagrin, your majesty," was the reply.

Frederick turned upon his heel, and made no answer.

The unhappy prince of Prussia, on his dying bed, wrote a very touching letter to his brother Frederick, remonstrating against his conduct, which was not only filling Europe with blood and misery, but which was also imperiling the existence of the Prussian kingdom.

"The slow fever," he wrote, "which consumes me, has not thrown any disorder into my understanding. Condescend to listen to me, sire, now that I can not be suspected of any illusion or deceit. There is an end to the house of Prussia, if you continue to brave all Europe confederated against you. You force all Europe to arm to repel your encroachments. The princes of Europe are leagued against your majesty by justice and by interest. Their subjects regard your ruin as essential to the re-establishment of peace and the safety of monarchical government. They read in your success the slavery of the human race, the annihilation of laws, the degradation of society."

In reference to the course which the king had allowed himself to pursue in obtaining access to the archives of Saxony by bribing an officer to betray his trust, Augustus William wrote:

"The more you have proved that you were acquainted with the intentions of Saxony, the more odious have you rendered its invasion. In order to procure this knowledge your minister has degraded his character. By means proscribed in society you have discovered only that the king elector of Saxony did not love the power of Prussia, that he feared it, and that he even dared to form projects to defend himself against it. Documents which are stolen make against the accuser who produces them, if they do not prove the crime which they impute."[1]

In conclusion, in most pathetic terms he entreated the king to listen to terms of peace, and thus to prevent the ruin of himself, of his people, and of his royal house.

At the same time that the tidings of the death of Augustus William were communicated to the king, he received also the tidings, which to him were truly heart-rending, that Wilhelmina, worn down with care and sorrow, was fast sinking into the grave.

Early in June, the cautious but ever-vigilant general Daun succeeded in throwing into Olmütz a reinforcement of eleven hundred Austrian troops. They were guided by peasants through by-paths in the forests. Crossing the river some miles below Olmütz, they entered the city from the east.

[1] *Vie de Frédéric II., Roi de Prusse.* Strasbourg, 1788, t. ii. p. 317.

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Still, on the whole, the siege progressed favorably. Large supplies of food and ammunition were indispensable to Frederick. Thirty thousand hungry men were to be fed. A constant bombardment rapidly exhausts even abundant stores of powder, shot, and shell.

In the latter part of June a large train of over three thousand four-horse wagons, laden with all necessary supplies, left Troppau for Olmütz. It is difficult for a reader unfamiliar with such scenes to form any conception of the magnitude of such an enterprise. There are twelve thousand horses to be shod, harnessed, and fed, and watered three or four times a day. There are three thousand wagons to be kept in repair, rattling over the stones and plowing through the mire. Six thousand teamsters are required. There is invariably connected with such a movement one or two thousand camp-followers, sutlers, women, vagabonds. A large armed force is also needed to act as convoy.

This train filled the road for a distance of twenty miles. To traverse the route of ninety miles required six days. The road led through forests and mountain defiles. A bold and vigorous foe, well-equipped and well-mounted, watched the movement. To protect such a train from assault is one of the most difficult achievements of war. The enemy, suddenly emerging from mountain fastnesses or gloomy forests, can select his point of attack, and then sweep in either direction along the line, burning and destroying.

On the 26th of June this vast train commenced its movement from Troppau. A convoy of about seven thousand infantry and eleven hundred cavalry guarded the wagons. They were in three bodies, on the front, in the centre, and on the rear. The king also sent forward about six thousand horse and foot from Olmütz to meet the train.

The wagons had accomplished about half the distance, when, on Friday, the 30th of June, as they were emerging from wild ravines among the mountains, they were simultaneously attacked in front, centre, and rear by three divisions of the Austrians, each about five thousand strong. Then ensued as terrible a scene of panic and confusion as war has ever witnessed. The attack of horsemen with their gleaming sabres, the storm of bullets, thick as hailstones, the thunders of the cannon, as the ponderous balls tore their way through wagons and horses and men, soon presented such a spectacle of devastation, ruin, and woe as mortal eyes have seldom gazed upon.

"Among the tragic wrecks of this convoy there is one that still goes to our heart. A longish, almost straight row of Prussian recruits stretched among the slain, what are these? These were seven hundred recruits coming up from their cantons to the wars. See how they have fought to the death, poor lads, and have honorably, on the sudden, got manumitted from the toils of life. Seven hundred of them stood to arms this morning; some sixty-five will get back to Troppau; that is the invoice account. There they lie with their blonde young cheeks; beautiful in death."[1]

A large portion of the train was utterly destroyed. The remainder was driven back to Troppau. The disaster was irreparable. The tidings were conveyed to Frederick the next day, July 1. They must have fallen upon him with crushing weight. It was the annihilation of all his hopes for the campaign, and rendered it necessary immediately to raise the siege and retreat. This extraordinary man did not allow himself to manifest the slightest despondency. He assembled his officers, and with a smiling face, and hopeful, cheering words, announced his decision.

All Saturday night the bombardment was continued with increasing fury. In the mean time four thousand wagons were packed, and, long before the dawn of Sunday morning, were on the road. The retreat was so admirably conducted that general Daun did not venture even to attempt to harass the retiring columns. Instead of moving in a northerly direction to Silesia, Frederick directed his march to the northwest, into Bohemia. On the 8th of July his long column safely reached Leutomischel. He there seized quite an amount of military stores, which general Daun, in his haste and bewilderment, had not been able to remove or to destroy. Five more marches conducted him to Königgrätz.

General Daun, with the utmost caution, followed the retreating army. Though his numbers were estimated at seventy-five thousand, he did not dare to encounter Frederick with his thirty thousand Prussians on the field of battle. With skill which has elicited the applause of all military critics, Frederick, early in August, continued his retreat till he reached, on the 8th of the month, Grüssau, on his own side of the mountains in Silesia. On this march he wrote to his brother Henry from Skalitz.

"What you write to me of my sister of Baireuth makes me tremble. Next to my mother, she is the one I have most tenderly loved in this world. She is a sister who has my heart and all my confidence, and whose character is of a price beyond all the crowns in the universe. From my tenderest years I was brought up with her. You can conceive how there reigns between us that indissoluble bond of mutual affection and attachment for life which in many cases were impossible. Would to Heaven that I might die before her!"

On the 9th of August he wrote from Grüssau to Wilhelmina herself: "Oh, you, the dearest of my family, you whom I have most at heart of all in this world, for the sake of whatever is most precious to you, preserve yourself, and let me have at least the consolation of shedding my tears in your bosom!"

[1] CARLYLE.

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Frederick had left Grüssau on the 18th of April for his Moravian campaign. He returned on the 8th of August, after an absence of sixteen weeks. The campaign had proved an entire failure. A Russian army fifty thousand strong, under general Fermor, had invaded Brandenburg, just beyond the extreme northern frontier of Silesia. These semi-barbarian soldiers had burned the town of Cüstrin, on the Oder, were besieging the small garrison in its citadel, and were committing the most horrid outrages upon the community around, not only plundering and burning, but even consigning captives to the flames.

On Friday, the 11th of August, Frederick, leaving forty thousand men to guard Silesia, took fifteen thousand troops, and commenced a very rapid march to attack the fifty thousand Russians. Upon the eve of his departure he wrote to his brother Henry:

"I march to-morrow against the Russians. As the events of war may lead to all sorts of accidents, and it may easily happen to me to be killed, I have thought it my duty to let you know what my plans were; the rather, as you are the guardian of my nephew,[1] with unlimited authority."

He then gave minute directions as to what he wished to have done in case of his death. Marching rapidly through Liegnitz and Hohenfriedberg, he reached Frankfort-on-the-Oder on Sunday the 20th of August. He was now within twenty miles of Cüstrin, and the bombardment by the heavy siege guns of the Russians could be distinctly heard. Frederick took lodgings at the house of a clergyman's widow. Frequently he arose and went out of doors, listening impatiently to the cannonade. An eye-witness writes:

"I observed that the king took a pinch of snuff as the sound of each discharge reached him. And even through that air of intrepidity, which never abandoned this prince, I could perceive the sensations of pity toward that unfortunate town, and an eager impatience to fly to its relief."

The next morning, taking with him a small escort, and leaving his army to follow with as much speed as possible, he rode rapidly down the western bank of the Oder to Görgast, where he had an encampment of about fifteen thousand Prussian troops. At five o'clock in the morning of Tuesday the two bands were united. He now had at his command thirty thousand men. Cüstrin was on the eastern bank of the Oder, near the confluence of the Warta. A few miles below Cüstrin, at Schaumburg, there were portions of a bridge across the Oder. Here the Russians had erected a redoubt. Frederick ordered a violent attack upon that redoubt. During the night, while the attention of the Russians was occupied by the assault, Frederick marched his army twelve miles farther down the river, and crossed, without any loss, at Güstebiese. His baggage train he left, carefully guarded, on the western bank of the river.

Pressing straight forward, Wednesday morning, to the east, he encamped that night about ten miles from Güstebiese. He had so successfully veiled his movements that the Russians knew not where he was. On Thursday morning, August 24, at an early hour, he resumed his march, and crossed the Mützel River at various points. His confidence of victory was so great that he destroyed all the bridges behind him to prevent the retreat of the Russians.

General Fermor was now informed, through his roving Cossacks, of the position of Frederick. Immediately he raised the siege of Cüstrin, hurried off his baggage train to Klein Kamin, on the road to Landsberg, and retired with his army to a very strong position near the village of Zorndorf. Here there was a wild, bleak, undulating plain, interspersed with sluggish streams and forests and impassable bogs. General Fermor massed the Russian troops in a very irregular hollow square, with his staff baggage in the centre, and awaited an attack. This huge quadrilateral of living lines, four men deep, with bristling bayonets, prancing horses, and iron-lipped cannon, was about two miles long by one mile broad.

At half past three o'clock on Friday morning Frederick, with his whole army, was again upon the march. He swept quite around the eastern end of the Russian square, and approached it from the south. By this sagacious movement he could, in case of disaster, retreat to Cüstrin.

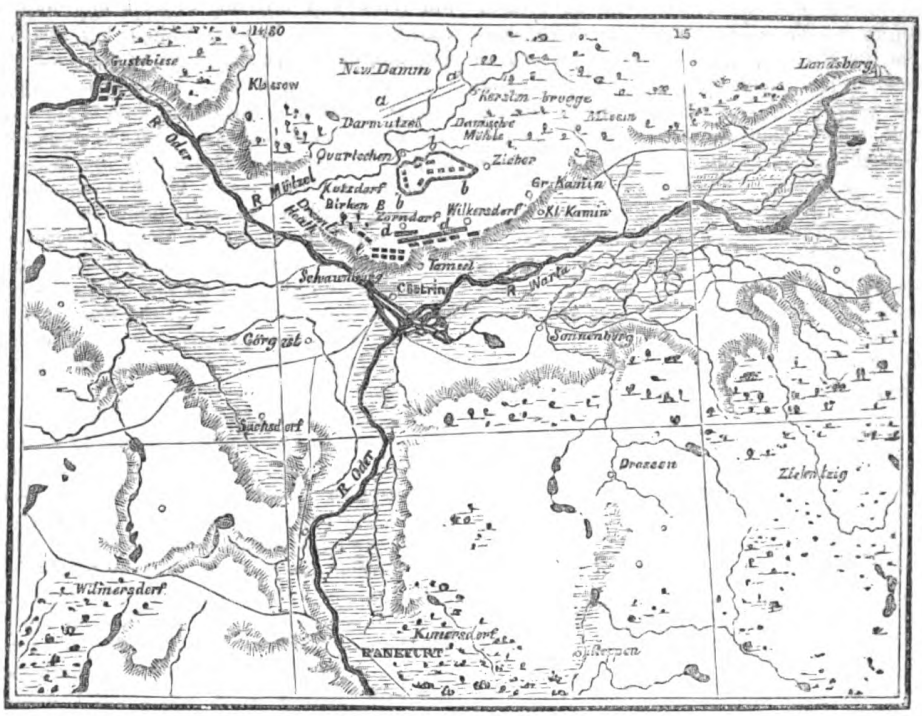
The morning of a hot August day dawned sultry, the wind breathing gently from the south. Bands of Cossacks hovered around upon the wings of the Prussian army, occasionally riding up to the infantry ranks, and discharging their pistols at them. The Prussians were forbidden to make any reply. "The infantry pours along like a plowman drawing his furrow, heedless of the circling crows." The Cossacks set fire to Zorndorf. In a few hours it was in ashes, while clouds of suffocating smoke were swept through the Russian lines.

The attack was made about eight o'clock, with the whole concentrated force of the Prussians, upon the southwest wing of the quadrilateral. The carnage produced by the Prussian batteries, as their balls swept cross-wise through the massed Russians, was terrible. One cannon-shot struck down forty-two men. For a moment the Prussians were thrown into confusion by the destructive fire returned by the foe, and seemed discomfited. The Russians plunged wildly forward, with loud huzzas. In the eagerness of their onset their lines were broken.

General Seidlitz, with five thousand horsemen, immediately dashed in among them. Almost in an instant the shouts of victory sank away in groans of death. It was an awful scene —a maelstrom of chaotic tumult, shrieks, blood, and death. The stolid Russians refused to fly.

[1] The son of the late prince of Prussia. He was now heir to the crown.

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BATTLE OF ZORNDORF, AUGUST 25, 1758.

a a. Prussian Army about to cross the Mützel. b b b. Russian Army ranked for Battle. c. Russian Baggage. d d. Prussian Infantry. e e. Prussian Cavalry. f. Prussian Baggage.

The Prussians sabred them and trampled them beneath their horses' feet until their arms were weary. This terrible massacre lasted until one o'clock. The whole of the western portion of the quadrilateral was destroyed. The Russian soldiers at a little distance from the scene of carnage, reckless and under poor discipline, broke open the sutlers' brandy-casks, and were soon beastly drunk. The officers, endeavoring to restrain them, dashed in many of the casks. The soldiers, throwing themselves upon the ground, lapped the fiery liquid from the puddles. They killed many of their own officers, and became almost unresisting victims of the sabres and bayonets of their assailants. The Prussians, exasperated by the awful acts of cruelty which had been perpetrated by the Russians, showed no mercy. In the midst of the butchery the word ran along their lines, "No quarter."

The eastern half of the immense quadrangle endeavored to re-form itself, so as to present a new front to the foe. But, before this could be done, Frederick hurled his right wing, his centre, and all that was left disposable of his left wing upon it. His cavalry plunged into the disordered mass. His batteries, with almost unprecedented rapidity of fire, tore the tumultuous and panic-stricken ranks to shreds; and his line of infantry, like a supernatural wall of bristling steel, unwaveringly advanced, pouring in upon the foe the most deadly volleys.

At one moment the Russian horse dashed against this line and staggered it. Frederick immediately rushed into the vortex to rally the broken battalions. At the same instant the magnificent squadrons of Seidlitz, five thousand strong, flushed with victory, swept like the storm-wind upon the Russian dragoons. They were whirled back like autumn leaves before the gale. About four o'clock the firing ceased. The ammunition on both sides was nearly expended. For some time the Prussians had been using the cartridge-boxes of the dead Russians.

And now ensued a conflict such as has seldom been witnessed in modern times. The Russian soldiers would not run. Indeed, the bridges over the Mützel being broken down, they could only plunge into the river and be drowned. Frenzied with brandy, they fought like tigers. "Then began a tug of deadly massacring and wrestling, man to man, with bayonets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even with teeth, such as was never seen before. The shore of Mützel is thick with men and horses, who have tried to cross, and lie swallowed in the ooze."[1]

This lasted till nightfall. As darkness veiled the awful scene the exhausted soldiers dropped upon the ground, and, regardless of the dead and of the groans of the wounded, borne heavily upon the night air, slept almost side by side. It is appalling to reflect upon what a fiend to humanity man has been, as revealed in the history of the nations. All the woes of earth combined are as nothing compared with the mis-

[1] CARLYLE.

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ery which man has inflicted upon his brother man.

During the night bands of barbarian, half-drunken Cossacks ranged the field, plundering the wounded and the dead, friends and foes alike, and thrusting their bayonets through those who presented any remonstrance, or who might, by any possibility, call them to account. Four hundred of these wretches the equally merciless Prussians drove into a barn, fastened them in, set fire to the building, and burned them all to ashes. During the carnage of this bloody day the Russians lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, 21,539. The Prussians lost 11,390, more than one-third of their number.

General Fermor availed himself of the darkness in withdrawing his troops, now numbering but 28,000, a mile west from the battle-field to a dense forest of firs, called Drewitz Heath. Frederick arranged his little remaining band of but eighteen thousand men in two lines, facing the foe. The next morning, Saturday the 26th, general Fermor sent a request for a truce of three days to bury the dead. The reply was, "Your proposal is entirely inadmissible. The victor will bury the slain." There was no serious resumption of the conflict on that day. Both parties were alike exhausted, and had alike expended nearly all their ammunition. Frederick's hussars had, however, found out the position of the Russian baggage train, and had effectually plundered a large portion of it.

Saturday night was very dark. A thick mist mantled the landscape. About midnight the Russians, feigning an artillery attack upon a portion of the Prussian lines, commenced a retreat. Groping their way through the woods south of Zorndorf, they reached the great road to Landsberg, and retreated so rapidly that Frederick could annoy them but little.

Several well-authenticated anecdotes are given respecting the conduct of Frederick on this occasion, which illustrate the various phases in the character of this extraordinary man. The evening before the battle of Zorndorf, the king having completed his arrangements for a conflict against vastly unequal numbers, upon whose issue were dependent probably both his throne and his life, sent for a member of his staff of some literary pretensions, and spent some time in criticising and amending one of the poems of Rousseau. Was this an affected display of calmness, the result of vanity? Was it an adroit measure to impress the officers with a conviction of his own sense of security? Was it an effort to throw off the terrible pressure which was upon his mind, as the noble Abraham Lincoln often found it to be a moral necessity to indulge in a jest even amidst scenes of the greatest anguish? Whatever may have been the motive, the fact is worthy of record.[1]

Immediately after the battle sir Andrew Mitchell called upon the king to congratulate him upon his great victory. General Seidlitz, who had led the two decisive cavalry charges, was in the royal tent. The king, in reply to the congratulations of the English minister, pointed to general Seidlitz, and said:

"Had it not been for him, things would have had a bad look by this time."

The town of Cüstrin, it will be remembered, was utterly consumed, being set on fire by the shells of the Russians. The commandant of the citadel was censured for not having prevented the calamity. He immediately sought an interview with the king, endeavoring to apologize for his conduct. The king, perhaps justly, perhaps very unjustly, interrupted him, saying:

"I find no fault with you; the blame is entirely my own, in having appointed you to such a post."

The utter ruin of the town of Cüstrin, and the misery of its houseless and starving population, seemed to affect the king deeply. To the inhabitants, who clustered around him, he said, kindly:

"My children, I could not come to you sooner, or this calamity should not have happened. Have a little patience, and I will cause every thing to be rebuilt."

As has often been mentioned, the carnage of the battle-field constitutes by no means the greater part of the miseries of war. One of the sufferers from the conflagration of the city of Cüstrin gives the following graphic account of the scene. It was the 15th of August, 1758:

"The enemy threw such a multitude of bombs and red-hot balls into the city that by nine o'clock in the morning it burned, with great fury, in three different places. The fire could not be extinguished, as the houses were closely built, and the streets narrow. The air appeared like a shower of fiery rain and hail. The surprised inhabitants had not time to think of any thing but of saving their lives by getting into the open fields.

"I, as well as many others, had hardly time to put on my clothes. As I was leading my wife, with a young child in her arms, and my other children and servants before me—who were almost naked, having, ever since the first fright, run about as they got out of bed—the bombs and red-hot balls fell round about us. The bombs, in their bursting, dashed the houses to pieces, and every thing that was in their way. Every body that could got out of the town as fast as possible. The crowd of naked and in the highest degree wretched people was vastly great.

"Among the women were many of distinction, who had neither shoes nor stockings nor hardly any thing else on, thinking only of saving their lives. When I had seen my family in the open field I endeavored to return and save something, if possible, but in vain. I could not force my way through the multitude of people thronging out at the gate, some few

[1] *Vie de Frédéric II.*

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with horses and carriages, and others with the sick and bedridden on their backs. The bombs and red-hot balls fell so thick that all thought themselves happy if they could but escape with their lives.

"Many thousands are made miserable, inhabitants as well as strangers. Many from the open country and defenseless towns in Prussia, Pomerania, and the New Marche had fled hither, with their most valuable effects, in hopes of security when the Russians entered the Prussian territories; so that a great many who, a little while ago, were possessed of considerable fortunes, are now reduced to beggary. On the roads nothing was to be seen but misery, and nothing to be heard but such cries and lamentations as were enough to move even the stones. No one knew where to get a morsel of bread, nor what to do for farther subsistence. The fire was so furious that the cannon in the store and artillery houses were all melted. The loaded bombs and cartridges for cannon and muskets, with a large quantity of gunpowder, went off at once with a most horrible explosion. The fury of the enemy fell almost entirely upon the inhabitants. They did not begin to batter the fortifications, except with a few shot, till the 17th, after the rest was all destroyed."[1]

THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

APPARENTLY I had every thing to make me happy in the world. Inwardly I was one of the most miserable of God's creatures.

I was engaged, with every body's consent, to a man who was of suitable age, position, and fortune. I was young, and the glass and my friends told me I was exceedingly good-looking. I loved change, and I was staying, for the first time, in a delightful country house, just such a one as had always been my ideal of a residence. Yet with all this I was wretched.

My engagement had been brought about in the ordinary way, I believe. Mr. Richard Leicester and I had met and danced with one another at a good many houses during the season, and at the end of it he had come and proposed to papa in due form. His prospects were good; he was the eldest son of an old house; his character was unexceptionable; his protestations were fervent. Naturally, therefore, both my father and myself were satisfied, and we accepted him.

Then his mother came and called on me, and asked me to their place—Welby Hall—in Somersetshire. And I was there at the end of August, from which date my story commences.

I was an only daughter, but I was not on that account a spoiled child, by any means. On the contrary, my father and mother had been unusually rigid and particular with me in my bringing up; consequently I did not go down to Welby Hall with an overweening idea of my own importance, although I was an heiress and a beauty. Indeed, I had every reason to be well satisfied with my reception by the family. Old Mr. and Mrs. Leicester welcomed me cordially, and the girls, Richard's sisters, expressed a most gratifying approbation of their brother's choice. Richard himself was polite, attentive, affectionate—all that a girl need desire the man to whom she is engaged to be. Nevertheless, before I had been three days in the house I was profoundly dejected and uncomfortable.

I had gone down to dinner in high spirits the night of my arrival, and I found that it was a strictly family party. Other guests would arrive on the morrow, Mr. Leicester told me, but just this one night they wished to have me to themselves. Just after he had given me this piece of information the old gentleman glanced rapidly round the table, and then ejaculated:

"Halloo! where's Lily?"

"She doesn't feel well, papa, and won't show to-night," one of the girls answered; and at the same moment Richard (who had also only come from London that day) exclaimed:

"Oh! she is here, is she?"

"Yes; didn't you know it?" his mother said, languidly. "Dear child! she is invaluable to me—an orphan niece of mine we are speaking of, Helen, my dear," she continued, in explanation to me.

"I am sorry she is not well enough for me to be introduced to her to-night," I said, as civilly as I could in the face of the fact that I was perfectly indifferent on the subject. And then I thought no more about my future mother-in-law's orphan niece.

But in the course of the evening her existence was recalled to my memory rather disagreeably. I was showing one of the Misses Leicester a stitch I had recently learned in the modern point lace work, when Mr. Leicester suddenly said:

"Isn't that the rubbish Lily laughs at you for wasting your time over, girls?"

"It's all very well for Lily to laugh," Mrs. Leicester put in, deprecatingly; "but the girls are not like her."

"Does she do any thing better with her time, then?" I asked, feeling antagonistic on behalf of my future sisters at once.

"Oh yes," Mrs. Leicester explained, in a tone of surprise; "she writes the most charming stories—has supported herself for years. Why, surely you must know her by her *nom de plume*, 'Heather Bell?'"

[1] *London Magazine*, vol. xxvii. p. 670.

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Now I must confess that I had read many of "Heather Bell's" productions, and been much charmed with them. But I felt displeased with the girl now for not having come forward like the rest of the family to meet me; so I only said:

"Oh yes! I think I have. Richard, you never told me you had a cousin who was a blue-stocking;" and directly I had made it I repented me of the speech, for I knew that it had a ring of ill-nature about it.

The next morning when I came down to breakfast I found all the family save Richard assembled. A young lady sat with her back to the light, absorbed apparently in the perusal of the *Times;* but she looked up when Mrs. Leicester said, "Helen, dear, let me introduce my niece, Lily Bray, to you"—looked up, and disclosed to my view an utterly different face to the one I had in my imagination endowed "the authoress" with.

She was about three or four and twenty at the time I made her acquaintance, but she was so slenderly and delicately made, and her face was so bright and vivacious, that she looked considerably younger. I could not help feeling rather aghast at her appearance. She knocked to pieces all my preconceived notions of what women ought to be like who wrote. And withal she was very exquisitely dressed. Nothing could have suited her clear, dark complexion, the time of day, and the season better than did the blue, brilliant Swiss cambric, frilled with dainty Valenciennes lace.

She rose up and extended her hand to me cordially. It was a little mite of a hand, but it gave mine a firm, true, strong clasp, as she said, in a peculiarly full voice:

"I know my cousin Richard so well that I can honestly congratulate you most warmly, Miss Burton;" and then she sat down, and resumed the reading of her paper, as if she found the greatest interest there.

By-and-by Richard came in, and exchanged a general morning greeting with every one. Miss Bray just looked up and nodded, and said, "Ah, Dick!" as he seated himself by me, and I found myself conjecturing whether or not she could have seen him before since his arrival yesterday. But before I could make up my mind on this point some other point of interest arose and was brought under discussion, and I was appealed to, and compelled to throw myself into matters of the moment.

Before breakfast was over Miss Bray had seen enough of the *Times*, apparently, for she threw it down with a laugh at its dullness, and joined eagerly and amusingly in the general conversation.

Mrs. Leicester mentioned some article of decorative furniture that she was anxious to have, in the course of conversation, and Lily Bray said at once:

"I must be in town in the course of a few days, and I will get it for you, aunt."

"Must be in town in the course of a few days!" they all exclaimed. "Why, you've only just come."

"I must indeed," she insisted; "even such trifles as novels go astray in the press if they are not well looked after, and I am very anxious that my new one should come out free from all other imperfections than those I have endowed it with."

"But you'll come back soon?" they chorused, for they were all very fond as well as very proud of Lily. Indeed, the reader may have observed that the two sentiments generally go together.

"You'll come back soon?"

"Yes—at least" (with sudden confusion) "I can't say when."

"You will find London very dull and empty now," I said, with my grandest society manner.

"I'm only going on business," she said, quietly; "so the emptiness and dullness won't make any material difference. Dick," she continued, addressing my lover, "why don't you express some of the interest I'm sure you must be feeling about my new novel?" and she laughed as she spoke in a very free and unembarrassed manner.

"You know that I always wish your books success, Lily," he said; and then breakfast came to an end, and I sauntered out into the grounds with Richard.

His pet horse was had out, and I patted it. His pointers and greyhounds leaped and bounded about me, and I vowed that I delighted in their rough gambols. Then he spoke of his sisters, and I told him I thought they were delightful. And then I spoke of Lily.

"You never mentioned your cousin, Lily Bray, to me, Richard," I said, half reproachfully. "I wish you had done so; she must have thought it so forgetful and negligent of you."

"She never makes mistakes, or takes huff at nothing," he replied. And then there was silence between us for a minute.

"She's rather pretty," then I resumed.

"Do you think so?" He spoke indifferently.

"Yes, rather; I don't as a rule admire hazel eyes and dark hair and complexion; but certainly I think her pretty. Don't you?"

"Yes."

"She certainly is as little like a blue-stocking as any one I have ever seen," I went on, magnanimously. "She is quite a fashionable young lady."

"She's as little like a fashionable young lady, thank the Lord, as she is like a blue-stocking," he answered, quickly. "She's a charming, good, clever, pretty girl."

"As you think her all these things, I wonder you did not fall in love with her," I said, in rather a piqued tone; and then the first blow was dealt at my happiness by his saying, in a very low voice:

"So I did, Helen."

The hand I had placed on his arm trembled. It was such a hard thing to hear.

"Oh, Richard!" I gasped, "I wish you had never told me. I did not venture to hope that

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I was your first love, as you are mine, but I did hope I should never know the one you had loved before me."

"My darling," he said, very gravely, "I shall always tell you the truth; let us begin life by having perfect confidence in one another. I am a better man for having loved Lily Bray."

"You would have been good enough for me without having gone through that experience," I said, discontentedly. And then, though I knew that it would be better for me not to persist in going into particulars, my womanly curiosity induced me to ask:

"If you loved her, why didn't you marry her?"

"For this simple reason—that she wouldn't marry me," he said, with his face flushing.

"Oh, Richard! then you asked her?"

He nodded assent, and I burst out crying. It is so humiliating to hear that a man only chose you after his choice of somebody else had proved fruitless.

"Now, Helen, please don't be nonsensical, my darling," he said, imploringly; "she wouldn't have me, and there is an end of it."

"No, not an end of it; you haven't told me why you wanted to marry her," I said. I knew that I was guilty of absurdity in asking this question, but the desire to know all about it had got possession of me.

He made an impatient exclamation, and then said:

"For the same reason men generally want to marry—I loved her."

"And why wouldn't she marry you?"

"Because she did not love me in return, I suppose," he said, dryly. "Now, Helen, don't cook up a romance about it; the thing is past and over and forgotten. Lily herself probably classes it among the annals of our childhood."

"Not she," I said, bitterly; "she was remembering vividly this morning, when I was introduced to her as *your* betrothed, that you had loved her first and best."

He did not say "fiddlestick," but he looked "fiddlestick" at me.

"Disabuse your mind of that notion as soon as you can, Helen," he said; "for you do injustice to Lily. And now let us talk of something else."

I obeyed him, and talked about something else. But I thought of the subject still, and turned it over in my mind until it became a weight. It seemed to me to show bad feeling and bad breeding on Miss Bray's part that she should have elected to stay in the house when I was expected. I could not credit her with the indifference that Richard did. I could not free her from the charge of being too much interested in him still.

After a time we went back to the house, and I betook myself to my own room and to solitary reflection until luncheon. At luncheon Miss Bray was even more gorgeously bedight than she had been at breakfast. I should have thought nothing of the change of toilet in one of my own order, but for a young woman who was dependent on her exertions, whose means were so precarious as those of a *mere writer* must be, I thought this attention to dress misplaced and ridiculous.

It turned out that she was going out driving with her aunt, Mrs. Leicester—going out for a drive and to make calls. But even I had not a more exquisite *costume de visite* than this mauve silk one, which fitted and set her off to perfection. She was abominably bright and cheerful too, and I was so depressed. Altogether, I could not help feeling that though I was the more beautiful woman of the two, she was the more attractive on this occasion.

Again she called my lover "Dick;" again she chaffed him ("chaff" is an odious word, but it was the weapon employed by Miss Bray) about the lax interest he took in her new literary venture; again she spoke of her speedy departure for town—she was going to-morrow morning, she said. I rejoiced.

That night I talked to his sisters about their cousin. They were sweet girls, but had a most preposterous belief in Lily's pretensions. They quoted imbecile reviews which had spoken of her as "belonging to George Eliot's school," and others which contradictorily asserted her to be a second Jane Austen. They "wondered I hadn't read this of hers," and "wished I had read that of hers," until I felt quite annoyed at their infatuation. "Richard and you look upon her as quite a light in literature," I said, sarcastically. "What a pity the connection couldn't have been made a closer one between you!"

"It never could be closer," the eldest Miss Leicester said, rather coolly; "she is like a sister to us all."

"Indeed! from what Richard confessed this morning I should not have supposed she had been always quite like a sister to him," I said.

"Confessed!" they chorused.

"Yes, confessed," I replied, with a little bravado. "It was a daring thing to tell me, wasn't it, considering we are only just engaged, that he asked her to marry him once?"

"Oh! but, Helen," one of the girls said, with most ill-advised candor, "papa wouldn't hear of it!"

"So it was only 'papa not hearing of it' that reserved Richard for me," I said, savagely, and they all seemed at a great loss what answer to make me for a few moments. Then one of them, smitten with a "happy thought," said:

"Richard quite feels that it was all for the best now."

I could not bear it. It stung me to rage and fury, and such pain as I had never felt before, to be coolly told that resignation concerning his fate was the principal feeling of my lover—of the man whom I had believed to be as wholly mine as I was his. I could not bear it. I astonished all those affectionate sisters and well-conducted young women by such a burst of tears and anger and disappointment as drove

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them in a frightened flock to their mother's room, whence she came presently with the following crumbs of comfort:

"My dear Helen! what is all this? I'm shocked! Lily would be the last person in the world to interfere with your happiness!"

"Bother Lily!" I cried, fiercely.

"Oh! now, now, Helen, this is foolish. Why, it was over long ago."

"But I can't bear to think that it ever was begun, or that it ever existed," I said. "He ought to have told me about it; it was mean to deceive me."

"Richard could not do any thing mean," said the mother, in arms at once.

"And I'm sure Lily would have gone before you came if she had thought you'd be put out in this way," one of his sisters urged, injudiciously.

"And she's going to-morrow," said another, as if her "going" did away with the wrong she had done me in ever having been loved by Richard Leicester. No, no. He must love me "not at all, or all in all." I felt that all my happiness depended on his proving that he did this latter thing within the next few days.

The next morning, as perverse fate would have it, something occurred to detain Miss Bray, and to delay her journey to town. It was some wretched trifle—some letter for which she was bound to wait did not arrive, I believe—but, at any rate, this was the result. She staid on at Welby Hall, and all the inhabitants thereof were evidently delighted that she did so stay on.

Before that day was over I ceased to wonder at his having loved her, she was so lovable, so quick, so clever, so charming and graceful and pretty. I loved her myself, though I called myself a fool for doing so. But she wound herself about one so, and amused one, and pleased one's eye. Moreover, she was so independent in her friendlessness that I bowed down before her superior womanhood before we had been many hours together.

Nevertheless, I was supremely wretched. There was growing within me a conviction that there would never be a marriage between Richard and me, and I loved him very dearly. But my love did not blind me; it only confused me, and rendered me uncertain for a while. Instinctively I shrank from his caresses now. Not that he was slow to offer them, or that he offered them coldly, but something within me said they were not offered by my future husband.

And if this result, of which I had a presentiment, came about, I should have a painful ordeal to pass.

A painful ordeal quite independent of my own sufferings—quite independent of my wounded heart and mocked and wasted love. My parents were very tenacious about my dignity and their own. If it transpired that I must appear before the world as one slighted and rejected by Richard Leicester, the wound would not be suffered to heal very speedily.

I could not feel sure of any thing; that was what rendered me so exquisitely miserable and uncertain. If I could only have felt sure that Richard loved her better than he loved me now, I would have renounced him at once. But I could not feel sure of this, for her conduct toward him was always so frank and cousinly that he was forced into a corresponding frank and cousinly manner in return.

I ceased utterly to sneer at her as a blue-stocking when I learned how the brave-hearted young girl had preferred to utilize the talent God had given her, instead of pandering to an old man's whims, who offered to make her his heiress if she would only live with him, and yield him the obedience of a daughter. He was rich, and he was a near relative, and the world would only have counted the orphan worldly-wise if she had sunk down in the Castle of Indolence in which he would have lodged her. But she chose the harder part of battling single-handed in the great fight the army of the professors of literature are always making against non-success and oblivion. "The many fail, the one succeeds." She had succeeded, after many a snub from fortune and publishers and reviewers. The great public had set the seal of approbation upon her, and it was in vain that a carping critic (a rival novelist and a failure probably) pronounced her, in one paragraph, to be "absurdly untrue to nature," and "ridiculously realistic." Her books were read and liked, though men whose own grammar was very loose declared that, "by all the canons of art and grammar and good taste, they ought to drop still-born from the press." She neither dealt with bigamy, nor murder, nor the breaking of the seventh commandment, and yet her novels were to the full as interesting as are any of those in which these dainty and delicate subjects are served up with piquancy.

Well! for three or four days I went on liking and respecting her against my own wish. She was staying on at Welby Hall, waiting for a check from a publisher to enable her to stand the expenses of her London campaign. She would accept no pecuniary assistance from her uncle and aunt, but would just "bide her time," she said, and her "ship would be sure to come home at last."

It came home in justification of her faith; but the day before it did so, the interest (if there is any interest in it) of my story culminated.

One advantage I had over her in the way of charms and fascinations—I sang, and she had no voice and no knowledge; only a love of music. I was singing Vivien's song, "It is the little Rift within the Lute," and when I came to the refrain, where the words are repeated,

> "The little rift within the lover's lute,
> That by-and-by will make its music mute,"

I happened to look round, and I saw a curious expression of mingled pain and sorrow flit

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over Lily Bray's face. At the same moment I saw an expression of earnest interrogation on Richard's face; and he was gazing steadfastly at her.

I sang my song out gallantly, giving all the emphasis and meaning of which I was mistress to the words,

"It is not worth the keeping; let it go!"

I was fully determined to come to an open explanation with Richard, and to brave the worst that might happen to me from the pity and anger of my friends hereafter.

I sought an early opportunity of seeing Richard alone, and then I said, right out, without hesitation or delay:

"Richard, what old memories were stirred in you and Lily Bray when I was singing Vivien's song just now?"

"How can I answer for her, Helen?" he said.

"I think you can answer for her. Tell me—be honest and true, as I shall always love to think you, Richard—tell me what was 'the little rift' that has made the love-music of her life mute; she loves you still."

He did not speak.

"And you love her," I went on, passionately.

"I regret that I have seen her again," he said, in a sad voice.

"No, don't—don't regret it; make me your friend, since I can't be your wife. Tell me what parted you; was the parting *all* your father's doing?"

"No, it was not. I should have clung to her, and won my father's consent to our marriage in time; but I was fool enough to distrust her, fool enough to feel jealous because she would not tell me what man she was corresponding with when I knew that she was corresponding with one. It turned out afterward—after we had parted—that it was an editor, whose interest she was striving to enlist in behalf of one of her stories. But I did not even know that she wrote then, and so—but never mind; it's all over now, Helen."

I did not say any more to him, but I went to Lily Bray soon after. She was very busy writing in her bedroom.

"You're come to revile me for not being dressed for dinner, are you not?" she said, throwing down her pen good-temperedly, and getting up, as I entered her room.

"No, I'm not come to revile you at all," I said; "I am come to take counsel with you."

"Yes?"

"What would you do, Miss Bray, if you found the man you were engaged to loved another woman better than he did you?—stop a moment!—what would you do, supposing you loved the man, and thought very highly of the woman he preferred?"

"Why do you ask me this?" she said, with her bright face very set and calm and pale now.

"Because I want to have your judgment on such a knotty point," I said, with a forced laugh.

"You have solved such difficulties frequently in your novels; how would you meet them in real life?"

"How would I meet them, indeed!" she said, nodding her head in a sort of implied hopelessness of arriving at a decision. Then suddenly she changed, and flashed into her own bright self again.

"I have had to solve a harder question than that, Miss Burton."

"What was it?" I asked.

"This: *you* ask me to point out the path of duty to another. I have had to point it out to myself—and follow it."

"Will you tell me how?" I said.

"No, no; the telling an old story partakes of the nature of vain repetitions. It's enough for me to tell you that I did what I thought right on the occasion I refer to. You ask my advice: do the same."

"So I will," I said, getting nearer to her while I was speaking. Then a silence fell upon us as I took her hand. "Lily," I said, "we are unhappy in one thing; we like each other" (how she clasped my hand when I said that!), "and we both love the same man. Well, I love him well enough to try to set a crooked matter straight. He would never be happy with me as his wife—"

"Oh, Miss Burton, you wrong yourself!" she interrupted. "Richard is nothing to me but a cousin—a dear cousin, almost a brother. What have I done, how have I been so unfortunate as to create this suspicion in your mind?"

"You have created no suspicion, save of your being ever so much better suited to him than I am," I said. "And now we must dress for dinner, and we must part as friends."

That night I broke off my engagement. I won't tell you how I did it, for it was a very horrible thing to do. And the following day I went home.

It was a long, long time before I could make my father and mother understand that, though I was neither false nor fickle, I had not been slighted, insulted, and jilted. When I had borne this in upon their comprehension, I wrote to Lily Bray, begging her not to nullify the good effects of that which I had done.

She came to see me in London. She was bright and charming and bewitching as ever, but she was not engaged to her cousin yet. "His father was simply furious at the breaking off of Dick's engagement with you," she said; "and he sets his face more determinately than ever against me." And then she turned the conversation, and spoke of her books, and tried to make me believe that her heart was in them and their welfare alone.

I did not believe her. Ambitious as sweet Lily Bray was, she was far too womanly a woman to be satisfied with public applause, and fame, and good reviews, and plenty of money, earned honestly, though it was by the tasking of her mind. She needed love and protection and sympathy, and I knew it.

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At length—I wish I could have been instrumental in it—a great change came. She was *the* popular authoress of the day, and she could command splendid prices for all that she wrote. She yielded then to her lover's solicitations and to mine, and married Richard Leicester, to the great delight of every member of his family save his father, who always thought that he neither did wisely nor well in obeying the dictates of his heart and honor and conscience, and marrying Lily Bray instead of me.

But it is "the little rift within the lute" that "by-and-by will make its music mute." Somehow or other I never have felt quite as I did before I found that I and my money were very valueless as compared with some other things.

Lily Bray is Mrs. Richard Leicester now—a very happy, prosperous woman, I have every reason to believe. The world loves her books, her husband loves her, and I—the old-maid friend of the family—am godmother to her eldest child, to whom I have promised to leave the bulk of my property.

The ordeal through which I had to pass was not half so awful in reality as it was in anticipation. I was very cheery and respectable again in a very short space of time, though my lover had preferred another woman to me.

But cheery and respectable as I am, I often feel in my solitude a pang as I reflect on the truth of the words, "It is a little rift within the lute, that by-and-by will make its music mute."

OUR PUBLIC LANDS.

THREE times in our national history has this country been nearly ruined by owning too much land. In the very infancy of our existence, before the Constitution had cradled us into nationality, the ownership of the broad, illimitable acres of the West was the chief obstacle to union. The question was, however, settled in a manner most magnanimous and creditable to the owning States, that hastened to present their outlying lands as a baptismal gift to the young confederacy. New York took the lead as early as 1781, relinquishing all her rights to territory lying beyond her borders. Virginia followed her example in 1784, ceding the great Northwestern territory. Massachusetts relinquished her claims in 1785, and Connecticut in the subsequent year. The modern States of Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama have all been carved out of lands ceded by the two Carolinas and Georgia. And thus the first danger to the nascent commonwealth passed away. Thirty years later, when the thirteen original States had converted their wild lands into arable farms, and when their crowded population was spilling over into the adjacent territories, a new difficulty arose in the form of government to be given to these young republics. Should the public lands be slave or free was the great political question of the beginning of this century. The Missouri Compromise, soothing the national conscience into quiet, settled the question for one generation. But before the nineteenth century had half rolled away it was found that the governmental character of our dawning States needed another change. After a bitter and angry discussion of many sessions, squatter sovereignty ruled in our national councils, and the compromise was repealed. Our third and last danger from owning too much territory thus disappeared below the national horizon. Since that day the questions that once agitated the political mind of the nation concerning our public lands have been settled by an appeal to the stern arbitrament of war. And now these lands are passing too rapidly into private possession ever to be likely to evolve another quarrel. Every settlement under the pre-emption or homestead laws, and every railroad grant, is an argument in favor of peace.

By the definitive treaty of peace with England in 1783 our western boundary was fixed at the middle of the Mississippi. Freedom found us in the possession of two hundred and twenty-six million acres of uninhabited land belonging to the States in severalty, and not to the confederacy. The colonial charters given by crowned heads,

> "Who never said a foolish thing,
> Nor ever did a wise one,"

had made the Pacific the western boundary of colonies lying on the Charles or the Merrimac. In some instances the boundaries of the different colonies overlapped each other, and thus threw the same territory within different State limits.* Conflicting colonial sovereignties hindered the organization of an effective system of Western migration, just as the claims of rival nationalities to our Western prairies had previously plunged the civilized world into war. The English charters gave to each colony the coast line of the Atlantic and its northern and southern limits; westward it extended to the ocean. The French charters, on the other hand, bounded their colonies on the St. Lawrence, and allowed them to run southward to the Gulf of Mexico. In 1753 these conflicting theories met in open contest on the banks of the Ohio. The English emigrant, slowly moving westward, found himself hemmed in by the French emigré slowly moving southward. Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, sent a young engineer of grave demeanor, but of somewhat more than ordinary prom-

* It is a curious fact that when in 1840 Senator Wright, of New York, called for a statement of the lands ceded by certain States to the nation, the Land-office was unable to designate the boundaries that separated the respective cessions of New York, Virginia, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, but was obliged to be content with embracing the entire area of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin as comprising the aggregate of those cessions. Had not the United States become the sole owner of those wild lands the different claims of State ownership must eventually have led to a legal, if not to a physical, warfare.

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ise, named George Washington, as his representative, to demand that the French should retire to their northern fastnesses. But the young embassador failed to convince the subject of King Louis that it was his duty to respect the charter of King George. The French troops took possession of the rich valley of the Ohio, and young America rallied to drive them out. And here it was, before a small fort of Western Pennsylvania, now the city of Pittsburg, where thousand-armed Industry hammers out the mightiest works of the forge, that George Washington fired the first shot of a war destined to last over half a century; which was to roll over all of his own country, and desolate nearly all of Europe; which was to elevate the colonies into nationality, and to take away their American possessions from both France and England; and was only to leave fame and greatness for that young engineer who fired the first shot.

After the return of peace to this country the several States ceded to the confederacy their title to the lands lying without their boundaries; and then the young nation rapidly began to expand its borders. By the treaty with France in 1803, whereby we acquired one million square miles of territory, on which we have since founded ten States, two Territories, and portions of two more States; by the treaty of 1819 with Spain, whereby we obtained Florida; of 1846, when Texas entered the Union, retaining, however, the title to her own lands; of 1848 and 1853 with Mexico, when we received the auriferous grants of California, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, and Montana; and of 1867 with Russia, that gave us snow-bound Alaska—we increased our public lands sevenfold, adding over one thousand six hundred millions of acres to the national territory. We thus became lords of 1,834,998,400 acres of land—a domain sufficiently capacious to be carved up into twenty-four countries each of the size of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales combined; capable of supporting a population of seven hundred and twenty millions of people of the average density of Great Britain, or more than half the population now living on the globe. Of this enormous amount of territory, the undivided inheritance of the American people, and held in trust for them, and for any one of every nation who will become one of them, about four hundred and forty millions of acres have been parted with by sale, by pre-emption and homestead rights, by donations, by school and college grants, for canals and railroads, and by military grants to the old soldiers of the Revolutionary war, and of the newer soldiers of the wars of 1812, of 1847, and of Indian wars of innumerable dates. Seventy million acres more have been surveyed, and are now in the market; and there are over one billion three hundred million acres of wild lands unsurveyed, stretching over prairies, hills, and mountains innumerable, ready for those future generations who, in the prospect of so much land, are "demanding life, impatient to be born."

In the early days of the republic our public lands were chiefly valued as an anticipated source of public wealth. They were expected to bear the burdens of a people just entering into the family of nations. As early as December, 1776, the agent sent by the Revolutionary Congress to France wrote home to the Committee of Secret Correspondence, predicting a rush of emigration from Europe as soon as American nationality should be determined. And he marked out a wide triangle of territory, with three sides of a thousand miles each, "as a source amply adequate under proper regulations for defraying the whole expense of the war, and the sums necessary to be given to the Indians in purchase of the native right." These lands were then universally considered as a source of revenue as well as the seat of empire of a nation yet to be. But these pecuniary expectations were doomed to disappointment; and these wild lands are now chiefly used as a stimulus to immigration, as the means of founding colleges, building railroads, rewarding military services, and giving a homestead to every one who will live on them. Over seventy-five millions of acres have been granted for schools and colleges. Twenty-two millions more have been appropriated to build railroads, and twelve millions for other purposes. Sixty millions have been bestowed on the brave defenders of their country, their widows and children; forty-four thousand acres have been used for deaf-and-dumb asylums, and thirteen millions reserved for the use of Indian tribes. And all this has been done systematically, thoroughly, and legally. The public domains have been looked upon as a gift, held by the nation in trust for its future inhabitants, and no selfish or narrow views have withheld the lands from their intended proprietors. Every head of a family, every widow, every single man (or woman) over the age of twenty-one, has been invited to select his own farm, the only condition attached to the gift being its five years' cultivation. And yet so rapid is the appreciation in value of the land, when once settled on, that it is found by experiment that from forty to fifty per cent. of those who enter their lands under the provisions of the homestead law, expecting to receive a gratuitous deed, prefer to pay for them rather than wait five years for the consummation of their titles. The law practically gives them five years in which to find a purchaser. Even after lands have been occupied four years and nine months, and when three months longer would have given an undisputed title without cost, the claimants have been known to pay the government price rather than lose the chance of a good sale.

If among other governmental bureaus a marriage bureau were located at Washington, its data would furnish the best test of our national prosperity. A good crop is always followed by

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an increase of marriage and postal receipts. Next to marital statistics the public lands furnish our best national thermometer. When the country is prospering, when agriculture pays and labor is in demand, land is easily absorbed. It passes very rapidly from its wild state into cultivated homes. But when times are hard, improvements are few and progress slow. During the first eleven years of our constitutional existence, when we were slowly and painfully proving our right to be, land was only taken up at the rate of a hundred thousand acres a year. By 1806 the sales realized $705,245. During the war with Great Britain the sales largely fell off; but with the return of prosperity they recuperated, till in 1819 they netted over three millions of dollars. During General Jackson's administration, when paper currency and paper cities added such a fictitious value to the charms of nature, land was in great demand; the sales for 1835 realized fourteen millions of dollars; for 1836, twenty-one millions. The monetary revulsions of the next few years brought the sales in 1842 down to nearly a million of dollars. From 1850 to 1855 they averaged not far from ten millions a year, but in 1862 they only amounted to $125,048. The homestead laws and college and railroad grants will probably keep the future receipts of sales from land at low figures. They now realize about three millions a year.

In two respects the United States differ from all other nations, are superior to most other nations, and both these are mainly due to the large quantity of our public lands. One of these differences is the extent of our common-school system, not more in the present than in the rich promise of the future; and if this nation shall ever acquire a culture distinctively American, it will spring from the noble and generous use of our wild lands as a support of common schools. In the first "ordinance for ascertaining the mode of disposing of lands in the Western territory" Congress enacted that Lot No. 16 of every township should be reserved for the maintenance of public schools within said township. As there are thirty-six lots of 640 acres each in every township, one-thirty-sixth part of all our lands was thus consecrated to the cause of education. But, as if this were not enough, a subsequent act gave Lot No. 36 also for school purposes; so that now in every township that shall ever be incorporated in our boundless West, twelve hundred and eighty acres, or eight farms of the average size of 160 acres each, the whole of the minimum value of sixteen hundred dollars, of an actual average of seven thousand dollars, or thereabouts, are reserved for educational purposes. Hon. Joseph S. Wilson, of Washington, who is the highest authority in the United States on all questions relating to public lands and their uses, estimates that to-day there are ten million persons in this country who might receive instruction in these public schools. And to educate this generation, and their children, and their children's children to all future ages, one-eighteenth part of all the land in the great West—over eight hundred million acres—is pledged. Seventy-eight million acres have already been devoted to this purpose, besides six or seven millions for agricultural colleges and other institutions of learning. It is impossible to say how much of our national education is now due—how much of our future education and culture will hereafter be due—to the principle embodied in these two acts. If this republic proves to be an ever-living power among the nations of the earth, it will mainly be due to the education communicated in these public schools.

There is another aspect in which our public lands cause us to differ from all other nations; every man, the poorest, the most ignorant, may have a farm of one hundred and sixty acres by agreeing to reside on it for five years. The place of his birth is no opposing element to his right to own a farm—his manhood entitles him to his homestead. The Chinese, the Esquimaux, the Irishman, and the Sandwich Islander alike, may each possess his farm if he will but become an American citizen. Prussia may equal us in education, England and Germany may surpass us in the intellectual culture of the higher classes; France has more scientific men; but in the number of happy families, where the home is owned by those who occupy it, the United States has the pre-eminence over every nation in the world. In England the ratio of landholders to the population has steadily decreased for centuries. The Doomsday-Book enumerates 45,706 owners of real estate in England—the census of 1861 enumerates only 30,776; so that one-third of the real estate owners of England have been swallowed up by the other two-thirds within the last eight centuries; there are only two landholders now where there were three then. The whole landed property of England is owned by less than one-six-hundred-and-fifty-third part of the people! And, under the law of primogeniture, that terrible disproportion is rapidly increasing. In this country there are nearly six millions of landholders against the thirty thousand of England. The fiscal year 1869 alone gave two and a half millions of acres to homestead and pre-emption settlers. And that same year converted nearly eight million acres, representing sixty thousand estates, from wild lands into arable farms, each the happy home of its rustic possessor. So that this single year made twice the number of freeholders in the United States that England possesses with her ten centuries of civilized existence. Does not this significant difference of the ownership of real property offer the true explanation of the literary fact that, with populations nearly the same, this country has three thousand five hundred newspapers, Great Britain only thirteen hundred and seventy-two?

The homestead act of 1862 gives to every citizen and to every naturalized foreigner a home farm of one hundred and sixty acres.

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No lands thus acquired "shall in any event become liable to the satisfaction of any debt or debts contracted prior to the issuing of the patent therefor"—all future improvements in these homes are untroubled by the remembrance of past indebtedness. When the homestead settler dies before the expiration of his five years, his heirs may continue the settlement and cultivation of the estate, and thus obtain a perfect title. When both parents die, leaving infant heirs, their title not yet consummated, the farm may be sold for cash for the benefit of the heirs, the purchaser receiving a title direct from the government. But the settler can have but one chance to acquire a homestead; if he sells or deserts his first claim, he can never acquire another. The sale of a homestead right not only gives no title to the purchaser, but is treated as *prima facie* evidence of abandonment, and the original claim is canceled.

There are five modes of acquiring title to the public lands we are speaking of, and these are: 1st, by purchase at public sale; 2d, by private purchase; 3d, by the application of a land warrant; 4th, by pre-emption; and 5th, under the homestead law. Occasionally large quantities of land are offered at public auction, pursuant to proclamation by the President, or to public notice from the Land-office. When lands thus offered are not disposed of at the minimum rate of a dollar and a quarter the acre, they may afterward be purchased at that rate for cash or by a land warrant. In the enormous railroad grants, which it is the Congressional fashion of the day to bestow, government gives up to the future railroad every alternate section of land; for the alternate section reserved it obtains a double price, or $2 50 an acre. It thus builds the railroad by giving it half the land it traverses. It repays itself for this generosity by charging double price for the half left, because of its proximity to a railroad. It builds the railroad by doubling the price of land to the future settler along the line.

Before these days of railroads lands were only parted with for cash, or as a reward for military service. The warrants given for participation in the Revolution are still looked upon in many New England families as proud proofs of ancestral connection with the great struggle for Independence. Framed in painted pine, hung up in the rarely opened farm-house parlor, they invest the present generation with the virtues of 1776. Occasionally these warrants, blackened by time, find their way through the market into the Land-office. Family necessities or family divisions have obliterated the connection of the warrants with the Revolutionary services of the past, and clothed them with the pecuniary value of the present. But we doubt if Mr. George Peabody, who a few years since obtained a land warrant for some slight participation in the war of 1812, ever sold that military memento of his early days.

So simple is the land system of this country that but few legal questions have arisen under titles granted by the United States; most of these difficulties find their source in grants made by foreign governments of lands subsequently become ours by treaty. In acquiring territory the United States have stipulated in all their treaties to protect private property; and thus our jurists have had to decide on California titles of land granted in large amounts by Spanish and Mexican authorities, nearly worthless when given away, but rendered very valuable when taken under the protecting ægis of the American eagle. In Louisiana the same difficulties have arisen in the construction of the early French patents. One of the few legal questions under our own laws arose from the wording of the pre-emption law of 1841. The privilege of pre-emption is extended to three classes: 1st, to every person being the head of a family; 2d, to a widow; 3d, to a single man over the age of twenty-one. Does the "man" of the third class embrace a woman? such is the delicate question. Evidently "man" does not embrace all women; for widows are expressly mentioned in the second provision. It can not refer to wives, for they are embraced by "the head of a family," mentioned in the first section. It must therefore apply, if to the female sex at all, only to unmarried women; and the Land-office has decided that a "man" does embrace a spinster; that the "man" here spoken of is the generic title, and applies to both sexes. Spinsters can therefore pre-empt lands under the act of 1841, provided they will build a house on their pre-emption, and there reside. Poor, lonely things! we fear there are not many that accept the offer. But there is no disputing the title of the United States when once obtained. All complaints of the weakness of title-deeds, that inheritance of past centuries to other lands, are unknown here; there is a certainty of ownership. Referring to the causes of weakness of the Roman state, the imperial author of the "Life of Cæsar" speaks of the agrarian interest as an incessant source of irritation; so that that sense of proprietorship which is to-day the corner-stone of the stability of every modern state was then the chief source of its weakness. "The limits of the *ager publicus* had never been well defined." "Few title-deeds existed, and those which could be produced were often unintelligible." Occupancy of territory was then the chief muniment of title; to-day the records of the nation furnish the grounds of possession.

Immigration, and the rapid growth of population in families where each child is an addition to its producing power, has rapidly converted our Western prairies into civilized communities. Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, and Missouri have changed their treeless wastes, only known to the Indian and the buffalo, into happy Christian homes, where refinement and education universally prevail; and yet the most eastern and the most thickly populated of them all—old enough to have over four thousand

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miles of railroads within its borders—Ohio, has only fourteen million acres of its lands improved; over eleven millions are yet in the condition of swamp, forest, or commons. In 1787 government sold to one company from Massachusetts a tract of land in Ohio not far from one million of acres—the largest real estate trade ever made in the United States. The next year Mr. J. C. Symmes contracted with the Board of the Treasury for the purchase of another million, including the land where Cincinnati now stands; but he was unable to consummate his enormous agreement, and only succeeded in obtaining the trifling amount of three hundred and eleven thousand acres. But Ohio, as the oldest of our Western States, tells the pleasing story that timber can be had even in the most unarable part of the country. Scientific men tell us that the deserts of Arabia and Africa may be clothed with mighty forests by observing certain conditions; and Ohio confirms the theory that science originates. When that State began to be settled, three-quarters of a century ago, most of its territory outside the fat valleys of the two Miamis, the Scioto, and the Maumee were "barrens." No foliage could be discovered for hundreds of miles, save on the banks of a few streams! Fires would consume the young trees that nature tried to lift into air. To-day land in that State has advanced one hundredfold in value, and yet one of the most profitable uses to which it can be put is the growth of timber. And Ohio, with a population of over two and a half millions of souls, has more timber on it to-day than it had eighty-one years ago, when Fort Washington was erected on the site now occupied by Cincinnati. Trees will aye grow while we are sleeping, Scott tells us; and the barren steppes of Nebraska, Kansas, and Utah are yet to bloom and blossom like the rose in the garden of their settlers, and to have their forests flourish like the cedars of Lebanon. Wood grows on our Western prairies in advance of the demand for it.

For the eighty years of our national existence we have offered citizenship to all who came among us to dwell. For the past eight years we have added to the citizenship a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres. The consequence of this legal generosity has been the addition since 1790 of ten millions to our population; and that these ten millions have contributed to our national wealth at least four hundred millions of dollars. As a nation we are now worth twenty-five or thirty billions of dollars, and rapidly growing in material prosperity. Our annual earnings are not far from ten billions, of which nine-tenths may be used for our annual consumption; the other tenth, embodied in dwellings, railroads, stocks, etc., becomes part of our fixed property. The census of 1860 shows that we had 113,006 schools, and 148,742 teachers; the census of 1870 will probably give us 125,000 schools, and nearly ten millions of pupils. Such is the consequence of an early wise legislation that looked upon our public lands as a trust for the people, not for the favored few; as a boon sent from our Heavenly Father, who would have us estimate education above wealth, and manhood as of more value than capital.

A CHAPTER ON GEMS.

THE old nations have left abundant evidence of their admiration for precious stones.

The paintings found at Kouyunjik and Khorsabad represent the Ninevites of Jonah's time with pendants in their ears; and the tombs of the Pharaohs yield up their treasures of gold and graven gems as perfect as when deposited there in the days of Abraham and Joseph.

The high-priest of the Hebrews bore on his breast-plate twelve precious stones, each inscribed with the name of a tribe; and earlier in the history of the Hebrews we know that Abraham's servant took ear-rings and bracelets, "jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and gave them to Rebekah: he gave also to her brother and to her mother precious things."

We know also that the merchant princes of Tyre traded with Syria for diamonds and pearls in the time of Ezekiel; and Homer says that Juno wore jewels in her ears.

There is an engraved ring in the Abbott collection once worn on the finger of Cephrenes, a builder of one of the Pyramids, of the genuineness of which no Egyptian scholar has any doubt.

We have seen rings and other personal ornaments of the Egyptians of undoubted antiquity containing gems in lapis lazuli and carnelian, with scarabees and hieroglyhics engraved on them. The fine collection made many years ago by Colonel M. J. Cohen, of Baltimore, contains such examples. The British Museum abounds with them, and they are still to be found in Egypt.

But the art of the lapidary attained the highest perfection among the Greeks. Gems were engraved at Hellas in the seventh century B.C. In the time of Alexander the Great it was customary in Athens to wear magnificent rings with engraved stones. We have somewhere seen it recorded that the great Demosthenes wore jewels.

The Etruscans cultivated this fine art, and ornaments of Etruscan workmanship are still worn in Italy. We have lately seen an account of a necklace of antique Etruscan make, which was the envy of all Paris.

The world is greatly indebted to "collectors," *mad* as they have been called. Their *madness* has been the means of preserving to us whatever we possess of ancient gems, medals, or objects of art.

Mithridates, the *truly* royal King of Pontus, was a collector. His treasures fell into the hands of Pompey, and his collection of cups, vases, and gems was dedicated to the Capitol. Julius Cæsar is said to have made six distinct

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collections, and to have exhibited them all in the temple of Venus Genetrix.

Such of these treasures as are now extant were preserved through the Dark Ages in monasteries and churches. Their presence in these repositories undoubtedly contributed greatly to the renaissance of art in later times. The Medici family aided in its development, and the study of glyptics revived under their powerful patronage. In the excellence of their work the artists of this noble house rivaled the ancients, and this is the highest praise that can be given them.

The collection of gems, cameos, and intaglios made by Lorenzo, Cosmo, and their successors is still in Florence, and is probably the finest in existence.

As we proposed to write about precious stones rather than graven gems, we will now begin with the diamond, which is usually placed at the head of the list, although, strictly speaking, it is *not* the first either in rarity or value. Although not the most costly gem, yet the diamond possesses a certain dignity in history, and has characteristic qualities that entitle it to the precedence over all others. It is the hardest of all substances. It is the greatest refractor of solar light. It is more interesting than any other gem in its organic structure or mode of formation.

We do not find that the attempts to produce the diamond by artificial means have been at all successful. Yet the present is not the time to assert positively that such a result will never be achieved. We know very well that its structure has been studied by Goppert, and pronounced to be of the vegetable order; and, on the other hand, it is just as positively asserted that crystals of carbon have been already produced.

A very appreciable proportion of the wealth of the world is at present represented by diamonds. Every considerable stone has its name, history, and locality perfectly well settled. When an addition to the catalogue is made necessary by the acquisition of a new stone, its advent is immediately announced to the world, and it becomes at once a sort of social and civil power in society. This distinction is bestowed only on diamonds exceeding $20,000 in value.

The "Koh-i-noor" is a very celebrated diamond belonging to the British crown. Its weight is 106 carats. It has a thrilling but somewhat ominous history. It was once the property of the great Aurungzebe. Its weight, when first seen by Tavernier, was about 700 carats. The "Regent," celebrated for having been so long concealed by a slave in a wound in his thigh made for that purpose, weighs 136 carats. The "Braganza" diamond, in the crown of Portugal, is the largest known. It was found about one hundred years ago in Brazil. Its weight is 1830 carats! Doubts have been thrown upon the genuineness of this stone, we know not with how much reason. The "Mattam" diamond, in possession of the Rajah, is said to be a very beautiful gem. Its weight is 367 carats. It is pear-shaped and indented at one end. It was found in the island of Borneo. The Dutch governor of Batavia is reported to have made an offer for this diamond of two ships of war, with their armaments complete, and £50,000 in money. The "Orloff" diamond, belonging to the Czar of Russia, is one of the most valuable known. It was once the eye of an Indian idol, and afterward one of the ornaments of the celebrated peacock throne of Nadir Shah. It was stolen by a Frenchman, and by him sold to Catherine II. for 450,000 rubles, a pension of 20,000, and a patent of nobility. The "Cumberland" diamond was presented to the conqueror of Culloden by the city of London. It has since been claimed by Hanover, and restored to that country, whether by the Cumberland family or the British government we do not know. Its value is $100,000. The "Sancy" diamond was once the property of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his hat. He lost it at the battle of Nancy, about the middle of the fifteenth century. It was found by a Swiss soldier, and sold to De Sancy, in whose family it remained about one hundred years. Henry III. of France borrowed it, to be used as a pledge. The servant who was sent to deliver it was robbed and murdered, but the diamond was found in his stomach by De Sancy, who had faith in his fidelity, and looked for it there. It became the property of James II. of England, passed from his hands into those of the King of France, and was lost in the confusion of the Revolution. It was found, and became the property of Prince Demidoff, who lately sold it for a large sum.

The celebrated "*Blue* Diamond" was lost with the Sancy, and has never since been heard of.

The "Florentine Brilliant" is a fine gem in the crown of the Emperor of Austria. The "Pitt" diamond, also called the "Regent," was once the property of the Duke of Orleans; its weight was 410 carats. The "Piggot" is another historical diamond. The "Star of the South" is a large diamond, cut a few years since by the Costars, but we are not certain about the ownership. Its weight in the rough stone was 254 carats; when finished it was less than one-half that weight.

Diamonds are not always colorless. Some are opalescent; some black. They have also been found red, pink, and green. Those of a pure water transparency are the most valuable.

Diamonds are found in Golconda, in Brazil, and occasionally a solitary stone is found in an unsuspected locality. A discovery of diamonds in Australia is lately reported. Several have been picked up in the United States. We have seen an account of one weighing 10 carats found not long ago in North Carolina.

The ruby contends with the diamond for the palm of superiority. It is of equal antiquity, value, and historical interest. Its value increases with its weight in a still greater ratio

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than that of the diamond. Like that stone, every large ruby has its history, and as is the case with the diamond, so every addition of an individual of the regulation size to the list is made the occasion of an ovation. The finest rubies are found in Ava. They are claimed as the property of the King of Burmah, one of whose titles is "Lord of the Rubies." As the name implies, the color of this gem is red. They are found of many shades, the vivid "pigeon's-blood" being the finest. One of this class weighing four carats would be worth £400—twice the value of a diamond of the same size.

The ancients attributed magical properties to the ruby. It is not very long since our ancestors believed that it preserved its possessor from poison. The ruby was a favorite stone with the ancient engravers. Some magnificent jewels are extant in this stone. There is one representing the head of the dog Sirius, in the collection of the Duke of Marlborough, which is pronounced to be so fine as "to have no equal."

The enthusiastic Tavernier, to whom reference has already been made, saw and described a ruby in the collection of Aurungzebe, at that time the possessor of the Koh-i-noor, or "Mount-tain of Light," which was of the most glorious color and brilliancy, and larger than a pigeon's egg. The same stone is now in the treasury of the Shah of Persia.

The sapphire is a gem of the same composition as the ruby. Its color is blue. It is found in Ceylon and Siam.

The topaz is another stone of the same family. The Oriental topaz must not be confounded with the more common stone found in Brazil. The former, like the ruby, is an aluminous silicate; the latter of the quartz family. The Oriental topaz is thought to have been the "Tarshish stone" of Canticles, v. 14. It was the chrysolite of the ancients. Pliny says, "It is a transparent stone with a refulgence like that of gold."

The Oriental amethyst is in reality a purple sapphire. It is a very beautiful and costly gem. This is another stone of the ruby family. They are all next in hardness to the diamond, as 9 to 10. This has long been considered the only gem suitable to be worn in mourning. It was the third stone in the third row of the high-priest's breast-plate; also the twelfth mentioned in the New Testament as garnishing the wall of the New Jerusalem. The common amethyst is a highly transparent and brilliant variety of colored quartz. It is found in Brazil, Saxony, Bohemia, and Hungary.

The garnet is only distinguished from the ruby by a shade of color. When large and cut in a certain form it is called a carbuncle. The almandine is a yellow garnet, highly valued. They are found in the Tyrol. A fine garnet is a stone not to be lightly esteemed.

The emerald was first in the second row on the breast-plate worn by the Hebrew high-priest. It is of a beautiful green color, and has from the earliest times been highly esteemed. The ancients ascribed mysterious powers and influences to this stone, and the same superstition has come down to comparatively recent times. Its value is considerable, but does not increase with its weight in the high ratio of the diamond and ruby.

Beryl and aqua marine are of the same composition and structure as the emerald. They are far inferior in beauty and value to the latter—the beryl wanting transparency, and the aqua marine color. Still it must be confessed that none but a practiced eye can distinguish between a carefully cut aqua marine and a diamond, especially by gas-light. The finest emeralds are found in the limestone rocks of New Granada; also in Siberia and Salzburg.

Pearls are mentioned in both the Old and New Testaments, and every where by the ancients. They have always been highly valued, and are at this time a favorite gem. The largest one on record was sold by Tavernier to the Shah of Persia for £111,000, sterling money. It was pear-shaped, nearly three inches long. Mr. Hope's pearl is two inches in length, and four round. Its weight is 1800 grains. The finest existing collection of pearls is in Russia, the property of the Empress Dowager. The Shah of Persia has a string of these gems, each one perfect, and as large as a hazel-nut. Louis Napoleon has a fine collection; also Queen Victoria.

There is an account of a fine pearl found in Panama in 1579. This was pear-shaped, and as large as a pigeon's egg. It was presented to Philip II. of Spain. It was valued at £4000. Another American pearl, in the possession of a prince of Muscat, was so beautiful that the owner refused £4000 for it, although its weight was only 12 carats. Still another and richer gem from the same source was the property of a lady of Madras. It was valued at 30,000 ducats.

Leo X. paid 14,000 scudi for a pearl. Julius Cæsar is said to have presented Servilia, the mother of Marcus Brutus, with a pearl worth £50,000 English money. If tradition is to be credited, Cleopatra did a more foolish thing than to squander her denarii on *presents* to her friends. She is said to have dissolved a pearl of inestimable value in vinegar, and drank it as a compliment to Mark Antony. This species of gallantry was not confined to the ancients. In modern times Sir Thomas Gresham is known to have swallowed in wine, in a health to his queen, a pearl for which he gave £1500.

Other desirable and valuable gems are the opal and cat's-eye, a species of the opal; the beautiful and rare gem called dioptase, resembling the emerald; the turquoise, the hyacinth, and many others. The carnelian, the agate in all its forms, the lapis lazuli, the heliotrope, etc., are valuable stones rather than gems.

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THE DOLLIVER FAMILY.



THE FAMILY.

ONCE upon a time there was a family by the name of Dolliver.

This name was *not* handed down to them from their grandfathers and grandmothers, I am sorry to say; for that is so respectable; but was only "picked out" for them by a little girl, because she thought it suitable.

There were in the family Mr. and Mrs. Dolliver and their three adopted children—Grace, Diomed, and the little Dulcamara, besides Mäuselein, a German Fairy.

Monsieur Eugène Dolliver, the head of the family, was a magnificent creature, from Paris.

He had bright black eyes, curly hair, and a long mustache most beautifully waxed and twisted. He could open and shut his eyes if you pulled a wire; also his head could be turned from one side to the other.

Frau Wilhelmina Dolliver was a lovely German person, with yellow hair and clear, round, blue eyes.

"Blue like the sky," Mr. Dolliver used to say when he first had the pleasure of her acquaintance; but he had forgotten all about it now. She had not much beauty of expression, to be sure; but she looked very fresh and clean.

That was partly because she was made of porcelain, and could be washed freely.

She was somewhat taller than Mr. Dolliver. Indeed it was clear that they were never made for each other; yet they lived along very smoothly, owing principally to Mrs. Dolliver's even temper; for Mr. Dolliver was almost invariably among the contrary-minded.

Miss Grace Dolliver was graceful, and that was the way she came by her name.

Captain Diomed Dolliver was a fierce young soldier.

Little Dulcamara Dolliver was all that could be wished when she was in good-humor; but unfortunately her arms were put on wrong, so that the thumbs came behind, and this was thought to affect her temper.

They sometimes almost wished they had not adopted her.

Mäuselein was a German Fairy, generally in the shape of a mouse, but sometimes in another form.

Agile, efficient, faithful. An invaluable person.

This was the whole family.

THEIR HOUSE.

They lived in a pleasant and convenient house in the corner of the nursery.

It was about as high as your head if you are six years old.

On the first floor were the dining-room and kitchen.

In the dining-room there was a dining-table, of course, and chairs, of course. There were, besides, pictures, and a handsome sideboard.

In the kitchen there was a cooking-stove, tubs, flat-irons, a coffee-pot, a gridiron, and every thing that a cook could wish.

Next came the parlor. This was a wonderful room. The carpets were white, with crimson flowers.

On the mantel-piece there were candlesticks with wax-candles in them, and beautiful vases of very natural artificial flowers.

The walls were covered with the most brilliant paper. Flowers of gold on a white ground.

When the candles were lighted it was almost dazzling. There were pictures, and comfortable stuffed chairs, and all that could be needed.

The rooms above had pretty painted furniture, and neat white counterpanes, ruffled pillow-cases, and chintz curtains.

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No fault could be found with the house, surely.

THEIR COMFORTS AND DISCOMFORTS.

The Dollivers were, as a family, very happy at night, but in the daytime it was quite different. They were happier at night because then they were free, and could do what they pleased; but in the daytime they became helpless and speechless, and were subject to a Queen. Their Queen's name was Fanny Dale.



FANNY DALE.

She was what you and I would call a nice little girl. She had a great deal of leisure to attend to the Dollivers, and that was the reason their days were not sure to be pleasant. She was mild and kind to them, but so *uncertain*. They never knew what to expect. For instance, she would sometimes undress them all in the morning, and put them to bed, and then go out and forget them; and there they must stay all day long, for they were helpless till night came.

And this was the harder because Mr. Dolliver was the only one of the family who could go to sleep. His eyes would shut if you pulled a wire, so he did not mind it so much. But Mrs. Dolliver and all the rest of the family had very wide-open eyes, and could not go to sleep if they wanted to, and did not want to if they could.

However, as soon as the witching hour of half past ten arrived, and their Queen and her family were asleep, they could get up, and that was a comfort.

Another source of discomfort was their *dress*.

Mr. Dolliver usually wore a black velvet suit, made for him in Paris, patent-leather shoes, and a cap with a gold band.

Mrs. Dolliver, a rich maroon silk, with a green sash; and she had other nice dresses.

Miss Grace wore generally a beautiful, gauzy evening dress. White, with pink trimmings. Low in the neck, and short in the sleeves. Flowers in her hair, and a Roman scarf on her shoulders.

Captain Diomed wore a handsome uniform. Gray, with scarlet trimmings, and brass buttons.

He had, besides, a gun and a sword.

The little Dulsy wore *always* a beautiful blue dress. Her clothes were sewed on; that was a comfort.

Imagine, then, Mr. Dolliver's distress when he was obliged to exchange his handsome suit for a flowered dressing-gown, made for him by his Queen, with her own hands. Tight across the shoulders; purple, with a blue cord and tassel, and one sleeve shorter than the other!

But what could you expect?

Her hands were small, as a Queen's should be.

Her thimble would *not* stay on, and her needle *always* pricked her finger.

Poor Mr. Dolliver was wrought to desperation.

He said, "I prefer an Emperor to a Queen. 'Woman lacks originality and genius.' Give her power, and she 'becomes bold, arrogant, tyrannical, and full of folly.' Mrs. Dolliver could have done better herself, and she is nothing at the needle in comparison with a Parisian seamstress."

He would have torn his hair, only he knew no one in this country could ever curl it again.

He said, "Wretch that I am! Why did I leave Paris?" And he said, besides, that in that dressing-gown he had "the air of a pig;" only he said it in French, so it sounded better.

Also imagine *Mrs.* Dolliver's distress to find herself in an unbecoming gruel-colored morning dress.

And poor Miss Grace in a long-sleeved apron, to keep her neck and arms warm, when they were not cold.

And Captain Diomed in goodness knows what—a nondescript garment, that made him look like an overgrown boy!



CAPTAIN DIOMED.

Little Dulsy's clothes, luckily, were all sewed on.

All these obnoxious garments were cut and made for them by their Queen, of scraps from her mother's piece-bag; and, besides, she was generally obliged to "cut according to her cloth," and that is always a restraint upon the fancy. It was altogether very mortifying.

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But there was one comfort—she did not like them herself as well as their nicer clothes; so they were not often obliged to wear them.

THEIR PAST LIVES.

Mr. Dolliver was, and always had been, a gentleman. He had never made the least exertion in his life.

Mrs. Dolliver, on the contrary, had played, had danced, had sung, besides doing many other things.

Miss Grace had always been the same beautiful young lady.

Captain Diomed was bred a soldier. He was not jointed, so he was particularly adapted to the duties of a sentinel. Pacing back and forth.

Then there was the little Dulcamara, whose life seemed to be a mixture of bitter and sweet—a succession of good lucks and bad lucks, so to speak.

For example. She was a foundling. And there it is. First, she was *lost;* but then, on the other hand, she was *found.*

THEIR FUTURE PLANS.

Mr. Dolliver intended to live on like a gentleman as long as he could.

Mrs. Dolliver meant to continue to do the best she could for poor Mr. Dolliver (who was rather out of his sphere) and the children.

Miss Grace knew what *she* meant to do, but the handsome young man next door did not at all.

He did not know in the least that she meant to pierce his heart through and through with glances from her clear, glass eyes.

Captain Diomed meant to go to the wars, if possible.

And little Dulsy meant to grow tall and large, so she could have dresses that would put on and take off, instead of having one dress all the time, and that *sewed on.*

THEIR BEREAVEMENT.

They had met with one great loss. Cynthia, the flower of the family, a walking-doll—the only one of the family who could walk by day as well as by night. Cynthia—was *gone! Where*, no one could tell. But she had gone there by water.

Would they ever see her again? was the question.

This was the way it happened. Queen Fanny's mamma had taught her and her friend Minny to gather rushes, and tie six or eight together at the ends, and then spread them and weave one or two across to make a sort of boat or canoe.

When they had learned to make one of these little boats nicely they wished to send some of the Dolliver family out on a pleasure trip. The boat would only hold one at a time, so they naturally decided upon Mr. Dolliver, the head of the family, as the one to enjoy it first.

Mr. Dolliver hated a wet boat, for it spoils one's shoes; and, besides, he was sea-sick in coming over from Paris. So when Fanny tried to open his eyes—she had shut them to please her friend Minny—he kept them rolled up in his head in the most alarming manner, so that at last his Queen was obliged to conclude that he was a little out of order, and must be left at home. Mrs. Dolliver was left at home to take care of him.



THE DEPARTURE.

Miss Grace's dress was not suitable for a voyage.

Captain Diomed was not jointed, so he could not sit properly in a boat.

Little Dulsy was too young, and besides, her dress would fade; and then she was a foundling, and might get lost *again.*

So the charming Miss Cynthia was the one to take the first trip.

She wore a walking dress, and that would do very well for the water.

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Their Queen and her companions made great preparations for the voyage.

"She'll need her sun-shade," said Queen Fanny.

"And her tooth-brush," said friend Minny.

"And her blue veil."

"And her thick shawl."

"And her handkerchief."

And they gave her a box of matches, and a basket with four pea-nuts, three gum-drops, two pop-corns, and an oyster cracker in it.

While they were preparing she was looking somewhat sadly at her friends.

It was daytime, so they could not speak to her.

She saw her respected father, with his eyes rolled up in his head, his head almost turned around, and his arms quite stiff at his sides, apparently in a fit.

But she was not alarmed. Oh, not at all. She knew why he did it. He had tried it successfully before. She had never been frightened since the first time. Her mamma sat by him, with her sister Grace and little Dulsy. Her brother, the Captain, had accidentally tumbled down in a corner, and his Queen was too busy to set him up again. She took a last look. She knew she might never come back. She would not have chosen to go, if it had been left to her, but it was one of those events over which we have no control. She might have a pleasant trip, and come back safely after all. She would have liked to see young Waldemar Dollskovitsh once more, but he was far away across the water. Perhaps she was only going out to meet him. Oh, that would be joyful! So she bravely walked down the river-bank and allowed herself to be seated in the boat, with her blue veil over her face, her sun-shade open, the basket of refreshments on her arm, and her handkerchief in her hand.

The Queen said, "Good-by, dear Dolly; a pleasant voyage to you," and pushed the little boat off, and the wind blew against the sun-shade, and carried her far away to the middle of the river. She looked down deep and saw the fishes, and was almost frightened; but the motion of the boat was pleasant, and perhaps Waldemar was on the water at that very moment. The current was fast taking her down the stream.

When the little Queen saw her so far away she was sorry and began to cry, but it was too late for regrets. They could only hope that a friendly breeze would bring her back some time.

When night came there were many tears shed in the Dolliver family.

Mr. Dolliver said, "Mark my words! The glue will get wet, and her head will come off."

Mrs. Dolliver said, "Others have gone out upon the water, and have come back safely," but she wiped her eyes as she said it.

Miss Grace said, "My sister, oh, my sister," and wept in silence, though she was only an adopted sister after all.

Captain Diomed said, "Ye gods of war! This is worse than to be slain on the battle-field," and he stood with his hand over his face nearly all night.

The little Dulsy said, "Oh dear! oh dear!"

It was a sorrowful time.

But that was long ago.

Full two months.

And they had never heard from her.



MAUSELEIN AND THE FROG.

Mäuselein went down to the shore several nights to make inquiries of the newly arrived Frogs, but they all said, "Gone below! Gone below!" and that was so dreadful that it was almost worse than nothing. So he gave it up, and, as a last effort, went out one dark night, caught a fire-fly to light the way, searched till he found a four-leafed clover, threw it into the river, and came home, feeling that he had done all that could be done.

THEIR FRIENDS.

They had a few old friends.

The Dollworthys, who lived next door, and young Waldemar Dollskovitsh were among them.



WALDEMAR.

And they had just made the acquaintance of the Dollidons. Wealthy people who lived in the Park.

Waldemar Dollskovitsh was a Russian, or a Prussian, or an Austrian, or a Pole, or something of that sort. I forget precisely how it was.

He was the

friend the fair Cynthia hoped to meet on the water.

He was a walking-doll like Cynthia, and had been a lieutenant in the navy, but had left to establish himself as a pirate.

There is a prejudice against this occupation; but still there is more or less dishonesty in every trade, and it depends, no doubt, very much upon the person.

They all remembered well the last visit he had made them. He kissed them all when he came and when he went, for he belonged to an affectionate family. In each case the prevailing impression among them was cigar-smoke. However, this is not disagreeable to all. But he was very charming.

Mr. Dolliver thought him like the French Emperor. They all went down to the river to see him glide away in his little boat.

Just as he was disappearing in the distance there came to them across the water a farewell that he was singing:



Then they could no longer catch the words, but only a note or two, and then it was all gone.

Cynthia knew well it was meant for her.

THEIR ENEMIES.

They had several.

The most powerful and dangerous was, I am sorry to say, Flossy—white-kitten-to-her-majesty Queen Fanny.

Her visits were a terror to them, and Mäuselein was constantly trying to invent some way to keep her out. Time was helping them, not by cutting her down, but by making her grow too tall and stout to crawl in their door.

When she did come she made nothing of lying on her back on their parlor carpet, and rolling from side to side, clawing at the piano, the curtains, the pictures—every thing—in the most reckless and horrible manner.

Mrs. Dolliver was a neat housekeeper; and it was bad enough to have white cat's hairs worked and rolled into the crimson flowers of the carpet, to say nothing of the more serious mischief.

Besides this, Flossy would often waylay Mäuselein when he was out on important errands. This was not a serious matter, to be sure, as Mäuselein was not afraid of Flossy, and had nothing to do but to take the form of a large dog in order to put her to an ignominious flight. But it often caused delays, and delays are dangerous. We all know that

> "She that will with kittens jest
> Should bear a kitten's joke."

But here was an instance of those who would *not* "with kittens jest," and who yet were put to the same inconvenience.

Their other enemies were the Spider and his grandfather, Long Legs.

The Spider annoyed them by spinning his webs in the corners, and, in fact, all over their house; and his grandfather, Long Legs, made their blood run cold by walking over them in the daytime, when they could neither move nor speak.



A SURPRISE PARTY.

A ray of hope at last!

Mäuselein had found a friendly Frog, who, in consideration of the fact that Mr. Dolliver was a Frenchman and fully appreciated Frogs, had undertaken to carry a letter across the water, and put it in the hands of the lost Cynthia, if she could be found—if not, destroy it.

It was decided that the letter should be composed of a few lines from each of the family.

When their Queen was asleep Mäuselein brought pen, ink, and paper, and Mr. Dolliver wrote:

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"My Angel,—Why have you left me? Why was a daughter of my house snatched away so unceremoniously and against my will? In the beautiful France it is not so.

"Do not spoil your dress.

"Come home, I implore you.

"*Au revoir.*"

Mrs. Dolliver wrote:

"My darling Cynthia,—Come home. A warm welcome awaits you."

Miss Grace wrote:

"Sweet Sister,—Whither away! Return to your distracted family. Fly to the bower I have shaded for thee, my sister—oh, my sister."

N.B.—This was only a figure of speech, for she really had not "shaded a bower," and could not have done it to save her life.

Captain Diomed wrote:

"My Sister,—Where is the poltroon who detains you from your home? Tell me, that I may loose the dogs of war! Tell me, that I may pierce him with my sword, and riddle him with my bullets!"

The little Dulsy wrote:

"Dear Sister,—I wish you would come home. Mäuselein has brought us some tarts."

When the letter was written, sealed, and directed to Miss Cynthia Dolliver, "care of Lieutenant Waldemar Dollskovitsh," for they thought he, if any one, would help them in the matter, Mäuselein folded it neatly in a piece of oiled silk, and was about to fasten it on the head of the friendly Frog, who had promised to keep his head above water if possible, when they saw—

And here let me say, with the assistance of Mäuselein they had all gone to the river-bank to oversee the important business of sending their letter.

It was a rare night.

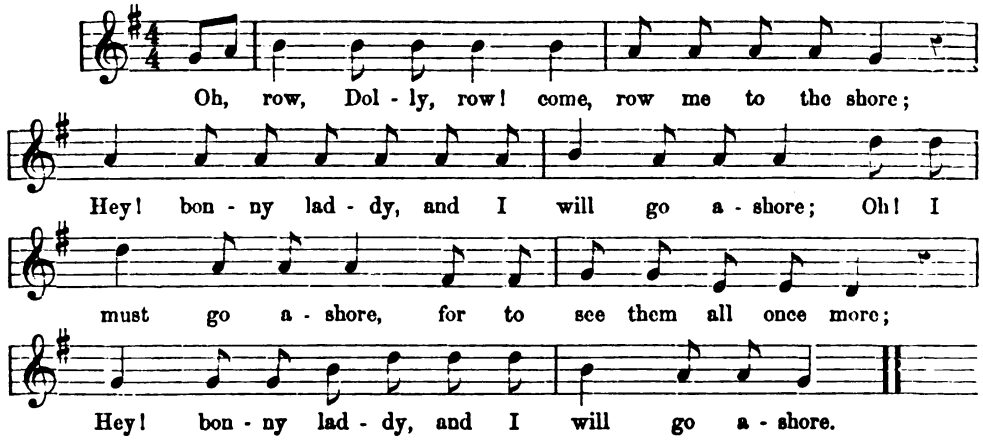
The river wound along in the yellow light of the full moon like a brazen serpent.

No sound was heard save the voices of the Dolliver family and the Frogs, when they saw a gallant bark, the *Viking*, approaching, with white sails flowing free and colors flying.

Then came the sound of one gun! Mr. Dolliver instantly fell back, and was about to say, "I'm a dead man!"—for he had been in Paris at the time of the Revolution, and knew

"What perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron"—

when there swept across the water a sweet strain in tones which they recognized,



And at the same moment they saw their long-lost Cynthia and the young Waldemar Dollskovitsh impatiently walking the deck.

Soon a small boat shot out toward the river-bank, and in a moment Cynthia was in her mother's arms.

As soon as she could extricate herself she presented to the astonished but happy family her husband, Lieutenant Waldemar Dollskovitsh! When he had recovered a little from his surprise Mr. Dolliver demanded an explanation in these words: "How! What! Which! Where!"

Mrs. Dolliver had not yet finished gazing with content and delight at her newly restored daughter.

Miss Grace could not help glancing admiringly at the gay young pirate lieutenant.

Captain Diomed was wavering between peace and war. He longed for an opportunity to try his sword.

The little Dulsy had followed Mäuselein, who went to send away the friendly Frog, with a liberal reward for his good intentions.

Cynthia told them all should be explained if they would come on board the *Viking*, where a banquet awaited them.

Mr. Dolliver for once overcame his prejudices, and stepped into the boat.

The rest followed his example.

They were soon seated in the cabin of the gallant bark, with the exception of Captain Diomed, who preferred to mount guard at the door. The cabin was beautifully illuminated. The walls were decorated with the loveliest sea-shells.

There were pictures of beautiful mermaids in the most becoming and stylish of bathing-dresses, crimping their hair, and arranging their waterfalls.

And on the table was a tempting repast, composed principally of foreign dishes well known to them by name, as edible birds'-nests, warm bread-fruit, and the like.

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"HOW! WHAT! WHICH! WHERE!"

Cynthia now explained to them that when she left them the current took her swiftly down the river all day long and a part of the night, till she came to the open sea.

She was wearied with watching, her provisions had given out, her tooth-brush had fallen overboard, and she was about to give up in despair, when she saw a white sail. She roused herself, inspired with hope. She tied her handkerchief to the end of her sun-shade, which had an iron frame, lighted a match, set fire to the handkerchief, and waved it aloft. A moment of suspense, and then Waldemar saw it, and came to the rescue. As soon as she felt herself safe, and recognized her preserver, she fainted away.

When she was fully restored the young Waldemar, kneeling at her feet, for he was jointed, said, "Be mine, be mine!"

She asked seven minutes to consider the matter. She was separated from her family, probably never to be restored to them.

Marriage is a lottery, and many good people do not approve of lotteries.

But Waldemar had saved her life. Something was due to gratitude.

Besides, she was fond of him; so she said, "Yes."

Fortunately there was a bride's outfit on board, including a lovely pink wedding-dress. It was the pirate's last prize, though he little knew for whom he was securing it.

So they were quietly married by the ship's chaplain.

It was impossible to inform her friends of the state of things, as they were far from home, and the *Viking* was bound on an errand that admitted of no delay.

They had returned, however, as soon as they could, and now all was explained. Mr. Dolliver laid one hand on each of their heads and said, "Bless you, my children!"

He expressed himself satisfied with the explanation, but he regretted that the wedding-dress was pink instead of white.

White alone would be permitted in Paris.

Mrs. Dolliver kissed her daughter and said nothing

Miss Grace said, "How charming! how romantic!"

Captain Diomed said, "Were I not a soldier, I would be a pirate."

The little Dulsy said nothing, for she was at that moment deep in a bird's-nest.

When the banquet was finished Mäuselein came to tell them that the dawn was approaching, and it was time to take leave.

The *Viking* was to sail before daylight; so, after many affectionate farewells, they stepped into the boat, and were soon on shore.

Just as they were all safe inside the nursery window they saw the gallant bark like a cloud in the distance; and before the first rays of the sun gilded the weather-vane they were in their home once more.

Said Mr. Dolliver, "We have lost a daughter."

Said Mrs. Dolliver, "We have gained a son."

Said Miss Grace, "Bright be the skies above them!"

Said Captain Diomed, "Death to their enemies!"

Said little Dulsy, "Oh! I wish"—but at that moment the morning bell rang, their Queen's mamma said, "Wake up, Fanny," and their speechless day began.



"BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN!"

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THE YOUNG NATURALIST IN MEXICO.*



SCENERY OF MEXICO.

MEXICO is a land of mystery and wonders. The secret of its ancient cities, and of the races of men that once filled their now silent streets with the busy hum of life, remains unfathomed; and although several world-renowned naturalists have climbed its lofty volcanic mountains, explored its lagoons and giant rivers, and traversed its immense forests, still, from the vast extent of country and variety of climate, it is scarcely as well known to the majority of even American readers as Africa was before the recent explorations of Baker, Livingstone, and

* *Adventures of a Young Naturalist.* By LUCIEN BIART. Edited and Adapted by PARKER GILLMORE, Author of "*All Round the World*," "*Gun, Rod, and Saddle*," "*Accessible Field Sports*," etc., etc. With One Hundred and Seventeen Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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SUMICHRAST.

Du Chaillu familiarized them with the wonders of its scenery and natural history. Although the elephant, the hippopotamus, the lion, and the tiger, which render the deserts of Africa and the jungles of India so attractive to sportsmen, are not to be found in Mexico, their places are well supplied by the swamp-loving tapir, the voracious alligator, the stealthy puma, and the blood-thirsty jaguar—all well worthy of the white man's rifle and the spear and arrow of the native sportsman. Moreover, here the wolf awakes the reverberating echoes of the forest with its dismal howl; the raccoon, opossum, and squirrel pass their lives in sportive gambols; the wild and the ocellated turkeys strut about, pompous in manner, as if conscious of their handsome plumage; while the timid deer and shaggy-coated bison roam over prairies or through woodland glades, as yet unacquainted with the report of the white man's destructive fire-arms.

To acquaint young readers with the natural wonders of this part of the New World, in a pleasant and attractive manner, M. Lucien Biart has written the book from which we borrow the illustrations for this article. As the title suggests, it is the story of a boy-naturalist, who accompanies his father on a journey of discovery and adventure among the Cordilleras of Mexico. Though only nine years old, Master Lucien, for that was the young adventurer's name, proved himself to be a real hero; for whether suffering from thirst or hunger, persecuted by noxious insects, lost in the forest, or threatened by wild beasts, he never lost courage for a moment. Master Lucien and his father were accompanied on their perilous wanderings by François Sumichrast, a Swiss naturalist, and a faithful Indian servant, whose usual costume had gained him the name of L'Encuerado, a Spanish word which signifies *clad in leather*. Tall in stature, noble in mien, and broad-shouldered, Sumichrast was a splendid representative of moral and physical health. He was distinguished as an ornithologist, and was never so much at home as in the midst of the forest; in fact, he often regretted that he had not been born an Indian. His gravity, entirely devoid of sadness, his skill in shooting, and his silent laugh, often led his friends to compare him to Cooper's "Leatherstocking;" but it was "Leatherstocking" become a man of the world and of science.

L'Encuerado was a Mistec Indian, an old jaguar-hunter, inured to danger and fatigue. He was almost beside himself with joy at the idea of conducting Master Lucien into the wilderness of the Cordilleras, where he had made many journeys with the boy's father. On the morning of the departure from Orizaba, whence they started on their travels, he appeared as represented in our picture, with a huge basket on his back, containing the main stock of provisions for the journey, which could not be procured away from the city—such as coffee, salt, pepper, dried corn, cakes, etc. The hound at his side is a greyhound, strongly made and intelligent, which had been Master Lucien's playmate for years, and could not be induced to remain at



L'ENCUERADO.

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M. SUMICHRAST'S NARROW ESCAPE.

home. He answered to the name of Gringalet. This party of five—for Gringalet deserves to be counted in—set out from the city of Orizaba one fine morning in June, just before the sun was up, and started eastward toward the Cordilleras. We can not, of course, follow them through their journey, or begin to relate one quarter of the wonderful adventures which they encountered on their wanderings, for which we must refer our readers to the book itself; we shall merely give detached pictures and incidents, taken almost at random from the narrative.

One morning, after they had been several days upon their travels, they came suddenly to the upper edge of a deep ravine, through which an impetuous torrent rushed, and the question was how to get across. A little above where they stood the water was calm and sluggish, accumulating in a wide basin; but immediately beneath their feet it broke against a huge rock and divided into two roaring columns, which, still further down the ravine, burst into a thousand little cascades. They all wished to visit the bottom of the ravine, in order to enjoy this wonderful sight in all its grandeur. Before making their way into the brush-wood that lined the sides of the ravine near the top, they put down their insect-cases and game-bags, as the enterprise required their unimpeded agility. Notwithstanding their caution, one of the party had a very narrow escape from death. As long as they could cling to the plants and shrubs the descent was mere child's-play; but they soon found themselves on a slippery, clayish soil, where there was neither stick nor stone to hold by, nor sure footing. M. Sumichrast was the first to venture on this dangerous ground, which gave way under him at the third step. He rolled over the declivity, instinctively grasping the first branches he could reach; but he let go directly, uttering a piercing cry. Fortunately a shrub kept him from falling into the gulf. Master Lucien's father—who is represented as narrating the story of these wanderings—planted his feet as deeply as he could in the crumbling soil, so as to be able to help his friend, who, with his face contracted with pain, raised his right hand, which was already red, swollen, and covered with blisters. The branch he had caught hold of in his fall belonged to a gigantic nettle, called by the Indians *Mala-muger*, or "bad-woman." This plant only grows on damp banks—"a piece of malice," said L'Encuerado, "adopted in order to play shameful tricks on unsuspecting travelers, toward whom it treacherously stretches out its green stalks and velvety leaves as if offering them assistance." Nevertheless the grasp had lessened the weight of M. Sumichrast's fall, which otherwise might

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have been too great for the slender shrub against which he lodged. The others of the party felt quite grieved at Sumichrast's suffering; for they well knew by experience the intolerable pain which is produced by the sting of this herb. L'Encuerado took Lucien in charge, while his father gave assistance to the injured man. For some distance they moved along without much difficulty, but very soon a whole forest of nettles stood up in front of them. Lucien and Sumichrast sat down, while the Indian and the boy's father, by means of their *machetes*, opened out a narrow path; at last they reached the timber land again, and had now almost got out of their difficulties. The stalks of the nettles, cut off a few inches above the ground, served to give firmness to their footing.

Under a cypress, near the bottom of the ravine, they observed five or six snakes, each about a yard and a half long. One, more courageous than the others, remained under the trees and steadily surveyed the party. Gringalet, furious in the extreme, barked and jumped all round the reptile, which, raising its head from the centre of the coil formed by its body, shot out its tongue. Its skin was of a golden yellow, dotted with green spots, and streaked by two almost imperceptible black lines. L'Encuerado called in the dog; the snake then coiled itself up, slowly turning its head in every direction, as if to select the best direction for retreat. Suddenly it unrolled its whole length, exposing to view an unfortunate sparrow, which was still breathing. Leaving it unmolested, after a few minutes' delay it seized its victim by the head; by degrees the little feathered innocent disappeared, and the snake remained motionless as though exhausted by the exertion.

"Is it a rattlesnake?" asked Lucien, astonished.

"No," replied his father; "it is a common snake—that is, a reptile which is not venomous. This one is called by the Indians the *Yellow-snake*, and, from ignorance, they are in very great dread of it. It is in the habit of climbing up trees with great activity, and hunts birds. The statues of the Aztec god of war, the terrible Huitzilipochtli, to whom thousands of men were offered as living sacrifices, had their foreheads bound with a golden snake, and we have every reason to believe that the reptile which we have just seen is that which the Indians thus honored."

They continued their descent, and L'Encuerado, who had taken the lead, suddenly turned back with his head covered with an immense vegetable helmet. Lucien's father recognized it to be the flower of a plant he had met with in the neighboring mountains. Nothing could be more splendid than this blossom, which, before it is full blown, looks like a duck sitting on the water. In a single morning the enormous corolla opens out, and changes into a



THE CATARACT.

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THE CAVERN CEMETERY.

form resembling a helmet surmounted by a crest; the interior of it, lined with yellow velvet, almost dazzles the eyes. The seed of this creeper is flat, and has depicted on one of its faces a Maltese cross.

Even Sumichrast for a moment forgot his injuries while examining this wonderful flower; and Lucien, finding a second, very soon covered his head with it; but the poisonous and penetrating odor exhaled from the corolla made him feel sick, so he soon relinquished this novel but disagreeable head-dress.

A few more steps brought them to the bottom of the ravine, and Sumichrast and L'Encuerado set to work to bathe their stings in the cool water; while Lucien and his father sat down together on a rock washed on one side by the stream, and leisurely contemplated the beautiful scene before them.

In front of them was situated an immense mountain, cleft open as if by the hand of some giant, the sides of which were clad with a carpet of verdure of a thousand different shades. At the bottom there was an enormous accumulation of gray and dark-tinted rocks, between which appeared, every here and there, the foliage of some tree, enameled with flowers. From the midst of the mountain, as if from some invisible cavern, sprung out a large sheet of transparent water, which, although calm and almost motionless in appearance, descended in one fall to a rock which projected in the cataract like the prow of a ship. As if rendered furious by the shock, and seeming to revel in the uproar, the water, converted into foam, bounded over the obstacle, and fell in two columns, separated by the black point of crag; . then, springing with impetuous speed from step to step down a gigantic staircase, it entered a receptacle hollowed out like a shell, which received the foaming water, from whence it flowed gently into a basin edged with verdure. The torrent, quieted for a time, resumed its course, and striking against impediments, rolled on from fall to fall, and from valley to valley, until it reached the plains, more than three thousand feet beneath.

One evening they came to the mouth of a pit or cavern, which they determined to explore; so next morning, after taking the precaution to let down a lamp to ascertain whether they might with safety venture in, Lucien's father and Sumichrast made the descent. The pit was many feet deep, but a rough kind of stairway in the earth led to the bottom. We give the account of the exploration in the author's own words:

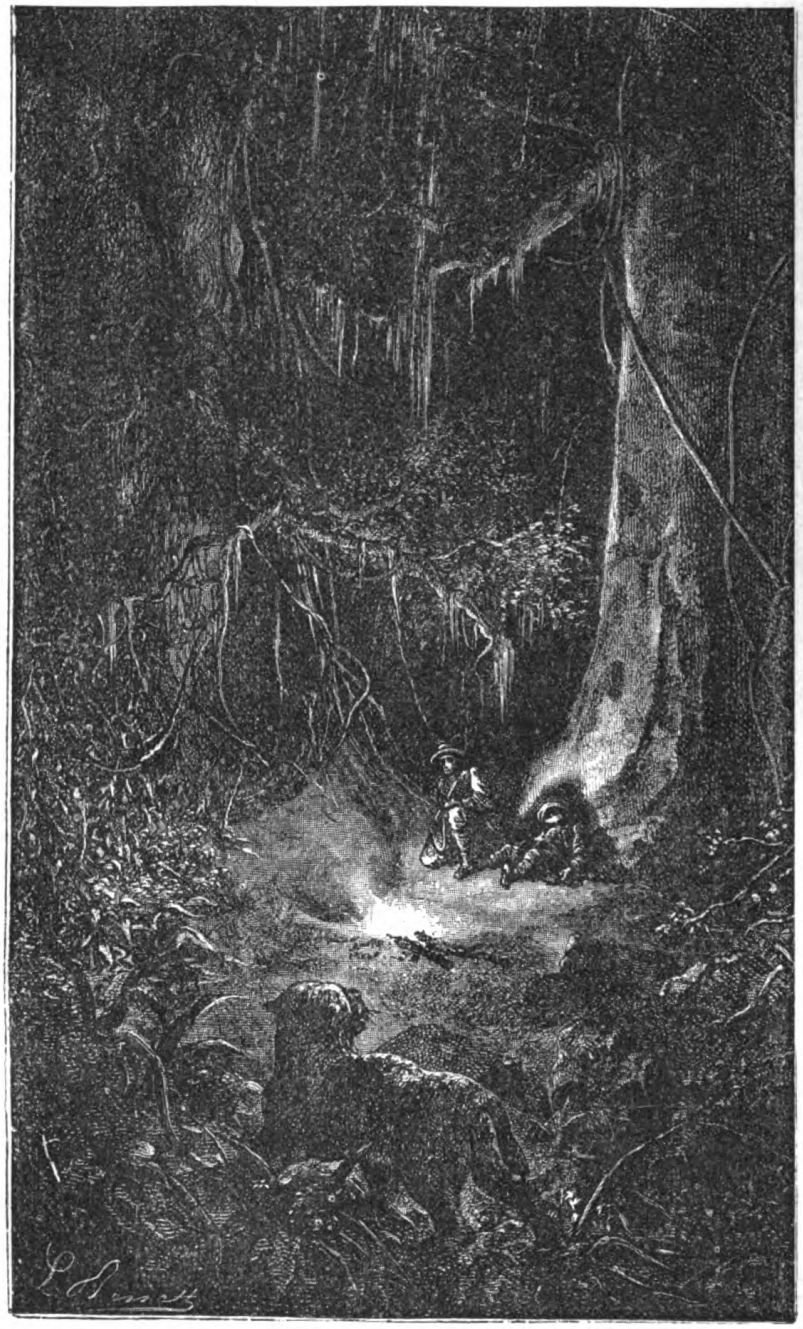
"A narrow passage led from the pit into a vast chamber, the more distant parts of which

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we could not discern on account of the darkness. While my friend was exploring I returned for Lucien. The lamp, thanks to the Indian's skill, had been safely let down without extinguishing the light; lastly L'Encuerado himself made his appearance. Passing along the narrow passage, I soon perceived Sumichrast, who looked like some fantastic apparition as he shook his torch over his head, endeavoring to see through the darkness which enveloped us.

"The lamp being set down at the entrance of the passage, each of us took a lighted torch, and advanced at a slow pace. Sumichrast and the Indian skirted the wall to the left, while I walked along the wall to the right. Our smoky torches gave but an imperfect light, and we could scarcely see beyond three yards in front of us. A little farther on the ground was strewn with fallen stones; before venturing on this dangerous ground I cast a glance toward my companions; they were not in sight. I gave them a call; a formidable clamor resounded through the chamber, and Lucien crept close to me.

"'It is the echo returning to our ears Sumichrast's answer,' I hastened to tell him. 'They are in another chamber; you call them now!'



LOST IN THE FOREST AT NIGHT.

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MONKEYS ON A FROLIC.

"The boy, agitated, raised his voice. Immediately the dark vaults seemed to repeat his words, and the sound increased, as it moved away, as if a thousand persons, placed at intervals, were repeating some watch-word. A sonorous 'Hiou! hiou!' prevailed over the uproar, and the face of L'Encuerado appeared on our right before the echo of the call had died away.

"'Come and see a beautiful church!' cried the Indian. 'A church made of diamonds!'

"We moved toward the entrance by an inclined passage, down the slope of which we followed L'Encuerado. The distance between the walls gradually increased, and soon we found ourselves in a vast hall studded with stalactites; in it Sumichrast arranged the lighted torches.

"The Indian was not far wrong; we might easily have fancied ourselves in a Gothic cathedral. The wildest dreams could not picture a stranger, more original, or more fantastic style of architecture. Never did any painter of fairy scenes imagine any effects more splendid. Hundreds of columns hung down from the roof and reached the ground below. It was a really wonderful assemblage of pointed arches, lace-work, branchery, and gigantic flowers. Here and there were statues chiseled by nature's hand. Lucien particularly remarked a woman covered with a long veil, and stretching out over our heads an arm which a sculptor's chisel could scarcely have rendered more lifelike. There were also shapeless mouths, monstrous heads, and animals, appearing as if they had been petrified, in menacing attitudes. The illusion was rendered more or less complete according to the play of the light; and many a strange shape was but caught sight of for a moment, to as rapidly vanish.

"Unfortunately our torches gave a very insufficient light, and the thick smoke rapidly blackened the arches above us. A great polished stone now impeded our passage, and compelled us to crawl. I took the lead, and, passing through a kind of narrow corridor, made my way into a small chamber. I raised a sudden exclamation; for five or six skulls, symmetrically arranged, seemed to glare at me through their empty orbits.

"'Oh, father!' cried Lucien, 'are we in a cemetery?'

"'Yes, my boy; I think this must be a Chichimec burial-place. This nation, which preceded the Toltecs and Aztecs in Mexico, were in the habit of depositing their dead in caverns.'

"Sumichrast examined a skull which he had picked up; its white and perfect teeth showed that it must have belonged to a man who died young. A few paces farther on five or six more skulls lay on the surface of the ground; they were barred in by fine stalactites, and appeared as if they were grinning at us through the grating of a dungeon door.

"For more than a thousand years, perhaps, these skulls had reposed in the niches which had evidently been hollowed out on purpose for them. The soil of the grotto had apparently risen at a subsequent period. What revelations as to the ancient history of Mexico might be contained in this cave! Without much difficulty, L'Encuerado broke through the upper calcareous layer, and brought to light some loamy earth, out of which he procured a small cup of baked clay. I then began digging; my fingers soon touched some hard object; it was a small stone statuette.

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I had scarcely loosened my discovery from the earth before Lucien also plunged his arm into the hole and brought out a little fancifully shaped tortoise, the tail of which had been used as a whistle. Enticed on by these successes, we knelt down so as to break through a wider extent of the calcareous stratum; but our torches begun to burn palely, and the close chamber, now filled with a thick smoke, was no longer bearable. Sumichrast complained of humming in his ears, and I also felt uncomfortable; so, much against our inclination, I gave the signal of departure. The lamp was dying out, and was filling the outer chamber with a nasty smell, which gave the finishing stroke to our unpleasant feelings. L'Encuerado and Lucien were the first to leave the cave; from it I afterward emerged with Sumichrast, both being quite blinded, when we reached the open air, by the overpowering rays of the sun."

Toward the close of their wanderings the author and his son, Master Lucien, left M. Sumichrast in the camp, and strayed away into the forest for the purpose of collecting insects. Tempted by the profusion of this pretty kind of game, and by the coolness of the wood, they went on and on, now catching a brilliant butterfly, and now examining a rare flower, until the slanting rays of the sun and the gathering dusk of the sylvan solitudes warned them of the approach of evening. Then, to their dismay, they found that they had neglected to notch the trees as they advanced, and had thus lost the direction of the camp.

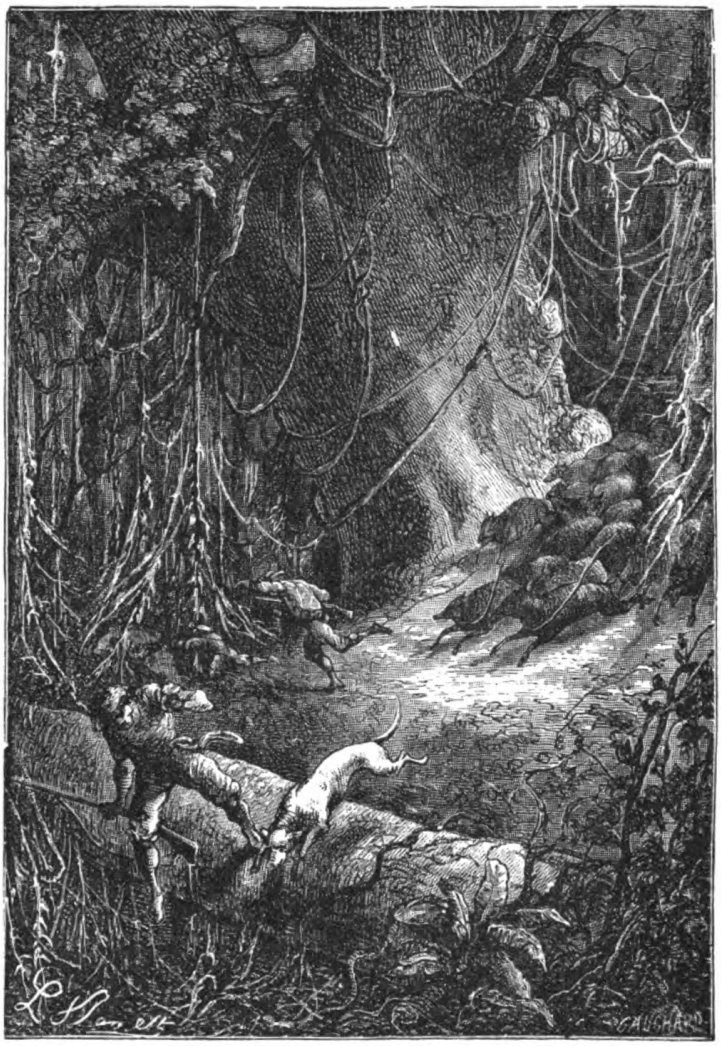
"Are we lost?" asked Lucien, in an anxious tone.

"We have gone too far," replied his father, "and we may not be able to get back to camp this evening. I am going to fire my gun to attract L'Encuerado's attention."

But several shots failed to awaken any other response than muffled echoes; and fearing to exhaust their stock of ammunition, they made up their minds to remain where they were all night. After gathering a sufficient quantity of dried sticks, and making a fire in a semi-circle round the trunk of a large tree, to keep off the wild beasts whose melancholy howling began to be heard on every side, father and son lay down supperless, side by side. Master Lucien, fatigued by his long walk, and not appreciating the full danger of their situation, soon fell asleep, but his father was unable to close his eyes. Suddenly, toward midnight, a terrible roar re-echoed through the forest, and woke up Lucien.

"What is that?" he exclaimed.

"It is a jaguar," replied his father; "it will not come near us. Behind the fire we have nothing to fear." Reassured by these words, Lucien leaned back against the tree, while his father cocked his rifle and stood upon the watch. In a short time the bright eyes of a superb jaguar glared at them through the darkness from a distance of not more than fifty paces. After looking at them for a moment, the animal crept in a circle about the camp, alternately appearing and disappearing as he moved stealthily among the trees. Lucien's father



PURSUED BY PECCARIES.

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hastened to liven up the fire, and then sat down near the boy, who, gun in hand, was bravely watching the enemy. For an hour the animal kept prowling round, every now and then bounding off and disappearing. At last it came and sat down about twenty paces from the fire, then stretched itself on the ground and rolled about as if in play; but if they made the slightest movement it immediately got up, and, laying back its ears, showed its formidable teeth. Suddenly a noise as if of breaking branches was heard, followed by reports like those of guns; then came a horrible roar. Lucien, frightened, rushed into his father's arms.

"What!" exclaimed his father; "don't you remember the noise made by the fall of a tree?"

"Oh, papa!" replied Lucien, "I have heard nothing like it since the day of the hurricane."

"That is quite true," said his father; "but it is an incident to which you will soon be accustomed, for the first storm will probably overthrow many of these formidable giants. The tiger is frightened too, for he has made off, you see. Try and go to sleep, my dear boy, for tomorrow we may, perhaps, have to walk a long way."

The child soon fell asleep. The forest had resumed its majestic silence, which was only disturbed by the distant fall of another and another colossus. The father's anxiety was extreme; and though he knew their friends would range every way in quest of them, they might readily wander in opposite directions, having no ammunition to signal with should they come near.

Toward morning, exhausted with fatigue, he fell asleep, and dreamed, in his feverishness, that they were nearly at the end of their journey and close to Orizaba, in sight of home. A slender thread of light, announcing the dawn of day, awoke them, and they arose. The clearness of day now broke upon them. For a quarter of an hour the father kept his ear to the earth, listening in the hopes of hearing some signal. Again and again he cocked his gun, with the intention of firing, and as regularly laid it down, reflecting that he might only be throwing away ammunition.

At length he took observations of the bearings of the ground, and followed as far as possible the trail of the day before. In this operation they fortunately came upon a pool of water, at which they quenched their thirst; but though their hunger was excessive, and game plentiful, they dared not discharge at it a single shot. They hastened forward, and came upon some creeping plants—indications that they were approaching a glade.

"Look out!" cried Lucien, suddenly; "it seems to me as if some one were moving the branches close by."

"It is a monkey," said his father; and off he went in pursuit of the animal, which, leaping from branch to branch, seemed to set him at defiance. Suddenly it uttered a guttural cry, and was answered by twenty more. Two or three times the active creatures moved farther away, but at last they came so close that he could fire safely. At the report of the gun the band scattered in every direction in a most precipitous flight. The monkey Lucien's father had aimed at seemed only wounded, when, as he was going to fire a second time, it slid down and fell dead at their feet. Its young one, which they had not at first perceived, was sitting upon a limb about ten feet from the ground, uttering low and almost inaudible plaintive cries.

In a quarter of an hour the animal was skinned and hung in front of a large fire. While Lucien's father was superintending the cookery the young one moaned incessantly, and the boy tried every persuasion to coax it down. Urged by Lucien, his father ascended the tree, and tried to catch hold of the motherless little creature. No doubt it was paralyzed by fear, for it only showed its teeth, and allowed him to place it on his shoulder. It clung to his hair, and wound its tail round his neck as he descended, and he was in fear every moment of feeling one of his ears bitten. Nothing of the sort happened, for the poor brute's teeth only chattered with fear. It was placed close to the fire, where it immediately resumed its lamentations. Then, by means of a flexible creeper, it was secured round the middle of the body and tied to a bush.

After breakfast they resumed their wanderings, endeavoring to retrace their footsteps of the day before, but the gathering shades of another evening found them still astray in the great forest. Master Lucien, quite broken down with fatigue, looked at his father with tearful eyes. They halted under a huge tree, and the poor boy, worn out, stretched himself on the grass and immediately fell asleep. His father remained on the watch. Suddenly his ear caught the sound of distant barking, which gradually grew more and more distinct, until, after some moments of anxious waiting, Gringalet sprang into sight from the thicket, and awakened his young master with his caresses. L'Encuerado was not far behind, and thus, thanks to the sagacity of the faithful dog, the wanderers were saved.

In the course of their journey through the Cordilleras our travelers came to the bank of a broad stream, and as it ran in the direction they wished to pursue they determined to construct a raft, and make a part of their tour by water. This was accordingly done, but just before they were ready for embarkation they met with the following singular adventure. They were just going on board when a noise attracted their attention, and two peccaries rushed past them, pursuing one another. L'Encuerado, taken by surprise, shot at one of the animals without killing it, and they all gave chase. Hardly had they gone a hundred paces when the Indian, who was in front, turned right about, shouting out, "To the raft! to the raft!" A noise like the gallop of a troop of horses seemed to shake

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the ground. A band of peccaries was pursuing the party; and as his two companions halted to fire, Lucien's father succeeded in gaining the raft, on which he placed the boy. The peccaries, about a hundred in number, rushed on in a furious crowd. Sumichrast, who was closely pressed by them, leaped upon the frail bark, almost capsizing it, while L'Encuerado ran along the shore.

"Cut the mooring and push off!" he cried out as he disappeared in the jungle.

Some of the peccaries rushed after the Indian; the others, chasing and hustling one another, made the woods echo with their gruntings. Lucien's father cut the mooring-line; and, seizing hold of the boat-hook, directed the raft toward the right bank, whence the uproar seemed to proceed.

At that instant the Indian came in sight, followed by Gringalet, and plunged into the water, holding his gun above his head.

Instead of wading to the raft, L'Encuerado turned toward a peccary which in its eagerness had fallen into the water and was endeavoring to reach the bank. He seized it by an ear and dragged it toward the raft, assisted by Gringalet, who swam, barking, behind, and biting it when opportunity offered.

"Fire your gun at this poor wretch's head," called L'Encuerado to Sumichrast.

This was no sooner said than done, and L'Encuerado leaped on board, dragging his victim after him.

The peccaries collected on the shore continued to utter loud grunts of rage; but the travelers were beyond their reach, for the raft was soon carried past them by the current.

"Are peccaries carnivorous?" asked Lucien.

"Yes, indeed," answered Sumichrast. "If one of us had been knocked down by the band, there wouldn't be much left now but bones."

"Isn't the peccary a wild-boar?"

"It is a relation of the pig," he answered. "The wild-boar is solitary, while the peccaries always go in flocks; and this makes them formidable enemies in spite of their small size."

The voyage down the river on the raft was attended with many stirring adventures, which we have not room to relate in this article. Our travelers at one time thought of floating down to the Gulf of Mexico; but as the season was too far advanced to admit of such a prolonged excursion, the project was reluctantly abandoned, and they resolved to return to Orizaba by the shortest route across the plain. One day at early dawn L'Encuerado cut the mooring-line of the raft, and let it float down the stream, thanking it at the same time, in true Indian style, for the good service it had rendered the party, and wishing it prosperity on its lonely voyage toward the great Gulf. As the frail bark floated off with the current two herons perched upon it, and it soon glided out of sight with its winged passengers.

Then began the hardest part of the whole journey for our travelers, especially for Master Lucien, upon whom the fatigues and hardships of the long tramp among the mountains, and the exposures of camping-out life, were beginning to tell, although he bore up with most praiseworthy fortitude and endurance. On the fourth day after leaving the river they became doubtful about the direction they should pursue. Their food was nearly exhausted, and, worse than all, their supply of water gave out. In this emergency L'Encuerado deserted them while the party slept, accompanied by Gringalet, leaving them to follow as best they could. That night and part of the next day they toiled painfully on, making their way with great difficulty through the long grass that covered the plain. At length the grass became shorter, and their hopes revived, as this indicated their near approach to the end of the tedious prairie. Suddenly the report of a gun was heard; then the faint sound made by the distant gallop of a horse. Presently a well-known bark rung through the air. "That is Gringalet!" exclaimed Lucien; and the next instant L'Encuerado sprang from a foaming horse and sank exhausted and senseless at the feet of the child. A few drops of brandy poured between his lips revived him so that he was able to tell his story. Feeling sure that there were woods and flocks not far ahead of them, he had started off without notifying his master of his intention, in the fear that he might not be allowed to go. After a long and exhausting tramp he reached the wooded border of a lake, where cattle and horses were running wild. In spite of his exhaustion he managed to catch a mustang, upon which he regained the party, with water from the lake, which he brought in a gourd. Thus their lives were saved by the devotion and intelligence of this faithful Indian.

The next day L'Encuerado, armed with a lasso, procured mustangs for the others of the party, and they proceeded on their way home with greater comfort and speed. Orizaba was reached in safety, and you may guess how warm was the home-welcome that greeted the return of our travelers. Master Lucien was, of course, a great hero. He had visited some of the most magnificent scenery of Mexico; had passed through many stirring adventures and dangers, the recital of which made his little companions' eyes open wide, and his mother's heart almost stop beating, although he stood right before her safe and sound. Among the living spoils the young naturalist brought home were two parrots, who had learned to pronounce his sisters' names, and a mischievous monkey. Besides these, he had a splendid collection of beautiful and curious insects, and the skins of birds and small animals prepared for stuffing—about which you can read in the pleasant book in which the story of Master Lucien's wanderings is told.

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ANNE FURNESS.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Veronica," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

DONALD AYRLIE had been to Water-Eardley according to his promise. He walked out to us twice in the morning, each time arriving long before my father was out of bed. On the first of these occasions he asked for Mr. Furness, and being told that he had not yet left his room, he inquired with much concern what was the matter with him. The second time Donald came he did not mention my father, and I think poor mother was half inclined to be vexed and offended by the omission, although it relieved me of some embarrassment. Her love for my father had become a very jealous love. For, alas! it often needed justifying to herself, and she was as resentful as her sweet nature permitted of any seeming slight to him from others.

We told my father that Donald Ayrlie had been to see him. "To see *me*?" he answered, coldly; "what will Dr. Hewson say to that?"

No one ventured to make any reply. My grandfather's name was rarely mentioned in father's presence now. The estrangement between them had grown rapidly of late. Grandfather could force himself to be silent as to his son-in-law's reckless course of life; but father's conscience would not be silent. I believe it spoke bitterly whenever the dear old man was present, and made my father savage with the pain and shame of its reproaches. The two men saw each other very seldom. Mother and I avoided speaking of my grandfather save when we were alone together, lest I should be forbidden, in some burst of temper, to go to Mortlands. As it was, father troubled not himself about my spending the day there whenever I chose; but had he once been provoked into forbidding me to go thither, mother and I were convinced that he would not easily have relented. So the mention of Donald's name having been unfavorably received, we avoided the subject in father's presence thenceforward.

To say the truth I had not been thinking much of Donald or of my grandfather either during the fortnight preceding the Woolling ball. My head had been full of muslin skirts, satin ribbons, artificial flowers, and other trumpery. My vanity began to develop itself portentously. I neglected my studies. I had not been near Mr. Arkwright's house for two weeks. I passed much time before the looking-glass; but the hours so spent were by no means all delightful. I never attained to such a pitch of self-satisfaction as to make them so. I could not then, or ever, hoodwink my conscience. Shut my mind's ears and eyes as persistently as I would against the higher things of which I had had some hints and glimpses, there remained chinks and crannies through which came light and sound.

The morning after the ball I rose at my usual hour. Mother was fatigued, and did not leave her room. I was alone in the little sitting-room, when Donald came striding across the garden. I saw him from the window. There was a slight sprinkling of snow which had fallen during the night, and his firm, rapid step made it crackle. He lifted his hat when he saw me, and the wintry sunlight shone on his hair and on his clear, candid eyes, and on his cheek all a-glow with health and exercise. It did not take him long to reach the sitting-room. Donald had more *directness* of mind and movement than any one I ever knew.

His first inquiry on finding me alone was for my mother. When I said she was not down yet, being fatigued by her last night's dissipation, Donald said he had forgotten or had never known on which day the ball was to take place, otherwise he would not have come to Water-Eardley so early. But Dr. Hewson had sent him expressly to ask me to go and spend the day at Mortlands if it were possible. "I meant to have asked you to walk back with me, as it is such a fine, bright morning," said Donald, "but perhaps you would be too tired to walk?"

I said no, I should not be too tired. I had a slight headache, but the fresh air would take that away, only I must first see how my mother was, and if she could spare me. I ran up stairs, and easily obtained my mother's permission to go. She was always willing and even eager that I should go to Mortlands. When I came down into the sitting-room with my bonnet and warm shawl on, ready to set out, I found Donald looking at one of the "sporting papers" which lay on the table. He pushed it on one side when I came into the room, and made no remark. But the circumstance reminded me of the strange advertisement I had seen. I did not like to speak to Donald on the subject, but I resolved to mention it to my grandfather. The words, "Address, Post-office, Brookfield," haunted me. Brookfield! Who could the person be at Brookfield who needed a "confederate" for any such purpose as that indicated in the advertisement?

"Your friends in Horsingham have not seen much of you lately, Anne," said Donald, when we were outside the gates of Water-Eardley.

"No; I have been remiss. I must make amends. How are the Arkwrights? I'm afraid Mr. Arkwright must be angry with me for neglecting my lessons this last fortnight."

"You could scarcely have taken your lessons at his house. The children have all been very ill. I have been in Wood Street every day—sometimes twice a day."

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"The children ill! Oh, poor little children! How sorry—how very, very sorry I am! Are they better? Poor Mrs. Arkwright! What has been their illness?"

"An ordinary childish disorder enough; but they had it badly. They are mending now, however. Your grandfather has been so good to them."

"Bless him! He is always good."

"And they have had another kind friend—a humble friend. Alice Kitchen has been at the Arkwrights' night and day. She sat up with little Mary, who was the worst, for three nights, and made the poor mother take some rest."

"Alice Kitchen!"

"Yes. She made great friends with the children at Mortlands. They have been once or twice since your grand party to play in the garden. Alice heard a great deal about them from old Keturah, and when they were taken sick, she went and carried them some jelly of her own making; and in some way she contrived to win Mrs. Arkwright's heart. Alice is a good woman."

I felt so grieved and self-reproachful that my heart was full. What must they have thought of me, taking no heed of them in their sorrow?

"I wish I had known it!" I exclaimed. "How heartless they must think me!"

"To say truth," returned Donald, "I don't believe Mr. and Mrs. Arkwright have been thinking much of any thing except the children. But little Jane mentioned you yesterday, and Mrs. Arkwright told her she would ask you to go and see her. The worst is over; and luckily the worst was over before the Kitchens' trouble came."

"What! are they in trouble too?"

"Old Green, the coach-maker, is dead. He died at twelve o'clock the night before last."

A great many thoughts rushed into my mind at this news. I thought of the conversation I had been a witness to between my father and Mat Kitchen; and I wondered—half hoping, half fearing—whether the old man's death would relieve my father from any immediate pressure of debt. I thought, too, of Mr. Kitchen and of Alice, and of the change this event would make in their fortunes.

"My old enemy, Mr. Matthew Kitchen, will be a rich man, I suppose," said Donald.

"And his father and his sister—will not they inherit a share of Mr. Green's money?"

"I know little about it. But some people say that Matthew had purposely estranged his grandfather from every one, in the hope of clutching every thing for himself. He is not a good sort, Mr. Mat. Do you remember our tea-drinking at his father's house, Anne—and the butter-cakes?"

"And your defiance. How heroically brave I thought you!"

Upon this we drifted into talk of the old time, growing gradually engrossed with ourselves and our own thoughts, to the exclusion of less selfish topics, as is the wont of young people. We were talking with so little heed of what was passing around us, that a swift horseman, mounted on a pretty chestnut horse, overtook us, and shot past us almost before we were aware of the sound of the animal's hoofs, although they clattered noisily enough on the hard, frozen road. In passing, the rider, with a quick, dextrous movement, raised his hat to me, and was gone in a moment beyond the possibility of perceiving the return salute which I, rather awkwardly and confusedly, sent after him.

The start and surprise made me redden. I felt my face burn, and it burned none the less for seeing Donald look surprised and inquiring, though he asked no question.

"That is a friend of father's," said I—"a friend of ours. How fast he was riding! It quite startled me. It was Mr. Lacer. Haven't you heard mother speak of him?"

"Oh!" said Donald. He relapsed into silence, and—I am sure unconsciously—began to stride along at a great pace. Fortunately we were within a few yards of Mortlands, or I should have had much ado to keep up with him.

CHAPTER XXI.

GRANDFATHER spoke to me very long and earnestly that day. He walked up and down the garden with me before dinner, talking with me for an hour or more. He began by saying how long it was since I had been to Mortlands, not, however, reproaching me in the least. Then he asked me how things were going on at home. I had not a very cheering account to give. There was little change in father. I read more of troubles and anxieties in mother's face than I was ever explicitly told by word of mouth; and I said this to my grandfather. He walked up and down the path in silence once or twice, with a vexed look on his face and a puckered brow. Then he told me that some time ago—at the period when my father gave up the greater part of his farm—he (grandfather) had proposed to my parents to take me to live altogether in his house. They had rejected the proposal. My father had even been angered by it, so that grandfather had said no more. He had reason to think now, however, that the plan might no longer be so unacceptable. He had my mother's leave to broach it to me. What did I say to it?

The first thing I said was, "Oh, grandfather, I couldn't! I never could leave mother!"

He put his hand on my forehead and stroked it gently, without saying a word for a little while. Then he went on to explain that money troubles were gathering fast around us. He had, indeed, from what he had heard in Horsingham, been led to expect that a great crash was imminent months ago. But the difficulty had been tided over in some way that he did not

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comprehend; perhaps by money won on some race-course; perhaps by borrowing. (I thought of what Mr. Cudberry had said of old Green's money-lending, and I remembered once more father's interview with Mat Kitchen.) In either case no permanent mending of George Furness's fortunes had been achieved. No permanent mending could be achieved unless great changes were made. Grandfather's own notion was that it would be well to give up the farm entirely, let the house, or sell the remainder of the lease, and thus pay off all debts, which, he conjectured, the money thus realized would suffice to do. Then my father should either obtain a situation as manager of some large farm, or some similar employment, or he and my mother could, at the worst, subsist decently for a time on the interest of her little fortune, especially if I were provided for at Mortlands. The main thing, in grandfather's judgment, was to get my father away from Horsingham, so as to break off all racing connections. In that lay his only hope.

I listened with a growing oppression on my spirits. "Is it so bad with us, grandfather?" I asked.

"It is as bad, fully as bad, as I have told you, little Nancy. You are a woman grown, though I still give you the child's nickname. And you are coming into the heritage of adult mortals. I don't think you wish to shirk your share of the family burden."

"No, indeed. But, grandfather," I added, after a pause of reflection, "do you think it at all possible to bring father to consent to give up the farm and the house?"

"Rightly asked, child. I am glad you can bring your brains to bear on the matter, though you do look so white and scared—poor little Nancy! I own I thought the project very hopeless at first. But your mother has been working at it for a long time. Her influence over George is not wholly lost. He seems gradually to have been brought to contemplate the scheme."

"I am *sure* father would wish to pay his debts."

Grandfather opened his lips as if to speak, and then closed them again without having spoken. At length he said: "Your father, Anne, of course would feel such a change in his position as the one I speak of as a great misfortune. It would involve the making of a considerable sacrifice. I do not at all blink that fact. But I am sure the sacrifice ought to be made—for his own sake quite as much as for others. Your mother is ready to do her part."

"Would they—would they go away from Horsingham altogether?"

"Altogether? What does that mean, Anne? Speak your thought clearly, child."

"I mean, would they go to settle themselves in a distant country, with no idea of returning hither at all?"

"Such would be my advice, and, I think, your father's desire. But it would greatly depend on circumstances, of course."

"Grandfather, I could not leave mother. I could not! I would not be a burden to them. I have been taught. I can teach. I can sew. It would not be right to leave mother!" And I burst into tears.

"Not if she wished it, Anne?"

"She always wishes to put others before herself."

"Well, child; well, well; God forbid that I should urge you against your conscience."

"Dear grandfather," said I, throwing my arms about his neck, "don't think me ungrateful to you. I know how good and kind you are."

"Tut, tut, tut, child! There, there! we will speak farther by-and-by. Let the matter soak into your mind. We are called upon to decide nothing hastily."

I went away to my own little room—the room that had been mine at Mortlands from my earliest remembrance—and sat down on the white bed to think, and to wipe away the tears from my streaming eyes. One idea that returned again and again, growing more and more distinct from out the tossing sea of my thoughts, was that Mr. Lacer had been partly instrumental in inducing my father to think for an instant of making the proposed sacrifice. The scheme might not, perhaps, have been laid before him by my father. Indeed, it was probable that it had not been. But Mr. Lacer's influence was always used, as he told us, to keep my father from his fatal infatuation—to "keep him straight," as he phrased it. He often said—I had often heard him say—that the husband of so sweet and good a woman as Mrs. Furness could never do too much to show his appreciation of her, and that she deserved to be considered in every thing. In his presence my father would often restrain the hot temper which had of late displayed itself even toward the wife whom he loved. He did love her dearly to the last. I know it now, although at that time the bitterness of my resentment for all he made her suffer often hardened me from acknowledging it.

Despite grandfather's approving remark that I was able "to bring my brains to bear on the matter," I fear that as I sat on the little white bed the matter coursed through my brains at its own will. I delivered myself up to the thoughts that came and went like cloud-shadows on a windy day. But by the time I went down stairs to dinner I was fully resolved that I would remain with my parents if they would let me.

The dinner was not very cheerful. To me there had always been an atmosphere of contentment in Mortlands, although I doubt not strangers would have found the old house dreary and dull. But the ghosts of all my day-dreams, from childhood upward, peopled Mortlands for me, from garret to basement. And then there was the presence of my dear

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grandfather; or, if not his presence, the knowledge that he was at hand, in his garden or his study. But now an oppression of spirit weighed on us all. Grandfather was thoughtful and absent; Donald was very silent and reserved; Mrs. Abram for once was not the most lackadaisical of the party.

We talked of the Arkwrights. That was not a cheerful subject. Grandfather said they were very, very poor, and that Mr. Arkwright was hampered with debts. Then we spoke of old Mr. Green's death, and *that* was not a cheerful subject. The old man had not been beloved; there could be little pretense of regretting him among the members of his own family. But it was doubtful whether he had not been as unamiable in death as in life, and bequeathed the bulk of his money to the grandchild who least needed it. People began to say, they told me, that it would most likely turn out that Mat Kitchen would get all. Old Green thought a deal of him. He was a steady-going young man; none of your squandering spendthrifts; regular at chapel; quite a pious person. Folks like to leave money to money. Dribbling away a good sum among a lot of poor people was like pouring water into a sieve. And so forth.

"I hope poor Alice will get something," said I.

"I don't think she expects it herself," observed Donald. "Her brother has been far from kind to her lately. He kept her away from old Green's bedside to the last. One grievance he has chosen to pretend against her —for it must be pretense—is, that she was so much at the parson's, as he calls Mr. Arkwright's house. He says it is enough to cause scandal among her own congregation! Can you fancy the brute being such an audacious humbug?"

Grandfather and I could not help smiling at the strength of Donald's phraseology. Mrs. Abram raised her eyes, and did not smile. "Dissenters!" she murmured, "poor creatures!"

"Why, Judith, don't you think Matthew Kitchen might be a canting curmudgeon even if he were *not* a Dissenter?" said my grandfather.

"Ah, love! who shall say? But, of course, *he* has more power over 'em when they put themselves out of the pale of the church."

No one replied to this dogmatic position. And shortly afterward we left the dinner-table.

I had expressed a desire to go out and see Alice. It was arranged that Donald should walk with me to her house, and that we should afterward proceed to Mr. Arkwright's, there to meet grandfather, who would be paying his medical visit to the sick children.

Burton's garden looked the same as it had looked when I first saw it. And the Kitchens' little house looked the same also. It was as bright and neat and orderly as ever. There was the same colored sand on the tiny garden path outside it; and it seemed to me that the same flowers were growing there, leaf for leaf, as had met my childish eyes twelve or thirteen years ago.

We found Alice in the parlor, with a large board placed over the table-cover, cutting out some black stuff for a mourning gown.

"Why, Mr. Ayrlie," she exclaimed, clapping her hands and letting the scissors fall when she saw him. "*And* Miss Anne! Well now this is friendly, and like old times, isn't it?"

We had found the front-door merely latched, and had walked in without the ceremony of knocking. Alice was alone in the house. Her father was gone to his work, she said. What good would it do for him to stop at home? Besides, there was a job at the shop to be got out of hand. Mat was sure to have it done in time, so as not to disappoint a customer, and make folks think the business wouldn't be carried on as usual. And Mat was master now to all appearance. Well, when milk was spilt, she supposed it was best to wipe it up out of the way. Crying over it would do no good, as *she* could see. We must sit down, and have a glass of ginger wine, and a slice of seed-cake—her own making both, and warranted of the best. For her part, she could do without dainties; but what she did have she would have good.

Alice was as loquacious and apparently in as good spirits as ever. She bustled about into the kitchen and back again to fetch the wine and cake. She would hear of no refusal, but whipped away her work and the board, and spread a snow-white cloth over one bit of the table, and set glasses and knives and plates on it, with the brisk decision habitual to her. There was not the remotest pretense of being in grief about her voice or her movements. So perfectly unconcerned did she seem that I felt quite bashful in stammering out—"I was sorry to hear of Mr. Green's death, Alice. I only learned it from Mr. Ayrlie this morning."

"Thank you, Miss Anne. Yes; he's gone is poor grandfather. He was full of years, you know. Take another glass, Mr. Ayrlie. It warms the stomach on a cold day like this. And there's no trash in it—no 'dulteration. Shop things is full of 'dulteration. I hear as they put it in pretty well in every thing nowadays. Grandfather was greatly respected, and he left a good bit of property behind him. No one can say to the contrary of that."

"Some of it ought to fall to your share, Alice; and I hope it will," said I.

"Ah! ought stands for nothing in this world, Miss Anne. And I fancy that's about all I shall get. I'm making myself a black gown, you see, whether or no. It isn't for me to show any want of respect to my poor mother's own father. As for crying and sobbing, I can't play the hypocrite. But I shall put on a decent bit o' mourning. Mrs. Mat, my sister-in-

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law, she cried a good 'un. 'Why, Selina,' says I, 'you cry enough for two, though you are but a connection by marriage; so there's no need for me to add to the family lamentations. But I've no doubt Mat managed it all right, and that grandfather has left his money to your satisfaction.' 'Why,' says she, jerking the pocket-handkerchief away from her face as sharp as possible, 'what do you know how he's left his money?' 'I don't know,' says I; 'but I guess you needn't bother yourself. It 'll be right enough for you, *I* lay. *So you can go on crying again quite comfortable.*'"

There had for some time been warfare between the sisters-in-law. So long as the battle was fought with the tongue, Alice would undoubtedly have the best of it, for Selina had always been dull and slow-witted. But "Mrs. Mat" could have final recourse to the heavy artillery of solid facts. Her silk gown, her gold watch, her new carpet for the sitting-room, her china dinner-service, her patent roasting-jack that went with a spring—were all metaphorically hurled at Alice's head. And if they did not crush, they undoubtedly discouraged her; for Alice was by no means indifferent to such things. Like most Horsingham people, she had a keen eye to the main chance, and a very thorough respect for property.

We had some difficulty in getting away from Alice in time to keep our appointment; for she had heard of the ball at Woolling, and begged to be told what I had worn, and what mother had worn, and what all the other ladies had worn, and interrupted my description with so many ejaculations of admiration, and so many running comments in her own loquacious manner—cutting away at the mourning garment all the while—that it became quite a long affair.

"And our old lodger was there, I heard say—Mr. Lacer. He's a pleasant-spoken chap—gentleman," said Alice, correcting herself. "They do say he's going to leave the army. Father heard some talk about it down at the shop between two sporting gents as come in to look at a dog-cart. I think it would be a pity a'most; for Mr. Lacer's a fine figure of a man—*may* be a bit too stout for his years; and he looks grand in his red coat. Have you seen him, Mr. Ayrlie?"

"No," answered Donald, shortly. Then he added, with his scrupulous truthfulness, "I believe he passed me on horseback this morning. I did not see his face. I don't know him. Anne, I'm afraid I must ask you to come at once. We shall be late."

Alice's blue eyes shot a keen glance on him, and then on me. I felt it rather than saw it.

She detained me by a corner of my shawl just as we were going out, and whispered:

"He's as good as gold, is Mr. Donald. You don't know, Miss Anne, how high the folks think of him here. And as for Mr. Lacer, he bain't fit to tie Mr. Donald's shoe-string, for all his red coat."

CHAPTER XXII.

ALICE's parting words, and her manner of saying them, vexed me—none the less that I knew they were intended to have a contrary effect. I felt ill at ease, and Donald not being in a very bright humor either, we walked along almost in silence until we came to the house in Wood Street.

My grandfather was up stairs, visiting his little patients, the servant told us, and Mrs. Arkwright was with him. Mr. Arkwright was in the parlor—the little dark parlor, that looked as gloomy as a cavern on this winter day—eating a cheerless meal by himself. I noticed, though, that the cloth which covered the tray was specklessly white, and that the glass he drank from and the willow-pattern plate he ate from were pure and glistening. He seemed glad to see me, and his kindness made me feel doubly ashamed of my long neglect of him. Donald presently went up stairs to see the children. I noticed that the little servant had welcomed him as those are welcomed who in time of trouble or sickness bring an atmosphere of strength and comfort with them. Mr. Arkwright's care-worn face brightened when he saw Donald. When the latter had left the room Mr. Arkwright said:

"We owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Ayrlie, I assure you. He has been so good to my poor little children. My wife looks on him as a prodigy of medical skill, too. I dare say he may be. But I think she grounds her opinion on the fact of his having hunted through Horsingham to find some hot-house grapes for Mary. Poor Mary suffered the most of all the children. You should have seen the gratitude in her great, dark eyes when Mr. Ayrlie put a cool, pulpy grape to her lips. Patty naturally declares him to be a second Æsculapius." And the poor father laughed, while the tears trembled in his eyes. "But every one has been good to us," he continued—"every one. Of Dr. Hewson I don't know how to speak. He is what you have always known him, Miss Furness. Then there is that good creature, Alice Kitchen."

I told him that I had seen Alice, and that I was sorry to hear it rumored that she would inherit little or none of her grandfather's property.

Mr. Arkwright's face changed in a moment. He looked as though he were suffering from a twinge of bodily pain.

"Ah," said he, "old Green was a hard man—a hard man! I—I had some transactions with him. I—in fact, why should I disguise it?—I owed him money. It was not my fault. We have never been extravagant, and Patty is the best manager in the world. But I had sore need of a sum of money, Miss Furness, and I borrowed it of old Green. I hope—I think that Mr. Matthew Kitchen will be a little more considerate. Do you think he will be?"

I could not offer much comfort to Mr. Ark-

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wright. I did not know what Matthew would do, but I had unpleasant forebodings.

"But," said he, with a sort of *weak eagerness* of manner which he showed sometimes, poor, sorely-tried man!—"but the sister is such a kindly, good creature, I am not really afraid that Mr. Matthew will be unreasonable. I am not, really!"

It seemed to me that the world had suddenly grown full of troubles. On every side there was anxiety and struggle. I said so to my grandfather as we were walking back toward Mortlands.

"One use of our own troubles, Anne," said he, "is to discipline us to feel for others. Children and very young persons are frequently shallow and selfish, because they are unable from their own experience to imagine the sufferings of those around them."

"All children are not selfish, grandfather," said I. "Did you ever see any thing more thoughtful and good than poor little Lizzie Arkwright?"

I had been up stairs before leaving Wood Street, and had seen the five children. Lizzie, Martha, and Teddy were now convalescent, but they had none of them yet left their chamber. Lizzie was dressed, and was able to move about and attend to the others a little. She would have done more than her strength justified if she had not been checked. When I entered the nursery, as the children's sleeping-room was called, Lizzie was sitting on a wooden chair, heaped up with patchwork-covered cushions, so as to raise her to a sufficient height for her purpose, close beside Mary's crib, patiently turning over the leaves of a book full of gaudily colored pictures, to amuse the sick child's languid eyes. There were four small, narrow cribs of unpainted wood in the bare room. The four little girls slept here. The room was, fortunately, spacious and sufficiently airy. Teddy usually occupied a little attic, with a sloping roof, at the top of the house; but since his illness he had been brought down stairs to a little strip of a room next to his sisters', and which was absolutely unfurnished save for his tiny bed. Mrs. Arkwright and Donald were with Teddy when I entered the nursery. Grandfather was standing beside little Jane's crib, contemplating its small occupant with a benevolent face.

"How is Jane?" said I, addressing my grandfather.

"Oh, she'll do all right. She's getting on famously. Jane is a great deal better."

Jane slowly turned her bright, attentive eyes, which she had kept fixed on grandfather while he was speaking, toward me, and giving the oddest little ghost of one of her old emphatic nods—for Jane was too weak to make a vigorous gesture—observed, corroboratively, "'Es; Dane is a gate deal better."

I kissed the little creature, and she received my caress very graciously. They told me she had spoken of me and asked for me more than once. But she made no extravagant demonstrations of joy at seeing me; only she curled her wasted mite of a hand round my forefinger, and held me near her as long as I remained in the room.

"Miss Furness!" called out Mary, in her contralto tones, now very feeble and a little hoarse, "look at the pictures! ain't they beautiful? Blue Beard and Cinner—Cinnerella, and ever so many! Dr. Hewson gave it to me."

"Oh, it *is* beautiful, Mary! all the colors of the rainbow! Dr. Hewson is very good, is he not?"

There was a chorus of, "Oh yes! that he is!" and Teddy, hearing this through the half-open door of his room, joined in it with an enthusiastic "Hooray! He says I'm to have meat to-morrow! Hoo-ra-a-ay!"

Little Jane could not shout, but, not to be behindhand, she raised her head, and softly rubbed her cheek against the lappet of "Dr. Hewson's" rough great-coat, as he stood by the side of her crib. There was something in the innocent, confiding, baby action which brought the tears to my eyes. As I turned my head I saw Mrs. Arkwright and Donald standing side by side, in the doorway of Teddy's room, and looking on at the little scene.

I do not know whether a great painter could have rendered the extraordinary blending of feelings which was expressed in Mrs. Arkwright's face. There was gratitude to my grandfather, and trust in him, undoubtedly. And there was love for her children, and a kind of compassion for their sickness which was almost more fierce than tender, if I may say what sounds so strange. And there was the old yearning, grudging look, as though she were pained not to be *all* to the little ones, and were wrestling with her jealousy of those who were kind to them.

It lasted but an instant. She came forward and spoke to me much in her usual manner. And after my grandfather and Donald had assured her that the children were going on perfectly well, and the latter had promised to look in again that evening, we took our leave, and walked up the long High Street to Mortlands. And then it was that I told grandfather how it seemed to me that the world had suddenly grown full of troubles.

I would not prolong my stay at Mortlands beyond the next morning. I was very anxious to get home, and to talk of all I had heard of father's prospects with my mother. Grandfather said he would drive me to Water-Eardley himself. We set out immediately after an early breakfast. During the first part of our drive grandfather spoke chiefly of Donald. He praised him warmly, and said he showed great aptitude for his profession, as well as steady determination to study it. There was a large hospital at Horsingham, and grandfather said he thought this establishment would afford Donald opportunities of learning a great deal before it

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would be necessary for him to go to London. Suddenly, in the midst of this discourse, he asked, "How old are you, Anne?"

"Twenty, grandfather."

"H'm! You're very much of a child in some things for twenty. Ha! When is your birthday?"

"On the 17th of September."

"You will be twenty-one—of age, that is—on the 17th of next September?"

"Yes."

"I wish to Heaven we may induce your father to make a move from this place before the autumn."

After that grandfather fell into a musing silence, which lasted until we reached the gate at Water-Eardley.

Father was still in his room. We found mother tying up some geraniums in the window of the little morning-room. She was overjoyed to see her father, and we three had an earnest talk together.

"You've told Anne, then?" said my mother.

I understood well enough why she had preferred that he should tell me of their project rather than telling it me herself. She shrank from uttering any word that might seem to reflect on her husband. And yet, in some way, it was necessary that I should be made acquainted with the state of affairs. She was relieved to find that I knew it.

Grandfather asked her if she had said any thing to George about it lately, and she answered yes; and that he had really seemed to contemplate cutting himself loose from all the entanglements and temptations that bound him to Horsingham.

"Things must be *very* bad with him, to make him listen to the scheme," said my grandfather, thoughtfully.

Mother fired up; or, I might say, flickered up, for her wrath was very brief. "Poor dear George has been very unfortunate," she said. "It is not for *me* to blame him, at all events, for he has been led on and on from one loss to another in the hope of making money for me and Anne."

"Well, well, Lucy," said my grandfather, mildly, "if we can but convince him that gambling can do no good to any human creature, and that to go on in the hope of retrieving what he has lost is to follow the most treacherous will-o'-the-wisp that ever tempted men into bogs and quagmires, we may confess that good has come out of that evil."

He went on to urge that the change could not be made too soon; that delay must be unwise, and might be fatal; and that he thought George should take some preliminary step as to the giving up of the house and farm *at once*. Then by degrees he drew from mother the confession that George had promised to take some decisive measures next autumn. But that he had declared he must try to battle on until after the month of September. And that after that the sacrifice *might* not be necessary at all.

Grandfather put his hands to his head and gave a half-suppressed groan on hearing this. "Fatal, fatal, fatal!" he exclaimed. "Just what I feared. He has some scheme in his head that is to make his fortune, of course. Let him procrastinate! Give him time! Yes, yes; and at the end of the autumn, instead of being ankle-deep in the bog, he will be knee-deep, if not over head and ears!"

"My poor George!" said mother, with a trembling lip and streaming eyes. "It is not for himself. He wants nothing for himself!"

"He wants what the drunkard wants, who takes brandy that he *knows* to be poison just as well as the whole College of Physicians."

"Oh, father, how can you speak so harshly? I can not hear such things said of George. I *ought* not."

It was a painful scene. All my reason and my conscience were on grandfather's side. But I felt my heart full of yearning compassion for my mother. I went to her, and took her in my arms, and laid her head on my shoulder. "Don't cry, mother," I said. "We will stay together, come what will, and help each other."

"I have done more harm than good by coming, it seems," said grandfather, looking at us sadly. But he had not done more harm than good.

That evening, when he was gone away, and afterward during many quiet hours, mother and I talked, and planned, and hoped, and gradually familiarized ourselves with the thought of leaving Water-Eardley. And I thought that if we thus became accustomed to the notion of dwelling on it, father would likewise grow used to it by hearing mother speak of it in her gentle, pleasant way, and with the woman's tact—made fine and keen by her great love—that taught her to cease from speaking when she perceived that her words became importunate.

Father, meanwhile, grew more affectionate in his manner; more considerate, more kind, more like his old self than I had seen him for many a day. Sometimes, when he looked at his wife's pale, worn, sweet face, his own would wear an expression of sorrowful tenderness, such as touched my very heart. But I knew that it was he who had traced lines upon my mother's anxious forehead, and prematurely robbed her fair skin of its healthy bloom. I had a way of *contemplating my own emotions* as though from a superior and exterior point of view, and I knew all this, and in a manner resented it, even while I was yielding to a tearful sympathy with my father, which, after all, did not go much deeper than a mere physical affection of my nerves.

I believe that there were times when my father deceived himself into a generous enthusiasm that fancied itself ready for self-sacrifice. He would talk even before me sometimes of his errors and his faults, and of the hope he had in the future. And he would say that poverty did not frighten him; if he could but be free from debt he should be content, only for his

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Lucy. And mother would take his hand and kiss it, and tell him that she feared nothing so that they were spared to each other; and would build pretty castles in the air, to be inhabited by him and her and me, which were like the edifices in a fairy story, with the gold and diamonds and precious stones left out. Oh me! oh me! How it all comes back again, the ghost of that time! With the ghosts of the heartaches that were real, and the hopes that that superior and exterior *me* knew to be false! And the ghost of—not of a love, but the fancy of a love waited on by little fluttering fears and vanities—slight, light, frivolous little vanities that were really as afraid of the clear eyes of the contemplative conscience in me as a flock of hurrying, purposeless, dizzy bats would be of the sun at noontide.

And yet that was all a part of the life that I have lived. And even the gauzy-winged vanities have been touched with a grave twilight, for they have become "portions and parcels of the dreadful past."

Dreadful in its unchangeableness—in its irrevocableness; but yet not without a strange, sweet pathos to look back upon. For it seems to me sometimes that the past, like the long crystal streak above an autumn sunset, gives a solemn beauty to trivial things that stand revealed against its ineffable depths, as the little still twigs and leaflets of a tangled hedge show with a carven clearness upon the evening light.

There seemed to come a pause in our lives, like the lull on a tempestuous night when the wind ceases wearily for a while, and a smooth flood of silence rushes into one's ears and fills one's brain.

Gervase Lacer was often with us. Many an evening we sat around the fire, we four; sometimes talking, often silent. Dreaming, thinking, planning—what different dreams, thoughts, and plans! And thus the winter wore away, and the early spring, and the summer-time was at hand.

CHAPTER XXIII.

From the night of the famous ball there had been a feud between Sam Cudberry and his sister, and Mr. Lacer was the subject of it. Clementina was disposed to side with her brother, but Tilly and Henny were too strong for her. She had been used to submit to Tilly on certain points all her life, and the time for rebellion had not yet arrived—perhaps never would arrive.

Miss Cudberry announced to every one, whether it concerned them to know it or not, that Mr. Lacer was a low-bred, impertinent coxcomb. She was not troubled by any sense of shame at proclaiming her sudden change of opinion about him, nor did she hesitate to avow the cause of it. It was that he had failed to show her "proper attention at her ball." That was what she said, and, so far as it went, it was true. But there was another reason for her indignation and animosity; to wit, that Mr. Lacer had danced with me, and talked with me, and paid more attention to me in various ways than Miss Cudberry at all approved of.

"That's not what pa goes to the expense of a ball for!" exclaimed Tilly, with much bitterness. "Not for the purpose of having Anne Furness's head turned with conceit and vanity by *officers!* Though Mr. Lacer is but an ensign, he might know how to behave himself! But *I* hear more about him than he perhaps guesses. And *if* his father wasn't a tavern-keeper at Epsom, I stand open to correction, that's all! It is something new, I fancy, for Miss Cudberry of Woolling to be passed over in her own house by bar-men and pot-boys." All this and more was repeated to us by Sam Cudberry. He was resolved not to give up "his friend," as he called Mr. Lacer. At the same time, it was not easy to receive any guest at Woolling in Tilly's despite. Sam, therefore, honored Water-Eardley with his presence a good deal at this time. "I can see Lacer more comfortably here than at Woolling. And George gives a fellow a very decent glass of wine," said our cousin, with delightful frankness.

I wondered that he did not prefer seeing Mr. Lacer at Brookfield, which was nearer to his own house than Water-Eardley. But Sam did not leave me long in perplexity on this point. It appeared from his statement that Mr. Lacer's brother officers did not receive Sam with the courtesy and cordiality due to a Cudberry of Woolling. Sam had dined at the mess once, but pronounced the whole thing "deadly slow," and the officers of the gallant ——th a set of beastly, stuck-up fools. *He* shouldn't go there any more. S. Cudberry, Junior, of Woolling, didn't need to go a-begging for a shabby dinner and a bottle of cheap wine. *He* knew where it came from, and what it cost!

I marveled greatly what these gentlemen could have said or done to make it so plain even to Sam's apprehension that his company was not welcome; and, further, to induce him to abstain from bestowing it on them whether they liked it or not. On my hinting this to Mr. Lacer.he told me, with a half-smiling, half-vexed expression of countenance, that Sam had drunk so much and talked so much, on the occasion of his dining at mess, as to have given offense to several of the men present. I shuddered to think what Sam might be, with his weak brain heated by wine, and his tongue loosened, and his spirits raised with the notion of being in good company!

"You know, your cousin is peculiar in his manner, to say the least of it," observed Mr. Lacer.

"How dreadful for *you!*" I exclaimed. "He went as your guest, and you must have been greatly annoyed and mortified. But how did you contrive to make Sam understand that—that—you could never introduce him among your friends again?"

"Well, I—I simply told him so," said Mr.

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Lacer, with a kind of despairing gesture, which suggested to my mind how many tentatives at conveying the truth with some delicacy must have been tried and failed before he had recourse to that strong measure.

"Of course it was a most unpleasant thing to do," he proceeded. "But Cudberry is so—so odd, so utterly unlike other people, that I had to come to that, and I managed it somehow. At first he said that if he had said any thing unpleasant to any of the fellows he wasn't above calling on them and apologizing. He supposed he had had a glass too much. Very sorry. Couldn't be helped. He would make it all square! But I knew that would never do. And, fortunately, the next day he met the colonel in the streets of Brookfield, who cut him dead. So he turned round, and was very wroth, and declared they were a set of snobs, and he would never go near them again."

And in this manner it came to pass that Sam Cudberry was often at Water-Eardley in the bright summer weather. He stuck to Mr. Lacer like a leech. Father neither encouraged nor discouraged him, but just endured his presence with the apathetic tolerance which had grown upon him lately. Mr. Lacer's indulgence for Sam frequently surprised me. He endured him not only with patience, but with good-humor; and Sam very frequently passed the bounds of civility when he was disposed to be witty and humorous.

One day when Sam had been talking to me of Mr. Lacer after the fashion of his family—partly patronizing, as being the friend of a Cudberry of Woolling, and partly contemptuous, as being a stranger outside the charmed circle of the Cudberry connection, and as being, moreover, *absent* at the moment—I was moved to say to him with some heat, "You ought to be very grateful to Mr. Lacer, I think, Sam. He is very kind and good-natured to you always, and you are not always as courteous to him as you might be!"

Sam looked at me fixedly, grinned slowly, letting his mouth expand by degrees, winked, and then said, "Why, you don't suppose I'm such a flat as to think it's all for my sweet sake, do you?"

A conscious feeling kept me silent, and I felt my face grow hot and red. Sam, however, went on to say something that I did not at all expect.

"Lacer knows that I ain't as green as grass. He's found out that I'm up to a thing or two; keep my eyes open, and move with the times. My governor's a little too much of the old school—*he* wasn't born yesterday, as he says. I don't tell him every thing. No good stroking him the wrong way; but fair play's a jewel, you know. 'Honor among thieves,' eh? As long as Lacer don't split on me, I don't split on him; so there's no particular gratitude in the case, Miss Anne."

Sam concluded with a prolonged chuckle, and many nods and winks.

I was a good deal annoyed by all this. That Sam should desire to keep many of his actions secret from his father did not at all surprise me. He was almost entirely dependent on Uncle Cudberry during his life, and could not afford to displease him. All this he had doubtless been obliging enough to confide to Mr. Lacer—or part of it; for Sam had a queer, cunning secretiveness of character, which seemed never to abandon him even in his most boisterous and convivial moments. But what Mr. Lacer could have confided to Sam that should give the latter any power over him I was at a loss to conjecture.

Finally, I came to the conclusion that it was very foolish to attach any importance to Sam Cudberry's utterances. But its being foolish did not prevent me from dwelling on his words in my own mind.

Suddenly, one day, I remembered what Alice Kitchen had said of the rumor that Mr. Lacer was about to leave the army. Could it be true? And if so, was that what Sam was alluding to? And yet why keep it secret? Mr. Lacer was on such intimate terms with my father that I thought he would be sure to know the truth, and I asked him: "Father, do you know whether Mr. Lacer means to leave the army?"

"Did he say any thing to you about it?" said my father, asking a counter-question.

"To me? Oh no! But I heard it rumored."

"Yes; I believe it is true. He will sell out if he can."

"I wonder why?"

"He isn't happy in his regiment; his colonel is a stiff, puritanical, canting old fellow, and he makes it unpleasant for him."

"But," said I, after a long pause, during which my father, who was smoking an after-dinner cigar in the garden, pulled out a queer little pocket-book with clasps, and began making figures on it with a pencil—"but, father, could he not exchange into another regiment, instead of leaving the army altogether?"

"One thousand to twenty-five, or say half a point less—eh? Oh, don't bother me, Anne; there's a good girl! Yes; I don't know. I suppose he's sick of the service."

It was not very long after this that Mr. Lacer came into mother's sitting-room with a newspaper in his hand. "There," said he, "Mrs. Furness, is my order of release."

He gave her the *Gazette*, and she read in it, and I read over her shoulder, that Ensign Gervase Lacer was permitted to retire by the sale of his commission.

"You do not seem much surprised," said he, looking first at mother and then at me. We told him that we had been prepared for this news for some time; but that, as he had kept his own counsel so closely, we had not ventured to speak of it to him. Even now mother refrained from asking him any questions. He presently went out into the garden to get her some flowers she wanted to fill a vase with that stood on the little table near the window. The window was wide

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open, and Mr. Lacer, coming back with the flowers in his hand, leaned with both elbows on the sill, and began to speak of himself and his prospects. I was working near the window, my mother arranging her nosegay. The sunshine slanted into the room; the lowing of cattle came up from a distant field; every thing seemed still and peaceful; and Mr. Lacer stood there, at the open window, like a portrait in its frame, and spoke in a low voice, dropping out almost unconnected sentences one after the other, more as if he were talking to himself than to us.

"I should have told you long ago, Mrs. Furness. You have been so good to me, and I have such a regard for you, that I should have felt it right to tell you, if I had told any one; but I kept my own counsel, because—because I was not sure that I should succeed. It has been a troublesome matter in some ways. Two years ago—a year ago—I should not have cared about going to India, or the Cape, or any where else; they might have sent me to Sierra Leone for all I should have cared about the matter *then*. Now I find the idea of being ordered abroad very terrible. But I couldn't stay at home just for wishing it. I was obliged to try and see some chance before me, if I remained in England and left the army, of getting bread and cheese. I'm not a rich man, you know, Mrs. Furness, though I'm the only son of a wealthy father. Some day, I suppose, I shall be well provided for. Let Mrs. Lacer grasp as she will, she can hardly rob me of all my inheritance, and she has no children of her own. Well, I thought I saw a chance—a hope; I worked it all out by myself. Yesterday I wrote to my father, to tell him that the business is concluded. So it is of no use his remonstrating."

"Oh, I hope," said mother, and then stopped and raised her soft eyes to the young man's face. His eyes were cast down, and he was picking a crimson flower to pieces, petal by petal, as he still leaned with his arms on the window-sill. "My dear Mr. Lacer," mother proceeded, "since you speak so openly to me, you won't mind my saying that I hope you have not acted rashly in resigning your commission. Will your father approve of your having done so? Of course I do not pretend to dictate to you. You must know your own affairs best. Only I do hope you have well considered the matter."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Lacer, rather slowly, and in an absent manner. "Yes, yes, I could not do otherwise."

"Mrs. and Miss Cudberry of Woolling," announced the maid-servant, opening the door of the sitting-room at this moment.

I believe we all looked scared; I am sure I felt so. Mr. Lacer started and took his elbows from the window-sill, as Mrs. and Miss Cudberry rustled into the room.

The door precisely faced the open window; so that the first object which Tilly beheld, as she bounced in, a pace behind her mother, was Mr. Lacer's head and shoulders, framed, as I have said, in the window opposite. Mr. Lacer took his hat off. Tilly made a bow, the like of which, I should think, had never been seen by him; for he stared in genuine astonishment. It was a writhing movement of her whole body, accompanied by a rapid semicircular sweep of her head, which she finally turned away from him over her shoulder. When Mrs. Cudberry saw Mr. Lacer, which she did the moment after having shaken hands with my mother, she made a hesitating movement, as though she would have gone to the window and shaken hands with him, but Tilly undisguisedly pulled her sleeve, and detained her.

"I think I'll go in search of your father, Miss Furness," said Mr. Lacer to me. (I was seated close to the window, as I have said, and I had not left it, although I rose when Aunt Cudberry came into the room.) "He said he would have a stroll and a cigar with me in the riverside meadows by-and-by." Then he added rapidly, speaking almost in a whisper, "What on earth is the matter with Miss Cudberry of Woolling? She all but cut me! What have I done?"

I shook my head, and made a little sign that I could not speak just then; and he smiled, slightly shrugged his shoulders, and walked away down the garden path, having first bestowed on Miss Cudberry a most elaborate and exaggerated bow, of which she took no notice.

"So you've got him here, my dear!" said Aunt Cudberry, seating herself all aslant in an arm-chair, and squeezing her face into a strange complicated grimace.

"Got *him* here?" repeated my mother, interrogatively.

"Got that Mr. Lacer, my dear. Ah, well, I don't know, I'm sure! I hear all sort of things; but I sometimes don't know what to think—really and truly I don't!"

That Aunt Cudberry did not know what to think on many subjects was not so astonishing a statement as she appeared to deem it was. My mother made no reply; and Tilly, who had been talking to me in a more sharp and dictatorial manner than usual, broke in with an animated tirade against Mr. Lacer. She was very voluble, and very bitter. My mother kept casting imploring glances at me to bespeak my forbearance. I said no word; neither did Mrs. Cudberry nor my mother; so Tilly talked uninterruptedly until she was tired.

"Tilly *is* a little severe, poor thing!" said Aunt Cudberry, deprecatingly, when her daughter paused.

"Now, ma!" cried Tilly, in a warning voice. "None of that, ma! No shifting it all on me, Mrs. Cudberry, if *you* please! You know I speak the family feeling, and the family opinion. And if you like to see your only son enticed on to his ruin, pa doesn't, and my sisters don't, and I don't. So pray say nothing about severity, ma."

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This was a new turn; and I could not refrain from asking her what she meant by Mrs. Cudberry seeing her "only son enticed to ruin." Tilly satisfied my curiosity with the greatest alacrity. Her statement, given with much energy and superfluous expenditure of words, amounted to this: Sam Cudberry had become very intimate with Mr. Lacer. It was supposed that Sam had entered into some racing speculations—on a small scale for the present, it was true, but dangerous as a beginning of gambling. As Sam had never exhibited any taste of the kind before, it must be attributed to the influence of his new friend. Mr. Lacer was known to frequent race-courses. Sam and he were often together. They had been seen driving together on mysterious expeditions, no one knew whither, in the neighborhood of W——, the county town. Mr. Lacer was not in good odor with his brother officers. He owed money in Brookfield, and his father was not a gentleman, but a tavern-keeper.

"How, in the name of wonder, did you glean all this gossip?" asked my mother, looking quite bewildered; for, as I have said, I give only a compressed and unadorned version of Tilly's copious discourse, enriched with numberless circumstantial trivialities.

"I made it my business to pick up all the information I could about the person Lacer," rejoined Tilly, unblushingly. "He has been spied upon more than he thinks for. And so has Sam. Sam is close and cunning, but he don't hoodwink Miss Cudberry. I shall teach him not to trample on his own family."

Finally, she brought out as a climax the information that Mr. Lacer had been "turned out of the army."

"My dear Tilly," said my mother, gently, "I am glad to be able to assure you that you are mistaken there."

"Not a bit of it, Mrs. George! I supposed he hadn't told *you*, but it's true for all that!"

In vain we tried to explain to her that there was no disgrace in an officer selling his commission. She shook her head obdurately. "Ah, it's all very well," she observed; "but he only retired in time to prevent being turned out, *if* he wasn't turned out. I have warned you, Mrs. George. I thought it my duty to warn you. And especially to warn Anne. I wish I could have seen my cousin George. I should have begged him as a favor not to encourage Sam here. I know what he comes for. It is to meet that man. *I* believe he's a black-ball—no; what do they call it?—a blackleg! As to my cousin George himself—"

"Po-o-or George!" murmured Mrs. Cudberry.

"It's of no use saying any thing on *that* score!"

Mrs. Cudberry, I suppose, was able to read the expression of my mother's face better than her daughter was. Or perhaps she had some sympathy with her nephew's wife. She was not by nature nearly so hard and unfeeling as Tilly. At all events, she checked Miss Cudberry's further utterances decisively, by rising to go away. For with Tilly, as with many other people, the announcement that it was "no use saying any thing" on this or that subject, was the pretty sure prelude to her talking about it with peculiar loquacity.

When they were gone at last, mother sat back wearily in her chair, and was silent for some time. After a prolonged pause she said: "Oh me, how glad I should be if it were over, and we were away out of all this talk and turmoil! I hope it is not selfish to wish it. But I do believe your dear father would be happier—*really* happier—even in quite poverty, provided we could have a little peace, and look the world in the face."

That evening Sam Cudberry came as usual. We had told my father of Tilly's words, but he answered shortly and sharply that we might find something better to do than to repeat such nonsense; that Sam was his own master; and that he (father) would receive what guests he chose without asking for the approval or caring for the disapproval of any one.

And so things continued as they were for some time longer.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It proved to be quite true that old Mr. Green had left all his property to his grandson Matthew. For once gossip and rumor had been correct as to the main fact, although the amount of the old coach-maker's wealth had been exaggerated in some instances, and in others understated. The truth was that he left behind him a sum sufficient to have enabled Matthew Kitchen to live in comfort for the rest of his days without working, had he been so minded, besides the "good-will" of the coach-making business, and a valuable stock in trade. It soon appeared, however, that Matthew's greed or ambition was not yet satisfied. He showed no symptoms of giving up business. On the contrary, he had the work-shops and all the premises enlarged, and was solicitous for new orders. He removed with his family to a smart house, newly furnished in the gaudiest style Mrs. Matthew Kitchen could achieve, and bade fair to become one of the most prosperous among his fellow-townsmen.

Neither Alice nor her father inherited a farthing. "Father's foreman, Miss Anne," said Alice to me. "And a good workman he is, as Mat knows. And Mat kindly keeps him on; and has even raised his wage ten shillings a week. It's wonderful kind of Mat, isn't it?" Then, with a sudden change of manner: "Why, you don't suppose he'd have done that much but for father saying—and it was true enough too—that he could get more money from Hobson's, of Brookfield, and threatening to go. *I* put father up to it. He was that cast down and disappointed at the will, as he'd have given

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up altogether if I'd have let him. But no. Mat, he says it's very sinful to bear a grudge against the dead on account of a bit of filthy lucre. And he's always a-throwing Scripture texts in your teeth. So I says to father, now it's no good our cutting off our noses to spite our faces, that's certain sure. But, again, where's the need to stand and be kicked? We bear no grudge. Well and good. But you aren't being paid a foreman's wage, and that you know, father. And though you might work for poor pay for Grandfather Green, that's no reason you should do the same for Mat. So you just go and say, 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' and tell him you must have a rise. Don't you let Mat draw you into arguing, but stick to your text—he's fond enough of texts—and says you, 'The laborer is worthy of his hire, and Hobson's is willing to give it!'"

I heard afterward that Selina complained that her husband's father was "so grasping," and that Matthew had enough to do to satisfy old Kitchen and Alice, who fancied that because they had been left out of the will, poor Matthew was bound to find them in the fat of the land. And she, also, was in the habit of drawing an instructive moral from the family history; demanding of her hearers what could they expect when old Kitchen and Alice had flown in the face of Providence by having a lodger who went to the races, and moreover made unto themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; by which phrase (unintelligible to Selina's comprehension, and therefore made to do duty whenever she wished to be impressive) Mrs. Matthew Kitchen intended to allude to Alice's intimacy in Mr. Arkwright's poverty-stricken home, and her kindness to his sick little children.

I had an unexpected opportunity of hearing Mrs. Matthew's sentiments from her own lips, for one day my father came into the little sitting-room at home, and informed my mother and myself that he wished us to "call on young Kitchen's wife."

"To—*call*—on—Selina?" repeated my mother, as though she could scarcely believe her ears. Father seized the opportunity to be hot and out of humor. He was ashamed of the request he was making, and took refuge in anger. He had never told mother of his money transactions with old Green; and the longer he delayed the revelation the more difficult it became. She was thoroughly perplexed and startled; and when father had dashed out of the room in a fit of temper—more than three-quarters feigned—she followed him hastily, to hide her tears from me, as I too well knew.

Before she could be induced to pay the visit, however, it must have been necessary to acquaint her with my father's motives for desiring it, or, at all events, to give her some strong reason for his extraordinary request. My mother's feelings were wrung, and her fortitude sorely tried by it. Does the reader despise her therefore? For my part, although the sacrifice was, for various reasons of temperament and education, a much smaller one to me than to her, I could not but admire and pity her in this circumstance. For such efforts there is no stimulus of excitement, no sense of the heroic, no sympathetic appreciation, to lighten their dead weight of mean commonplace.

Poor mother! Her life had latterly been largely made up of the like flat and depressing fulfillments of irksome duty. For myself, I had no belief in the efficacy of the step my father had bidden us take. That Matthew Kitchen's pride would be flattered by it I did not doubt. But if my father supposed that any such piece of flattery would avail to loosen Mat's tight grip of his debtor, or to coax him into patience for a day longer than patience fully suited his convenience, my father was, I was persuaded, fatally mistaken. However, it was not my part to add to mother's distress by hinting this opinion to her, and I, of course, refrained from discouraging her.

We paid our visit, and passed twenty soul-depressing minutes in Matthew Kitchen's gaudily furnished parlor, that smelled like an upholsterer's shop, and looked like a room in a child's baby-house seen through a magnifying glass. There was the same incongruity of color, the same varnished brightness and air of unsubstantial fragility which one observes in a box of toys.

And there sat Selina, in uncompromising flesh and blood, looking more than ordinarily heavy and massive by contrast with her surroundings. Selina was troubled by no bashful misgivings. She received her former mistress with perfect self-satisfaction. It was my mother who was nervous and anxious, and conscious of being in a false position.

"How is Alice?" I asked, in a hopeless pause, which mother seemed incapable of breaking. I had not inquired for Selina's husband or child, feeling, in truth, no interest in either, and being determined to affect none. It was, I grant, a childish way of indemnifying myself for my enforced visit, and, as a means of piercing Selina's thick wrapping of phlegmatic self-complacency, utterly ineffectual.

"Oh, Alice is very well. She is always strong, it seems to me. But me and Alice ain't such friends as might be, you know. Alice has took it amiss poor dear grandfather's leaving his money as he did."

"I think it natural she should be disappointed. But Alice seems to me to bear her lot with wonderful cheerfulness and good temper."

"Of course you don't see the matter in a sperritule light," rejoined Selina, coolly.

I was not quite childish enough to undo all that our visit had been meant to do by any sharpness of retort. Little as I believed in the usefulness of the effort that poor mother had been urged to make, I understood very well that it did not become me to mar all hope of a good result by winding up our visit in a quarrel with Selina. I held my peace, therefore, and Mrs.

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Matthew Kitchen proceeded to pour forth in a steady, equable, sluggish stream, a great many complaints of her sister-in-law's conduct—chiefly referable to a lack of *sperrituality*. Alice's acquaintance with the Arkwrights was animadverted on, as though it had been openly disgraceful to the family of the Kitchens. Presently the true reason for this bitterness came out. Selina had too little conception of the existence of high thoughts or sentiments to endeavor to gloze over her own groveling motives. It is true that she had a few cant phrases of religion on her lips, but they were almost utterly meaningless to her, and she had not the remotest notion of making them a rule of life.

It appeared that Selina had been moved by a social jealousy of her sister-in-law's new acquaintance to make some advances to Mrs. Arkwright, which had signally failed. The exact particulars of the failure I never learned. But it was not difficult to conceive that Mrs. Arkwright's uncompromising and bitter sincerity should not have smoothed itself to please Mrs. Mat Kitchen. Moreover, Mrs. Arkwright was proud *for her husband*, and would not have tolerated for an instant any assumption of equality on the part of the ex-servant-maid. Hence Matthew and his wife hated the Arkwrights.

I shall never forget the sensation of misery with which I sat in that glaring parlor, the sun streaming hotly in at the window, a French clock ticking loudly on the mantel-piece, and Selina brassily staring at mother and me. The house was so still, and the street so unfrequented, that in the pauses of speech, and through the regular beat of the time-piece, I could hear Selina's stays creak as she breathed, and her gown rustle. The whole thing was maddening. There was so little excuse that could have been put into words for the nervous irritation I was feeling; and yet it was terribly real. When mother rose to go away, I fancied that I could not have endured two minutes more of it, had she protracted our visit by even that short space of time.

"Go to Mortlands," said mother, leaning wearily back in the pony-chaise; and thither we were driven. We hardly uttered a word to each other on the way. What was there to be said? There were ludicrous elements enough in our call on Mrs. Matthew Kitchen; but we were neither of us in a mood to relish them.

Mother walked through the shady garden, and entered by the glass door the dining-room at Mortlands. The room was cool and quiet, and fragrant with the scent of flowers which was blown in from the garden by the gentlest of little fluttering breezes, that seemed too lazy and luxurious to fly far. Tib had been dead many a year, but there was a successor to Tib—one of a long line of successors—in the shape of a slate-colored Skye terrier, whose bright eyes looked out mysteriously from a mop of hair. "Whose bright *eye* looked out," I should say; for one orb was usually hopelessly obscured by a habit he had of holding his head on one side, and thus causing his thick mane to hang askew. Roger Bacon (that was the slate-colored terrier's name) lazily arose on our entrance, lazily approached mother, lazily gave her hand a perfunctory lick, and lazily lay down again on the carpet with his tail thumping a lazy welcome on the floor, and his uneclipsed eye beaming mildly.

A thought came into my head as I looked at him, of how unequally and incomprehensibly happiness is meted out to one and another in this world. "Oh, Roger Bacon," said I to myself, "it is surely for no merit of yours that you are my grandfather's dog, while your four-footed fellow-mortals are kicked and starved, so many of them! 'Conduct makes fate,' forsooth; and does not fate make conduct? and what a snappish, ill-conditioned cur might you not have been, O Roger, if your character had been formed on a discipline of ten kicks to one bone, and that one marrowless!"

Grandfather's entrance interrupted my sage reflections. We must stay and have tea with him, he said, and drive home by the light of the harvest-moon, now nearly at the full. Mother did not refuse. She had intended to pass the remainder of the afternoon at Mortlands. I believe she took that indulgence as part payment for her visit to Selina; although perhaps she did not plainly acknowledge this to herself.

I wandered out into the dear old garden, leaving my mother and grandfather to talk uninterruptedly. They confided in me fully, I knew; but I knew also that if, in the first surprise of learning to whom we had been paying a ceremonious visit that afternoon, grandfather should let fall some hot word of blame against his daughter's husband, *she* would rather that no one were by to hear it.

I went out at the glass door, and then, by a little path in the shrubbery, to the kitchen, where Keturah was elbow-deep in flour, and Eliza and Mrs. Abram were stoning raisins. Mrs. Abram had a large white apron of Keturah's covering the front of her skirt, and another tied under her chin. She reminded me of the glimpses I had had into a barber's shop on Saturday afternoons when I used to be brought from school to spend my holiday in grandfather's house. She was glad to see me, and I was glad to see her. The grotesqueness of her red visage, surmounting the white bib, did not alter that.

When I had spoken a few words to the three women I went out again, and paced about the well-known paths, and then sat down, elbow on knee, and chin in hand, on a sloping, grass-covered bank surmounted by a privet hedge, and basked in the sunshine, and steeped my soul in the peace of the past years, that seemed to come back to me in that garden.

Presently Donald was at my side. I scarcely knew how he had come. I was aware of his footstep, and of his greeting, and of his sit-

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ting down beside me, as a sleepy brain is aware of outside things, struggling to hold fast by slumber, unwilling to stir an eyelid lest broad work-a-day daylight should rout the last flickering image of its dream. But it was not long before Donald himself slid into my reverie, or rather he shared it. We talked in half sentences, remembering this or that incident of our childish days: a hint—a broken phrase—sufficing to recall whole histories, as such slight things do suffice to people who hold a score of common memories. We avoided all allusion to the present: it was as though we stood on a little, flowery, fairy island, round which the sea of time was rolling and foaming, and which would be swallowed up anon, and we must take to our ships again, and say good-by to the green islet, and steer on our course, through storm and shine, as best we might. But, meanwhile— There was a brief, sweet "meanwhile" when we rested amidst grass and flowers and the trickling sound of sweet water. I dwell on those moments. I linger over them; over the childish recollections, strengthened and made vivid by the sight and scent of the old herbs and plants (there was my friend, the flame-colored nasturtium, bright and hot as of yore); over the tea-drinking in the quiet dining-room; over the flavor of Keturah's dainty cakes, and the fragrance of the steaming tea, and the murmur of Mrs. Abram's inarticulate voice; over the drive homeward, through the moonlight, in which journey grandfather and Donald accompanied us, purposing to walk back to Mortlands; over the pleasant quiet chat, and not less pleasant dreamy silence, as we rolled smoothly along the high-road, through the regularly recurring shadows of the great elm-trees, and out again into yellow moonlight spaces; over all these I linger, for they were our last moments of peace and rest to the spirit for many a long day.

CHAPTER XXV.

HAS the reader forgotten Dodd, my father's groom in the days before Flower had brought his bow-legs to Water-Eardley? (Flower, be it noted, was rarely brought any whither *by* his legs, having a constitutional antipathy to walking.)

If the reader has forgotten Dodd, I had not forgotten him. My recollection had not, however, been refreshed by seeing him very often since he left my father's service. Once or twice he called at Mrs. Lane's house while I was at school, and had left for me a present of apples from his own orchard. Dodd was, as I have said, the landlord of a way-side public house, and was doing well.

He had not yet given a landlady to the hostelry of the Royal Oak. I used to fancy sometimes that he had entertained an unrequited attachment for Selina, who had been buxom, and bright-eyed, and pink-and-white enough to pass for quite a belle in her own class. But then again I recalled sundry sayings of Dodd's, which seemed to contradict such a supposition, by reason of the clear-sighted appreciation of Selina's hard and selfish nature which they evinced.

Howbeit, Dodd, having attained to a mature age, resolved to look out for a wife. His circle of female acquaintance was limited, I suppose, or else none of the damsels in his own neighborhood happened to please him, for to whom should he come a-wooing but to Alice Kitchen! There seemed to me to be considerable fitness in the notion of Alice as landlady of a country inn. Dodd had made her acquaintance years ago, when she had been a very young girl with a crop of light brown curls and a blue bead necklace. But even in those days her notable housewifery and active industry must have made an impression on the mind of the prudent Dodd. It might appear as though—old Green's will having removed Alice from the category of eligible young women "with expectations"—his coming forward at this time argued considerable generosity of sentiment. But I believe that Dodd rightly judged Alice's thrift, and stout, serviceable good temper, warranted to stand any amount of wear and tear, and skill in cooking, and general brisk handiness, to constitute a very desirable *tocher* in themselves; whereas, had she been old Green's heiress, he might have been shy of aspiring to her.

I heard of this courtship from the servants at Mortlands, who were deep in Alice's confidence. And the subject on old Keturah's lips, oddly enough, led to her telling me something which seemed to furnish a key to the puzzling advertisement I had seen in the sporting paper.

Dodd, she said, declared that Mr. Sam Cudberry had latterly haunted the neighborhood of the Royal Oak. He did not frequent that tavern, although he had once or twice called for a draught of ale there; but he was constantly seen in its vicinity. Generally, as Dodd heard, Sam was accompanied by another gentleman—a stranger to the village. But this last-named person had never entered the Royal Oak, nor had he been seen by its landlord. But the gist of Dodd's statement was the expression of his suspicion that Mr. Sam Cudberry had got into a "dangerous line," and that he was making stealthy visits to a certain private training-ground, which, Dodd affirmed, existed not many miles from the Royal Oak, in the direction of the Brookfield Road.

"But," said I, "what harm will it do Mr. Sam Cudberry to visit a private training-ground, even if this be true?"

Harm enough, according to Keturah. No one would have been admitted to such a place without either having some share in the business carried on there, or being very deep in the confidence of the people who had a share in it. There was nothing in the world—"unless it might be coining false money," said Ke-

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turah—that was conducted with such jealous secrecy as the training of a race-horse. "And," said she, in conclusion, "what good can come to such a one as Mr. Sam Cudberry by getting into that sort of company? He's cunning, and close, and greedy of money, and a fool! There's cunning fools, Miss Anne, as many as simple ones. Even a fool can't go far wrong so long as he keeps honest; but as for Mr. Sam—" A prolonged shake of the head, and compression of the lips, significantly finished Keturah's speech.

Was, then, Sam Cudberry the advertiser who desired a "gentlemanlike *confederate*" with capital? On consideration it appeared unlikely that he should originate such a scheme; but far from improbable that he had entered into it with some bolder or more practiced "confederate," to use the term of the advertisement.

I do not profess to have felt much anxiety on Sam's account, or much heed whether he got into mischief or no. I should, at another time, have thought of Aunt Cudberry with some sympathy; and, in a lesser degree, of my father's probable vexation on his cousin's account; for father preserved, against all sorts of discouragement, a kind of clannish family feeling—which, in truth, was the only Cudberry trait I knew in him. But as it was, my heart was too full of carking fears and cares to have room for any lesser lukewarm sentiments of sympathy with my second cousins at Woolling. I thought very frequently, and very anxiously, of Dodd's revelation, it is true; but my thoughts and anxieties were for another than Sam.

I had dreamed day-dreams — *voluntary* dreams, so to speak—about Gervase Lacer. My mind was in a strange, vague, incoherent state with regard to him. There were times when my imagination pictured him as a man of warm heart and noble impulses, who had fought manfully against the evil influences of his youth; as one who was sincere and candid to a fault, and, moreover, strangely unmindful of self. This same imagination conjured up numberless scenes and circumstances in which I was ready to make almost any sacrifice for his happiness, or in which I was able to enhance it without any sacrifice at all; scenes and circumstances that showed me myself in fullest sympathy with Gervase, admiring him, believing in him, grateful to him, loving him. But at the bottom of my heart there was all the while a sense of unreality. They were *voluntary* dreams, as I have said, which did not take possession of me, but which I fostered and brooded over as I had done over fairy stories in my childish days.

Then, again, came periods of reaction, when I was distrustful of Gervase, and disposed to be disdainful of his intellectual shortcomings. Not that he was dull, or that he spoke foolishly; but there was nothing in his mind—or I had not discovered it—to which I could look up; there were some traits in it on which I undoubtedly looked *down*. And consciously to do this latter was extremely painful to me, and gave me an indescribable feeling of humiliation, I scarcely knew why.

But, apart from these fluctuations of feeling, I had strong reason to think anxiously of Mr. Lacer. He had grown thoroughly confidential with mother and me on the subject of my father. In speaking to her he softened matters a little, having abundance of tact, and great quickness in perceiving what sort of impression he was making. And he had, too, a winning way of disarming antagonism whenever he had chanced to arouse it. But in talking to me he had long thrown off all disguise as to my father's miserable fault. From him I learned much of the perilous state of our money affairs. He was aware of the fact of my mother's marriage settlement. He had once very slightly alluded to it in speaking to me. But although that stood between us and literal beggary, it scarcely rendered my father's fortunes less desperate.

Mr. Lacer confirmed my idea that he had influenced father's mind to acquiesce in the scheme of giving up Water-Eardley, and going away from all the temptations and connections that haunted its neighborhood. At least he so far confirmed it as not to deny it when I told him that I was sure it must be so, and thanked him for having given the advice of a true friend.

All this had been well. And even his indulgent toleration of Sam Cudberry's frequent companionship, which, I confess, vexed me, was accounted for by his (Gervase Lacer's) unwillingness to be harsh or cold to one of my father's kin. The reasons which Sam had given for his new friend's good-nature I had made no scruple of entirely disbelieving, well knowing that self-interest, in one shape or another, was the sole motive Sam was capable of attributing for any line of conduct deliberately pursued by sane persons.

But now Dodd's statement awoke a certain uneasiness within me. Half-formed conjectures flitted through my mind—suspicions I was ashamed of, but which would not be reasoned down. I had observed, too, recently, a growing air of preoccupation and anxious thoughtfulness in Mr. Lacer, and in my father a feverish restlessness and fluctuation of spirits. They spoke together almost furtively; and if I chanced to come upon them in the garden, as they strolled up and down smoking their cigars, they would almost invariably suspend their talk at my approach; and father sometimes even ordered me to go away, and not interrupt "business." As to Sam Cudberry, he would at such times markedly separate himself from my father and Gervase Lacer. He (Sam) was very frequently at Water-Eardley, and very frequently, also, he made one amidst the smokers in the garden—being supplied with cigars, at my father's expense; but so surely as my father and Lacer began any discussion in a low voice, and my father pulled out the little note-book and

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pencil I have before alluded to, so surely did Sam withdraw himself to a distant part of the garden, or return to the house, where he would sit smoking at the open window, and bestowing his society on mother and me. It seemed to me almost as if Sam ostentatiously showed that he chose to keep himself apart from these conferences; for it was, of course, impossible, with my knowledge of him, to suppose that his conduct was dictated by any delicacy, or fear of intruding where he was not wanted. I, having always in my mind what Dodd had said, resolved to try Sam on this point.

"You have left father and Mr. Lacer to their own devices," said I to him on one of the occasions I have alluded to.

Sam blew a cloud of smoke out of the window of mother's sitting-room, and answered, with a grin, "Well, yes; 'tain't the first time either. They'll get on all right without me."

"I suppose so."

"All right, or all wrong, *I* ain't a-going to plunge into their confidence."

"Are you not pretty deep in it already?" said I, with purposely exaggerated significance.

Sam looked at me cunningly. He did not seem startled—he had too much of his father's phlegm to be easily disconcerted—but he certainly showed surprise.

"Not a bit of it," he returned, after a short pause. "I might if I liked; but I'm awake. I keep on the safe side of the hedge. I don't mean it to come to father's ears as Cudberry, junior, of Woolling, has been burning his fingers with any gambling games. I keep clear of it all. Every body here can bear witness—*you* can bear witness that I do. I've showed it open enough on purpose."

"Do you remember our servant Dodd?" I asked, abruptly.

"Dodd? Yes, to be sure! He keeps a public between here and Diggleton's End, on the London road."

"I know he does. It is called the Royal Oak, not *very* far from Brookfield. You go there sometimes."

This time Sam stared at me outright.

"Why," said he, opening his eyes and thrusting out his lips, "he's never gone and told you?"

"Dodd, do you mean?"

Sam's mouth stretched itself into a grin, and he bestowed one of his favorite winks on me. "Ah!" he exclaimed, with a sort of sigh. "To be sure! Dodd, do I mean? Oh, of course! Who else, eh? That's a good un. Oh, you're deuced 'cute, Anne, and no mistake!"

"No; Dodd did not tell me. I heard it accidentally."

"Oh, you're awfully sharp! Blessed if I ain't afraid of you, Miss Anne! Or should be if I minded it's being known where I go; but you see I *don't* mind a brass farthing! It's for others to mind, not me. But fair play's a jewel, as I always say, and when I make a bargain I stick to it—'specially when it's a jolly good bargain, all profit and no loss."

And hereupon Sam threw up his head, and roared with laughter at his own humor, uttering sounds so discordant that they might have proceeded from the throat of his sister Tilly herself.

This was all enigmatical enough, and did not tend to dissipate my uneasiness. Mother continued to urge my father as strongly as she dared to take some steps for giving up Water-Eardley. Debts were accumulating with dreadful quickness, ready money for the merest necessaries was rarely forthcoming, and we began to experience what it is to be dunned by surly tradesmen. Our distance from Horsingham protected us somewhat. A man could not spare a whole morning from his business to come to Water-Eardley and ask for his money in person very often. But scarcely a post came without bringing one or two urgent requests for the payment of outstanding bills. And mother at last shrank so from encountering our creditors that she dreaded going into Horsingham at all. Still, to all representations that could be made to him father replied, "Wait till September. After September I shall look about me seriously, and make a move, if necessary—*if* necessary." He varied from sanguine hope to gloomy despair about his prospects. But in either or any mood he clung to his resolution of waiting until September, and could not be induced to make the smallest effort in the priceless present.

THE SEED AND FRUIT.

'Tis not its blood that bursts the vine
When in the press it's trampled on,
But healing, sacramental wine,
The Holy Grail—the cup divine—
Christ's life free-given for our own.

'Tis not with angry stroke, but kind,
The sculptor hews the marble stone;
His blows, their scars, if we will mind,
But loose the angel there confined—
An angel from a shapeless stone!

'Twas not in wrath the Psalmist old
His inspired hand swept o'er the strings,
And vexed his harp with beatings bold:
A purer, holier music rolled
E'en from its sharpest quiverings.

And thus in all the world's great round,
When we its meaning full divine—
From fiercest twangs the sweetest sound;
By sharpest strokes the soul unbound;
From sorest bruise the sweetest wine.

So to the faith now tossed with fear
All seeming ills shall prove to be
Each one the seed for harvests near:
"Though Christ was dead, he is not here;"
There needs the cross, the funeral bier,
Ere we the resurrection see.

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A DAUGHTER OF MUSIC.

IN the early part of the summer of 1866, in the interval between the eventful day when the troops of King William of Prussia crossed the frontier of Saxony and the far more eventful day of Sadowa, a traveler from the United States sat at the window of a house overlooking a German river, and watched the march of a body of soldiers across a bridge. This was a Prussian town, from which Prussian soldiers were marching south to meet the Austrians, with, as nine out of every ten Europeans outside Prussian boundaries and a good many inside firmly believed, the certainty of defeat before them. Our American traveler had arrived only the evening before, and finding all the hotels crowded to overflowing, and every *speisesaal* converted into a barrack mess-room, was glad to be able to take refuge in a cleanly, pleasant chamber in the house of a decent and humble family who turned the eve of war to golden advantage by letting lodgings.

The evening was bright, soft, and beautiful, and the American much enjoyed his quiet hour at the window with his cigar and the pleasant look-out across the river. He was tired of rambling through the city amidst the noisy crowds of soldiers and idlers, and the perpetual drumming and fifing, clattering and rattling, galloping and hustling, which are among the preludes of glorious war. He could not help admiring the steady march of the soldiers across the bridge, their firm, compact figures, and the intelligence which seemed to speak in their very movements; and he began to think, even as he looked on, that perhaps, after all, the public opinion of Europe might not prove to be oracular—perhaps the Austrians might not find it so very easy to march right over these Prussians into the heart of Berlin. "How," he said to himself, "if it should prove to be the case of the Yankee traders and the Southern chivalry over again?"

Meanwhile a little incident of the march diverted his attention from the political possibilities. As the soldiers were passing along a girl came out of the door of the house where our traveler lodged, and stood just beneath his window. He knew her as the daughter of the family; indeed, she had brought him his coffee that morning, and he had met her more than once on the staircase. A very pretty, graceful girl she was. She was tall and slender; she had shining dark hair, dark eyebrows, and sparkling eyes; and she had those clearly cut features, with something of a Grecian outline, which are certainly not too common in Germany. As she stood now in the sinking sunlight, bareheaded, shading her eyes with her hand, and watching eagerly the passing of the troops, she might have made the central figure of a striking picture. "So stands woman always in the hour of war," thought our philosophical traveler, "eager, anxious, watching in silent, suppressed sadness the march of the ranks which bear her lover or her husband away from her side."

Even as he spoke a sudden change came over the attitude of the girl, and she sprang a pace or two forward. Then a blue-coated soldier left the ranks, ran toward her, exchanged an eager word or two, kissed her twice, then ran after his comrades and regained his place. The form of the girl drooped and swayed. She still remained where the soldier had left her, and gazed after the long blue line that was fast disappearing on the other side of the bridge. Then, when it had wholly faded, she turned listlessly and slowly, and entered the house again.

Our traveler had drawn back into the window, lest he should be seen by the girl as she entered. It would have seemed like willful sacrilege to have watched the little incident of love and romance which he naturally assumed that he had just been witnessing. But he might have spared himself any trouble; the girl did not look up.

He still sat smoking and thinking, and the evening darkened, and the trees on the other side of the river began to look ghostly against the purpling sky. Presently he became conscious of a beautiful, tender influence blending with that of the sunset and the evening air in a softening appeal to his soul and sense. It was the music of a piano, played, it seemed to him, with quite remarkable delicacy of touch. The performer was playing some of Mendelssohn's sweetest, saddest notes; and the American, a man of taste and feeling, thought the sounds harmonized so exquisitely with the hour, the scene, the associations, that they might have fitly formed the very expression in music of the parting episode on which he had just looked down.

"But it surely," he said to himself, "can not be that girl who brought my coffee who is playing with such a touch—with such expression? If it is she, then she has the soul of an artist."

Franklin Lathrop was a young American of fortune, leisure, and culture. He might be said, perhaps, to belong to one of the sublime, hardly appreciated first families, whose claims, however earnestly asserted, it is not always quite easy to define. Certainly he knew the best people every where—those who are best worth knowing, not those who are best in the fashionable sense. He had been spending some time in Europe, traveling for self-culture, not for curiosity or idleness, or that he might be able to talk of his travels afterward; and he had gone off the beaten track every where, and tried to know something of the peoples and the tongues of the countries in which he traveled. Now he was on his way homeward from Russia, and only delayed a little to catch a glimpse of the way in which war goes on in Europe. He dressed very plainly, flashed no meteoric diamond from ring or shirt bosom, made no display of wealth any where, and was, indeed,

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in every respect, a quiet, self-contained, modest American gentleman. Nobody could be less like the American who makes it his grand ambition to set Paris smiling, London staring, and Rome gesticulating with two mocking fingers over his prodigality of expense and of display.

Next morning the pretty girl waited on Lathrop again. He looked with new interest and admiration into her fine, clear face, with its masses of dark hair. So slender, so shapely, so graceful a figure might have attracted attention any where. Her dress well set off her form and symmetry; the white bodice, opening a little in front, the neat belt of leather, the short petticoats showing a shapely ankle and firm foot.

Lathrop began a conversation—he spoke German tolerably—and the *mädchen* joined in it with that ready, unaffected frankness and innocence which is so charming among the true-hearted lasses of Germany. Our American spoke of the war and its prospects; and the girl's dark eyes filled with tears, and she told him, scattering his romantic fancies of the previous evening, that she had been saying a farewell to her brother, who had marched away with his regiment.

"Over the bridge last night?" Lathrop asked.

"*Ach ja*—over the bridge last night. And I love him so; and I have not seen him much of late, because he has quarreled with my father on account of our mother, who is dead, and our father's new wife. And now he is gone to the war, and perhaps I shall never see him any more."

She looked wonderfully picturesque and beautiful in her tears, which, be it said, not all women, not even all pretty women, can do. Lathrop felt his sympathy deeply touched. Perhaps he was not sorry to hear that it was a brother, not a lover, for whom her dark eyes were wet. He spoke to her with as much respect and deference as if she were the daughter of Von Bismarck himself.

Lathrop spoke of the piano-playing of the previous evening. The girl's cheek grew just a little red as she acknowledged that she was the performer; and she told him that she had always loved instrumental music, that she had been playing on the piano since she was a little child, that her brother had a wonderful gift that way, and had taught her all she knew.

"But you really play with remarkable skill. You ought to become a very successful musician—an artist—if you gave yourself up to the practice of music."

She smiled and blushed, but shook her head, and said she had too much to do in the house, and could now find little leisure to play. But she still loved the old piano, and touched it whenever she had a chance.

Then she made a graceful little obeisance, and withdrew.

Mr. Lathrop lingered days and days in this place, where he had intended at first to pass only some forty-eight hours. He became quite a friend of the family; liked the worthy and somewhat soft-headed father, who seemed to pass most of his time smoking a pipe, the china bowl of which rested on the ground, and who was understood somehow to be a working-jeweler; liked the sharp but cleanly and not ill-natured wife—the second wife; liked most of all, and more and more, the pretty daughter, Frederika. There was something wonderfully attractive about the frank and friendly ways of this girl. Lathrop began to think sometimes that he must have known her from her childhood, or must be her foster-brother, or something of the sort. The more often he heard her play the piano the more he became convinced that she was meant to be an artist. To see her sit at the instrument, to see how her eyes, her fingers, nay, the very movements of her lithe and supple body, spoke out and felt with the music, would have convinced any man of brains and culture that here was no haphazard inclination or taste, but the genuine inspiration of the artist.

Something that might have been an unlucky little mishap befell Franklin Lathrop. His expected letters had gone wrong and failed to reach him; and his money had all "given out." Remittances were coming, but they had not come.

"Frederika," said Lathrop one morning, with an air of comical distress, "I am an unfortunate man. I have no more money left; not one solitary thaler!"

Frederika's face showed profound sympathy. She came up and laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"Ah, I am so sorry if it gives you pain. But to *us* it matters nothing; you shall stay here as long as you will; oh, let it be very long! And you can pay us any time—when you get money."

"But suppose I am always poor, Fräulein Frederika?"

"Then you shall not think of paying us at all. When you had the gold, who could be more ready and liberal? And what would the world be if people did not help each other? We are poor too, but not so poor that we can not give a little help to a friend."

Her voice was tremulous. Our American looked up. There were tears in her dark eyes; and she kept her hand laid encouragingly on his shoulder. She had taken his statement literally; she actually believed that he was a poor youth, out of money in a strange land. It had never occurred to the young American, always conscious of the possession of as much money as he needed, to suppose that any one could mistake him for a poor man. But this girl had taken his humorous plaint *au sérieux*, really believed that he could not pay his way, and was more kind and tender than ever in consequence. A strange thrill of wonder, admiration, humiliation, delight, went through his heart.

"Would this ever be believed in Broadway

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or Fifth Avenue?" he asked of himself. "This girl's heart is nobler even than her face and figure."

His money did not come for a few days, and it was quite touching to see the delicate and tender friendliness which Frederika showed for her impecunious guest. The Herr Grün, too (such was the name of the worthy father), and even the somewhat sharp wife, were more particular than ever in their attentions to the young man. Of dishonesty these good and simple people had not the least idea or suspicion. Their guest was a brave young man who happened just now to be a little poor; surely that was only another reason for being kind to him. He would pay, of course, when he got his money.

Meanwhile Frederika had so clearly made up her mind that Lathrop was a poor youth, a wandering *Bursch* from a far land across the ocean, and by consequence extended to him such a friendly and sisterly confidence, that he could not find it in his heart to undeceive her. When his money came he only paid out just so much as was necessary to bring up his arrears; and he still remained to her the poor American youth who, like her brother and like herself, had to make a stiff fight with the world, and therefore was one of her own set, as a fashionable person might say, and could be taken into full sympathy and confidence. Many an evening did Lathrop sit with the family in their common room while Frederika played to him; many a long pleasant conversation he had with her; many a fresh delight he found in her bright, naïve, clever observations, and the sweet simplicity of her nature. "Go where I may hereafter," said Lathrop to himself one night as he looked out of his window and smoked, after an evening thus spent in Frederika's company, "I can always say that I once wandered into Arcadia, and was made welcome there."

But energetic young America can not always abide in Arcadia. Time went on. Sadowa was fought and won; the war was all over. Frederika's mind was at rest about the safety of her brother; and Franklin Lathrop felt that he ought not to linger by her side any longer. How sorry he felt at the nearness of his departure, how reluctant he was to leave the girl, he would hardly have confessed even to himself. One thing he was determined to do—to urge Frederika forward to an artistic career, and to help her to success in it if he could. So he did talk to her and to her people on the subject; but he found the elder Grüns little inclined to encourage what they regarded as mere dreams. He therefore ceased to urge his counsel.

"Some day, Frederika," he said to her when his parting drew near, "your people may change their minds. If so, make use of this letter which I give you. The artist to whom it is addressed can judge of your capacity as well, and give you as good advice, as any man living; and he will do so for my sake."

Frederika looked up at him, amazed, when she read the name inscribed on the letter. It was that of one of the most celebrated pianists in Germany—in the world! a man who was a sort of idol and distant deity in Frederika's eyes. Lathrop knew him well and intimately, and in the letter besought him to give Frederika the benefit of his advice, and if he found that she really had artistic capacity, to give her a helping hand.

"Then you know him—that great man; you know him, Herr Franz?" It was thus she rendered Lathrop's first name, Franklin.

"I know him, Frederika, and love him. You will love him too when you come to know him."

Frederika blushed with a kind of blended wonder and awe at the thought of her ever coming to know the great artist.

But the parting with Lathrop soon banished every thought of art and artist from Frederika's mind. The young American bought some handsome and costly presents for every one of the family. To her he gave a beautiful necklace. Her eyes sparkled with delight when she saw it, but the next moment her eyelids drooped, and her face was clouded.

"Ah, Herr Franz, I fear—I fear that you have been only deceiving us all this time."

"Deceiving you, Frederika?"

"Yes, indeed. You are no poor *Bursch* at all; you are a rich and great man in your own country, and you can not be our friend, and I always thought you would be as my friend and brother, even though I should never see you any more."

"Dear Frederika, I am certainly not a great man in my own country, although I have money enough; and in my country one man is as good as another. We have no *Edelschaft* there, no nobility; your father and I would be equals and friends there—he no better than I; I no better than he."

Frederika opened the eyes of astonishment. Let us hope that the patriotic American did in no wise exaggerate the indifference to social distinction to be found among his countrymen and countrywomen. Let us hope that if the Herr Grün, worthy working-jeweler, had ever been permitted to visit the United States, Franklin Lathrop would have had him to dine at his club and to drive in Central Park.

The parting moment is coming—is come. Lathrop kept his farewell of Frederika to the last. Her face was pale; her beautiful eyes were swimming in tears; she made no secret of her sorrow at losing him.

"Ah, my friend and my brother!" and she held up her lips to be kissed.

Franklin Lathrop kissed the red lips of the innocent, true-hearted girl, and felt a quite unwonted choking in the throat as he pressed her hand, bade her farewell, and left her. Yet a few moments, and he was straining his eyes as he gazed out of the window of the railway-carriage for a last glimpse of the little town where he had been so happy; yet a few days and he was standing on the deck of a tossing steamer,

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and gazing back for a last sight of the receding German shore.

Lathrop remained for some six months, or thereabouts, quietly in New York. He wrote to Frederika, and asked her to write to him; but no answer came. After a while a restless fit seized him, and he went to South America. Returning, he went from Panama to San Francisco, and there felt tempted to make a voyage to China and Japan, and yielded to the temptation. More than another year passed away before he returned to New York.

I will not say that in all this time the memory of Frederika did not begin to fade. Lathrop was hardly at any time clearly conscious of any feeling deeper than friendship and affectionate interest for the girl, and undoubtedly the passing of months, the waves of the Pacific, and the strange, new scenes of Chinese and Japanese life did tend to efface the clearness of her image in his recollection. But I will say that he had not forgotten her; that he often looked back with a feeling of tenderness and regret to the short, happy time when he knew her; that on many a night when he paced the deck and looked up at the stars, or down at the dark turbulence of the plunging waves, the beautiful face of Frederika came up, clear and sad, between him and the material objects on which he turned his eyes.

So, between traveling and resting, the days went on for our American, and the anniversary of the battle of Sadowa had twice been celebrated, and three years had passed away, since Lathrop took leave of Frederika. He was spending a few days in one of the great Atlantic cities, where he had many friends, and he received a pressing invitation from a lady to come to one of her parties. "Be sure you come," said the closing lines of the letter of invitation; "for we are to have the charming young pianist who has been setting your New York folks so wild, and I specially want to have your opinion of her."

Lathrop had not been much in his native New York for some time, and in any case had been paying little attention to the rising and falling of artists, had quite "lost the run" of musical novelties, and so had never heard of any excitement created by any new pianist. Nevertheless, he resolved that he would accept the invitation, and a half-melancholy smile came over his face as he read again the words, "charming young pianist," and thought of his beautiful, vanished Frederika, and of the hopes or dreams he once had that she too might arise some day a star above the artistic horizon. But no more distinct thought came into his mind, and even this vague association presently vanished, and he found himself in the crowded *salon* that night with a mind blankly indifferent, expecting nothing, hoping nothing, hardly more interested in his hostess's new pianist than in his hostess's new dress.

The rooms were very full, and Lathrop made his way not without difficulty, talking, as he edged himself in, now with this acquaintance and now with that, and already a little weary of the whole affair. Suddenly the notes of a piano fell upon his ears, and filled him, he hardly knew how or why, with a strange, sweet, delicious memory. The touch of the performer was that of a master, light, firm, brilliant, powerful; the music was exquisite; but it was not the music or the skill of the performer alone which just now fascinated our Lathrop; it was something suggested by the music, and yet not of it or in it; something of memory and sympathy and friendship, of past hours and realities, that seemed to have turned into dreams; for as he listened to the sounds all the crowd and the scene around him vanished away, and he was again in the poor little room of the German household, sitting in the twilight, and listening to Frederika as she played upon the old piano.

"It's the new pianist, the German girl," somebody said, near Lathrop. "She has a wonderful touch, but I don't think she has much science. They say she is very pretty; let us try to get near and have a glimpse of her."

As if the words had been addressed to himself, Lathrop suddenly pressed forward. He pushed his way, hardly knowing what he did or why he was so eager, through the crowd, regardless of the trains on which he trampled, the laces which he ran the risk of tearing, the angry eyes which turned on him and followed his path. He fought his way into the inner room whence the sound of the music came, and at last he saw the new pianist. He was not surprised somehow. This was what he had expected to see since the first note of the music fell upon his ear. There sat his friend Frederika, only changed because her beauty had become more striking and brilliant; because her magnificent masses of dark hair looked more glorious than ever; because her eyes sparkled more brightly; because the grace, the vivacity, the noble energy, if such a word may be used, of her motions and her attitudes, as her fingers ran over the chords of the instrument, were more conspicuous and captivating than ever. There sat Frederika, and round her white throat was the necklace which had been his parting gift.

The music rippled, sparkled, trembled, and sighed; and the crowd around the performer were held in the intensity of admiration and delight. The one thing every one admired yet more than the playing was the manner in which the soul, heart, eyes, and very frame of the performer seemed to be absorbed into her music. Suddenly there is a crash on the notes, a pause, a silence, the upset of a music-stand; and the pianist, forgetting instrument, music, audience, and propriety, had sprung from her place and clasped both the hands of Franklin Lathrop. And it required all our young American's sense of the situation and power of self-control to keep him from repeating then and there the kiss he had given to Frederika on parting, and which his lips, like those of Coriolanus, had virgined since.

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Then, when the wildness of this first greeting was over, Frederika turned, with great grace and dignity, to the hostess, and made apology for her abrupt behavior, explaining that she had found in Lathrop a dear friend to whom she owed all her success, and whom she hardly hoped ever to have met again. It was quite a pretty and romantic little episode, every body said; and a good many of the ladies thought Frederika rather bold, and some even declared that they quite pitied that poor Mr. Lathrop. But the gentlemen did not seem exactly to pity Lathrop, and, in any case, Lathrop did not much care.

She had succeeded, then? Yes; and through his counsel and help. Very soon after Lathrop's departure from Europe her dear father died, and her brother went to live in Berlin, and she resolved to go there with him and to endeavor to become an artist. Lathrop's letter to her she had never received. But she presented his introduction to the great German musician, and the great musician saw that there was something in her, made her his pupil, and finally sent her forth into the world with the seal of his approval. She succeeded in Berlin, in Vienna, in Paris, and in London; and now, by the advice of her patron and teacher, had accepted advantageous offers to visit the United States. Her patron never knew how strongly she was impelled to cross the Atlantic by the dim, faint ghost of a hope that somewhere on the farther shore she might meet again the friend whom she had lost.

It was only last winter when Lathrop thus found Frederika again. Therefore one can not tell much more of the story; and perhaps, indeed, no genuine story-reader will need to be told any more. But people do say that a marriage between the brilliant young German pianist and Mr. Franklin Lathrop may be looked forward to as a certainty; and for one I fully believe that those who say so are right.

ANTEROS.

By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," "Sans Merci," "Breaking a Butterfly," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FRESH arrival in a large hunting-field does not create the same sensation as in a small watering-place; nevertheless, there are always people ready to take stock of any stranger of mark, especially if he be introduced by a county notable. Other eyes besides Arthur Corbett's have been leveled, you may be sure, at the Erriswell carriage; and among them are those "useful" ones that Mrs. Devereux owns. She indulges herself, indeed, in a long, leisurely survey; and, when it is concluded, these words escape her—involuntarily, it would seem—

"Simply superb."

"What is superb?" Major Colville asks, who has watched with growing discontent the direction of her gaze.

Cissy glances at her cavalier even more mutinously than is her wont.

"The scene, the weather, 'the *tout ensemble* in the corner,' the—any thing you like. I am in a general-admiration frame this morning, and a very good frame too, isn't it?"

The hussar gnaws his jetty mustache, sadly marring its artistic wave.

"Nonsense; you never admired any thing in your life, except a horse, a dress, or—a face. D'you suppose I don't know what you've been looking at for the last five minutes?"

"Then, if you know so much, why do you ask questions?" she retorts, coolly. "And suppose you're right; we're not at school now, when looking to the right or left in our walks abroad cost five pages of Télémaque. Once for all, Godfrey, if you're going to be cross, I shall not help you out of the sulks, but—"

"Go and talk to Mrs. Malcolm," Colville breaks in with a sneer. "That's about your mark, isn't it? You see I can follow your thoughts as well as your eyes."

There are many vulnerable points about this willful dame, and much may be done by a well-timed appeal to her good-nature, her compassion, or even her sense of justice; but attack, from whatsoever quarter, is safe to provoke defiance. She turns on her assailant — dauntless, and pitiless to boot.

"That's precisely what I intend to do. And, talking about following, unless you're good directly, I'll find some one else to lead me to-day. It wouldn't be hard. There's Dick would be too glad to get the chance. Wouldn't you, Dick?"

Certainly one of the most wonderful things in nature is the way in which finished performers, in Cissy's line, contrive to play off, not only one light love against the other, but their own liege lords against the lot.

The Driver, coming up at this moment, and overhearing the last words, glances from one to the other rather ruefully. He has some experience in these disputes, and knows that, wheresoever the right may be, there is safety for him only in espousing one side; but he is too honest to be always time-serving; so, on the present occasion, he strikes in at once for his brother-in-arms.

"So you've begun quarreling already, you two? I don't wonder at it. Don't you mind her, Godfrey; she's very queer this morning; we had a bit of a breeze as we came along. Something went wrong before we started, I expect. If you let her alone it 'll blow over as the day gets on."

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Mrs. Devereux laughs a little angry laugh, not altogether of vexation, though. She has a keen sense of humor; and, besides, bears her husband no malice for standing by his comrade.

"Of course it's my fault," she pouts. "But if you'd come up a minute sooner, Dick, and kept those great ears of yours open, you'd have heard Major Colville exceedingly rude. Now you may keep each other company till I come back; and, if I don't see you both looking more amiable, perhaps I sha'n't come back at all."

Be it noted here that among this lady's peculiarities is a habit of calling an infinite number of the other sex by their Christian or nickname. In the mouth of any other living woman it would sound as a vulgarism; in hers it sounds simply—unconventional. When she gives her courtiers their full title they are for the nonce in dire disgrace.

As Mrs. Devereux rides off, tossing her haughty little head, the two men look at each other rather blankly.

"*I* never meant to quarrel, Driver," Colville says, with something like a groan, "on this day of all days in the year. I shouldn't wonder if I found the route come when I get back to barracks."

The other's face lowers sympathetically. "It's d—d hard, old man," he mutters. "If she'd known that, perhaps she wouldn't have been so short with you. Never mind; I'll put it all straight directly."

The hussar shakes his head. With every confidence in his friend's good-will, he puts no great trust in his powers of mediation. So—*les oreilles tant soit peu baisses*—they pace off slowly in Cissy's wake.

Meantime Glynne has mounted; but he still remains close to the Erriswell carriage chatting to his cousin, and to her husband, who has just joined them. So, when Mrs. Devereux rides up and greets Mrs. Malcolm affectionately, an introduction is inevitable. Cissy would be much flattered—to say the least of it—if she could guess at the success of her first effect. Caryl is at once attracted, not only by her tempting face and faultless figure, but by her crisp, fresh, sparkling manner, and strikes into the conversation with unusual energy. Mrs. Malcolm smiles to herself at the correctness of her prophecy; she had said, you will remember, that these two would be sure to suit each other. Before five minutes are over they are talking quite like old friends; and when the general move toward the covert-side is made, though Malcolm drops back and mingles with the crowd, Caryl seems to think that his proper place is still close to Mrs. Devereux's rein.

Certainly things do not look more promising for Godfrey Colville; and he is not one to accept such a position meekly; indeed he has a strong if not a violent temper; and though throughout their intimacy he has never quite got out of Cissy's hand, she has been obliged to manage him on the give-and-take principle; nevertheless, he would die the death sooner than further bemoan himself, even to his sworn ally; and to Dick's sulky inquiry, "Who's that she's got hold of now?" he answers, with infinite coolness, "Haven't a notion. Staying at Erriswell, I suppose; for Malcolm has put him up on about the best in his stable. Looks as if he could ride, too." This concession is really magnanimous; for, like many other brilliant horsemen, the Major is apt to be somewhat hypercritical and slow to admire.

That Caryl's face should be strange to him is no wonder; for the former has spent more of his time abroad than in England of late years; and Colville's regiment has but recently returned from Indian service.

"Don't you think we'd better close up?" Devereux suggests, still bent on mediation.

The hussar is hard upon his mustache once again. For himself, he would like nothing better; but he rather dreads the blunders of his well-wisher's zeal.

"Not just yet," he says, quietly. "We'd better wait till we're wanted. It's a safe find, though it's a chance if they don't mob their fox. If we do get a gallop, and if I never give her a lead again, I'll give her a good one to-day, please God."

Despite the placidity of his tone, and the pious turn of that last sentence, the thoughts of Colville's heart, just now, are not likely to be pleasing to any deity delighting in mercy and loving-kindness; and Cissy Devereux's nerve will perchance be put to the proof if hounds run straight and fast.

But it is too much of a lawn-meet for real sport. Besides the crowd in saddle and on wheels, there is a great affluence of "pedestrinarians;" and the weather is too gay for scent in or out of covert.

The first fox is chopped ingloriously; and they only potter after their second at a pace that gives no opening for cutting down. Indeed, with the exception of a couple of jealous boys on clever ponies, and a few breakers and farmers schooling, all are content to take their turn at gates and gaps. Major Colville's patience—a shallow, uncertain stream at the best—at length runs fairly dry; and having contrived, by a succession of halts and doubles, to shake off the honest Driver, he ranges up on Cissy's bridle hand. On the off side still lounges Caryl Glynne, with the air of one who, by prescriptive right, occupies a post of honor.

To speak the truth, Caryl has been enjoying himself exceedingly. As Colville had surmised, he can ride, and ride right well, at times; but he has neither jealousy nor ambition in this line, and thinks indifferent sport quite balanced by genial weather and pleasant company; and his companion he finds more than pleasant. He is amused by her gay audacity, and by the epigrammatic turn of her sketches of Loamshire men and manners; while her brilliant complexion and lithe, quick gestures are very refreshing to his eyes, sated with the sombre, listless south-

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on beauty. All the while, with one of those singular self-delusions to which men, good as well as evil, wise as well as foolish, are prone, he has been rather pluming himself on his prudence and delicacy in keeping aloof from Lena Atherstone till the awkwardness of their first encounter shall have quite passed away.

With a slight hesitation, and a little blush which becomes her wonderfully, Mrs. Devereux performs the needful ceremony of introduction. Perhaps a vague suspicion of the truth crosses Caryl's mind; but it in no wise ruffles either his confidence or his composure. With the other it is very different. He has not lived so long or so far out of the world as not to have heard that name, and some of the tales hanging thereto, before; and the first mention of it affects him scarce more pleasantly than it did Arthur Corbett; nevertheless, having his nerves under better control, he does not start perceptibly, and only ices his salute.

"Colville?" Glynne remarks, meditatively. "You have a cousin Reginald, I think; I know him very well."

To do the Major justice, it is not often that he "puts side on;" but when he does so there is no mistake about it.

"Then you have the advantage of me," he retorts, with a curling lip. "It's some time since I ceased to know that person."

Caryl's is a smooth, easy temper, accommodating enough, especially when all things march to his liking; but he was never accused of failing to take an affront on the bound. His smile is infinitely more exasperating than the other's sneer.

"Ah! family quarrels, I presume. No one is safe from them, not even such a gentle, generous creature as poor Reginald."

Insolence for insolence—the counter is more effective than the blow; and, though he scorns to break ground, the soldier feels he has the worst of the rally. Time and place do not serve for the recital of the numberless grounds of offense which have caused the name of the unlucky *vaurien* in question to be an ill savor in the nostrils of the most patient kinsfolk; yet he has no right to assume that the speaker is cognizant of these.

While he is casting about for a reply Mrs. Devereux, disquieted by the signs of hostility, intervenes. She has had much practice in putting high-bred cattle together—this wayward dame—and on a few occasions has been known to manage three, and even four, abreast with Olympian dexterity; but she has never yet tried this especial courser in double harness, and feels that the experiment might bring the whole equipage to grief; besides, as has been afore said, she observes a certain equity in her iniquities, and, if somewhat fickle in the transfer of her favor, rarely changes her *cicisbeo* without decent warning. She has found her hussar rather a cumbrance of late, and has sometimes wished for a more complacent cavalier. If no "fresh fear" be at hand to dry them, her bright brown eyes will not be long purblinded the morning when Colville rides away; and that threatened route—surely it is long a-coming. Since the War Office will not help her out of the difficulty, poor Godfrey has at least deserved to be let down gently. So pity, not less than prudence, moves her to temporize. But the peace-making evidently can not be conducted *à trois*, and she takes her line with her wonted promptitude.

"Mr. Glynne, I think you can be trusted alone now for a little while; and I want you to take a message to your cousin. Her carriage is in that crowd on the cross-roads, I see; but it is not likely that she will follow much further. I was half engaged to lunch at Erriswell on Saturday. Will you find out whether this is quite settled, and let me know?"

The *congé* is unmistakable; but Caryl is not a whit chagrined or discomfited. He has made about the most of the balls in his first innings, and is quite content that others—specially others whose place he may have usurped—should have their turn; moreover, it was not yesterday that he learned and began to act on the maxim, *Tout vient à temps à lui qui sait attendre;* and he does not fear losing much ground by a temporary absence. He is thoroughly right here. No man has wasted his time if, thus early in an acquaintance, he can attain to be—missed. This success he has certainly achieved. Before he has left her side five minutes the fair Cissy is sensible of a palpable if not an aching void. Glynne is far from a brilliant conversationalist; but there are men—and women too, God wot—who contrive to say a good deal without often unlocking their lips; and a subdued satire in Caryl's tone gives his simplest remarks a certain piquancy; and, though cut-and-thrust repartee is more in Mrs. Devereux's style, she quite appreciates the more delicate raillery. The Major does not shine by contrast. To a flirtation on first principles, howsoever energetic or prolonged, he is fully equal, and can do his share of the talking fairly in general society; but he has neither tact nor temper for the proper management of a love-quarrel.

The butterfly-chase is not quite so good a thing as it looks on paper; or, at all events, is rather a one-sided affair. Despite the provocation, one can not perchance help admiring the wily turns and lithesome windings by which the insect-queen manages to preserve her late-won freedom; but the pursuer, waxing more hot and incensed over each disappointment, rarely contrives to retain either grace or dignity. And the peace-making—what heavy, up-hill work it is, when the heart of one of the parties concerned is not in it! Notwithstanding her penitence and compassion, Mrs. Devereux finds it so to-day; and Godfrey Colville, with all his courage and self-confidence, finds it harder every minute to bear up against the sense of baffling and defeat.

Surely some of us could sympathize with

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him here, recalling a like occasion, when a curse seemed to lie on our tongue; when our overtures of amity seemed as clumsy, even to ourselves, as the caresses of the Æsopian ass; when from our most innocent suggestion shot out an unintended sting; when the very dove, bearing our olive branch, was, by some dreadful gramarye, changed into a raven, shrieking bode, and giving signal of battle.

In most of these cases the grounds of dispute are neither direct nor defined; and so it is here. With every wish to be plaintive, the unlucky hussar can not precisely see what he is to complain of. He himself was certainly the first to show temper, only because Cissy exercised a right that cats share with coquettes, and looked at whom she would, even if she looked somewhat long. What has happened since is perhaps a just reprisal. So he wearies himself in beating about the bush, and Mrs. Devereux, to speak truth, does not much help him in his difficulties. But though she has no mind to be cornered or brought to book, she is not averse, for the nonce, to be conciliated.

So, to all appearance, matters are soon sufficiently smooth between the two to deceive keener eyes than those of Dick the Driver, who, ranging up alongside, exults in his honest heart, not witting of the hollow truth.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Many who followed the fortunes of the L. H. that day found it wearisome, and rejoiced when even their patient, pertinacious Master declined to persevere further, and turned homeward with his hounds; but to none, certainly, did it seem so long as to Lena Atherstone. Calm as she seemed outwardly, an inward fever consumed her. The counter-excitement of a brushing gallop might possibly have quieted the heavy, uneven throbbing of her pulse. This relief was denied her. She was forced to pace slowly on, always more or less in a crowd, and always liable to calls on her attention, and always with a morbid consciousness that she was being, or might be, watched. At first she scarcely dared to turn her head lest she should find Caryl Glynne close by her side. Giving him credit for all possible forbearance, she could not believe that empty formalities would quite content him; he would surely seize or make an opportunity for one allusion to the past, even if it were to assure her once again that it was buried; and, if such were ever so gently and delicately conveyed, how would she meet it? For the confidence noted above had drooped already; and she no longer trusted implicitly to the self-command which had borne her scathless through their first greeting. The minutes passed on, and other voices sounded in her ears, with words almost meaningless at the moment, and impossible afterward to remember; but not the voice she dreaded and yet hungered for. At length she grew more brave, or less patient, and ventured on one swift glance over her shoulder. This is what she saw:

On their way from covert to covert they were crossing just then a broad meadow; so that the field no longer kept in column, but had opened out on either side into knots and groups. On the outermost skirts of these, a little to the rearward of Lady Atherstone, rode the couple you wot of. Lena thought she had never seen Mrs. Devereux look so charming; she was near enough to note the mischievous smile on the tempting lip, the tell-tale brilliancy of the soft complexion, and even the triumphant flash of the bright brown eyes; and on Caryl's face, waked from its languor, a light she knew well how to interpret—a light which for years she had trained herself to hope, perhaps she had never ceased to hope, shone for her alone.

Pride, prudence, and resolves all vanished in a spasm of fierce jealousy; her teeth tightened on her nether lip, and her cheek for an instant was colorless.

In truth, when the first sharp bitterness was past, she tried very hard to be patient and rational; she tried to persuade herself, even as Caryl had done, that he was only playing a part, and playing it for her sake. But it was all in vain. Though it helps them little in the end, women are more clear-sighted in these matters, I fancy, than we. In the earlier stages of infatuation they are prone to invest their idol with all manner of imaginary attributes; but when the flimsy robe of honor waxes threadbare they will pluck it away, and thenceforth are content to worship, in its simple deformity, the clay, or iron, or brass, or stone. Lena knew this man, perhaps, better than he knew himself. She did not hold him incapable of self-restraint or self-denial; and she had seen him, ere this, dissemble with no selfish end; but there is acting and acting, and Caryl's earnestness, just now, looked far too real to be all assumed. Ever since that day at Erriswell she had been schooling herself for this meeting. She might have spared her pains, it seemed. Could he not have waited one day—just one day—before he forced her to realize that she was utterly forgotten, when, while there was any hope, she had never wearied of waiting? She never wished that they should be more than friends; but surely something is due even to old acquaintanceship; and, when she prayed that the past might be buried, she never reckoned on merry-making over the scarce-closed grave. She bore Cissy no malice for her part in all this. That gay falconer had but swung her lure after her wont, and there was naught to tell her by whom the strange hawk stooping thereto had once been reclaimed, since he bore no broken jesses; nay, more, if by the magnetism of an unuttered wish she could have drawn Caryl to her own side, she could—and would—at that moment have refrained from framing it. Nevertheless, she did feel very desolate and lonely; and as she glanced around—any where

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but to the rearward—there was a kind of helplessness in her eyes.

Inconsistent? Of course, pitiably inconsistent. She was far from a perfect woman; and from this one weakness of their sex, even our exemplars are not always free.

Lady Atherstone's glance rested first on her husband, who still rode at her side. Ralph's face, as you know, was not an easy one to read; but, assuredly, now it gave not the slightest indication of its having been enruffled or annoyed that day. He had scarcely spoken to Lena since they left the Erriswell carriage together; but this was probably an accident, or attributable to the fact of his attention having been constantly drawn off elsewhere. At this moment it was taken up by Sir Manners Mannering, who was vaunting the unparalleled success of some recent experiments on his home farm. Now it so happened that the rotund baronet had long been Lena's special aversion; she hated his pompous purse-pride, his ostentatious neglect of a wife far too good for him, and his ignoble infidelities; she absolutely loathed the insolent admiration of herself that she had more than once detected in his small, sensual eyes. Always courteous in her coolness, she had nevertheless contrived to set up a barrier between them, which, so far, had baffled the other's assurance; and she was careful never to give the enemy a chance of creeping through by the lifting of a single pale. Had the subject of their talk been more congenial to her she would have kept silence rather than have addressed her husband at the risk of attracting to herself Mannering's attention. So her eyes wandered off again—this time farther afield—till they lighted on Arthur Corbett.

Have you ever noticed the manœuvres of the pilot-craft plying in the track of homeward-bound ships—now dropping modestly into the wake, now shooting temptingly athwart the bows of a particular vessel, but not venturing within hail without express signal? If it be plain sailing through clear weather it is all wasted pains, for the Indiaman stands statelily on, apparently unconscious of the humble follower; but, let the weather once thicken to windward, that tacking will have served its purpose, and the patient mariner will earn his hire.

Even so, for some time past, the banker had at a decorous distance tracked Lady Atherstone; and even so the latter did at last deign to hang out some sort of signal, which, however hard to set forth on paper, was, to the person for whom it was intended, easy to read. They were riding, as we have said, over open ground; so in a few seconds, without having to thrust through a throng, or any undue show of eagerness, Corbett found himself once more at Lena's side. Perhaps he was too careful not to betray the flutter of elation that he felt; for while he glanced at her inquiringly, as though doubtful to what end he had been summoned, his brows were still overcast. The dark, unquiet look, though it had been seen there pretty often of late, was strangely out of keeping with the somewhat insipid beauty of his comely countenance; but real passion, or even passion amply simulated, is rarely quite ridiculous, whatsoever be the accessories. Macbeth, in a flowing peruke, would doubtless at first try our gravity; but if Garrick could play the part once more we should scarce laugh through the closing scenes. At any rate, Lena's smile was rather conciliating than scornful.

"I want to be amused," she said; "but perhaps you are hardly equal to that task. You look quite as much bored as myself, to be sure. A day like this is a dreadful trial of temper."

When a woman troubles herself to notice the changes in a man's humor, it is a point at least scored in the game; and Corbett, though his love-making—luckily for himself—had hitherto been mere trivial pastime, was not such a novice in heart-lore as to be ignorant of this; but it was his cue now to be sad rather than sullen, and his brow cleared quickly.

"I don't know that I was thinking much of our chances of sport," he said. "There are so many worse crosses in life than a blank day—with hounds."

He had learned of late to throw a kind of intention into his most innocent phrases; and the pause before the last two syllables was cleverly put in.

"That's very true," she assented; "but when one comes out hunting one is supposed to leave other cares at home."

"The old cares, perhaps," he said, with an audible sigh; "but it is possible to find fresh ones abroad."

"Then you have heard something disagreeable," she persisted. "It wouldn't be fair to ask what and when?"

They had dropped insensibly some yards to the rear of Lord Atherstone and Mannering, so that it was scarce likely they could be overheard; nevertheless Corbett lowered his voice almost to a whisper.

"I've heard nothing," he said; "but—I've seen."

The talk was verging on dangerous ground; but Lena was in a mood just now rather to court than shrink from danger.

"And what have you seen?"

"Nothing strange," he answered; "nothing but what happens every day, that new friends must give place to old."

She drew herself up haughtily at first, but the next instant her face softened.

"I suppose I ought not to understand, but I do, and I consider you very unreasonable. There's a difference between old friends and old acquaintances. Also, I believe, there are such things as the common courtesies of life; not that mine were in the least appreciated. Don't you think that Mrs. Devereux is doing her duty, too, in that line?"

Corbett had the wit to see that it would not

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profit him any longer to decline the olive branch.

"I think—exactly what you bid me think," he said, with one of his old gay smiles; and so peace was re-established, ay! and something more than peace.

From what has been written down you may augur that the intimacy between these two had reached a certain point already; but in months it had not progressed so rapidly as it did that day. Nothing was said of which either need absolutely have been ashamed; nevertheless, if he had deigned to play the eaves-dropper it may be doubted whether there would not have been an angry kindling even in the unsuspicious ears of Ralph Atherstone.

How many women, I wonder, could trace their downfall to having stepped aside only to avoid the sting of a bitter jealous thought rising up serpent-wise in their path? And how many have found poison in the draught that was vapid enough when first they drained it as an anodyne?

CHAPTER XXX.

Arthur Corbett sat in the room where you saw him first, and the hour and his surroundings were nearly the same. He had dined, too, after a fashion, but with an evident lack of appetite, though he had drunk more deeply than his wont; for, convivial as he was, he had never been accused of excess. However, this last circumstance could not account for the flush on his cheek, and the unsteady brightness in his eyes; for these were there before he sat down to table. When in the bosom of his family he was usually full of prattle, but he was strangely taciturn now; his rare, jerky sentences were dropped almost at random, and when his favorite Meta nestled up close to his knee, though he caressed her, it was mechanically; there was no story ready that evening, nor, when the children's bedtime came, was any extra leave petitioned for. Judging from a complacent, not to say fatuous smile, which more than once flitted across his lips, the current of his musings could not have been wholly disagreeable; nevertheless Emma Corbett watched her husband with increasing uneasiness, and as soon as they were quite alone she ventured to inquire whether he felt unwell.

Arthur looked up quickly, not smiling now.

"Unwell?" he said, rather fretfully. "What on earth makes you think that? Do I look so?"

"You looked flushed when you came down to dinner, and you have eaten scarcely any thing; and even Meta noticed how hot your hand was; perhaps you have taken a chill. Dearest, indeed, if I were you, I wouldn't drink any more wine; it will only make you feverish."

Not hastily, but in a dogged, defiant fashion, most unlike himself, he drained the claret-glass to the last drop, and frowned as he filled another.

"I never felt better in my life," he said, "or in less need of doctoring. If there's a thirst on me, it's only natural after such a long, tiring day. What's come to you, Emma? You're seldom subject to these fancies."

"I am not," she said, in her placid way, which yet was not devoid of firmness. "It's no fancy that something is amiss with you, Arthur, in mind, if not in body. Is there any trouble in the bank?"

"The bank?" he retorted. "No, there's nothing amiss there; our credit is good, and we're as careful of it as ever. There's nothing amiss any where—absolutely nothing."

His laugh was boastful, yet somewhat nervous withal, like one who vaunts his security to disguise a vague dread. Neither was his wife's mind quite set at ease; but, you will remember, Arthur had never yet given her any grave uneasiness, and though she had abundance of common-sense, she was by nature slow to suspect or think evil. After all, he might be only heated and tired, and if his humor had not been quite so sweet and even of late as heretofore, perhaps he had been working too hard; autumn was always a busy time, and, unluckily, the head clerk was absent just now on sick-leave. At any rate, she tried to smooth matters by inquiring if he had heard any news or seen any fresh faces at the meet.

"No news," was the reply, "and about the usual lot were out. By-the-by, there was one stranger; a cousin of Mrs. Malcolm, I believe; a Mr.—Glynne."

He paused before the last word as if he were either doubtful of the name or loth to utter it. You may guess—although his wife could not—which was nearer the truth.

"Glynne," Emma said, reflectively; "I've never heard of him, have I, dear?"

In Arthur's manner toward his own womankind there was, at the best of times, a kind of indulgent superiority, but now the indulgence was lacking.

"I dare say you never have," he replied; "but, by a good many other people, he's pretty well known, and better known than trusted. He was at the bottom of that great Lester scandal years ago, and has been mixed up with half a dozen similar stories since. A pleasant person to be domesticated at Erriswell!"

Emma Corbett, though no fanatic, had little sympathy with sin or sinners; nevertheless there was palpable curiosity in her next remark:

"You don't say so, Arthur! And what is he like?"

The other knit his brows, like one who has to answer either a puzzling or distasteful question.

"It is a very peculiar face," he answered, after a while. "Handsome, I suppose it would be called; regular features, good dark eyes, and that sort of thing—though I confess I was disappointed; but it has a tired, worn look, and the hair and beard are quite gray, though he can't be forty yet."

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His forehead grew smooth again, as he glanced complacently at the reflection in a mirror over against him of his own comely countenance and crisp, rich curls; and Mrs. Corbett smiled indulgently. She had long since learned to forgive her husband's small vanities.

"It must have a quaint effect; rather picturesque, too, I fancy. Did he seem to know any one besides the Erriswell party?"

Corbett shifted in his chair with an evident impatience, and filled his glass again with rather an unsteady hand.

"How you bother about the man!" he said, fretfully. "Do you suppose I was watching him all day? Well, yes, I believe he and L— Lady Atherstone have met before, though it must have been a slight acquaintance."

Without a suspicion of the cause, Mrs. Corbett saw that the subject was irksome to her husband, and hastened to change it.

"Lady Atherstone? That reminds me, Arthur, when you next go to Templestowe you must drive me over; I haven't called there since they returned."

The banker was cast into a disagreeable dilemma. He had certainly thought of taking that road, and no later than the morrow; but he had meant to ride it alone; and he felt that he would rather trust to the chapter of accidents to bring about the meeting with Lena, than meet her thus accompanied. So, after a little hesitation, he answered vaguely that he could not say when he could get over there, as he had a good deal to do, and did not like to waste a hunting day. Then he rose up hurriedly.

"I shall go down to Chisholm's for an hour, Emma. All the barrack party dine there to-night. They may march at a day's notice; and I want to see Colville before he goes."

He did not wait for a reply, but paused on his way to the door, as if half repenting, and turned to print a conciliating kiss on his wife's forehead. She smiled once again, and let him go without a remark; but she felt, in reality, more uneasy than ever.

To leave his home after dinner for bachelor society was so utterly foreign to Arthur's habits that this in itself would have disquieted her; but, speculate as she would, not a glimmer of the real truth flashed across Emma's mind. If she could not thoroughly respect her volatile consort, she did, at least, thoroughly trust him, and would have staked her life on his loyalty through the warmest of his past philanderings. Moreover, perhaps the last point toward which her misgivings would have tended was Templestowe. Though she came of an honorable county stock, and was quite content with her position, her ideas respecting it were rather lowly than exalted; and, setting morality altogether aside, she would never have imputed to her husband the audacity of aspiring to Lady Atherstone's good graces. The quiet, almost haughty indifference of Lena's manner in general society would have strengthened Mrs. Corbett's security in this quarter, had it been less complete.

In sober, placid natures like hers jealousy is hard to plant and slow of growth; but when it has once taken root, it is scarcely to be plucked out either by force or cunning. So, after much twisting it hither and thither, Mrs. Corbett got no nearer to the solving of her puzzle, and was fain to wait as patiently as she might till time or chance should put her in the right road.

That same evening there was another conjugal *tête-à-tête*, at Templestowe. But the serenity of this last was not impaired by ever so light a cloud. The one topic that might have caused slight embarrassment had been got over on their way home from hunting in a dozen words. That straight-going *brusquerie* of Ralph Atherstone's had its advantages sometimes. At all events the way in which, without any notice or preamble, he, so to speak, took the dreaded subject by the throat, was an intense, if temporary, relief to Lena.

"I've known more disappointing days," he said, in answer to a remark of hers as to their persistent ill luck, "for I'm not the least disappointed in Mr. Glynne. My dear, you don't suppose this matter has once troubled me since you spoke of it so frankly? Nevertheless I'm glad, very glad, that we've met. If you can't guess why, I'm not clever enough to explain it to you; but you *can* guess, I think. You behaved so perfectly, too. I hope we shall see a good deal more of him if he stays long at Erriswell."

She never knew exactly what she answered; but it was probably as much to the purpose as if she had studied it beforehand, for Ralph looked more than satisfied.

Lena's homeopathic remedy, as is the case with many other nostrums, did on this first time of trial work wonders. Before the afternoon was far advanced she had become her own indifferent self again; had interchanged a conventional sentence or two with Caryl Glynne, who loitered by her side for a few minutes on his way back to join Mrs. Devereux; had listened later with infinite composure to a confidential rhapsody from Cissy—the subject whereof you may guess; and had excused herself cleverly to Mrs. Malcolm for being unable to join the proposed luncheon-party at Erriswell. Also it was with a tranquillity not altogether feigned that she faced her husband at dinner. She was buoyed up, you see, by the consciousness of having said and done, as nearly as possible, the right things at the right times; and this is no bad counterfeit of an approving conscience, though it is a counterfeit, of course.

"Didn't you hear from your mother this morning?" Ralph asked as soon as the servant had left them. "When does she think of coming to us?"

They had been rather silent of late, and from

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Lena's start it seemed that she was roused from a reverie.

"My mother?" she said, a little vaguely. "Oh yes! I remember now; we must not expect her for six weeks at least. She has behaved so badly to her old friends in the north that she's bound to make them some amends, now they've captured her."

"I am sorry for that," he answered; "I always like you to have a companion at this season, my dear. It's so dull for you being left so much alone; perhaps I ought to think it would be duller yet if it were the other way; but I don't, you see."

"I should hope not," she said, gently. "Indeed it is not that; I manage very well by myself; but there's no saying when one would tire of one's own society; and I'm so used to her that I own I do miss mother sometimes. I suppose it would be a mere form to ask Philip and Marian to come to us just now; they can not have half got through their visits."

Lord Atherstone's lip curled, as it not seldom did, at mention of his heir.

"I should think it's just possible," he said, "that their friends would be more easily contented than Mrs. Shafton's; at least Philip's friends, for Marian, no doubt, is rather popular. You might try the experiment, though; but are you quite sure that you would like it?"

"Quite sure," she said, with such a hearty sincerity that it surprised as well as gratified her lord.

Can not you comprehend the secret of this her earnestness? There are dangers not the less real because they are intangible, under the shadow of which a woman would liefer see a true woman at her side than the starkest champion that ever drew blade. But often she who seems sent by Heaven to succor has proved the devil's hireling, and well worthy of her wages. Not alone in its cruel treachery stands the deed wrought by the milldams of Binnorie. And the murderess, after watching the last bubble break over the eddy in which a life has gone down, hies her home, and smooths her hair, and busks herself in brave apparel, and sits in hall among her fellows, marveling or lamenting with the rest, when tidings come of the disaster. And the justice recorded in the old ballad is too poetical frequently to recur. Yet, mayhap, some day the tumult of many voices, each laden with its own accusation, will not smother one weak wail.

Woe to my sister, false Helen!

As Lady Atherstone had supposed, the Ashleighs were still in the midst of their autumnal visiting-round, and the next house on their list was of the most attractive; yet, when the proposition came, it was not put aside at once, as one to be declined as a matter of course. Indeed, Marian pondered over the note gravely before she communicated its contents to her husband; nor did she do this till she had fully made up her own mind as to the answer. The idea of falling back on Templestowe, when free quarters were to be had elsewhere, seemed at first to Philip too absurd for serious discussion, and he was inclined to be severe on "the cheap, convenient way in which people freed their consciences by sending impossible invitations." Marian, as was her wont, let him have ample line; and it was not till he stopped and sulked that she cautiously wound in her reel.

"Impossible, dear? I don't quite see that."

"Don't you?" he snapped, going off again at a tangent. "Then you're short-sighted for once. Is it likely that we're going to break half a dozen engagements for no other earthly reason than because Lady Atherstone feels dull at Templestowe? I wouldn't do it if she were my own instead of my step-mother."

"I dare say not," she retorted; "but suppose there was a reason, Philip, besides duty. You know very well, if it would help you with the borough, you'd give up the pleasantest visit without a murmur. I don't see why private interests should not be considered sometimes as well as parliamentary. Now I can't tell you why, so don't ask me, but I've an idea that it's very much to our interest to watch how things are going on at Templestowe whenever we have an opportunity; and here is an opportunity, you must own."

Could she not have told him why? Possibly not; yet, by a curious coincidence, the day before had brought her a chatty letter from the trusty cousin and counselor you wot of.

"It would be odd," Kerneguy wrote, "if the scrap of a *libretto* that I copied out for you some time since should be worked out after all. I heard last night that Caryl Glynne had passed through town from abroad on his way to Erriswell, purposing 'to tarry there certain days.' Do you remember in 'Ivanhoe,' France's message to Prince John—'*À bon entendeur salut!*'"

A very frank, outspoken person, Marian Ashleigh; perhaps a little too much so at times; but one was sure to hear the whole truth from her, whether palatable or not—so said the chorus of her kinsfolk and familiars; and they, surely, must have known best. So, possibly, she could not, if she would, have avowed a special motive for now visiting Templestowe. As for Philip, he would as soon have suspected his wife of absolute dishonesty as of diplomacy on her own account. He thought she was only reciting again part of the lesson that she had dinned into his ears pretty often, touching the expediency of their keeping well with the reigning powers.

"We're very good friends as it is," he grumbled, "and what use is there in watching? or what is there to watch? It's such tiresome work, too."

"Perhaps it is," she assented, "and perhaps it's not fair, either, that you should have tasks to do in your holiday-time. What do you say to *my* accepting the invitation? You

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might join me there later, after doing Westlands and two or three other pleasant places."

A most good-natured person, Marian Ashleigh, again chanted the chorus. No doubt; yet, without a grain of compunction, she suggested this compromise, by which Westlands and the other "pleasant places" were saddled with the visitation—pure and simple—of the member for Heslingford. Philip was rather taken aback. The fact was, he had got so used to his invisible and impalpable leading-string, that the idea of walking entirely after his own devices, for ever so brief a space, was rather startling; but he was the last person to admit this, even to himself; and if any such misgiving had crossed his mind, the mere spirit of contradiction would have made him run counter thereto. Moreover, in spite of his overweening self-esteem, he had twice or thrice been haunted by an uneasy doubt whether their welcome in divers places might not be attributable to his wife's popularity rather than to his own, and he was tempted to put this to the proof. Something else, too—absurd as it may sound—moved him to listen to Marian's proposal. To the staidest and soberest of Benedicts, in good bodily health, unless his shyness verge on moral helplessness, there is something alluring in the notion of temporary independence. I have no doubt that the Dean of Uttoxeter, when he comes up alone for the May meetings, treads the flags with an airier gait, and, so to speak, cocks his broad beaver more jauntily, than if there were by his side the stately and substantial form in whose company he paces to and fro under the cathedral elms. Now this uxorious dignitary himself is not more incapable of misusing his freedom than was Mr. Ashleigh.

How he conducted his courtship was, as has been afore said, a puzzle to those who knew him well; and a flirtation of the most ethereal nature seemed still more out of his line; nevertheless, he knew that at Westlands he was sure to encounter one—Ellen Cadogan—for whom he had cherished a kind of weakness in days gone by; and who, if the Dalwhinnie wooing had not sped, might perchance have sat in Marian's seat. They had been very good friends since; not the less so because the lady was still unmarried; for though in the loftiest flight of his conceit Philip never actually imputed this celibacy to himself, there was something pleasant in the idea of no other man's having been found worthy to occupy the place that he, doubtless, might have filled. Whether Ellen had eagerly aspired to such an honor he was not too careful to inquire; so there did, perchance, float before his eyes visions of confidential *causeries*, indulgent glances, and sympathetic smiles, the sweetness of which—in all innocence, be it understood—he could better savor—alone. Finally, in his own ungracious fashion—he always made a fuss, if not a merit, of any concession whatsoever—he consented to let his wife have her way; and within a fortnight she appeared at Templestowe.

MY LITTLE NEWS-BOY.

I.

IT would have been ridiculous, if it had not been pathetic, to see the grimaces made by my little news-boy when under process of being beaten by "her as was a mammy to him." I call him *my* little news-boy because out of a flock of them I had picked him on account of his beauty and latent nobility. Yes, despite sun-burn, dirt, and rags, the boy was strikingly handsome.

"Stand there," I used to say to him, when I called him daily under my window, "and toss me the paper, and you may keep the change."

My little news-boy would then smile, and display a set of teeth which I once heard a passer-by remark that "a man would give a Jew's eye for," and would then pocket the change, bow, and vanish, smiling still.

Owing, as I found out by close questioning, to the peculiar development of her physical powers incident upon much absorption of the "crater," my news-boy's "mammy" did, with a degree of frequency never sufficiently to be deprecated, "lick" him. Matins or vespers were seldom ushered in without a visitation of old shoe, old broom, old bottle, or of a toasting-fork upon his shoulders. Only an intoxicated woman could have had the heart to touch him harshly, for his face was full of laughter and gladness—a sunbeam in the flesh—and cruelty must have ever been a fresh surprise to him.

His name, he said, was Peter; but this I soon discovered was a corruption of a prettier name—a part of memories of a by-gone and blissful time in which, to use his own words, "another mammy—oh! so beautiful!"—had been his. Soft-sounding *Pietro* had been distorted into harsh "Peter," just as the love of the past had been distorted into violence.

My protégé had also a protégé of his own. "Not altogether there" is the—to me—pathetic expression by which the peasantry of England describe the mental deficiency of an almost idiot; and "Carroty Jack," Pietro's protégé, was almost an idiot. There are faces—*why* there are such we shall know in God's own good time—that seem as if they had never seen sunlight, or been shone upon by it; and Carroty Jack's was one of these. It made the heart beat painfully to see so desolate and despondent a creature upon the fair earth of God's creating. Though why should there be aught but desolation and despondency upon the face of one who could not realize in his spiritual darkness the joy of being in this life, or become the recipient of the hope of heaven in another?

The boys were almost inseparable. Carroty Jack, ugly as Caliban, lame, dirty, and vacant of countenance, limped through the mud and rain, the sleet and snow, as it might be, in the wake of Ferdinand the beautiful—I mean Pietro, for he had princely beauty despite his sordid rags and the sad traces of daily want.

"Old mammy'll kick the bucket some of

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these days," Pietro-Peter once confidentially remarked to me, "and quit layin' that there broom of hern over my head; and then I shall git a stand with my savin's up, and Carroty Jack he's to sit in the stand, and I'm to buy the papers for both, and we're to share equal."

"Then Carroty Jack has no one to take care of him?" surmised I.

"Oh, he ain't got nobody, nohow. *He* ain't got no parents, not even a drunken un, nor no sense neither, and he's lame too. Jest look at him walk!" laughed Pietro, as, at this moment, uneasy at so long a diversion of his protector's attention, Carroty Jack hobbled up to us. "Jack's curus, any ways. He ain't got nobody to take care o' him but jest me. Besides that, Jack's orful fond of me—ain't you, old Carroty?"

Here Prince Ferdinand laid his hand—small, tapering, with almond-shaped nails, though candor obliges me to admit, not clean ones—upon the shoulder of Caliban.

A gleam of light—the hopeless *searching* of the baffled and blinded soul—poor Jack's "smile"—let me call it so—crossed the gloomy, dirt-begrimed face, and made it almost lovely. Pietro smiled back upon him, and I felt glad at the moment that I was something of an artist, for I promised myself some day to paint this Caliban and this Ferdinand.

II.

My brother, an artist—in fact we are both "artists," if I may use that expression, and I am sure I may as regards Laurence—had a friend who was a victim to inexplicable chronic melancholy. He was a German, with light brown hair of a waving, floating kind, and looked like the blessed Saviour in Leonardo Da Vinci's picture, "La Cena." Every one has seen the "Last Supper," and every one knows how the Lord's face looks in it. A glory of golden hair, a heavenly sadness.

Captain Weimar, though a German, had served the Italian republican cause. He had, at one time, lived in Italy. Before he had gone to Italy—this was sixteen years before my story begins—my brother had painted his picture, and although it was a Christ-face even then, it was not melancholy. Now he was always melancholy.

We knew that he had married an exquisitely beautiful Italian lady, and that she had died. Captain Weimar had told my brother Laurence that she had died "of a broken heart." Why the wife of a man who was known to be good and noble should have died of a broken heart was a matter of profound thought and great bewilderment to me. Captain Weimar had been long in New York before chance had again thrown him in my brother's way and they renewed the friendship of former years.

Captain Weimar was keeping house in Fourteenth Street, and had an elderly maiden sister with him, and Ida Eisenberg, the orphan daughter—a fairy-like, blonde girl—of a widowed and now dead sister younger than Fräulein Berta.

A few days after the recognition in the street by Laurence of the captain he entered my brother's studio. Laurence was copying a "Pietà," and I was working away at a "Faust and Margaret," my head being full at the time of Goethe's poem and Gounod's opera. The captain held in his hand a worn velvet case, from which he removed a daguerreotype. It was that of his dead wife, and though almost entirely faded out, it still retained the clear outlines of an extremely lovely face. As I examined it, when the captain with a sigh and a pale face handed it to me to look at, it seemed to me a true "spirit-picture," a face that was only the ghost of itself.

"Could you create, Trubalbys," said the captain to Laurence, in a husky voice, "a portrait from this? It is fading away from me, and I *can not* lose it."

"I can," replied my brother; "though whether it will convey to you any idea of the beauty of the original is what I dare not vouch for."

"But you will try?" demanded Weimar, eagerly. "I never had any other picture of Elena but this and a miniature on ivory, which was lost."

"I will try," replied Laurence, and he placed the daguerreotype upright before him and began, in his grave way, to study it. Presently my brother began to sketch. About half an hour passed. We were all three silent. Laurence is often so when before his easel. I am not very talkative, and grief inspires me with awe. The captain, gazing at the lost dead face, did not speak at all.

At the end of half an hour there was a knock, and Laurence opened the door. Fräulein Berta Weimar, the captain's maiden sister, and his little blonde niece of thirteen years—it always seemed to me when I looked at her that those thirteen years must have been all spring—came in. They were in the habit of looking in upon us daily since the captain had brought them one day to the studio, and I had sketched a portrait of Ida—it was now nearly finished—as Miranda. I mean that I had created an older and maturer Ida as the heroine of Shakspeare's "Tempest." It stood against the wall side by side with Pietro's picture in his great original character of a "City News-boy," for sitting for which—it was, he said, "such fun!"—my protégé received remuneration in the shape of stamps of as much importance as my limited resources permitted.

To return to "Miranda" and Fräulein Berta, whom I left just entering the studio. The first was beautiful; the second, though there was a tradition to the effect that she had been pretty in the past, was now fat and puffy, and not unlike a cheese with eyes. She had, at eighteen, set up for a beauty, but had been advised by considerate friends to sit down again. I understand that she did so. Now she was

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merely hopeless of matrimony, quiet and retiring, like any other *vieille fille de bonne maison.*

The aunt and niece were hardly seated when enter Peter. The boy's beauty, as, after a modest knock, he stood in the doorway, was simply startling. The statuesque symmetry of his fine Greek face with its Italian warmth of color; the rich bronze-black hair, clustering in curls like that of the god Bacchus; the large eyes of a dark hazel hue; the deep glow of the oval cheek; the sparkle and animation of the whole face; the grandly posed head, marvelously thrown out by the neutral tints of an old gray felt hat and a jacket originally gray also, but now, like Joseph's coat, of "many colors"—all these happy accidents—the hat and coat were, I beg to state, looked upon by Peter as *unhappy* accidents—of form and color made my little news-boy truly a picture.

Captain Weimar did not observe him, or, if he did, saw only a ragged news-boy. Weimar, indeed, noticed few things. He lived absorbed in the painful, the "bitter-sweet" memory of "a day that was dead."

But, unnoticed as my handsome protégé was by Captain Weimar and by Fräulein Berta, he was not so by Ida. The mind of childhood is apt to be democratic, and Ida's eyes dilated as she took in the picture Peter made standing respectfully in the doorway. She had an artistic perception of the beautiful and poetic perception of the true.

And then I saw in Peter—my Ferdinand—that indescribable something which was to me the betrayal of a better past. It was a look in his face that told of the recognition by his inner sense of Ida as a young *lady*, and it was mingled with a something which was to me an assurance that somehow or other Peter was himself a *gentleman*. Laughable, I admit, in view of the fact that Peter at that period presented to the eye, besides beauty, only the adjuncts of a ragged suit, a crumpled hat, and a bundle of newspapers under the left arm, the right being in use to remove the shocking hat. There are things that can not be put upon paper; and Peter's manner at the moment, his painful blush, his glance at his own shabby clothing, and at the rich azure silk in Ida's dress, the look of his eyes upon her—all these can not be written down.

He took his place at my request, and I began to work upon his picture. In removing it from beside Ida's, as "Miranda," which was leaning against the wall near it, I turned the last to the light, and Peter caught sight of it. A rapid glance at Ida, and immediate acknowledgment, by a bright look of admiration, of the fact that it portrayed the beautiful blonde girl, was not unrecognized by her, for she blushed, though she smiled upon my little news-boy, and then began gravely to contemplate, first my model, and then my work. Peter was, I saw, pleased to be the object of her evidently admiring attention, and his countenance continued to wear so fine an animation that my task in portraying it was made easy.

I do not think my protégé remembered that morning certain "talks" that usually occurred at his sittings, nor the fact of an omitted lunch. That, in deference to the indescribable something in his manner that told me it would mortify him to be asked to eat before Ida, I had not offered; and he had quite forgotten, in contemplating her, I could see, our usual chats about the Indian wars, and the Puritan fathers, and the history of the earth's nations—chats during which, by-the-by, I had been somewhat astonished by my protégé's tendencies to soar after the infinite and plunge after the unfathomable, although, if he had not yearned to do either, I should have been disappointed in him.

Captain Weimar continued for a time gazing in dreamy sadness at the progress of Laurence's sketch, and when finally reminded by Fräulein Berta that his lunch awaited him at home, bowed and departed, dreaming still. He had not noticed Peter.

III.

The next time I actively interfered in the affairs of Peter was about a week later. He had been so regular in his sittings that the omission of several days alarmed and surprised me, so that at last I was fain to ask myself was my little news-boy sick or dead? I made up my mind to go to his abode, which was also that of undeniable squalor, when I received the following note at the hands of Carroty Jack:

"Mis Blanch,—Ploez cum ter se me. I am il. Mammy is orful. Shees wile with drink.

"With res-pecks,

"Petur."

To this portentous missive was added the by no means encouraging assurance of Carroty Jack that Peter was "a-gettin' orful weecully," and was "nothing but a skin an' a bone;" that mammy was all the time "out of her head with liquor," and beat him "crewel."

Laurence was not at home. He had gone to a reception at the house of another artist. It required some courage to depart alone for the hideous dwelling in the horrible street. But Carroty Jack plunged ahead of me as vanguard, and I was thickly veiled. I have a prejudice in favor of something between me and the cigar of the people.

I arrived at last at the wretched tenement-house, and, taking my courage *à deux mains*, I mounted the stairs, redolent of any thing but the perfumes of the Orient, to the hole—I can not call it a room—where Peter and "mammy" abode. Poor Peter! He had, indeed, been "il." His face was very pale, and his form appeared attenuated, as he sat in a broken chair supporting his head with one hand. The left arm was in a sling.

In one corner, a drunken, unsightly heap of filth, lay "mammy," her long black hair sweeping over her shoulders. She had once been a pretty woman! She had just arrived at that period of unconsciousness which it was now the tendency of all her earthly efforts to attain.

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The "cratur," the only "frind" she had, according to mammy, had helped her to that, and she had forgotten all things, even the thief, her husband, who beat her, the dead children—dead in want and misery—the leaving Erin the Green, her home in the "ould counthry," and the crimes and horrors of the after-time.

In one of her maddest moments—such rage as I had once witnessed—she had wrenched Peter's arm. "Shure, miss," said a washer-woman, a neighbor of mammy, a middle-aged Irishwoman of respectable appearance, "she'll be the dith of the lad—an' a fine b'y he is—if she's left wid him continual. Paythur!" suddenly resumed she, in a loud voice, "is it a fule ye are to be a-bringin' hur all yer airnin's ivery day to a cint, and she a-batin' yer continual, and ye sick?"—this last in a fine *crescendo*. "Shure an' why don't yer bate hur?"

"*Do you think I'd strike a woman?*" demanded Peter, rising to his feet.

I assure the reader that it was worth going to the dreadful street to see my little news-boy as he looked when he spoke these words. His eyes blazed, and his pale, fevered face glowed with manly indignation.

The emergency, however, demanded action rather than sentiment. I sent for a carriage, put Peter into it, with Carroty Jack's assistance, after bidding the former take with him whatever belonged to him, as he should not return to that house again with my consent.

As I rode along, with Carroty Jack behind—an entirely novel and certainly startling "tiger"—and my little news-boy within, I wondered what it was that he had sought for under the bosom of his threadbare shirt, and had carefully put out of sight when I had bidden him take with him whatever was his. Nothing appeared to belong to him, however, but some rude engravings of the heroes of the war, which he had accumulated and tied into a bundle.

We reached home just in time, for, either from the treatment he had endured at the hands of mammy, fever, want of proper care and suitable food, or joy at his release, Peter's strength was at an end. When Laurence, who had returned, opened the carriage door, my little news-boy had fainted.

It took three weeks' nursing, to the utter neglect of the picture then on the easel, to bring him back to what, in remembrance of the melodious sounds in which Peter had habitually proclaimed the issue of the morning and evening papers, I may, perhaps, be permitted to call "concert-pitch."

He informed me one morning, however, when the glad June air stirred the curtains in the pretty little room where we had installed him, that he felt "jolly" once more—an intelligence hailed with equal satisfaction by Laurence, myself, and Peter's faithful attendant and assistant nurse, Carroty Jack, who forthwith danced a halting and eccentric saraband, accompanied by guttural sounds, the only means at his command for the expression of joy at his protector's recovery.

We—Laurence and I—had, ere this, established Carroty Jack as boot-black and runner-of-errands in ordinary, the only office suited to his undying good-will and mental incapacity.

IV.

The sittings for the picture of the "City News-boy," on which I founded vast hopes, were finally resumed, as also were Ida's for the "Miranda." That artful young person had found out, by patient questioning, all about my little news-boy, his sorrows, mammy, the lame lad, and Peter's installation in the pretty room, as well as Carroty Jack's promotion to the post of *rapin*, also Peter's to that of model, color-mixer, and, for that matter, student of art, in Laurence's *atelier*.

The transformation effected in my little news-boy by a suit of dark cloth clothes, a Byron collar and tie—this was an idea of my own—and neatly-fitting boots, all of which my brother assured Peter that his wages would soon pay for, appeared to be particularly approved of by the fair Ida, whose term of "poor boy!" uttered in accents of profound commiseration, had not been made use of since the disappearance of the shocking hat and impossible coat.

Captain Weimar continued to visit us frequently, and one day confided to Laurence some details of his past sad history. He told of the birth of a beautiful boy a year after his marriage with Elena Benoni. "My son," said the captain, "would now be about fifteen."

It was evident from the captain's emotion in speaking of him that the child had been an object of adoration. When the boy had reached the age of six, Captain Weimar had resolved to sail for America with his wife, both being desirous of visiting the Great Republic. But this was destined to be the beginning of sorrow, for, "God knows how, and He only," said Captain Weimar to my brother, "at the Battery we lost our child. It was in the crowd, just as we were about to enter a carriage and drive to an hotel. He was there one moment, gone the next!" Here the poor father, whose grief was ever new, buried his face in his hands. "I think he was stolen," resumed the captain, when able to speak, "for his pretty velvet suit, his little gold-headed cane, his fine linen, his jeweled studs, and his richly furred cap.

"We advertised," continued the unhappy Weimar, "and offered a very large reward. We described the child minutely, and especially spoke of his wearing an ivory miniature, the likeness of his mother, suspended to a Venetian chain—an ornament which he had one day been allowed to wear, and had always rebelled against our removing from about his neck.

"We waited in vain. We employed the detective police; we did every thing that we could think of, or that was suggested to us by such friends as I had in New York; but we never saw

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our child again." Here the poor father sobbed aloud.

"It broke my wife's heart," resumed he at last. "It developed heart disease, which I had always dreaded for her, and, after a year of agony, she died. She is in heaven, and at rest; but I shall never again be at rest till the grave closes over me. If I could but know that my boy is dead, *dead*—gone to the heaven where his mother is—dead and at peace, I should not grieve as I do; but" (here he grasped my brother's arm) "you have heard, Trubalbys, of stolen children being *tortured*, have you not?" Here an expression of terrible anguish crossed the face of the stricken father. "*I dream of that every night!*"

V.

Peter, a few months later, though art, after all, turned out not to be his "line," really began to develop latent ability that way. He caricatured every body!

Ida was growing tall. Thirteen—now it was nearly fourteen—was quite advanced in young-ladyhood, and she promised to be wonderfully beautiful. Her eyes were very large and lustrous, blue verging toward gray, and their soft depths were deeply fringed with lashes of a darker hue than her fair and luxuriant hair. Of her light, slight figure every motion was graceful.

Every body knows how boys fall in love, and to what an abject condition that state of mind reduces them. Peter adored Ida. Impossible to say if the girl fancied him. If so, it was, of course, my duty—for though the patroness of Peter, I was also the friend of Fräulein Berta and Captain Weimar—to nip the thing in the bud. I did not do so, however. At this late day, when, instead of being jubilant as to my Ferdinand and Miranda, I might be in sackcloth and ashes, I admit it. I did not nip that tender flower in the bud. In the first place, I saw heroic tendencies in Peter, yearnings toward things the aspiring to which would carry him safely over the period of what is called "calf-love," though I fail to see the beauty of the expression as applied to human beings. I really did not see why, if I could produce an expression of absolute rapture on the countenance of Ferdinand by sending him with books, flowers, or music to Miranda—and I had scores of gifts of these things—I should not do so.

One day—one eventful day!—we formed a party the avowed intent of which was to go to the house of Captain Weimar, there to look at a picture which he had recently purchased, and which was, like all purchases made by other than *cognoscenti*, an "undoubted original." Poor Weimar! Although he knew what was beautiful through feeling, he knew nothing of art as artists know it. But Laurence and I determined to go to see the irrefragable Vernet.

The party consisted of Fräulein Berta and Ida, besides ourselves, and of Peter, who had begged to be allowed a look at the "battle-piece." I saw no reason, for my part, why a gentlemanly looking and well-behaved lad should not be allowed to walk along beside Fräulein Ida, even though she was to be the captain's heiress.

Berta had Laurence's arm, and I the captain's. Carroty Jack followed in the dim distance, catching up with us every now and then, with a roll of sketching-paper under his arm, upon which—man proposes, and God disposes!—Laurence intended to transfer some of the wonders and beauties of the "original."

Fräulein Berta and Laurence, the captain and myself, were forward, in our progress through the streets, of Ida and Peter. In the distance still hobbled Carroty Jack, who, though a cripple, was athletic, and not without a certain nimbleness that cripples often have.

We arrived at the crossing at Fourteenth Street, probably the most dangerous in the city, for there carriages, carts, and omnibuses pour from every direction, so that if you avoid Scylla you meet Charybdis. If an omnibus does not run over you, ten to one a carriage will. These little accidents should, to be sure, be encouraged, as productive of items for the city papers.

Laurence and the by no means agile Berta arrived safely upon the opposite pavement; so did the captain and I; but we had hardly reached it ere a scream broke from Berta's lips, and we turned to see a sight I shall never forget.

It was Ida, prostrate almost beneath the feet of two rearing omnibus horses, urged forward a moment before, as is often the case, by a brutal, heedless, and half-intoxicated driver; Peter at the heads of the horses, holding their reins in his hands, and backing them with desperate strength, and poor lame Carroty Jack now being dragged from beneath the feet of the almost unmanageable horses, where he had cast himself, poor boy! in the effort to aid his protector to save Ida.

But for the strength and presence of mind of the two heroic lads, whose life in the street had developed not only that, but extraordinary bodily strength, the young girl must have been killed before our eyes.

Ida was pale, trembling, and utterly helpless, her garments covered with the slippery street mud which had been the cause of her fall. She had not fainted, however, though her livid lips and pale cheeks told by what an effort she kept herself from doing so. Fräulein Berta evidently contemplated a swoon, but gave it up in view of the fact that there was no man about sufficiently unoccupied to devote himself to holding her. I never do such things, and Laurence and the captain were highly available in supporting Ida and Peter, one of whose wrists was badly sprained; while I directed the policeman, who had now succeeded in dragging Carroty Jack from beneath the feet of the omnibus horses, to place him in a carriage.

When finally stowed into two carriages, our party started in the direction of the captain's house. Then for a moment my attention was

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attracted to Laurence's carriage. He, aided by Fräulein Berta, was supporting Carroty Jack, and it struck me, as his carriage passed ours, that his face was strangely grave. Was the lad dangerously hurt?

I hoped not, but I rejoiced at the same time at the safety of my protégé. "*Bon sang ne peut mentir!*" muttered I to myself, remembering various rescuings of noble ladies by their gallant pages. I was naturally proud of my little news-boy's heroic achievement, and helped the captain in making a hero of him, which process covered his face with burning blushes.

We reached the captain's house.

Laurence and Berta lifted out poor Jack, and the captain and I followed with Ida and Peter.

But the strange events of that day were not yet at an end.

When we were about entering the parlor, Peter, gallantly ignoring his sprained wrist, stepped forward to open the door.

Above the mantel-piece, the first thing visible as the boy opened the door, hung Laurence's portrait of the captain's dead wife.

Peter started and uttered a cry.

I remember how the boy then stood a moment, staring at the picture, but motionless, as if turned to stone; then we saw him sink upon his knees, weeping, and exclaiming as the tears streamed down his face,

"My mother! my mother!"

Then we saw him thrust his trembling hand into his breast, and draw forth an ivory miniature, upon which, in vivid beauty, was traced the self-same face that shone down upon him from the canvas; and while he held it up, as priests the holy wafer before the altar, sobbing with choking sobs, exclaiming still,

"Mother! my mother!"

My story is told.

For *Pietro* was Captain Weimar's son, who had been lost and was found.

It was great joy, and it nearly caused the death of the captain. His face turned to the hue of ashes, and Laurence had but time to spread his arms to catch him as he was falling to the floor. I thought we should never succeed in bringing him back to life again.

There is something awful in great joy; about a heart-beat, I think, between it and death. I can see now Captain Weimar's pale, pale face, and his shaking arms twined about his son, whom he clutched ever and anon to his breast, kissing his eyes, his mouth, his cheeks, his hair. A great, a terrible joy, but God had permitted it to be as Laurence had hoped it might.

I must, ere I close my story, tell how we had other "evidence," though nothing more was needful, besides the boy's emotion at the sight of the picture, his possession of the miniature, and his likeness to the dead mother.

"Mammy" was brought to an intelligible confession. It had to be done by a suppression of her "frind" the "cratur," and a promise of pardon, and even of reward. We bore down upon her in all the terrific majesty of persons acquainted "with the facts," and gave her the refreshing assurance that it would be of "no manner of use for her to lie."

"It's dead they all were of Mike's an' me own," said she. "Shure and four I had o' them. Mike's a divil, but a picture of a man he was whin I married him in the ould counthry. I consated he'd not be foriver a-batin' me if I had a child wid me, an' I wanted wun to beg wid an' kape me company, an' I wasn't so lonesome, plase the pigs, wid respects to yees, after I stole him. An' it's many a time, Paythur—and shure it's a gude lad ye are, an' ye won't be forgettin' it on yer ould mammy, would ye, Paythur?—that we've sowld the matches an' the apples an' oranges togither, an' yersilf a-carryin' the basket. An' ye could niver say, Paythur, could ye now, as I iver bate ye, ixcept whin the cratur was in me? an' it wint agin me thin, it did."

She then informed us, with howls, that she was a "poor, quiet critter," and begged that we would not harm her.

Mike, her husband, was, we afterward learned, a professional thief, and in what, in the language of his like, is called "quod" at the time when the advertisement appeared offering a large reward for the restoration of the captain's child. Mammy, not being able to read any thing, did not, of course, read the papers. I suspect that she celebrated the acquisition of Pietro by a mad carouse.

I shall always believe—and the fact that the miniature likeness of Madame Weimar was never sold, and that "mammy" had always told Pietro that it represented his true mother, leads me to do so—that mammy intended ultimately to restore Pietro to his parents, and to make money out of the thing; but her drunken habits probably prevented any coherency of thought or purpose, and thus this enterprise of great pith and moment came to nothing.

Things look now very much as if the cousins would marry. At all events they have an exceedingly loving appearance in a very pretty group—though I say it—that I have made of them as Ferdinand and Miranda on the lonely isle in the sea. A

> "Fair encounter
> Of two most rare affections."

But Caliban—poor Carroty Jack—will sit to me no more. The poor cripple was injured in the chest on the day of the rescue of Ida. He sank rapidly. The doctor's examination decided that his injury was fatal, and all our care failed to save him. He died holding Pietro's hand. His soul, which had viewed this fair earth "but as through a glass, darkly," has passed through nature to eternity, and its lost part is found.

The picture of Pietro as the "City Newsboy" has proved a success.

There are stranger things in the Human Comedy than *his* story.

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THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

By PHŒBE CARY.

"Now, good-wife, bring your precious hoard,"
The Norland farmer cried,
"And heap the hearth, and heap the board,
For the blessèd Christmas-tide.

"And bid the children fetch," he said,
"The last ripe sheaf of wheat,
And set it on the roof o'erhead
That the birds may come and eat.

"And this we do for His dear sake,
The Master kind and good,
Who of the loaves He blest and brake
Fed all the multitude."

Then Fredrica, and Franz, and Paul,
When they heard their father's words,
Put up the sheaf, and one and all
Seemed merry as the birds.

Till suddenly the maiden sighed,
The boys were hushed in fear,
As, covering all her face, she cried,
"If Hansel were but here!"

And when, at dark, about the hearth
They gathered still and slow,
You heard no more the childish mirth
So loud an hour ago.

And on their tender cheeks the tears
Shone in the flickering light;
For they were four in other years
Who are but three to-night.

And tears are in the mother's tone;
As she speaks she trembles too:
"Come, children, come, for the supper's done,
And your father waits for you."

Then Fredrica, and Franz, and Paul,
Stood each beside his chair;
The boys were comely lads and tall,
The girl was good and fair.

The father's hand was raised to crave
A grace before the meat,
When the daughter spake; her words were brave,
But her voice was low and sweet:

"Dear father, should we give the wheat
To all the birds of the air?
Shall we let the kite and the raven eat
Such choice and dainty fare?

"For if to-morrow from our store
We drive them not away,
The good little birds will get no more
Than the evil birds of prey."

"Nay, nay, my child," he gravely said,
"You have spoken to your shame,
For the good, good Father overhead
Feeds all the birds the same.

"He hears the ravens when they cry,
He keeps the fowls of the air;
And a single sparrow can not lie
On the ground without His care."

"Yea, father, yea; and tell me this"—
Her words came fast and wild—
"Are not a thousand sparrows less
To Him than a single child?

"Even though it sinned and strayed from home?"
The father groaned in pain
As she cried, "Oh, let our Hansel come
And live with us again!

"I know he did what was not right."
Sadly he shook his head.
"If he knew I longed for him to-night,
He would not come," he said.

"He went from me in wrath and pride;
God! shield him tenderly!
For I hear the wild wind cry outside
Like a soul in agony."

"Nay, it is a soul!" oh, eagerly,
The maiden answered then;
"And, father, what if it should be he,
Come back to us again!"

She stops; the portal open flies;
Her fear is turned to joy.
"Hansel!" the startled father cries;
And the mother sobs, "My boy!"

'Tis a bowed and humbled man they greet,
With loving lips and eyes,
Who fain would kneel at his father's feet,
But he softly bids him rise;

And he says, "I bless thee, O mine own;
Yea, and thou shalt be blest!"
While the happy mother holds her son
Like a baby on her breast.

Their house and love again to share
The Prodigal has come;
And now there will be no empty chair,
Nor empty heart in their home.

And they think, as they see their joy and pride
Safe back in the sheltering fold,
Of the Child that was born at Christmas-tide
In Bethlehem of old.

And all the hours glide swift away
With loving, hopeful words,
Till the Christmas sheaf at break of day
Is alive with happy birds!

[Note.—In Norway the last sheaf from the harvest-field is never threshed, but it is always reserved till Christmas-eve, when it is set up on the roof as a feast for the hungry birds.]

THE SEVENTH DECADE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WITH the 31st of December, 1870, closes a decade of years that can be said, without exaggeration, to stand unrivaled "in the known account of time" with respect to the importance of the events that make up the sum of its history. There is a tendency in the human mind that leads men to consider their own time to be the most important of all time; and though they are right in holding such time to be the greatest of all days and years to them, inasmuch as they constitute their lives, yet it is certain that the real interest of history is concentrated around some few periods, during which events take place that forever after color and control the world's course. Such periods were the decade of years that began with the crossing of the Rubicon by Cæsar (B.C. 50–40); the decade in which occurred the fall of the kingdom of Granada, the discovery of America, the first voyage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, the intermarriage of the royal houses of Austria and Spain, and the

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invasion of Italy by the French (1490–1500); the decade that began with the meeting of the Long Parliament (1640–1650); the decade that followed the passage of the Stamp Act (1765–1775); and that which followed the last meeting of the States-General of France (1789–1799). All these periods were full of events great in themselves, and greater in their consequences; and yet the most striking of them all—that with which the fifteenth century closed—was not so rich in events as the decade that is just being added to the sum of departed time. There is hardly any thing that can move the sympathies of men, or excite their wonder, that has not occurred since the beginning of the year 1861. Mighty empires have been overthrown, old dynasties have fallen, great interests have been uprooted, the most ancient of temporal polities has ceased to exist, new nations have been created, wars of unparalleled proportions have been waged with new weapons and on new military principles, continental railways have been laid down, obstacles to maritime commerce have been cut through or removed, remote nations have been brought into daily intercourse through telegraphic cables that lie at the bottom of seas over which men once were afraid to sail, and great discoveries and inventions in science and in art have added vastly to the means at man's command to reclaim that earth over which he has the promise of dominion on condition that his exertions shall show him worthy of such supremacy. To match the seventh decade of our century, it is probable that we should have to take the greatest of modern centuries, even the sixteenth, to which belongs the Reformation, and which saw the beginning of those changes the fruition of which was reserved for our own time, and for the next age.

American history, by which is specifically meant the history of the United States, first claims our attention, not merely because it has the first interest for us, but because the American republic has been the scene of a greater revolution than has swept over any one of the nations of the Old World, which we had assumed stood in peculiar need of revolutionary fires for their purification, while the dull course of ordinary and routine reform would suffice to remove all that was wrong in our constitutional system and political practice. We were quite at the beginning of our revolution when the decade began (January 1, 1861), without being aware of the fact. In the year 1854 the slaveholding interest had brought about a repeal of the Missouri Compromise, whereby the entire *territory* of the nation was thrown open to slavery; and it was clear that the same institution would be introduced into the Free States by judicial decisions, which, if necessary, could be supported by the power of the general government, wielded by bold men, and thus equal to any demand that could be made upon it. This wrought a change in American politics. The Republican party came into existence, and had for its immediate object the limitation of slavery to the States in which it existed. That party fought its first national fight in 1856, and, though beaten, was found to be so strong as to alarm the slaveholders and their allies. When national nominations were made for the election of 1860 the Democratic party, which, if united, was strong enough to choose its candidates, allowed itself to be divided in the Charleston Convention by the secessionists, whose purpose was to bring about a Republican victory, and on that victory's occurrence to found a demand that the slaveholding States should leave the Union.

The Presidential election of 1860–61 resulted in the choice of the Republican candidates—Abraham Lincoln, President, and Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President. The slaveholding secessionists of South Carolina took immediate measures to begin that movement for which they had been agitating ever since the failure of nullification in 1832–33. They held a State Convention; and on the 20th of December, 1860, that Convention voted South Carolina out of the Union. A feeble effort to send reinforcements to the garrison of Fort Sumter led to the vessel conveying them receiving the fire of the rebels' batteries near Charleston, without the country being much moved. This was on the 9th of January, 1861, and from that day should be dated the beginning of the secession war.

The "Southern Confederacy" came into existence in February, 1861. The action of South Carolina in seceding from the Union had been followed by similar action on the part of Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. These States constituted the "Confederacy," as it was known for almost three months. On the 4th of March, 1861, Mr. Lincoln became President. An attempt to send men and supplies to Fort Sumter precipitated action. The rebels demanded the surrender of the fort April 10, 1861, and two days later opened fire on it, and on the 14th the garrison left it. The country accepted the issue thus made; and a war began which lasted for about four years, dating from the middle of April, 1861, General Lee surrendering on the 9th of April, 1865, and his surrender being speedily followed by that of other Southern commanders.

The Confederate capital was transferred from Montgomery, Alabama, to Richmond, Virginia, in the spring of 1861, and that Virginian town quickly acquired a melancholy celebrity, which will ever belong to it in history. It was successfully defended against every attempt made to take it, from July, 1861, to April, 1865. At the last date it became the prize of the Union armies, but not till every sea-port of the South had been captured, when all sources of supply had been cut off, and when the force under General Sherman, which had marched from Chattanooga almost eleven months before, was about to unite with that still greater force which

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General Grant had led directly toward Richmond from Washington at the same date.

On the 22d of September, 1862, President Lincoln issued his famous proclamation of emancipation; and even then the rebels were allowed a hundred days' grace, and their submission in that time would have fastened the institution of slavery upon the country. The proclamation was followed by the disastrous days of Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, and Chickamauga, which seemed almost to balance the national successes at Vicksburg and Gettysburg. But all this time the national cause was gaining in strength, and the emancipation proclamation prevented the recognition of the Confederacy by France and England; for the war had then taken the character of a contest between freedom and slavery, and England, which had been so distinguished in cutting down slavery's power, could not acknowledge as a nation a people that fought for its continuance and extension; and even Napoleon III. durst not, and would not, act without the concurrence of the British government.

The action of foreign nations was very trying to Americans, and it was borne with difficulty, and only from the necessity of the case. France and England had acknowledged the belligerency of the rebels almost as soon as they heard of the fall of Sumter, and their course was generally followed. England virtually made herself a party to the war, by furnishing the Confederates with cruisers, which preyed upon our commerce till it was all but driven from the seas, to her great gain. Those cruisers, in most instances, were built by Englishmen, and manned by Englishmen, and armed by Englishmen; and they were admitted into all English ports they could reach, in many of which their officers and crews were received with the warmest demonstrations of approval of their action and affection for their cause. Then, the enterprise and energy which the English showed in breaking the blockade of the Southern ports, thus supplying the rebels with arms and ammunition, clothing and food, greatly prolonged the war, and correspondingly added to our debt and to the number of deaths in our armies. If the French government was not so actively hostile to us as were the ruling classes of the British nation, it was only because circumstances did not admit of its being thus active; and its course in regard to Mexico was dictated by a desire to aid the Southern Confederacy, and more than once threatened to add a European war to our troubles.

The result of the civil war was to change the complexion of the American Republic. The secession heresy was consumed in the war's fires, and almost four millions of slaves were converted into citizens. The abolition of slavery was the first great blow to the "oligarchy of the skin." Then another blow was given it when colored troops were enlisted by tens of thousands into our army, and allowed to fight and to die for the preservation of that country which so long had held their race in bondage. The elevation of the freedmen into citizens, and the election of colored citizens to seats in the legislatures of many States, and also to Congress, are facts that stand, and must ever stand, in the way of those oligarchs who would make of external appearances grounds for exclusion from political rights and social consideration.

The cost of the war was immense. It can hardly be estimated, much less counted. Had it been predicted that we should spend some thousands of millions of dollars in the work of preserving and reconstructing the Union, it is doubtful whether we should have had the courage — or rather the audacity — to enter upon that work. We should have doubted our capacity to do the half that we have done. It has long been a marvel to men that England should continue to exist and to flourish under her immense load of debt; and yet England's debt grew gradually into existence, through a period of about a century and a quarter, whereas ours sprang into existence in four years, and is as great as hers, if we have regard to the greater rates of interest that we pay on our indebtedness, and that is all that should be looked at; for if we paid no higher interest than England pays we could honestly dispose even of the principal in the next fifteen years, and that without greatly feeling the pressure of the taxation necessary to accomplish so desirable an end, as the amount of that taxation would be considerably less than that which we now pay, under the reductions recently made by Congress.

The work of reconstruction that followed on the suppression of the rebellion was pursued with great rapidity and with equal success, though it was one of no ordinary character, and had its own peculiar difficulties. Generally a rebellion is the action of a part of the people belonging to a nation; and when it is overcome the rebels are merged in the mass of the people, and resume their former places under comprehensive acts of amnesty or of grace. The secession rebellion was a rebellion of a part of the American people, and something more: it was a rebellion of eleven organized States, each State having its own government, which claimed to be sovereign in its own sphere, so that the common business of government was not necessarily interrupted for a day. This was the source of much of that strength which the Confederates possessed, and accounts for much of their success in the first half of the contest. They had regular organized governments, the machinery of which was all employed against the national government, and in behalf of the Confederacy, which found half of its work already done when it came into existence. Correspondingly great was the embarrassment of the general government when it had to deal, as practically was the fact, with vanquished *States*. This difficulty was increased by the position taken by the Democratic party

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—a position in entire harmony with that party's principles in regard to State rights, and therefore honestly taken—that with the close of the rebellion the States engaged in it had resumed their old places in the Union. Though disposed to deal leniently with men who had been guilty of an offense so heinous, and which had not had even the shade of a provocation, the national government, which fairly and fully represented popular sentiment, could not admit that the mere surrender of rebels to irresistible force had wrought their rehabilitation, and that of the eleven States they claimed to have taken out of the Union, and which had long waged war against the Union. It was necessary that some radical changes should be made, which should cause the constitutions and laws of the returning States to harmonize with the new condition of things created by the war's decision. It was also necessary that there should be amendments made in the national Constitution, and that the States that had been in rebellion should take part in effecting those amendments. Such was the course pursued by the general government, and the work of reconstruction was indorsed by those communities which had by their conduct rendered it imperative it should be made. In this way colored suffrage has been accepted even more definitely by most of the South than by the North; and if ever the States that thus have taken the principal part in converting slaves into citizens should seek to undo what they have done—and done under the most solemn of treaty conditions—they will have to break their faith in the most shameful manner, and be forever dishonored. Those slaveholding States that did not secede could not be acted upon by the general government acting as a conqueror, but they were reached through the adoption of amendments to the national Constitution, whereby their colored populations were brought completely within the circle of civilization.

The assassination of President Lincoln led to the succession of Vice-President Johnson to the chief magistracy of the republic. Mr. Johnson thought it was his function to lead men, and his leading bore so strong a resemblance to driving that there quickly occurred a quarrel between the President and the Republican party, the power of the latter being represented by Congress, and wielded by that body. The greater part of President Johnson's term was wasted in hard fighting between the national executive and the national legislature, in which the latter, supported by the people, was victorious. The powers of the President were greatly reduced by resort to stringent legislation; and though Mr. Johnson used the veto with a readiness that would have astonished even President Jackson, that was of no avail, as the Republican majorities in Congress exceeded two-thirds of the members, and so the veto was itself vetoed. Misinterpreting the causes of some remarkable reverses that befell his antagonists at the elections of 1867, President Johnson proceeded to such extremes that the House of Representatives felt itself forced to send up articles of impeachment against him to the Senate; and though he escaped judgment through the failure of the impeachment (by only one vote), he was reduced to insignificance, and served out the remainder of his term in a condition of comparative repose.

The Presidential election of 1868–69, the first held after the return of peace, resulted most favorably for the promotion of the country's welfare. That of 1864–65 had ended in the re-election of President Lincoln, the first President who had been re-elected since 1832; for the people were too wise to make a change in their chief magistracy in time of war. But in 1868 party lines had resumed their old character in most of the States, and it was possible that the event of the political contest might not be altogether such as would be satisfactory to the loyal part of the people. General Grant received the Republican nomination, and Horatio Seymour that of the Democrats. The electoral vote was highly favorable for the Republicans, General Grant receiving 214 votes, and Mr. Seymour 80; but the popular vote was more evenly divided, the Republican electors being supported by 3,016,353 of the voters, and the Democratic electors by 2,706,631. It helped, however, to show how great had been the change effected by the civil war, that among the States that voted for the Republican candidate were Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee, North Carolina, and South Carolina—States in which no Republican could have showed himself in 1860 without being lynched. Four Southern States—Texas, Florida, Mississippi, and Virginia—not having been "reconstructed," had no part in the election. Of the eight States that gave their votes for Mr. Seymour five were of the South—namely, Delaware, Georgia, Maryland, Kentucky, and Louisiana. The Northern Democratic States were Oregon (by a popular majority of only 164), New Jersey, and New York. Missouri's vote was given for General Grant by a majority of almost 26,000, and that of West Virginia by almost 9000—West Virginia having been created out of part of the old State of Virginia, "the Ancient Dominion."

Since the conclusion of the war matters have gone on well. A large part of the great and rapidly created debt has been paid off, and taxation has been largely reduced. In spite of the heavy burdens placed upon business and industry, they have flourished, and national bankruptcy has not been known. It is a less pleasing thing to say that the suspension of cash payments, which the existence of war was supposed to make necessary at the close of 1861, has been continued in time of peace, and has now entered upon the tenth year, with no very definite prospect of a change soon being effected. One of the worst consequences of suspension was the aggravation of that speculative spirit which

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great war ever creates, through "gold gambling," a new branch of "business," that has been strangely illustrated by displays of greed for gain such as never before had been seen, and which often were of gigantic proportions, affecting the world's commerce, and calling for governmental intervention to check the operations of combined speculators. One effect of the war was to destroy that monopoly in cotton which the Southern States had gained, so that the manufacturers of cotton goods were much embarrassed for supplies of the raw material. But new forms of business came into existence, and the time of war was a time of activity and abundance. The petroleum business, which may be almost set down as belonging to the decade, was one of the most efficient of the new modes of trade that helped make up the supply that was needed, and the profits therefrom added not a little to the wealth of the country. The cotton-raising business has been revived since the close of the war, and it bids fair to become greater than it was before the Southrons broke it up; while the yield of other Southern productions is good, and must increase.

But it was not in this country alone that slavery was destroyed. Spain has proceeded to abolish it in her foreign possessions, under the influence of American action. For years it was a favorite project with the slaveholders to obtain possession of Cuba and Porto Rico, in order to make those islands part of the new slaveholding republic they meant to create after the expected success of secession. A union of cotton and sugar was to have effected all they desired, from the destruction of New England to the revival of the African slave-trade. But their failure in the civil war changed all that—changed it so thoroughly that slavery has fallen in Cuba because of its extinction here. In Brazil, it is clear, "the institution" must soon be broken up under the weight of the tremendous blows here dealt it. Indeed, the change has been felt throughout the earth. The Athenian orator who said that the scent from the dead Alexander's carcass must pervade the habitable world, did but anticipate what might be said to proceed from the destruction of American slavery.

The material growth of the country has been great throughout the decade. Not even the occurrence of the war, and its prodigious cost in blood and gold, had any marked effect in staying that growth. The construction of railways and the erection of telegraphic lines have been greater than they were in any other ten years. The Atlantic and the Pacific oceans were joined by the completion of the Pacific Railway, which took place May 10, 1869. A considerable part of the work was done in war time, and it may be doubted if much of it would have been done at this date had our internal peace remained undisturbed. The work was a war work, and was dictated by considerations that grew out of the coming of the war, and which scarcely could have presented themselves to the American mind had not the Union been disturbed, and its existence been greatly endangered. It became necessary to bind together the East and the West all the more strongly precisely in proportion as the tie between the North and the South was weakened. The Pacific States could not have remained in connection with the East for a year had the Southern Confederacy been established by the Southern army and foreign intervention, unless something had been done to keep up that connection—something out of the common. Then, nothing short of the state of exaltation produced by the war's occurrence ever could have brought the people up to the point of supposing the Pacific Railway a possibility at so early a date. It would be made, but it would be made slowly, and would be one of the productions of the Western country, as it should be settled. The idea that the country should be settled as a consequence of the building of a railway either never occurred to Americans, or was entertained only as a grand dream. But the war enlarged the nation's thoughts, and what we had to do in the way of fighting and destruction enabled us to see what we could do in the way of peace and construction. What had seemed impossible became an easy task. Therefore government found it not difficult to afford the aid desired, and so the undertaking was as good as accomplished; and without government's assistance it could not have been done.

Telegraphic lines run in every direction, and in large proportion they have been erected since 1860. This country is all but glutted with them, from Maine to Oregon, and from Lake Superior to the Mexican Gulf; and it is connected by those magical wires with South America, the West Indies, Europe, Asia, and Africa; and all this foreign connection is the work of the last ten years. The failure to lay down an Atlantic telegraph in the last previous decade (1858) had indisposed men to undertakings so vast in every sense, and so doubtful in every way. Some years passed before the attempt was renewed, but the genius and energy of our countryman, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, finally cleared all difficulties away, after repeated failures; and in 1866 the Atlantic Telegraph became an accomplished fact, just in time to furnish the news of the closing events of the Germano-Italian war. A cable that had previously been lost was recovered, and two lines thus existed between Europe and America. In 1869 the French cable was laid, connecting Brest with Duxbury (Massachusetts). The great problem had been solved in 1866, and for more than four years daily communication between the Old World and the New has taken place. The telegraph has been extended to India, and there is now communication through its existence between San Francisco and Calcutta. These great enterprises all belong to the seventh decade of the century; and others are in progress which will bring India in con-

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nection with Australia, and the extremities of Eastern Asia with those of Western America.

The ninth decennial census of the United States was taken in the summer and autumn of 1870. The returns show that the civil war did not essentially lessen the growth of the country in population, or its increase in wealth. The flow of Europeans to America has continued to be great, and though the breaking out of the Franco-German war put a stop to the incoming of Germans, it came too late to tell in our census returns to a marked extent. It is probable that the final effect of that remarkable contest will be greatly to increase immigration to the United States from various parts of continental Europe.

British American history during the decade has been very interesting. The British government, speaking the sense of the dominant classes of the British empire, has given unmistakable evidence of the desire that the British Americans should dissolve their connection with the mother-land; though it has no wish to see them join the American nation. It would have a new nation founded in America, that should stretch from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island, marching, as our own country marches, across the continent. In furtherance of this great conception the Canadian Dominion was formed in the middle of 1866, and ever since has struggled onward, affording the not uninteresting spectacle of a nation in the formation, or what is intended to be a nation. The polity of the Dominion is liberal, but thus far the undertaking has not been remarkable for success. Some parts of British America are utterly averse to the change, and would prefer to join the American Union, if the British connection is to be severed.

Soon after this country had become completely committed to the civil war, Napoleon III., in order to carry out his absurd designs for the revival of the power of the "Latin race" in America, began to operate on Mexico. He prevailed on England and Spain to act with him at first; but the governments of those countries soon saw through his schemes, and, arranging their disputes with Mexico, they withdrew their forces from that country. Napoleon III. then had the field to himself, and he proceeded to create what he was pleased to call a Mexican empire. Under his patronage and protection, a body of "Notables" called the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, of Austria, to reign over them. This gentleman, who was one of the most estimable persons in Europe, and distinguished for character and culture, was so unwise as to accept the crown offered him, nominally by Mexicans, really by Napoleon III. Napoleon III. was impressed by the belief that the old Union was destined to destruction, and that many years must elapse before either the new Union or the Confederacy would be in condition to interfere with his American projects. He could, indeed, count upon the assistance of the Confederacy, which expected that the Union would take up the Mexican cause. Many Unionists were disposed to take it up, and the House of Representatives so bore itself as to show it was ready for a French war; but President Lincoln, and Secretary Seward, and the Senate were wiser, and by judicious action they avoided a course that would have made France an ally of the Confederacy, and its creator. As soon as the civil war was over the French emperor saw that his game was up, and he withdrew from the wretched position he had assumed. He had found the Mexican war no light undertaking when the Mexicans had no active ally, and he had no idea of awaiting the entrance of an American army into Mexico. He abandoned that country, and sought to withdraw the "Emperor" Maximilian thence; but that prince would not listen to French counsels, and carried on the war, only, however, to be beaten by the Mexicans, into whose hands he fell. The Mexican republic was reinstated under Juarez, and Maximilian was shot to death, with Generals Miramon and Mejia, the principal of his supporters who were captured with him.

The island of Cuba has for two years been the scene of a remarkable struggle. Monarchical government was overthrown in Spain in the early part of the autumn of 1868, and that revolutionary movement was soon followed by a movement in Cuba in behalf of the independence of the island. Naturally the Spaniards, while loudly professing their readiness to accord to the Cubans a full share in the liberty they had gained for all their countrymen, were not disposed to part with the last rich remnant of their once vast American possessions—their Occidental Indies. A civil war of the worst kind followed—a war illustrated by no great battle, and hardly by any conflict that could be called a regular skirmish; but which abounded in bloodshed, cruelty, ravages by fire, executions and retaliations, and the most lawless tyranny. The peculiarly odious character of the contest is due, not to Old Spain and her rulers, but to the action of the Spaniards in the island and their partisans. The regular Spanish troops have been neither better nor worse than other regular soldiers similarly employed, but "the volunteers" have acted like men under the dominion of lunacy and fiendishness. To them is due all that is so atrocious and revolting in the last two years of Cuban history. Our government, though often urged to interfere in the Cuban conflict, has refused to do so, and has scrupulously kept faith with Spain.

The South American world presents some remarkable facts in the history of the last ten years. Taken as a whole, that great part of the Western Continent has gained much, and the spectacle it affords is far more pleasing in 1870 than it was in 1860. Chili, always a

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highly respectable nation, may be considered a model community, and has made great material and moral advances. Peru has not done so well, nor did she start from so fair a basis; but it is obvious that she is in better condition than she was at the beginning of the decade. The Argentine Confederacy, and Buenos Ayres, and others of the Southern countries, wear a more hopeful aspect than they used to present, and allow the world to believe that in no great length of time they will become as staid and orderly communities as any on the globe, as they recede from those years of revolutionary violence, following on ages of oppressive despotism, that were so unfavorable to the growth and development of the civil virtues. Spain has waged war with some of the Pacific South American States, but with little effect on their condition. The widely spread and richly endowed empire of Brazil, under the vigorous, the enlightened, and the upright rule of Dom Pedro II., has increased in numbers, in wealth, and in consideration since 1860. Its gain in reputation it owes chiefly to the successful figure it has made in war, blood being the true Roman cement of nations. The numbers engaged considered, no contest has made a profounder impression on the minds of competent observers than that Paraguayan war which was brought to a close in 1870, after having been waged for five years or more with almost incredible ferocity. The fierce vindictiveness that marked its course partook rather of the character of a civil war than of a contest between nations. This was owing, it appears, to the very peculiar position that Paraguay held in South America, and which must in time, had her power been allowed to increase, have converted her into a conquering nation of the first class. She was the Prussia of South America, and all her resources in men and money were at the unlimited command of her chief, who was a dictator in even more than the Roman sense of the word. Had the Paraguayans been somewhat more numerous, though even by only a few thousands, it is highly probable that Lopez would have come triumphantly out of the war, and have made Paraguay the first of South American countries. That country might have become to modern South America what the Incan dominion made of Peru in times anterior to the Spanish conquest—an all-extending because an all-embracing nation. But, though the war was long drawn out, it could have but one result, so unequal were the numbers. The allies closed it early in 1870, when Lopez was defeated and slain in a final skirmish, resisting to the last, and fighting and dying like a Roman.

The history of Europe during the last ten years has been quite as eventful and exciting, because as full of wonderful changes, as that of America. The relative positions of nations have been essentially changed in that quarter of the world; and dynasties and polities have disappeared that seemed destined for many years of life. The principal European events are such as could not have been anticipated, and scarcely any thing has occurred which did not take the world by surprise; and those events are certain to lead to others that will not be less important, till the map of Europe shall have been reconstructed in a style and manner not very like to what would have been suggested or approved by that once eminent map-maker, the third Napoleon, who recently retired from a business which formerly he was supposed to monopolize and control.

The affairs of Great Britain must ever have for Americans a deep interest, for reasons that are apparent to all. Since the year 1860 the British empire has experienced political changes that lie under the imputation of having "Americanized" its political institutions to considerable extent, and which, the Tories fear, must be followed by other changes of a similar nature, till the mother shall have experienced a new birth from the daughter, thus reversing the order of nature. At the beginning of the seventh decade the British political world was dictatorially governed by Lord Palmerston, who, at the age of seventy-six, and after having held office for fifty years, had become the first man of his nation. He was considered a safe man by most of the liberals, because he was friendly to general reform at home, and because his foreign policy was such as would keep up that connection with France which had lasted for almost a generation, and which England then valued. Radical liberals did not like him, because he was opposed to Parliamentary reform, and it had come to be understood that while he lived no attempt to change the basis of suffrage could be attended with success. But this made him acceptable to the Tories, or conservatives, who would come to his assistance whenever his personal ascendency was threatened by hostile action on the part of the liberals. Whatever the cause of his power, he was the most powerful British statesman who had held the post of Premier since the death of the younger Pitt. He was politically popular as well as personally popular; and had he lived till this time, and retained his faculties, his popularity would have remained intact; for he was the typical Englishman, the representative man of the British branch of the imperial race, and his countrymen were both proud of him and fond of him. His influence was not always well employed, and at one time it came near producing incalculable mischief to this country. The commander of an American frigate having taken two Confederate commissioners out of a British packet, Lord Palmerston would have pursued a course with reference to that act that could not have failed to lead to war between the United States and England, in which the latter would have been supported by France. The old (and old school) statesman wished to destroy the American Union, he having revert-

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ed in his old age to the ill feeling he had entertained for us when, as a youthful Secretary at War, he had had something to do with the last conflict of arms between Great Britain and the United States. Fortunately he was overruled, and forced to content himself with less open modes of giving effect to his enmity; but in all other respects he was supreme in the British state till the day of his death, which occurred toward the close of 1865, just as he had completed his eighty-first year, and immediately after the termination of a Parliamentary election which had renewed his lease of power for seven years. The ministry was rearranged after his death, with Earl Russell as First Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer; but this did not satisfy some members of the liberal party in the House of Commons, whose hostility led to the retirement of ministers. A conservative ministry was formed, headed by the Earl of Derby, and in which the Chancellorship of the Exchequer was held by Mr. Disraeli; and when Lord Derby retired from public life, because of the failure of his health, Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister. These conservative ministries existed for more than two years, though the anti-conservative majority in the House of Commons was very large. This was in part owing to the continuance of dissensions in the liberal party, but principally to the course of the ministers in either helping make radical reforms, or in consenting to accept such reforms when they were made by the House of Commons, and in assisting in forcing them through a reluctant but discouraged and infirm House of Lords. In this way one of the greatest changes ever made in the British empire was accomplished. Mr. Gladstone, in his eagerness to bring about the early fall of the Derby ministry, brought forward resolutions that were meant to pledge Parliament to the overthrow of the Established Church of Ireland—the most hateful institution that ever owed its existence to the rivalry of races, the ambition of politicians, and the hate of theologians. He supposed that the Tory ministers would oppose the project, and that, being thrown into a minority by a vote of the Commons, they would resign, and then the premiership would be open to him. He was destined to become Premier, but he had to wait some time for the post, as Mr. Disraeli prevailed upon his party to retain office; and it was under nominal Tory ascendency that the Irish scandal was partially prepared for death. A new reform bill was prepared by the ministry, and was adopted by the Commons, and also by the Peers—a measure that greatly reduced the qualification of voters, and as greatly increased their numbers, thus democratizing the institutions of England to an extent that would have alarmed and shocked the reformers of 1832, whose leader (Earl Grey) supposed that he had led the way in support of a grand aristocratical measure when he coerced the House of Lords to consent to the passage of the first reform bill! Thus the last political step taken toward "Americanizing" Great Britain—toward making of her an imitation of the Greater Britain of the West—was taken under the lead and direction of the Tory chiefs, with the approval and support of the liberals. All British parties, therefore, are committed to the work of reconstructing Britain in accordance with American ideas. And yet there are men now living who remember Edmund Burke in the flesh! The passage of the Reform bill was followed by the dissolution of Parliament (1868), and as the new elections resulted in the return of a great liberal majority to the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli and his associates immediately resigned office, and a ministry was formed by Mr. Gladstone, in which he became First Lord of the Treasury, and Premier—a position he still holds.

Irish reform has kept pace with British reform, but its adoption has not tended much to the promotion of peace in the most unfortunate of countries. The pledge to disestablish the Irish Established Church was approved throughout Great Britain, and foreign nations warmly praised the measure in advance, which was followed, after the return of Mr. Gladstone to power, by the passage of the Church Disestablishment bill, and by the passage of an Irish Land Reform bill.

The kingdom of Italy is one of the greatest creations of the seventh decade. In the year 1860 the greater part of the States of the Church revolted, the revolutionists placing themselves under the protection of the King of Sardinia, who, with the permission of the Emperor of the French, supported them by sending a great military and naval force to their country, by which the Pope's forces were defeated, and Ancona was taken. The revolution in most of the Papal States had been one of the consequences of the invasion of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies by Garibaldi; and the Sardinian army, having disposed of the Pope's forces, continued its advance, and completed the work begun by Garibaldi, and which required thus to be aided. The Sardinian Parliament empowered Victor Emanuel II. to add the Two Sicilies and the Papal States to his dominions; and so the Pope was stripped of most of his temporal possessions, and the Sicilian branch of the great house of Bourbon, like the two French branches of that house, ceased to reign. But for the consent of Napoleon III. to these great changes they would not have been made, and the kingdom of Italy could not have been created—facts that deserve to be remembered, now that the French Emperor of those days has experienced great reverses, one effect of which has been to bring to the world's attention all his errors in strong relief. They are the more entitled to mention because they are facts that illustrate the Emperor's history, and not that of France, his Italian policy never having been favorably viewed

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by any part of his subjects, not even by the army, though it had fought and won at Montebello and Magenta, at Palestro and Solferino—victories that established Italian independence, and made the Italian kingdom not only possible, but a necessity of the European system. That kingdom came into existence the first year of the seventh decade, at the very time when the secessionists of this country were engaged in making their first open and organized efforts to destroy this republic. The Pope retained the city of Rome and a small part of the States of the Church outside of the city, and was protected by the French government, greatly to the prevalence of discontent among the Italians, who gradually were alienated from France, they wishing to complete the union of their country, and to make Rome their capital. A convention was concluded between the French and Italian governments, by which the Pope's retention of Rome was provided for, and the French troops were withdrawn from the Papal territory. In 1866 an alliance was formed between Prussia and Italy, the object of the former being to obtain foreign assistance in the war she was about to wage with Austria, while Italy wished to get possession of Venetia. The Italians had sought to obtain Venetia by purchase, a mode of proceeding strongly favored by Napoleon III., as if he dimly foresaw the evils that would overtake himself as a consequence of a great victory won by the new alliance; and it is as certain as any such matter well can be that, had the Austrian government heeded his wise counsels, the course of European history must have been entirely changed. In that case, a hundred thousand of the best Austrian soldiers, led by the ablest of Austrian generals, uselessly detained in Italy, might have been sent to the north; and their efforts could have prevented the junction of the Crown Prince of Prussia with Prince Frederick Charles on the ever-memorable field of Sadowa—a junction that changed the destinies of the world. After winning the barren victory of Custozza over the Italians, Austria made over Venetia to the French Emperor, by whom it was conveyed to the Italian King. The Italians made a very bad figure in the war, as well by sea as land, and they were saved from ruin only through the splendid successes of their Prussian allies in Germany and Bohemia; but it is probable that Napoleon III. would have been their shield against Austria, had victory been with her, as he had been their sword seven years before. The cession of Venetia to Italy all but rounded and completed that kingdom; and in 1867 Garibaldi made a movement against the Pope, probably with the cognizance of the Italian government, and with the view of getting possession of the small remnant of the Holy Father's temporalities. This led to the return of the French. The Garibaldians were beaten at Mentana, and the French occupied the Papal territories for almost three years. In the year 1868 Pius IX. decided to call a general council, which would be the first assembly of the kind the world had seen since the close of the famous Council of Trent, the creator of modern Catholicism, in 1563. The council met at Rome, on the 8th of December, 1869, and sat without adjournment for more than seven months, when it adopted the dogma of the Pope's infallibility, a proceeding that gave much offense to Catholic governments, but which did not attract so much attention or call forth so much comment as otherwise it would, because of the happening of other and greater events which were calculated to absorb attention, and did so. The great Franco-German war then broke out, and the civilized world could think of nothing else while it should go on. That contest bore with vital force upon the question of the Pope's temporalities; for, though it was absurd to represent the war as one waged between Catholicism and Protestantism, it is certain that its course operated badly for the Pope. The French Emperor had to withdraw the soldiers he had sent to Rome, and so the Pope was abandoned to such mercy as the Italians might be disposed to show him. For some weeks they did nothing openly against him; but as soon as the French had been beaten beyond the hope of being able possibly to maintain all of their own country against the Germans, the Italian government announced its purpose to move upon Rome. This was on the 12th of September, 1870, only ten days after Napoleon III. and the great army he had led to ruin became prisoners to the Germans, and when there was no longer the slightest possibility that assistance could be sent to the Pope. The Italians marched promptly to Rome, and the Pope declined to resist, though the respectable force he had on foot were well disposed to fight. The city was entered, and an Italian guard was sent to the Pope, in compliance with a request from him, while his army was disbanded. On Sunday, October 2, a vote was taken in Rome on the question of adding the Papal territories to the kingdom of Italy. The decision was in favor of union, by a vote of 50,000 to 50. The Italian Papal government, which had endured for eleven centuries — and much longer, if we go back beyond the times of the early Carlovingian princes—fell before that Italian kingdom which lacks some months of the completion of its tenth year. And the fall of the Pope as a temporal ruler is the finale of a great drama, which opened in the eighth century.

The rise of Germany to national position and dignity must be pronounced the greatest European event of the decade—greatest in itself, and the same in its probable consequences. At the beginning of 1861 the Prussian kingdom held much the same rank that had belonged to it since the settlement of Europe in 1815; at the close of 1870 it holds the highest rank in the European commonwealth, having risen from the last place to the first in that commonwealth in five years. This change has been wrought

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in so short a time through the labors of a man of genius, much favored by the course of events, and yet more by the follies of his foes—things which form part of the capital of statesmen who aim to accomplish mighty ends. Count Von Bismarck early formed the project of placing Prussia at the head of Germany, which implied the removal of Austria from that position, and the destruction of the Germanic Confederation. The revival of the Schleswig-Holstein question, in 1863, gave to him the place whereon to stand, whence he could move the German world. Austria, instead of acting with the lesser German states, acted with Prussia, and from that time she was doomed to destruction. From being the superior of Prussia she sank to the level of her equal, and then was made her inferior. She was used as a mere tool by Prussia against Germany, whereby her influence with the Germans was much lessened, as she appeared to be weak, and was contemptible. The Prussian statesman probably remembered what Prince Schwartzenberg had said when he was at the head of the Austrian government, that Prussia must first be degraded and then destroyed, for all his action seemed to point to Austria's degradation as something preliminary to her destruction as a Germanic power. In 1866 matters had become ripe for war, and war between Prussia and Austria began at the middle of June. Austria was supported by most of the German states, and Prussia had made an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Italy, the latter country to be rewarded by the addition of Venetia to her territory should the allies succeed. Count Von Bismarck had succeeded in securing the neutrality of France, by what promises is unknown, but it is not probable that there was much occasion that he should bribe Napoleon III. That sovereign, who spent the last half of his reign in ruining the reputation for wisdom which the world had accorded him for what he had done in the first half of it, shared the all but universal opinion that Austria, supported as she was by most of Germany outside of Prussia, *must* be victorious. He would allow Prussia to be beaten, and when she should be reduced to extremities he would intervene, and save her from annihilation, and receive from her gratitude those much-coveted Rhine provinces, which were supposed to belong to France by right of their position in Europe. Unfortunately for the astute Emperor, the war took a turn entirely different from what he and the world at large had anticipated. Austria gained some useless victories in Italy, which did not even enable her to continue to hold Venetia; but in the north she failed totally in the field, her vaunted army being knocked to pieces, losing every action it fought against the Prussians, while her German allies fared as badly on the fields where they met the enemy. The contest has been called "The Seven Weeks' War," but the event was completely decided in less than half that time. The war began on the 15th of June, and the decision was made at Sadowa on the 3d of July. The preliminaries of peace with Austria were signed on the 24th of July. The Prussians were in sight of Vienna when an armistice was agreed upon, and a battle was actually raging when news of that agreement reached the armies engaged, and victory was rapidly pronouncing for the Prussians. The victors had stormed opinion, and Europe was reduced to a state of stupefaction which rendered intervention impossible, even had time been allowed for it, and of time there was none. France had every disposition to interfere, but she had not the power. It was the general military belief that Prussia's marvelous successes had been achieved by the needle-gun, and as against that immortal breech-loader the French army had nothing to show. Had the Chassepôt then been in existence, and had it been in the hands of the French infantry, the French army would have crossed the Rhine in ten days after the battle of Sadowa, and would have gone into line with all the troops of Southern Germany, while no small part of Northern Germany (Hanover, Saxony, Electoral Hesse, and other states) would have been on the same side. Italy would have been forced by France to withdraw from the Prussian alliance; Austria would have rallied; and Prussia, in all probability, would have been reduced to a condition not unlike to that which France held last September, when Sedan had taught her that she was mortal. Seldom has so much depended upon the decision of a military commission as followed from that French commission's report that the breech-loader should not be introduced into the French army. That commission saved Prussia, and ruined France.

The Prussian triumph, it is probable, followed as much from the general excellence of the Prussian military system as from the use of the needle-gun by the Prussian soldiers. For this system, the nearest approach to absolute perfection the world ever has seen, Prussia is indebted to Count Von Bismarck and the King. The old Prussian military system, that of Scharnhorst, which had been evolved from the disasters of 1806–07, and which was found so useful in 1813–15, was an effective one, but had it not been extended Prussia could not have been victorious in 1866. The changes effected, which may be said to mobilize a people, could not have been made had a strictly constitutional government existed in Prussia during the last ten years. They began a little earlier, and with the assent of the Prussian Chambers, as then it was supposed the new system was only a transitory measure; but when it came out that it was meant to be permanent a violent conflict ensued, and the Prussian Premier carried on the government in total disregard of constitutional requirements, and thus illegally accomplished that military reform which has had the effect of placing his country at the head of Europe. How great it is appears from the fact that, though her population was only about 19,000,000 in 1866,

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Prussia had an immediately available military force of 746,000 men, of whom 664,000 were called to arms! But this state of military efficiency was obtained at the cost of freedom, every "fighting man" being at the disposal of government, and liable to be called upon to serve at any moment, and in any kind of war in which that government should decide to engage.

The terms of the treaties of 1866, by which peace was restored, after a war of days at the utmost, were dictated by Prussia. Peace was made with Austria at the castle of Nicolausberg, and signed at Prague; and it was ratified on the 30th of July, not quite four weeks after Sadowa. Austria paid a war contribution, recognized the dissolution of the Germanic Confederation, engaged to abstain from all interference in the reconstruction of Germany, assented in advance to all the territorial changes that Prussia might make, and ceded all her pretensions in the Danish duchies. The only stipulations she made were, that Saxony should remain intact, and that North Schleswig should be entitled to vote upon the question of eventual reunion with Denmark. This last provision never has been fulfilled, Prussia treating it with entire indifference. Thus was Bismarck's purpose effected, and Austria ceased to have any thing to do with Germany, though she retained her old Germanic territories. Neither Würtemberg nor Baden was required to cede territory, but each paid a large war contribution. Bavaria paid a heavy sum of money, and ceded territory containing 34,000 inhabitants. Nothing but the dread of her bringing in the French armies saved Bavaria from undergoing the extreme fate of the vanquished. Hesse-Darmstadt was stripped of much territory, and paid—her circumstances considered—a great war contribution. With the exception of Baden, the states of Southern Germany had asked of France that she would mediate between them and Prussia. The French government, while it declined to act directly, instructed its minister at Berlin not to conceal from Count Von Bismarck that the personal feelings of the Emperor for the courts of Southern Germany were friendly—language the meaning of which it was impossible to mistake. A letter to the French minister at Munich, written nine days later, shows that the French government did exert itself strenuously and successfully in behalf of Bavarian interests at Berlin. It was the possibility that the old relations of Bavaria and France might be revived that led the Prussian government to treat the former with an approach to moderation. But if it really abandoned any advantages of a solid character that were the legitimate prize of victory, it had ample compensation in the secret treaty it formed with the states of Baden, Bavaria, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Würtemberg. This treaty has been justly described by an experienced diplomatist as being, "in its fullest sense, an offensive and defensive alliance with each of them [the South German states], with the peculiar feature of placing the whole military force of each state under the orders of the King of Prussia in case of war." The value of this arrangement remained to be tested, and generally it was not rated highly abroad; but the events of 1870 have demonstrated that it is one of the great master-pieces of modern diplomacy. Besides her acquisitions at the expense of Hesse-Darmstadt and Bavaria, Prussia took possession, in full sovereignty, of Hanover, of Electoral Hesse, of Nassau, of Schleswig and Holstein, and of Frankfort-on-the-Main. Saxony was united to the North German Confederation; and, as it has been sarcastically said, "special arrangements as to the army, the police, and post-office were made with that government, which left King John few remains of independence or royal prerogative excepting the right of imposing taxes on his subjects." The North German Confederation is Prussia in every thing but the name, the King of Prussia being its head, and Count Von Bismarck its chancellor. The dispute that took place between France and Prussia on the subject of Luxembourg, early in 1867, showed that the military and political unity of Germany had been completed; and it is altogether probable that, had war broken out then, the incidents that must have marked its course would not have been essentially different from those that we have seen occur in the campaign of 1870. The course of events in Germany since 1866 has been of a nature to show that that country now forms one nation, with which Austrian Germany will become united at no distant day.

The Austrian empire was, as a consequence of its defeat in 1866, whereby it ceased to be a German power and an Italian power, relegated to the Hereditary States—to use a term that was common in the last century. The government remains at Vienna; but whatever of power it possesses is derived from the eastern and non-German parts of the empire. Baron (now Count) Von Beust, a Protestant, and an eminent Saxon statesman of strong anti-Prussian sentiments, was placed at the head of the ministry; and the manner in which he has managed Austrian affairs has justified the confidence reposed in him by the Emperor Francis Joseph. Hungary was conciliated in 1867, and the course of the patriotic party of that country in 1848–49 was amply justified by Austrian action eighteen years later. A comprehensive amnesty was adopted, and not even Kossuth was exempted from its benefits, though he declined to profit from them. Hungary is now a nation, and the most important part of the diversified dominion of the house of Austria. Liberalism became as popular in Austria as formerly it had been unpopular; and Prince Metternich, who died as late as 1859, would not have known the empire he had so long governed had he revisited the glimpses of the moon in 1869. The close connection that had existed between Austria and Rome

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was broken, and the last Concordat was set aside; and civil rule took the place of that ecclesiastical ascendency which had been one of the greatest evils under which the empire suffered; yet the condition of the empire is far from being satisfactory. It consists of so many and so various countries that have, or appear to have, conflicting interests, that its future is involved in great uncertainties.

The history of France in the seventh decade of the century is as remarkable as her history during the decade that she was ruled by Napoleon I. (1804–1814). At the beginning of 1861 France was the first nation in Europe, and Napoleon III. was the first man in France. The success that had waited on the French arms in the Russian war and in the Italian war had atoned for the disasters of 1812–15. The hegemony of Europe had passed to France after the defeat of Russia; and though the Emperor's Italian policy had by no means pleased his subjects, it had done much to raise him in the estimation of the world at large; and France had the benefit of his action, and of the use to which he had put her means. Had he died at that time he would have had a high place in history as a great and successful sovereign, who, like Augustus, had obtained power by bad means, but had used it so well as to make men overlook its origin. Whether he had meant to create the Italian kingdom might be a point for dispute; but it would have been clear that that kingdom never could have existed but for his action. Nor was it a light thing that he had freed Europe from that odious Russian supremacy which had weighed upon its mind for forty years, and the continuance of which would have been incompatible with the independence of any European nation. Unfortunately for his fame he did not die, but lived to add to the illustrations afforded by the history of his family that "naught may endure but mutability;" and the change that came over his fortune was his own work, and can be placed to the account of no other man, nor charged upon the fickleness of the multitude. He did nothing but blunder and fail for almost ten years; so that his fall, astounding as it was, was nothing but the effect of his errors. His first great mistake was his assumption of an attitude of hostility to the United States on the occurrence of the secession rebellion. Though the French Emperor's interference in the affairs of Mexico was not caused by the secession war, it was occasioned by that event. When the Emperor had to withdraw his army from Mexico, rather than see it driven out of that country by an American army, and disgracefully to abandon the Archduke Maximilian to his fate, the French people were not moved to anger against the American people, but they saw that their Emperor had brought disgrace upon their country, and he sank in their estimation. He blundered again in 1863 when he proposed that a European Congress should be assembled, without having first ascertained that the proposition would be acceptable to all the great powers; and the rebuff he then received from England degraded him in the eyes of his subjects, and did not elevate him in the consideration of foreigners. But what injured him most was the manner in which he was managed and outwitted by Count Von Bismarck in the interest of Prussia. Of all the European nations the Prussians were most disliked by the French, who remembered the history of 1813–15, and who would have been glad to have had a war with them, partly for revenge, and partly that they might regain the left bank of the Rhine, which had been taken from France and given to Prussia after the fall of Napoleon I. Had the Emperor taken advantage of these feelings he might have regained popularity, but he seems to have allowed Bismarck to get the advantage of him from the time that the Prussian statesman was minister to France; and in 1866 Bismarck so ordered affairs as to secure the neutrality of that country. The Emperor had joined with other European governments in the final attempt that was made to prevent war, but which failed from the blind obstinacy of Austria; and when war came he appeared to be confident that one of the results would be some gain for France. But the rapidity of Prussian movements and the magnitude of Prussian successes were fatal to his expectations; and when he asked for some mere fragments of German territory, it was found impossible for the Prussian government to comply with his request—though if left to itself it is probable it would have done all that he asked—so vehement was the opposition of the German people to the cession of even an inch of territory to France. Nor was this all. France had been enthroned at Solferino as the leading nation of Europe. She was dethroned at Sadowa, and Prussia took her place. He sought to recover his reputation. His army was to be supplied with the Chassepôt, a breech-loader superior to the needle-gun in instructed hands; and in the spring of 1867 he made a desperate effort to obtain possession of Luxembourg. Had he persisted in his purpose the war of 1870 would have been anticipated by more than three years; but through the action of other powers the difficulty was compromised, and the inevitable conflict postponed. This new failure increased the Emperor's unpopularity; and the elections that were held to fill vacancies that occurred from time to time in the Corps Législatif showed that the French people were becoming discontented with his government. The result of the general election of 1869 indicated the existence of a powerful opposition party. Alarmed by this, the Emperor resolved to establish a constitutional polity. This was done, and the system of "personal government" came to an end, after an existence of about eighteen years, dating from the *coup d'état* of 1851. M. Emile Ollivier, who had figured as one of the

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leaders of the constitutional opposition, was placed at the head of the new ministry at the beginning of 1870; and with him were associated men who had the general confidence of that part of the French people who desired that liberty and order should exist together. Had there been no irregular opposition made to the new system, and had the imperialists all supported it, it is possible that a constitutional monarchy might have been established in France, with the Napoleonic dynasty on the throne. The Emperor bore himself as if he were a constitutionalist, and his chief purpose seemed to be to insure the succession of his son. But opposition was made to the system by the *Reds*, known as the "Irreconcilables," because they would not consent to acknowledge any polity that should be headed by a Bonaparte; and it was only by a great display of force that a revolution was prevented at Paris. The constitutional ministers found themselves forced to adopt the usual processes of French governments, and put down popular assemblies, and prosecute journalists, and suspend journals. In the spring of 1870, the Emperor, of his own motion, resolved to submit the new system to the French people, coupled with the reaffirmation of the right of his family to the French throne. The liberties of France and the title of the Napoleonic dynasty were to be bound up together in the same work. The result of this appeal was eminently favorable to the man who made it, and to the purpose for which it was made. An enormous vote was cast, and four-fifths of the voters did all that the Emperor could have desired them to do. They ratified the constitutional system, and they declared for the continuance of the rule of the imperial dynasty. The voting seems to have been as fairly performed as any thing of the kind that ever has taken place in Europe. Thus the Emperor appeared to have taken a new lease of power. The republicans were virtually disarmed, for had not the people declared for the empire? The succession of the Prince Imperial was approved in advance. France, apparently, was as well satisfied with her government as any nation in Europe could be pronounced. The general impression was that the Emperor would pass the remainder of his reign in a state of comparative repose, and that his power, confirmed by constitutional rule, would descend to his son in peace. And this was less than four months before his reputation was to disappear with his power in the greatest catastrophe of modern times, and when he would be a prisoner of the worst foe of France, and dependent for his chances of restoration to his former place on the contempt, or the compassion, or the convenience of his conqueror.

The blow came from Prussia. For some time after the settlement of the Luxembourg business all Europe existed in a state of alarm, because of the rivalry of Prussia and France. That they must fight was assumed on all sides; and the effect of this assumption was to be seen in the affairs of ordinary life. Business was suspended or postponed, and capital was hoarded. It was a state of war in time of peace. All this might have gone on for some time longer without producing a collision but for the occurrence of a revolution in Spain, which, of all things, seemed least likely to lead to war between Germany and France. Spain throughout four-fifths of the decade was governed by Isabella II. Though nominally a constitutionally ruled country, the great peninsular kingdom was governed despotically, and the Queen acted as if she sought to revive the times and to imitate the action of Philip II. Spain seemed to be a piece of the sixteenth century interpolated in the nineteenth century, so bigoted and intolerant was the government, and so harsh were its proceedings toward those of its subjects who allowed their disaffection to find expression in their conduct. Military conspiracies became common, but they never succeeded; and the government, bad as it was, appeared to be solidly established. But in September, 1868, while the Queen Regnant was absent at the north to "interview" her friend Napoleon III., a widely extended movement, in which most of the eminent men of Spain took part, began; and in a few days the Spanish monarchy ceased to exist. The government passed into the hands of a few men, of whom Generals Serrano and Prim are the best known, the former ultimately becoming regent. The effect of this revolution was to liberalize Spain at a bound, and for two years that country has been as free from bigotry in action as any country in Europe. Protestant worship is as safely performed in Madrid as in London or New York; and the Bible in Castilian can be circulated to the south of the Pyrenees. In a different sense from which Louis XIV. used the words it can be said, "There are no more Pyrenees!" But the country is in an unsettled state, parties are virulent, and the usual excitability of the peoples of Southern Europe is there exaggerated. One of the greatest difficulties that have been experienced has recently been removed by the election to the throne of the Duke of Aosta, second son of King Victor Emanuel of Italy. Isabella II. fled to France, and it was supposed that Napoleon III. desired her restoration; but he would do nothing openly to accomplish that end. The throne was offered to the late King Consort of Portugal, to an Italian prince, and to other persons; and at one time it was supposed that Spain and Portugal would be united, as the Iberian monarchy, at the head of which the King of Portugal would be placed. The Duke of Montpensier, a son of Louis Philippe and husband of the sister of ex-Queen Isabella II., desired to be made king, and probably he would have been elevated to the throne but for the hostility of Napoleon III., who could not abide the thought of a prince of the house of Orleans reigning in Spain. Had the Emperor conquered his prejudices, he might have been

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reigning in France at this moment, and never have been forced to exchange St. Cloud for Wilhelmshöhe. Among the persons to whom the Spanish throne was offered was Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, a member of the royal house of Prussia, but not a member of the royal family—that is, not in the line of succession to the Prussian throne. The French government objected to his being elevated to the vacant place, and he was withdrawn, and nothing more was heard of him till the summer of 1870, when the Spanish crown was again tendered him, and accepted. This led to instant trouble, and was the immediate occasion of the war that broke out in July between Germany and France. The reason of the sensitiveness of France on the subject of Germany's intended connection with Spain appears to be not generally understood; but it is clear enough to those who are familiar with the peculiar connection of France and Spain for more than two hundred years, and which has been kept up, and increased in intimacy, notwithstanding the occurrence of wars between the two countries, and of great revolutions in both. From the time of the Treaty of the Pyrenees (1659–60), Spain has been either in alliance with France, or to a greater or less extent dependent upon her. This observation applies particularly to the history of the last one hundred and seventy years, or ever since the Spanish throne passed to the Bourbon line; but there have been remissions and reactions, yet only to see French influence in and over Spain renewed; and perhaps this influence never has been stronger than it was during the forty years that followed the French revolution of 1830. It was at the height during most of the reign of Napoleon III.; and after the fall of Isabella II. the Spanish government acted as if it were nervously susceptible of French influence. Hence, when it appeared that the Spanish throne was about to pass to a Prussian prince, and a prince likely to be governed by the Prussian monarch—that is, by Count Von Bismarck, that monarch's master—the French government had plausible grounds for alarm, or for saying that it was alarmed, for the independence of France, and for the continuance of its "legitimate influence" to the south of the Pyrenees. As the French Minister for Foreign Affairs (M. De Gramont) put it, the course of Prussia would lead to a revival of the empire of Charles V., in French estimation of the effect of that course; and to that France never could give her consent. Brave words and wise, provided they had been supported by adequate force ably led, but sure, ever after their utterance, to be referred to as evidence of supreme folly, should France be badly beaten in the field. The motives of war-makers are almost invariably of a mixed character, and this instance forms no exception to the rule. France unquestionably would have opposed the elevation of a Hohenzollern to the Spanish throne had there been no special rivalry between herself and Prussia; but it is not probable that, in such case, her opposition would have led to war; but as bitter rivalry between the two countries existed, she was all the swifter to oppose the election of Prince Leopold, and entirely indisposed to listen to any explanation that Prussia might offer, and to refuse to be pacified even when the Prussian prince was withdrawn from the position in which he had been so strangely placed. Such was the course of events, and it was seen that the Spanish business was hardly the occasion—much less the cause—of the war that was resolved upon at Paris on the 15th of July, 1870. France went to war because she feared the further increase of Prussian power, because she wished to regain the leadership of Europe, and because she wished also to regain the left bank of the Rhine. Prussia, confident in the numerous and finely organized force at her immediate command, and knowing that war must come, and having made herself familiar with the state of France, and the condition of the French army—which caused her to be aware that the former was feeble from bad government, and the latter weak from bad command—was quite as ready to accept a challenge to war as France to give it.

The fighting condition of the combatants was supposed to be not far from equal, though there was small resemblance in their military systems. It was well known to the world, in consequence of what occurred in 1866, and what had been done by Prussia in the four following years, that the German forces would be very numerous, very well armed, and very ably commanded; but it was supposed that the French would be sure to make as great and as efficient a display of military power. Years before the celebrated Marshal Niel had been placed at the head of the French War Ministry for the express purpose of reorganizing the military system of France, so that every able-bodied Frenchman might be made available for service; and much had been said of the excellence of his work. Perhaps it was necessary that the system he formed should be worked by the originator, in which case it might have been found good; but Marshal Niel died in August, 1869; and with him departed all hope for the French army. His successor, General Lebœuf, was a man of good reputation, and was believed to be an able War Minister. But when war broke out it was found that France was, for all military purposes, in a state that would have been disgraceful even to a country that long had been at peace, and which had had no dispute with its neighbors for many years. Though the population of France was as large as that of Germany engaged in the war, the French force assembled on the eastern frontier was not half so large as that which the Prussians brought to face it, and it was badly supplied in every respect, and was as badly commanded; for the Emperor, who has no military skill, and who can not even look upon a battle-field without

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shuddering, insisted upon leading his army. In one respect the French force was very strong: it was well armed, the Chassepôt being a better infantry weapon than the needle-gun, while the *mitrailleuse* was admirably adapted to the work of war. Unfortunately for France her soldiers had not been trained to a knowledge of these weapons. The soldiers did not know how to use them with effect; and so the less efficient weapons of the Germans, because well employed by men who had been trained to their use, told with prodigious effect on the event of almost every battle. The French army, too, showed a total want of discipline, such as would have been disgraceful in a raw militia force, but which was in keeping with much of their old military history. But, in spite of these many disadvantages, something might have been accomplished by the French had they not lost much time at the beginning of the war, and had they been promptly prepared for action, for the Germans were not for some days ready for their work. It was owing to the Emperor that the French were kept idle, as he did not leave Paris for almost a fortnight after war had been resolved upon. The French Emperor, after joining his army, did nothing—with the single exception of the ridiculous affair of Saarbrück; and while the world was wondering at such forbearance in him the Germans took the initiative, beginning on the 2d of August that extraordinary series of movements that were completed exactly one month later at Sedan, where and when Napoleon III. and his greatest army became prisoners to the Prussians. That month must be set down as the bloodiest known to our half of the nineteenth century, because of the number and magnitude of the actions that occurred in it. Perhaps the only bloodier month of the century was the October of 1813, when war was raging over a great part of the world, and in course of which was fought the battle of Leipsic. The result was to shut up one large French army in Metz, commanded by Marshal Bazaine, which was watched by the army of Prince Frederick Charles, while the surrender of the army of Marshal M'Mahon, at Sedan, left the road to Paris open to the main German army, commanded by the Crown Prince of Prussia. As the earlier defeats of the French had led to the fall of the constitutional ministry of M. Ollivier, and to the formation of an imperialist ministry, headed by Count Palikao, Minister of War, so did the catastrophe of Sedan cause the downfall of the whole imperial government. The people of Paris took matters into their own hands, and the empire disappeared even more suddenly than the kingdom of the Restoration had disappeared forty years before, or the Orleans monarchy in 1848. A provisional government was formed, at the head of which stood Jules Favre, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, while General Trochu, in whom much confidence was reposed, was at the head of a Committee of Defense. Paris had been prepared for resistance in the last years of Louis Philippe, and the system of fortification then adopted was to be put to the severest test known to modern warfare, the assailing power of artillery having been vastly increased since the time that the Parisian forts had been constructed. The defense would have to be carried on by citizen soldiery, as the greater part of the regular army had been destroyed in battle, or captured, or was shut up in fortified places. The Parisians showed great firmness and a determination to defend their city, and reinforcements arrived from various parts of France. Large supplies of food were stored; but the government was guilty of the folly of allowing the population to remain in the town, so that the number of persons there was supposed to be 2,000,000, including armed men of all kinds—soldiers, marines, sailors, Sedentary National Guards, and Mobile Guards. This was to do half the work inside the place of the Germans besieging. Nor could it fairly be alleged that it would be cruel to remove most of the non-combatant population, as that population would be sure to suffer less from expulsion than from hunger and bombardment. The provisional government sought to treat for peace, but found the Prussian minister too exacting in his demands to admit of any thing being done; while the victors expressed the not unreasonable belief that that government had not the power to bind France. Meantime the fallen Emperor had been sent to the magnificent palace of Wilhelmshöhe, in Germany, which had been built by an elector of Hesse-Cassel, and paid for out of the price of blood he had received from the British government for furnishing it with mercenaries to be employed to butcher Americans. He was treated with great kindness, and even consideration, by the Prussian monarch, who had been much affected at the interview he had with his prisoner at Sedan. The Empress fled to England, where she was joined by the Prince Imperial; Prince Napoleon and the Princesse Clotilde went to Italy; and the Princesse Mathilde fled to Flanders; while ex-Queen Isabella took up her residence in Switzerland, near Geneva, thus making neighbors of those whom she would not have allowed to worship God openly in her late kingdom.

The invaders of France arrived before Paris about the middle of September, and the beginning of the siege of the "capital of civilization" is ordinarily dated the 15th of that month. It is understood that the movement that closed with the wholesale surrender at Sedan was entered upon for the purpose of withdrawing the invaders from the vicinity of the capital; and there can be no doubt that, had it been well managed, it must have delayed their arrival at Paris for some weeks, perhaps have prevented it altogether; but it was so badly conducted that it did not gain above ten days for the work of Parisian preparation for defense; and those days were gained at the price of an army of 150,000 men, and of an incalculable number and amount of the weapons and material of war. It is asserted that Marshal

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M'Mahon was opposed to the movement, and advised the continuance of the retreat upon Paris, where, with his great army, aided by the local force and the fortifications, he felt confident of his power to keep the Germans at bay till France should have time to arm, and vindicate her character by assuming the offensive. In view of what happened from disregarding his advice, it is easy to say that he advised well; but as the Emperor would have been with the army, and virtually would have directed all its operations, it is by no means clear that Paris would not have been given up to the Germans quite as speedily as Sedan was placed in their possession.

The fall of the imperial government was not without some ill effect on the French cause. The ministry of Count Palikao must be allowed to have exerted itself very skillfully and very industriously in bringing out the means of resistance possessed by France; and it was in the full tide of activity when the revolution consequent on the disaster at Sedan destroyed it; and time was lost before the new government could take up the labors of its predecessor, and prosecute them with equal vigor. Besides, the imperialists had the support and confidence of the peasantry, which the republicans had not, and never have had, though much more deserving of both. The effect of this was to delay the development and organization of the abundant means of defense that France possessed at the beginning of September, before the Germans had obtained command of much of her soil, or of many of her towns. Another evil was the want of a responsible government with which the victors could treat; and of this the invaders made the utmost use, pushing the advantage to extremes, and imposing upon the world the belief that the French government could not endure. The fighting that took place in France, down to the close of the fourth week of October, was generally unfavorable to the French, who could not recover from the depression that had followed from the terrible defeats of the imperial armies; and as the wrecks of those armies, outside of Metz, were utterly demoralized, they were in no state to renew the conflict with their conquerors. The Sedentary National Guards and Mobile Guards, though brave and patriotic, were destitute of experience, and often badly armed, and seldom otherwise than badly led. The francs-tireurs, who aimed to be the guerrillas of France, were active, and occasionally successful; but the issue of no great war can ever be decided by the action of such warriors. It was a grave addition to the misfortunes of France that such places as Metz, Strasbourg, and Toul were forced to surrender to the Germans, Strasbourg after making a very heroic defense, the garrison being commanded by General Uhrich.

The Russian empire has borne a prominent part in the history of the seventh decade, though, with one exception, none of the incidents in those ten years are so great as were many of the events of earlier Russian history. The exception is the emancipation of the serfs, which dates from the opening weeks of the decade. The imperial manifesto providing for emancipation is dated February 19, 1861, and it was promulgated on the 17th of the following March. Thus it almost synchronizes with the famous emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln, whereby a death-blow was given to American slavery (September 22, 1862). Russian emancipation, like American emancipation, was the child of war; for, as our slaves were set at liberty because it was found impossible to overmaster their masters while they were allowed to hold men in full bondage, so were the Russian serfs elevated to manhood because the Russians had failed in the war of 1853–56, the incidents of which contest established the fact that serfs could not contend with success against men. Since 1860 Russia has been closely engaged in developing her material interests, and has kept herself remarkably free from European complications, Alexander II., apparently, being as much averse to meddling in the affairs of his neighbors as his father was fond of that unprofitable business. He does not think it wise to have a "mission" to quell revolutions in other countries. Russia, as Rome was, is always at war, even in time of peace; warring against some of her half-savage subjects, warring against some of her half-civilized neighbors, or warring against some of the victims of her long series of spoliations. In the seventh decade she has had to wage hostilities in the Caucasus; and her military operations in Central Asia have been very extensive, particularly against Bokhara. So large has been the extension of her power in that quarter that fears have been expressed that her armies would find themselves dangerously near to British India; but thus far nothing has happened to show that the forces of the two great empires early can come into collision in that remote part of the world. Russia has had much trouble with her Polish subjects, victims of that great wrong which is on the eve of completing its first century of baneful life—the partition of Poland. Great cruelties have been perpetrated by her proconsuls on the Poles, and thus the evil that was planned and executed by Catherine II. annoys her great-grandson, and threatens to annoy his descendants and successors. The Pan-Slavonic movement, in which Russia is so deeply interested, made much advance in the last decade, and not improbably the world will hear loudly from it before the close of the present decade. The establishment of Germanic ascendency over Europe, with a strong reflection therefrom in America, can not be pleasing to the Slavonian peoples. Between the two races a bitter conflict scarcely can fail to occur, in which the Slavonic race would have the sympathies of all Celtic communities, and the active and efficient aid of some of their number. France, in which the Celtic element is

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strong, and also the Latin element, could not fail to side boldly with any movement that should be hostile to her enemies, the Germans. Russia has made useful treaties with Japan and China; and her advances in Siberia have been important. Her acquisition of the Amoor River country will be attended with results of no common order. An incident in her recent history comes home to Americans. Our government, moved by Secretary Seward's enterprising spirit, purchased of Russia all her American possessions, commonly known as Alaska, paying therefor $7,000,000.

The Scandinavian kingdoms have been of more account in the decade than it could have been expected they would be, but the smaller of the two has created much the larger interest. The revival of the Schleswig-Holstein question seven years since, in consequence of the death of Frederick VII. and the accession of Christian IX. to the throne, brought about a renewal of the Schleswig-Holstein war; and Denmark was worsted in the fighting that followed with Germany, which Austria and Prussia took it upon themselves to monopolize.

The kingdom of the Netherlands, and Belgium, have been very prominent of late years, because of the belief that France and Prussia had designs upon them. So far as France is concerned they have nothing to apprehend for the present; but it is far from certain that they are safe from the side of Germany, which is ambitious of completing the great work of unity by uniting itself with the sea. The addition of the two little kingdoms, and particularly Holland, to the rapidly extending dominions of the house of Hohenzollern, would go far toward reducing to fact one of the old dreams of that aspiring family, which is power on the ocean—that power without which no modern nation can be considered great, and its position secure.

Portugal has had no very conspicuous place in the history of the decade; and yet, though its later annals are tiresome, its people can not be pronounced happy. Internal disturbances have not been unknown; and there has been something said—and a slight attempt made to give the idea form—about a union of the lesser Peninsular nation with its great neighbor; but thus far it has come to nothing.

The Eastern world has experienced but little of change since 1860. More than once has the existence of the Turkish empire seemed in danger, and wars there have appeared to be imminent; but, if we except the contest in Crete, there has not been much hard fighting in that part of the world. Frequent have been the predictions of rebellions of the Christian subjects of the Porte, but no great rising has justified the words of the prophets. Russia is considered as a cloud that overhangs Turkey, as she has been ever since the early part of the reign of Catherine II. (1762–96); and as she is expected to demand the revision of the treaty of Paris (1856), and as the condition of Europe warrants her expectations of success, she is, it is all but certain, about to resume in the East the eminent and eminently dangerous position she held in the reign of Nicholas. Egypt has increased in importance, and the Pacha is supposed to aspire to independence; and his aspirations are assumed to be favored by Russia. The kingdom of Greece was on the verge of war with Turkey two years since, in consequence of the aid it had given to the Cretans; but the labors of a European conference preserved peace. The Bavarian dynasty that was provided for the Greeks by the European powers fell, and is succeeded by a Germano-Danish dynasty, destined, most likely, to a short and exciting career. In 1870 the matter of Grecian brigandage rose to the dignity of a European question, in consequence of the murder by brigands of a number of travelers of the "higher classes" (English and Italian), who had been captured while visiting Marathon. The most interesting event in recent Levantine history is the completion of the great and long-entertained project of the canalization of the Isthmus of Suez, which dates from November, 1869, and for which the world is indebted to the spirit, enterprise, and perseverance of M. De Lesseps. This is only one, though the chief, of many undertakings having for their object the improvement of the ways and modes of commerce and travel in the East, prominent among which is the revival of the ancient scheme of cutting through the Isthmus of Corinth.

In the remoter East the decade almost agrees with the new government of British India, which began twelve years since, and by which that extensive and various dependency became part of the British empire under the sovereign, the rule of the East India Company ceasing in 1858.

The Chinese empire has been brought into very intimate relations with the Christian world since 1867. The government of that empire made Mr. Burlingame, formerly American minister at Pekin, its envoy to the principal governments of Europe and America, with the intention of instituting the most intimate relations with them. He was very successful in his remarkable undertaking, and would have prosecuted it to completion had he not died very suddenly at St. Petersburg, in the early part of 1870. At the beginning of last summer there were outbreaks in China against Catholic missionaries, many of whom were murdered. Other outbreaks followed, and appear to have been directed against all Christians in that country. The reaction against the liberal policy of Prince Kung seems to be complete. A similar reaction appears to be going on in Japan; and an alliance between Japan and China, the object of which is to put down the foreigners, who are becoming so powerful in those countries, is mentioned in recent advices.

Australia has made a wonderful advance in ten years, and the value of its exports in the last of those years was not, it is fair to assume

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from such facts as we possess, much short of $200,000,000. The last native Tasmanian died in 1869. New Zealand has made progress, though that colony has been the scene of much bitter and bloody warfare with the natives, who are in course of being civilized into their graves —"polished off" for a better world.

The African continent need not long detain us. The English have been going onward at the southern extremity, and the French, in their odd way of colonizing, have done something at the northern extremity. Should these two Christian nations continue their African labors for a couple of generations it is possible that some child of to-day may live to see railway lines and telegraphic wires extending from Cape Bon to the Cape of Good Hope. But events in France may lead to the loss of her Algerian colony, which, in one sense, would be to her a gain. The slave-trade on the western coast of Africa has been all but destroyed in consequence of events in the United States, Cuba, and Brazil, thus bringing the end of the world to all African conservatives whose interests lie on the Atlantic shore; but in the eastern part of the continent that traffic flourishes. African exploration has gone onward, Dr. Livingstone being its latest hero, though no man can say whether he is dead or alive. Diamonds have been found so abundantly in the Cape Colony that it is believed Sindbad's Valley of Diamonds has at last been opened to Christian greed and enterprise. The war of England in Abyssinia, which led to the defeat and death of the Negus Theodorus, and the overthrow of his dynasty, afforded to semi-civilized races one of those "great moral lessons" of which they are supposed to stand so much in need.

THE ANCIENT "LADY OF SORROW."

[The worship of the Madonna, or *Mater Dolorosa*—"Our Lady of Sorrow"—is not confined to the Roman Catholic faith; it was an important feature in all the ancient Pagan systems of religion, even the most primitive. In the Sacred Mysteries of Egypt and of Greece *her* worship was the distinctive and prominent element. In the latter her name was *Achtheia*, or Sorrow. Under the name of Demeter, by which she was generally known among the Greeks, she, like the Egyptian Isis, typifying the Earth, was represented as sympathizing with the sorrowing children of Earth, both as a bountiful mother, bestowing upon them her fruits and golden harvests, and in her more gloomy aspects—as in autumnal decay, in tempests, and wintry desolation—as sighing over human frailty, and over the wintry deserts of the human heart. The worship connected with this tradition was vague and symbolical, having no well-defined body of *doctrine* as to sin, salvation, or a future life. Day and Night, Summer and Winter, Birth and Death, as shown in Nature, were seized upon as symbols of vaguely understood truths.]

Her closing eyelids mock the light;
Her cold, pale lips are sealed quite;
Before her face of spotless white
A mystic veil is drawn.
Our Lady hides herself in night;
In shadows hath she her delight;
She will not see the dawn!

The morning leaps across the plain—
It glories in a promise vain;
At noon the day begins to wane,
With its sad prophecy;
At eve the shadows come again:
Our Lady finds no rest from pain,
No answer to her cry.

In Spring she doth her Winter wait;
The Autumn shadoweth forth her fate;
Thus, one by one, years iterate
Her solemn tragedy.
Before her pass in solemn state
All shapes that come, or soon or late,
Of this world's misery.

What is, or shall be, or hath been,
This Lady is; and she hath seen,
Like frailest leaves, the tribes of men
Come forth, and quickly die.
Therefore our Lady hath no rest;
For, close beneath her snow-white breast,
Her weary children lie.

She taketh on her all our grief;
Her Passion passeth all relief;
In vain she holds the poppy leaf—
In vain her lotus crown.
Even fabled Lethe hath no rest,
No solace for her troubled breast,
And no oblivion.

"Childhood and youth are vain," she saith,
"Since all things ripen unto death;
The flower is blasted by the breath
That calls it from the earth.
And yet," she saith, "this thing is sure—
There is no life but shall endure,
And death is only birth.

"From death or birth no powers defend,
And thus from grade to grade we tend,
By resurrections without end,
Unto some final peace.
But distant is that peace," she saith;
Yet eagerly awaiteth Death,
Expecting her release.

"O Rest," she saith, "that will not come,
Not even when our lips are dumb,
Not even when our limbs are numb,
And graves are growing green.
O Death, that, coming on apace,
Dost look so kindly in the face,
Thou wear'st a treach'rous mien!"

But still she gives the shadow place—
Our Lady, with the saddest grace,
Doth yield her to his feigned embrace,
And to his treachery!
Ye must not draw aside her veil;
Ye must not hear her dying wail;
Ye must not see her die!

But, hark! from out the stillness rise
Low-murmured myths and prophecies,
And chants that tremble to the skies—
Miserere Domine!
They, trembling, lose themselves in rest,
Soothing the anguish of her breast—
Miserere Domine!

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Editor's Easy Chair.

WHEN Sir Philip Sidney was making the grand tour, three centuries ago, he came to Vienna, where he studied horsemanship with Pagliano, who, says Sir Philip, in praise of the horse, became such a poet "that, if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, he would have persuaded me to wish myself a horse." In like manner those of us who hear delightful singers, and are fascinated, are like to be persuaded by them to wish ourselves nightingales. But it is curious and amusing to observe that this effect is never perfectly produced but once. We admire many singers, but there is always in our fancy one queen, who bears no rival near the throne. When the superb Grisi was recalled in Paris thirteen times after singing *Son vergine vezzosa*, every body who is familiar with such occasions knows that there were elderly gentlemen in the house who nodded approvingly, and said kindly that it was very well indeed, but that they remembered Catalani. So on one never-to-be-forgotten and deeply-in-heart-forever-to-be-cherished day long ago, in Berlin, the Easy Chair sat in the Thiergarten listening to the band of the elder Strauss, and left that enchantment to go to the opera to see Jenny Lind in the "Somnambula." It afterward expressed the fervor of its feeling and its admiration to Ole Bull. "Yes," said the master; "but I saw Malibran in the same part."

As the words were uttered the Easy Chair wondered if the day would come when some youth would turn to it with beaming eyes and beating heart before a later enchantment; and when it would say, with the complacent courtesy which it recalls in those elder critics, that it was certainly very sweet and pleasant, but that it remembered Jenny Lind! When Steinway Hall was rapidly filling to hear Nilsson, and the soft murmur and odor and brilliancy of the audience which always salutes a great prima donna became perceptible, the Easy Chair confesses that the preliminary minutes were lost in a vivid reverie of the wonderful charm of that other Swede, the "Swedish nightingale" of a certain—very limited—number of years ago. There were very many of the same familiar faces looking toward the platform then which were present at the Nilsson concert. And what a vision they beheld!—a young, blooming, fair-haired woman, whose earnest, honest, comely face looked frankly, and with bright good-humor, at the audience; who moved rapidly to the front of the platform, and stood calm and erect, with one hand resting quietly over the other before her. Then, when the prelude was ended, she sang, with a fullness, a richness, a simplicity, a power and expression, which were wholly satisfactory. The impression was that of the purest artist. The soul of the singer was rapt in the song, and, as she bowed to the storm of applause, it was with the same self-possessed cordiality, as if she were delighted that the audience enjoyed with her and through her the exquisite music. So fresh, so buoyant, so composed, so superior, yet so sympathetic and magnificent, it was impossible not to feel the most inexpressible pity for the elderly cavaliers in expansive waistcoats, who looked at her through large lorgnettes, and then said, "Ah, you should have heard Malibran!"

The Easy Chair resolved not to betray that kind of senility at least, and indeed it found no difficulty whatever in being as young as on that deeply-in-heart-forever-to-be-cherished day long ago in Berlin, when the little door opened at the side of the platform, and the *diva* of to-day appeared. The impression of that appearance is universal. It is not in the least that of the portrait which has been exhibited in the windows. It is not a half-shy, dreamy girl, with head inclined; it is a young woman in full and conscious possession of every power, who, richly and exquisitely attired, moves to the front, and with a truly radiant and dazzling smile, a smile not of tender appeal, but of proud, conscious self-assertion, conquers the audience before she begins. No woman ever stood upon a stage with more perfect knowledge of all her powers, nor with a finer instinct of their use. Her face lights the moment it strikes the audience. She magnetizes that audience with a glance. She plays with the crowd as with a single lover. She speaks to it with her eyes, with every movement of her head and hands. She is, first of all and in no poor sense, coquette. The voice, the singing, are but parts of her spell.

She sang first that evening the *Ave Maria* of Schubert. Holding the notes, she turned them with a grace and significance that were bewitching, but which sacrificed the simplicity and depth of the feeling. The voice was beautiful—sweet, clear, true, and very uniform. It rose effortless into the long cadence of entreaty, and overflowed it with tender pathos. There was a lingering, beseeching sweetness, full of suggestions of the twilight, and of peaceful religious trust. *Ave Maria! Ave Maria!*—it was the gentle heart's pure prayer. It was sung without an ornament, as simply as it is written. She bowed, and the silence broke up into a glad roar of acclamation. She smiled, and drawing it with her smiling, withdrew. It beat against the little door by which she disappeared. After a moment the little door opened, and she came, nodding her head at the audience, brilliantly smiling, and chiding with half-raised finger; then again disappeared. Only louder was the demand, and once more, beaming like the morning, and with proud archness yielding to the proof of her own power, she came to the front, whispering to a friend upon the floor below, and her lovely voice rippled into the airy warble of a waltz.

There was not a trace of effort in any thing she had done. Her voice seemed neither tried nor tired, but was as fresh and even as if she had never taxed it. Somebody said that it was "thin." It would have been as wise to call it thick. The art of the woman was much too perfect to permit her any attempt at effect. A person less sure of herself would have made a dash, would have "spurted," as the rowers say; but Nilsson evidently no more doubted what she should do than Juliet would have doubted her sway of Romeo. Of course the Easy Chair remembered Jenny Lind, but it held its tongue. Of course it knew how Jenny Lind would have

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sung the *Ave Maria*. It knew that she would have held no notes, that there would have been a virginal loftiness of strain which would have won Sir Galahad, and that her smile would have been rather a beaming look, by no possibility establishing any personal relation between the audience and herself.—"Aha! you old rascal, then you *did* see Malibran, and you *were* playing the part of the large waistcoat and lorgnette! You *were* comparing all the time, like the antediluvian sinners of whom you were just speaking; and it was not Nilsson but Jenny Lind of whom you chiefly thought!"

That is a very disagreeable way of taking up an Easy Chair. May not memory and consciousness be a garden full of various flowers? Is the perception of difference necessarily odious comparison? Here is the daphne; here is the geranium. Good youth, an Easy Chair likes both. By force of association one may suggest the other. When a beautiful, fair-haired Swede sings in Steinway Hall, shall an old Chair not remember the other fair-haired Swede in Tripler Hall a limited number of years ago? Yes; and may it not say, "This voice is not so wonderful, and this vocalization is not so perfect," and yet add, "This is a pleasure as pure, if somewhat different?" Indeed, when we reach a certain range of excellence, differences are not defects; they do not depreciate. When you feast with Pomona, do you asperse the Bartlett if you delight in the Duchesse or the Seckel? Thou fool! each is delicious — each is memorable; from one memory turns to the other, knowing nothing between. Between Steinway Hall and Tripler what long and resounding years of opera, of concert, of prima donna! Yes, even Grisi in "Norma" at the old Academy, even Sontag in "The Barber" at the old Niblo's; yet Tripler Hall was one high-water mark, and Steinway Hall another.

By-and-by Nilsson sang *Casta Diva*. This also is a prayer, and she sang it with a fullness and fervor that recalled all the great singers. It is the good fortune of the Easy Chair to have heard it sung by Adelaide Kemble, then still in her prime, and by many famous artists. But Nilsson's rendering is very beautiful and original. Jenny Lind also sang it at her last concert in this country, and the dying strain seemed to be taken up and continued by her younger successor. Like Jenny Lind, too, she gave at the recall a Swedish or Norwegian song, very simple and indescribable. All the sadness of the North, the pathos of hills and solitary mountains, the lingering, echoing refrain melting into pensive stillness, were there. Yet the voice was so very rich and sympathetic and beautiful, so delicately softened into silence, so true and tender, that Tennyson's very bugle-song seemed to thrill and penetrate the heart:

"O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

"O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying."

It was useless for Musicus to say upon the staircase that we had seen a very fascinating woman, but that we had not heard a great artist. It was equally useless for Romano to speak of her as a pretty young woman, but wholly wanting the magnificence of Grisi, or of the still more majestic Pasta. It was also useless for Triller to insist that she could not sing a scale crisply, and that her organ was very commonplace. One thought she could not compare with Parepa! Another that La Grange was superior! A third was sure it was all advertising! It was perhaps as well to say all this as any thing, since the good critics seemed to think something must be said. But the object of all art has been attained by the fair young Swede. Her full power, her personality, her talent, and her training, had all united in a most refining and elevating influence. It was not only a difference of degree, but of kind, from other singers. It is in art as it is in wine. There are those to whom Madeira is Madeira, and sherry sherry, and hock hock; who do not really see that there is any essential distinction between *vin ordinaire* and Lafitte or Château Margaux. But if a man with his schoppen of the wine of the country upon the Rhine says that it tastes to him as pleasantly as Marcobrunner or the blue seal Johannisberg, you can not dispute with him; you can not prove to him that there is an essential difference, but you nevertheless know that there is. That nameless charm of Claude's landscapes, what is it? That appealing beauty of Raphael's women, what is that?

Yes, Musicus, the Easy Chair does, indeed, remember Jenny Lind, and what an artist she was; and Grisi, and how superb she was; and the other singers, and how pleasant they were. But it has heard another who, differing from the best, yet ranks with them—a woman to whom five talents have been given, and who has made them other five. Over and through all your most learned and conclusive criticism, hark!

"O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river."

For what are human voices and the gift of singing bestowed?

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

No, no; good-night, dear Musicus. Memory is the critic to-night:

"Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying."

THERE are a great many people who shake their heads at the Easy Chair upon an election day, and ask what we are coming to. Or they invite it to stand for an hour at the polls and see the voters, and reflect upon them, and ask itself whether utter ignorance and venality are the sources of good government. By noon of election day they are profoundly sad. At sunset, when the polls close, they frankly express their conviction that popular government is a farce. During the last ten years many of these worthy head-shakers have been to Paris. They have returned enchanted with the Emperor and the Empress. Such order in the city! Nothing like it any where else. Such clean streets! In fact, such a little heaven below! And the whole Headshaker family were invited to Compiègne, where life was uninterrupted bliss. In winter

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they were upon the ice skating, and the Empress —oh, unutterable joy! — remarked Miss Lucy Headshaker's skill, and his august Majesty himself actually smiled as Miss Lucy performed upon the skates! It was simply unalloyed happiness. An empire, at least, you know, an empire like that of his Majesty, is the most perfect of systems. Such order! Such clean streets!

It is the good people who for a dozen years have been celebrating the glory of French Cæsarism who have most elaborately and contemptuously sneered at the American system. Certainly they often seemed to have a great deal of reason in their observations. When they took the Easy Chair to a poll, for instance, where at least three-quarters of the electors voted without knowledge or conviction of any kind—where, indeed, the majority of votes could have been bought with money like greens in the market —and said that this was the universal spectacle, that the mass of the people must always be ignorant, and even venal, then the head-shaker smiled sadly, and as he remembered the paradise called Paris, and the little heaven of Compiègne, he said, in the words of Sterne, "'They order,' said I, 'this matter better in France.'"

All experience has been steadily against the Headshaker family; and now the bubble of the empire has burst, and even beloved Compiègne and august imperial smiles upon the ice can not save the argument and the illustration which have been urged against the popular system. There was sublime order under the empire, was there? Personal government polished the streets, did it? We should all go wrong until we had a similar government, should we? But who has the heart for a gibe? The empire which head-shaking Americans extolled, the personal government which so dazzled them, have actually dissolved a nation. They have eaten out the national fibre. They have generated absolute anarchy; and a fall so swift, so utter, so appalling, is not recorded in history. And why, of all people in the world, were Americans so deceived by it? To be snobbish at an historic court is bad, but to be a snob at the most parvenu and vulgar of all royal pretenses is ineffably contemptible.

The best of France always recoiled from the empire. The most illustrious Frenchmen were in exile or in disfavor. When a man like Prévost-Paradol succumbed to it he became as if dead to his old associates. "We were schoolmates," wrote one of his friends when he accepted the mission to this country under the empire; "he was one of my earliest and most intimate companions; but, please God, I will never see him nor think of him again." When the war began, just as his imperial career opened, the glamour faded from poor Prévost-Paradol's eyes, and he blew his brains out, the first victim of the war. Meanwhile those who surrounded the court, and who made the empire, commanded no respect, no confidence. The empire was believed to be a vast job. It is now proved to have been so. Public and private faith expired. Apparently nobody trusted any body. The war came, a few representatives pushed over the empire and proclaimed a republic, yet feared to test its existence by an appeal to the people. The empire preserved order! It kept the streets clean! Yes, and the empire so annihilated France that it was overrun in two months by the Germans, and actually possessed by them, as the Normans overran and occupied England; and if, at this moment of writing, the Germans should withdraw from the country, it would drop into total chaos. So much, Mr. Headshaker, for public order and keeping the streets clean. So much for the empire, of which you and your family were the most obsequious lackeys.

The moral is this—yet the head-shakers always forget it when they see the ignorance and the vice at the polls—that the remedy of our situation does not lie in going back, but in pushing forward. Is personal and aristocratic government so permanent and beneficial, as illustrated in France, that we should wish to return to a similar system? If we are threatened with ignorance and venality at the polls, the remedy is not in giving exclusive power to those who foster the ignorance and cultivate the vice, which is the method proposed by Headshaker. It is by removing the ignorance and correcting the vice. It is not the limitation of the suffrage, it is the increase of intelligence, which is the truly conservative policy in this country. This wretched imperial snob, Headshaker, stands at the polls, and points out to the Easy Chair the awful spectacle, as if the little heaven at Compiègne were not immeasurably more awful! If you clothe all this spectacle at the polls in velvet and spangles, and put men in uniforms to bow to it, and lodge it in palaces under canopies embroidered with a golden bee, have you made it any better? No, Headshaker, you have made it infinitely worse, because you have masked it and gilded it and wreathed it with flowers. There are ignorance and vice at the polls—none of us deny it. But that crowd of four millions which between sunrise and sunset quietly decides by ballot the political destiny of a continent for four years can be more wisely trusted than any man or group of men who can possibly be selected by any system yet discovered. Our method is the best known—our duty is to take care that it works well.

And here comes the cynic of the city and joins Headshaker and the Easy Chair, and says that he heartily despises all parties; that they are all as corrupt as the voters before him, and would each, if they could, send the country to the demnition bow-wows. A sailor at sea might as well say that he despised the winds and currents. Does he propose to disregard them as well as to despise them? Parties have much deeper roots than they are often supposed to have. They are organized to carry certain measures, but they also indicate certain tendencies of human nature. Headshaker and the cynic are not bad men. They wish to do nobody harm, and they love their country. But in the year 1776 they would not have been "Sons of Liberty." They would have withdrawn with the King's troops from Boston. They would have lived poorly and proudly in London upon such very cold crumbs of comfort as British sympathy dispensed to American loyalty. Those gentlemen are natural Tories; and the name of those gentlemen in certain American circles to-day is legion. They decry the equal vileness of parties, but they throw themselves, upon the whole, with some scratching of the ticket, and a great deal of promiscuous scolding, with the party of the Tory tendency, whichever that may be.

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If they really wished to do the best that the situation allows, they would not stay scolding upon the edge of affairs; they would choose the party which seems to them, upon the whole, of the best tendency and principles. Then they would impress themselves with the conviction that the policy and the measures and the nominations of the party will be controlled by bad men if good men do not interfere. The result would be that the education, the intelligence, the sagacity, and the character of the country would be actively interested in politics; and that active interest, and the actual knowledge which it would bring of the real condition of affairs and of the popular intelligence, would inspire in the best men of all parties in the country the resolution that that intelligence should be increased. Meanwhile the same active interest would elevate the character of candidates, and promote greater purity of administration.

To insist that honest and intelligent people will not interest themselves is to beg the question. As the consequences of dishonest politics become more evident by being more pinching to the pocket, the steady appeals to public opinion not to abandon every thing to a few traders at a caucus will be heard, and will be more effective. People will not go to the primary meeting, we are told, yet they will vote the ticket nominated there. They will no more be persuaded to scratch than they will to nominate. In all the local elections they can personally know but a very few of the candidates. They must, therefore, either scratch all whom they do not know, or they must take them upon trust. They certainly will not scratch them all, and they will follow the advice of the managers of their own party. To urge the voter to scratch the ticket when he does not like the candidate, for good reasons, is sound advice. But it will not purify the caucus, except when it nominates notoriously unfit candidates. But generally they are not especially known, and are accepted by the voter as nominated by the party whose general policy he approves.

The truth is, as the head-shakers will see when they think of it a little, that we are only now coming to understand in this country the real conditions of popular government, and the real perils of despising them. Nobody assents to the tuneful folly of Pope's lines, that of forms of government

"Whiche'er is best administered is best,"

because the form necessarily affects the administration and the character of the people. Ours is experimentally the best form, but that alone will not save a country; it is the union of the best form with wise administration which secures the highest welfare.

Let Cynic understand that his political, like his moral obligations, are perennial. When he has been to church even twice on Sunday, and has heard a very admirable sermon upon self-denial and truthfulness, does he feel that he has earned the right to be selfish and false all the week? Must he not tell the truth on Monday as well as on Sunday, and deny himself on the last day as well as on the first day of the week? Not long ago Cynic voted. He growled and snarled, and he and Headshaker agreed that general suffrage was a mad folly; but he did go and vote, and so washed his hands and cleared his mind of his political duties until next year. Does he not perceive that it is because of that very conduct of his that he will growl and snarl next year? What does he think the text means, that a man can not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles? It means that if honesty will not go to the caucus, dishonesty will.

There are certain laws which are never suspended, which, like the celestial order, prevail through all seasons; one of them is, that character and intelligence have a certain influence upon the human mind. Masses of men in this country do not prefer to go wrong; and an assembly of them is always disposed to listen to good sense pleasantly spoken. If all the sagacity and heroism and goodness which we all know in private were but brought into the sphere of public life—not as seeking place, but as promoting peace and economy, and consequently prosperity—why, Headshaker! it would make even more of a little heaven than you beheld at Compiègne. It would do more than your famous empire ever did; for it would not only clean the public streets, but the public morals.

A FRIEND, recurring to the loss of the *Oneida* last spring, and to the heroism of Captain Williams and of Ensign Copp, both of whom refused to leave their posts, saying that their place was with the ship, asks a few natural questions. Agreeing with all honorable men that he is a coward who abandons his vessel before the danger is imminent and succor hopeless, and that he is a hero who loses his life in the effort to save others, our friend asks whether Captain Williams and Ensign Copp could have been of no use after the *Oneida* sank. Is the ship, he asks, made for the sailors, or are the sailors made for the ship? Is it not mere suicide for men to choose to sink with a ship when it is clear that they can do no good by sinking; and is it not aiding and abetting self-murder to glorify such conduct, so that no naval officer will dare hereafter to save his life when his ship goes down, under penalty of the taunt of treason and cowardice? If a train of cars should be thrown from the track into ruins, and take fire, shall the conductor and baggage-master, after the timid and frightened have been removed to a safe distance, climb upon the wreck with intrepid faces, and, declaring that they will not leave the train, stoically roast themselves without a murmur? Because I never saw salt-water, says our friend, have I mental strabismus concerning a sailor's duties? Why not introduce hari-kari into the army as well as the navy?

The questions are sincerely asked, and what shall be said? In the twelfth chapter of the Gospel of St. John it is written: "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment. Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him, Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" Was the ointment wasted? Certainly Jesus did not need it. Certainly it was of no use to him. There were poor people starving. They might be relieved by the price of the ointment; and how does this woman serve by starving them? Look at her!

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"All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete—
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears."

In both cases—that of the ointment and of the sinking ship—it was a moral service, a service strictly immeasurable by a material standard. Can the good which would have been produced by selling the ointment and giving the money to the poor be compared in real beneficence and advantage to the race with that which the spectacle of the woman's devotion has wrought? If Captain Williams had put off in a boat and come safely to shore, and for many years afterward had commanded a ship carrying many passengers securely over the ocean, would that service have been a greater benefit to all of us than the story of his tranquil fidelity to the deepest sense of duty? That is the true grandeur of his act. Its service is the elevation of the moral standard of action. It confirms faith in the spiritual laws, which are the real laws of life. It does not only influence naval officers to go down with their ships, it helps boys every where to tell the truth, and girls to be less selfish, and men and women to be more tender and thoughtful and faithful. It is a spectacle of devotion to duty, any duty, all duty; and it shows that it is better, and that the universal heart acknowledges it to be nobler, to prefer duty to life itself.

What else is the lesson of martyrdom? Why should not Catherine and Sebastian say the words which superior force demanded? They were helpless. All the world would see that they could not resist; and why should they not save their lives by a mere coerced confession, an extorted recantation, and so enjoy scores of years to minister to the sick and the dying, to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked? Did they choose wisely? Have they served us more truly by dying than by living? Captain Williams, indeed, was offered no base alternative. He could not save his ship, nor a single sailor, nor an ounce of treasure by remaining. Death, and only death, was sure. But when he said, serenely, "I shall go down with my ship," he spoke to the deepest and most powerful sentiment of the human heart—to the consciousness that the things unseen are eternal, the most comfortable consciousness in human experience.

It is not a point to be decided by the understanding merely. A thousand officers, having done all that seemed possible, would have left the ship, and have left it with perfect honor. But even if the act of Captain Williams were an apparently useless sacrifice, measured by the facts which would justify the conduct of the thousand others, was it useless, measured by the other facts of which we speak? Why was not the argument of Judas conclusive? Not because he meant it as a taunt, but—to put it strongly—because the mind instinctively believes that to feed the soul is better than to feed the body. Shall, therefore, the wretchedness of that society be justified which builds magnificent cathedrals, and leaves the poor to starve? Not at all; and not only because that is not the alternative, but because the cathedral is not built from the inspiration of the same emotion that bathed the feet with ointment. Every act of sublime heroism must be judged by itself. If it were possible to imagine—but it certainly is not—a conductor sacrificing himself upon his train with the same exalted fervor that we associate with Captain Williams, or with the boy Casabianca, the moral influence of the act would not be less. But even if Williams had deliberately calculated how he should do the most good, whether by leaving his ship when it was clearly doomed, or by remaining to go down with it, he might reasonably have decided for the latter course. Death perhaps—upon the lowest theory—seemed to him sure in either course, and he might properly choose.

Yet it was not deliberation; it was fidelity, it was devotion unto death. Even were it mistaken devotion, the influence is the same. It is not the worth of the object pursued, it is the spirit which inspires the pursuit, that determines its moral value. In Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" there is nothing more profoundly pathetic than Major Dobbin's reflections when at last the little hand of Amelia is laid in his own as his wife's. His whole life had been an act of endless devotion and self-sacrifice to please her and to serve her. And what was she but a weak, shallow, foolish, little body after all? Not the less is his character one of the most beautiful in fiction, and one of the most loftily inspiring. In certain lights of the fancy and the understanding an act like that of Captain Williams may seem resultless, even suicidal. But let it be measured by the quality of the admiration it excites, and we begin to understand how great a service simple self-sacrifice always is.

Since the publication of "Lothair" Mr. Disraeli has become again a famous author. He has naturally improved the opportunity to write an epistle general as a preface to a new and collected edition of his tales, in which he says, with the superb complacency which is so characteristic, that "Lothair" has "been more extensively read, both by the people of the United Kingdom and the United States, than any work which has appeared for the last half century." The preface, which is long, is a brilliant statement of the purpose of his later novels, and a cursory criticism of the earlier works. The same superb tone appears when he speaks of "Vivian Grey," certainly one of the most sparkling of novels. It is a book written by a boy, he says, airily, and boys' books are necessarily affected. It is unartistic, also, and exaggerated, and full of false taste. Nevertheless, says Vivian—who but he?—and in his finest manner, "'Vivian Grey' is essentially a puerile work, but it has baffled even the efforts of its creator to suppress it." He sinks back upon the cushions, he tosses the glossiest curl upon his pale brow, he plays with his eyeglass—"'Tis amazing! my mere failures enchant the world!"

This magnificent coxcombry does not obscure the very great talent of Disraeli. But this preface, like all his stories, will be read with the smile of amused entertainment with which the fortunes of young dukes and of resistless geniuses are followed in the stories themselves. The tone in which he speaks of "divine truth," and the constitution of society, and the influence of races, is familiar to all who have read him carefully. It is "Tancred" again, and "Tancred" is a delightful novel. The very last sentence of "Tancred" is masterly. "The Duke and Duchess of Bellamont had arrived at Jerusalem." We have

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a right to believe every sentence in Disraeli to be veiled. There is another meaning. The page is a palimpsest. That innocent little sentence, announcing that an English peer and peeress had reached a small Syrian town, was a hint, if you choose to take it, and not a hint, if he chooses to deny it, that upon the grounds and in virtue of the considerations set forth in that pleasant book, the remedy for a "distressful" world would be the welcome of Christianity based upon Judaism, not upon a medieval superstition, by the British aristocracy. "The Duke and Duchess of Bellamont have arrived at Jerusalem," precisely as Lothair does *not* arrive at Rome.

There is this richness of implication and suggestion throughout the brilliant books of Disraeli; and now he gives us the key to them, so far as that is possible. The later works, "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred," are, it appears, a trilogy. They treat different aspects of the same great question, the moral and social and political problem of English society. How to revive the nation, restore its historic glory, and secure its progressive development—this was the theme which filled his mind and touched his imagination. To help solve it correctly he entered public life, and he wrote the tales. In his own words, "The derivation and character of political parties, the condition of the people which had been the consequence of them, the duties of the Church as a main remedial agency in our present state, were the three principal topics which I intended to treat."

The whole preface is very interesting. But it is not without a deeper smile that the reader observes Vivian Grey's regret at the "atheistical" tendency of modern society, which, he tells us, "though it may be polished and amiable, involves the seeds of anarchy," and offers us a "prospect full of gloom." Mr. Disraeli is a very clever man, but his jeremiade over the consequences of the assault upon the "divinity of Semitic literature," and over the recent discoveries of science, is like a lament of the late French Cæsar over the perils of established order in the world. The preface will more than ever assure the faithful reader of this sparkling author that he is a Tory through his imagination. The glamour of an ideal society that never did exist, that never can or ought to exist, bewilders his mind, and makes his activity resultless. The depth of insight is the perception of the inevitable spirit of the age, which is merely the instinct of society under the conditions of to-day; and the highest practical wisdom is hearty co-operation with it. Mr. Disraeli decries the equality of man as an abstract dogma which has destroyed ancient society without creating a new. To this he is entirely opposed. He and his friends proposed to resist it. He wrote his stories, as he made his speeches, in order to expose its fallacy.

Did the gay master of persiflage ever hear the remark of a shrewd American statesman—"Henceforth no man will rise in this country who spells negro with two g's?" Or does he recall that passage in the divine Semitic literature, that it is hard to kick against the pricks?

Editor's Literary Record.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

BY Christmas books we do not mean merely those which are so labeled. Happily the age of annuals, with their meretricious bindings, their corpse-like portraits of imaginary heroines, their bad rhymes, and their vapid stories, has passed away, and Christmas brings us not only an avalanche of books, but also a real accession to literature. And here they lie upon our table—for the editor's Christmas-tree blossoms several weeks before that of his neighbors—a motley crowd, difficult to analyze, difficult to describe; books sacred and books secular; books of science, of art, of fiction, and of poetry; books for children, and books for their parents; books exquisite in their illustrations, books with very poor ones, and books with none at all; books in every variety and form of binding from the homeliest to the handsomest, and not a few unbound that only come prophetically in sheets, and even fragments, to hint what they will be in their full-fledged glory. From them all we select those most worthy of our reader's notice, and hope to give him a list such that he can make wise selection for his own library or for that of his friend.

Appleton's Almanac fails to fulfill the promise of last year. It would be hard for even Harry Fenn to compete with the autumn leaves which made last year's cover so beautiful, and the group of butterflies which takes their place is by no means equal to them either in conception or execution. Mr. Hows's smaller sketches are very pretty, as are most of Mr. Fenn's illustrations of the seasons. But the large flower pieces are unmeaning, and the full-page subjects are "fearfully and wonderfully made." As to the letter-press, it is unmistakably written by the line to fill up the needed number of pages.—"Josh Billings's" humor is not of a very high quality at its best estate, and that of his *Farmer's Allminax for the Year* 1871 is some way below his best estate. There is no effervescence in it; it is unmistakably professional; and though there are some signs of genuine humor, as in the "Rules, By-Laws, and Regulashuns" of the Podunk Valley Railroad, for the most part his wit is of the cheap and threadbare sort which consists in coarse violations of the laws of grammar and of spelling. —Decidedly *the* almanac of the season is NAST'S. Some of the sketches in silhouette, "Night," for example, and the whole of the illustrated "Robinson Crusoe," are irresistible. And the outline sketches, which make up the greater part of the illustrations, are equally good in their way. Mr. Nast understands, as few other American draughtsmen do, the difference between the humorous and the merely grotesque.

OF the religious books which the season has produced there is none more seasonable than *Morning and Evening Exercises* (Harper and Brothers), by HENRY WARD BEECHER. We say by Henry Ward Beecher advisedly, though the

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compilation is by the same Abbott—their name is legion—who edited the authorized edition of Mr. Beecher's sermons which the same house published two years ago. But, though he is the compiler, the selection is made entirely from Mr. Beecher's writings, and is published with his approval. No man has done so much to change the religious experience of the age from an atmosphere of awe to that of love, and no one is so fit at once to speak to the heart of the present day, and to interpret it. The selections cover a wide scope, as does their author by the universality of his sympathies, and his peculiar combination of temperaments; and there is scarcely any experience which will not find in this book of devotional exercises something of comfort, of strength, or of inspiration.—A somewhat similar book, though of more limited scope, is *Light at Evening Time*, by J. S. HOLME, D.D. It is more limited in that it is purely a book of "support and comfort for the aged." The selections, which appear to have been exceedingly well made, embrace quotations from a great variety of writers, ancient and modern, of all evangelical denominations, and include some original contributions by Drs. Hall, Crosby, Cheever, and Adams. The print is large and clear, and the book an admirable one to be the companion of the Bible and the hymn-book in the chamber of the aged, the infirm, and the sick.

A SIGN of growing culture, both in an art and a literary point of view, is to be seen in the increase and popularity of good illustrated works on scientific subjects. Of these one of the most attractive brought out this season is *The Adventures of a Young Naturalist in Mexico*, translated from the French of LUCIEN BIART (Harper and Brothers). In the easy and graceful style peculiar to French writers, M. Biart tells how a lad accompanied his father and two others on a scientific excursion among the Cordilleras of Mexico, in the course of which they met with many interesting adventures, and passed through many perils. The story of their wanderings is richly illustrated with sketches of wild and romantic scenery, and pictures of the plants, minerals, birds, and wild animals of Southern Mexico. Without departing from scientific accuracy, either in description or illustration, or introducing improbable adventures, the author has constructed a very charming narrative, in which instruction is blended with amusement with so much tact that the reader finds nothing to be skipped. The illustrations are numerous and exceptionally beautiful in design and execution.—Under the same general class belongs LOUIS FIGUIER'S *Earth and Sea* (T. Nelson and Sons). M. Figuier has one talent—a talent for compilation—and he deserves commendation for his sedulous cultivation of it. We look on the library of which he is the author—and it is a not inconsiderable one—with something of the same feeling of admiration with which we gaze upon a ship or a set of furniture whittled out by an ingenious Yankee with a single jack-knife; we wonder how a man could do so much with so little. This, his last volume, is not very new either in letterpress or illustration. But it appears to be accurate, and is certainly entertaining; and it is so immeasurably superior in attractiveness to the average work of English and American compilers that we should be very glad to aid by any word of ours in introducing it to any home in which there is even a dormant interest in knowing about the world we live in.—Another book, somewhat of the same sort, but better both in its literary and art qualities, is M. POUCHET'S *Universe* (Charles Scribner and Co.), a second edition of which lies on our table, twelve months after the issue of the first. M. Pouchet, however, is not a mere compiler. "The Universe" is decidedly a more original book than any of M. Figuier's. The one author is a genuine scientist, while the other is only a book-maker. It is hardly necessary to say that "The Universe" is a rather pretentious title, and that the reader of it will not know every thing when he has finished its perusal. But it nevertheless contains a great deal of information in a very brief compass, and the illustrations are nowise inferior to those in the original French copy. The new edition contains nearly twenty additional pages, and several full-page pictures which were not in the former one.

We may perhaps mention, in the same connection, J. WEIDENMAN'S hand-book of landscape gardening, *Beautifying Country Homes* (Orange Judd and Co.), a useful as well as ornamental book. The first thirty pages are devoted to practical and concise directions as to the preparation of lawns, roads, and walks; the principles applicable to grading; the planting and transplanting of trees, shrubs, flowers, etc. These directions are made very clear, to even an entirely inexperienced mind, by illustrations which enable the reader to see, as it were, every important operation described. This is the useful part of the book. The remaining pages are devoted to twenty-four large full-page plans. These are copies of actual places; and to get them the author has borrowed from the vicinity of Boston, Newport, Hartford, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Chicago. These plans are handsomely printed in colors, and represent not only the general outline of the grounds, but every group of trees and shrubs upon them. An accompanying statement enables the reader to determine the character of each tree or group of trees, while a list in the preceding part of the book informs him of their respective characters. We believe, from some practical use of the work in beautifying our own country home, that it will prove a useful investment to any one who has half an acre of ground about his house which he desires to render tasteful and attractive.

AMONG purely Christmas books elaborately illustrated volumes of poetry hold, if not the first place, a place second only to those that belong especially to children. Of these not a few lie already on our table, and quite as many more are announced as in course of preparation. E. P. Dutton and Co. publish a handsomely illustrated edition of GEORGE HERBERT'S *Poetical Works*. Between Headley, who declares his poetry "a composition of enthusiasm without sublimity, and conceit without either ingenuity or imagination," and Baxter, who says that, "next to the Scriptural poems, there are none so savory to me as Mr. George Herbert's," there is among critics every variety of opinion respecting this most quaint and original of devotional writers. The real secret of his power, which has proved perennial, lies in the utter absence of that

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conventionalism which assumes in worship a mock solemnity. His oddities lie in the fact that he commingles the sacred and the common in ways that shock ecclesiastical taste; but he does so because, to his mind, every thing was sacred, nothing common; and so, though the world is growing away from the fantastic conceits of his age, it is growing to like George Herbert's poetry more and more, despite what Mr. Whipple calls his "bizarre expression," his "frigid conceits," and his "strange, far-fetched, and serenely crotchety utterance," because it is growing more toward religion in common life. The illustrations in the present edition are of singularly even merit; there is, indeed, but one poor one among them. Birket Foster furnishes the scenes from nature, Clayton the figure pieces, Humphreys the ornamental letters and borders, some of which are very delicate—quite equal in character, though not in elaboration, to the work of Giacomelli.—It would be hard to find a greater contrast, on the other hand, than is afforded by the exquisitely beautiful and the marvelously absurd illustrations which accompany the illustrated edition of MILTON'S *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, from the same house. It is over-illustrated, and the consequence is, what always results from over-illustration, there are not a few pictures whose room would be better than their company. There is an average of nearly two illustrations to each verse; no wonder the goaded imagination stumbles! The genius of the age is not allegorical, and it is in the endeavor to portray Milton's allegories that the artists have made their worst failures. The "old dragon underground," who,

> "wroth to see his kingdom fall,
> Swindges the scaly horrour of his folded tail,"

becomes simply grotesque when the artist endeavors to sketch his full-length portrait for us, tail and all; and while Milton himself has rarely conceived any thing grander than his picture of the heathen gods fleeing from the presence of the infant Christ, the sublimity of his conception is certainly not enhanced by the accompanying picture of a stampede of horned cattle over a precipice, panic-stricken by a cathedral-window design of the infant Jesus. In contrast with these allegorical pictures are several that are very good, as Mr. Moore's illustration of "Nature," after Durer, and Mr. Small's more elaborate interpretation of "Peace." The "Nativity" and the "Shepherds" afford a new treatment to old and hackneyed themes; and the "birds of calm," "brooding on the charmed wave," is a perfect picture of repose.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING is more than a popular poet; she is almost a personal friend. Her great host of readers will welcome the three new editions of her *Poetical Works*, which Mr. James Miller issues, and will yet more rejoice in the indication they afford of their favorite author's popularity. For no one *likes* Mrs. Browning. She is passionately admired, or she is an unsolved enigma. She has no lukewarm readers. To illustrate her poems is a matter of the greatest difficulty. Her thoughts are too subtile for the modern artist. The illustrations in the Red-Line edition before us, which comprises all her poems in one volume, are well chosen and delicately executed. We do not know whether they have been especially drawn for this volume, but there is only one which we recognize as having seen heretofore.

The Library of Poetry and Song (J. B. Ford and Co.) contains one-fifth more than Dana's somewhat similar collection, and may be considered one of the most complete in the English language. The poems are arranged according to topics, but include illustrations of the whole range of English poetry from the time of Chaucer to the present day. Though the actual labor of compilation was not performed by Mr. Bryant, he has revised the work of the compiler, casting out what he thought unworthy, and inserting others in their place; and he has added an interesting, though too brief, critical review of English poets and poetry. The illustrations are fair, the typography excellent, and, as a whole, the book will serve the purpose for which Mr. Bryant implies it was prepared: "The parlor table and the winter fireside require a book which, when one is in the humor for reading poetry, and knows not what author to take up, will supply exactly what he wants."

A smaller collection, but much more richly illustrated, is *Songs of Home* (Charles Scribner and Co.), a second volume in the series, the first of which, "Songs of Life," was published last year. The selection of poetry is very good, and the illustrations, almost all of them, of more than average merit. We recognize Mr. Hennessey's invariable heroine in two of his three contributions. We do not believe that naval architecture ever accomplished the like of the ship with which Mr. Fenn ornaments "The Fishermen." And though there is unmistakable genius in the imitation of an old bass-relief in "The Shepherd to his Love," the effect is more striking than pleasant. But these pictures are more than counterbalanced by some exquisite landscapes by Harry Fenn (no French or English artist could have excelled his "First Snow Fall," for instance), by four outline sketches of Mr. Meffert, which are full of rare life and spirit, by Hoppin's sketch of "Hannah Binding Shoes," and by the general appearance of the entire book, which is exceedingly creditable to American art.

Mr. BRYANT'S *Song of the Sower* (D. Appleton and Co.), is a song to illustrate. From beginning to end it is a succession of beautiful pictures; for it is a poem of nature, not of passion, and traces the history of the grain through all its future life of beneficence toward the workman in field and wood and street, and toward the wanderer on sea and land. One might almost say of these forty-two engravings that they are designed by Mr. Bryant, but drawn on wood by Fenn, Griswold, Hennessey, and Hows. We have rarely seen a poem so elaborately illustrated in which there was so little which seemed forced or unnatural; there are, indeed, only two or three pictures which we would omit. It is impossible to speak in detail of particular pictures, but we can not forbear a word of admiration for Hows's charming picture of "Peace," with the bird making its nest in the cannon's mouth.

We have been somewhat perplexed to determine where *Mother Goose in her New Dress* (Porter and Coates) belongs. But since the originals were drawn by the daughter of Chief Justice Chase for her father, we think we are

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justified in classing it with books for the parlor rather than for the nursery. It comprises fourteen chromos, illustrative, with two exceptions, of familiar verses from Mother Goose. The book is somewhat of a novelty in art, and deserves to prove a popular and successful one, being a very attractive addition to that small but useful class of literature, of which every parlor should have a supply, made to lie on the centre-table and while away the otherwise wasted moments of callers waiting for the procrastinating hostess, or to entertain a group of friends when conversation flags on the current topics of politics and the weather. With one or two exceptions, as the clouds in the second picture and the fire in the fourth, the chromos are exceedingly well done, and in many of the pictures there is a remarkable amount of expression in the faces, and of significance in the action. Miss CHASE has exhibited a positive talent for humorous drawing, which is so rare that the American public can not afford to have it confined to the entertainment of private personal friends; and we hope, now that Mr. Jay Cooke has introduced her to the public—for it is through his instrumentality the pictures have been published—we may meet her again, and often.

Harper and Brothers publish a very tasteful edition of Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, edited, with notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly head master of the High School, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Rolfe's object is stated to be "to edit this English classic for school and home reading in essentially the same way as Greek and Latin classics are edited for educational purposes." The notes are brief, but clear and to the point, and will be useful to the ordinary reader as well as to the student. The volume is prefaced by a brief biographical sketch of Shakspeare, which contains several illustrations, and by several critiques on this play or on leading characters in it. The work will prove not only useful as a school-book, but, if we are not very much mistaken, a favorite as well in the parlor.

Fields, Osgood, and Co. send us that incomparable poem in prose of CHARLES DICKENS, *The Child's Dream of a Star*. Whoever doubts whether Mr. Dickens, as an author, possessed and taught religious faith, let him read this vision of the "many mansions." The theme is a very difficult one to illustrate, and it is not surprising that the artist falls somewhat below the poet's imagination. The star is rather overpowering in one or two cases, and the angels are unpleasantly ghostly; but the terrestrial pictures are exceedingly pretty.—*Winter Poems*, by the same house, is made up of selections from Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, and Emerson. As only a few sheets are before us, we can not judge of the selection. The larger pictures are artistic, both in design and execution, though some of the smaller ones are rather unmeaning. They also promise, in time for the holidays, what we have long wanted to see, the *Complete Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell*, in one volume, with sixteen illustrations and a portrait.—We receive, too late for more than brief mention, the illustrated catalogue of Cassel, Petter, and Galpin, which is itself a handsome book of engravings. On their list are most of Doré's best-known works, several translations from the French of illustrated books of travel and of popular science, and a large array of children's books.

One or two lesser works we group together: *Puck's Nightly Pranks* (Roberts Brothers), illustrated in silhouette by PAUL KONEWKA with the same sprightliness and grace which characterized his illustrations of "Midsummer Night's Dream" last year; DRAKE'S *Culprit Fay* (G. W. Carleton), with illustrations by Arthur Lumley, one sheet of which only is before us, enough, however, to indicate that the book will probably be in its illustrations as much a gem as in its poetry; and the *Sunnyside Book* (G. P. Putnam and Son), a collection of various papers in prose and poetry, reprinted from previous publications, and containing pen sketches by such authors as Bryant, George William Curtis, E. C. Stedman, and Bayard Taylor, and pencil sketches by such artists as Hows, Darley, and Huntington.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

THE season produces several collections of fairy stories. *The Household Stories* of the Brothers GRIMM is too well known to need commendation. Mr. James Miller issues a new edition, with illustrations, which are very spirited, and some of them genuinely humorous.—*Enchanting and Enchanted* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is a collection of stories translated from the German by Mrs. WISTER. They are very fair, though not exceptionally excellent, and seem to us to lack vivacity.—Perhaps this was because we read them just after *Puss-Cat Mew* (Harper and Brothers). This was hardly fair; for, of all stories for children we have ever read, we think this collection to be the cheeriest, sprightliest, and most vivacious. Humor is not ordinarily characteristic of fairy stories, or is at best of the most grotesque description. But these stories are told in a certain rollicking style, and with a curious admixture of the affairs and language of everyday life with that of the fairy world, which is very funny. The description, in the story of "The Four Pigs," of their housekeeping, is a capital example of a good grotesque. The covert moral in the stories does not hurt their artistic effect; rather helps it.—James Miller publishes a sumptuous edition of *Popular Fairy Tales*, illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ, whose genius is peculiarly adapted to the quaint, queer, and often grotesque fancies of the old fairy tales.—There are some announcements, too, of other fairy stories, among which we note *The Merman and the Figure-Head*, *How Nelly Found the Fairies*, THACKERAY'S *Christmas Books of Mr. M. A. Titmarsh*, by Lippincott; and in connection with which we should perhaps mention HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S *Stories and Tales*, by Hurd and Houghton.

In addition to "Puss-Cat Mew," Harper and Brothers issue a *History of Louis XIV.*, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, uniform with the red histories. The theme is one of romantic interest, and, curiously, one about which very little is known, even by those who are tolerably well read in history. We do not see that Mr. Abbott's pen has lost any thing of its graphic and piquant power since he and his brother first began this now famous series of histories.—By the aid of the same house M. PAUL DU CHAILLU comes forward this season with another addition to his series of African books, which has made his name "familiar as a household word" with Young

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America. It is called *My Apingi Kingdom*, and tells how he attempted to introduce the arts of civilization among a tribe of Africans with whom he lived for many months in peace and security. Like the preceding volumes of this series, "My Apingi Kingdom" is written in an easy, pleasant, conversational style, without the slightest straining after effect. The narrative is enlivened with stirring accounts of hunting adventures, humorous stories illustrating the manners and customs of the strange people with whom he lived, and the book is embellished with many spirited wood-engravings. It will doubtless be quite as popular with young readers as were the preceding volumes.

Lee and Shepard's publications are very numerous and of very unequal merit, including some of the best and some of the poorest in the market. Unfortunately, with the children as with their seniors, the best are not always the most popular. *Letters Everywhere* is a most charming little volume, and exquisitely illustrated. Each picture contains, rather constitutes, a letter, and each accompanying rhyme and story ring the changes on it; and so the author goes through the alphabet from A to Z, giving a charming lesson on every letter, with a picture, a song, and a story. It is just the thing to get for Charlie, and to read to him, especially if the alphabet comes a little hard.—*The House on Wheels* is a story, from the French, of the experience of a disobedient boy, who, as a consequence of his disobedience, was carried off by the gipsies, among whom he lived for eighteen months. The story is fascinating, even to older readers, and the illustrations are full of spirit; but the transformation wrought in Adalbert's character is of the sort that rarely occurs except in children's story-books.—*The Boys of Grand Pré School* is characterized by the wild rollicking humor of the author of the "Dodge Club." It teaches no moral lesson, nor any other, but it will give the boys a hearty laugh, and, if it does not set them at trying on each other some of the practical jokes it recounts, it will do them no harm.—*The Maid of Ox-Bow* is a quite harmless and not unnatural tale, not remarkable for either good or bad qualities.—*Little Folks Astray*, one of "Prudy's Flyaway Stories," is a worthy successor of the "Little Prudy" and "Doty Dimple" series. It is entertaining, without aspiring to be instructive.—Mr. KELLOGG continues the "Elm Island Stories" by *The Hard Scrabble of Elm Island*. The present volume, the sixth in the series, brings the adventurers home, and their adventures to an end.—*The Proverb Series* is a collection of stories very well told, and supposed to illustrate certain popular proverbs. They are none the worse for the fact that the authoress gets frequently far away from her text, as popular preachers are wont to do.—*The Social Stage* is a collection of plays for parlor theatricals and school exhibitions. We have no faith in either; but if they must be we think the "Dialogues from Dickens," published last year by the same house, a much better collection.—Sensationalism in grown folks' novels is bad enough, but it is in vain to cry out against Charles Reade, or even Sylvanus Cobb, while we feed our children on such highly seasoned diet as *Pinks and Blues*, Oliver Optic's *Bear and Forbear*, *Charley and Eva Roberts' Home in the West*, or even Mrs. SAMUELS's *Springdale Stories*. Robbers, smugglers, counterfeiters, and murderers carry the heroes and heroines through a series of adventures that are only saved from being sensational by being stupid. That children read such stories with avidity is not surprising; but what possesses parents to purchase them, and Sunday-schools to give them circulation? Of these books the "Springdale Series," in six volumes, is the least objectionable, and affords some compensation for its absurd story of the smuggler's cave, and its grotesque travesty on Eton, by really giving some useful information, and endeavoring, with some success, to point a moral.

This sort of literature is the more inexcusable since there is no lack of what is at once really good and far more interesting. There is more to interest, more to healthfully excite the sensibilities, in such a book as *Misunderstood* (Randolph) than in all of Oliver Optic's romances put together. We defy any one, with ordinary sensibility, to read the first half of this book without laughter; we pity him who could read the close without tears. The death of little Paul Dombey is not more genuinely and simply pathetic than that of little Humphrey. If we have a fault to find with the book, it is that the story is too sad.—The same house publish a charming little story, *Little Threads*, by the author of the "Susy Books." We can award it no higher praise than to say that it is quite as good as its predecessors.

Dodd and Mead send us some books which in external appearance, as well as in literary qualities, show a commendable desire to raise the standard of Sunday-school literature. The last two volumes of the *Juno Series* are quite equal to the first ones, and to our thought quite as good as any thing Mr. JACOB ABBOTT has ever written, which is saying a great deal. Like all Mr. Abbott's stories they are as interesting and as useful to the parents as to the children; and that, after all, is the true test of either book or speech for the little ones.—The *Rollo and Lucy Books of Poetry*, by the same author, are old friends, but come to us in a new and very tasteful dress. They contain, with enough of jingle that is not mere nonsense, a good deal of really meritorious poetry. The popularity of the series has been attested in our own household, where little hands have almost utterly used up the first edition.—*Nelly's Dark Days*, by the author of "Jessica's Prayer," is a very affecting temperance tale, alas! too true to nature.—*Labor Stands on Golden Feet* is a German tale of work and love, such as only Germany could produce; a book not written for boys, yet a boy's book.—*Geoffrey the Lollard* is an historical tale of the germ of the English Reformation in the fourteenth century. The romance rather runs away with the history; but that is quite according to the law of historical romances generally.—A somewhat analogous story, taken, however, from the German, is the *Iron Age of Germany* (from the press of the Lutheran Board), a tale of the Thirty Years' War. Dr. KRAUTH has added a very useful and well-written résumé of this era of religious history.

With the numerous children's books which we receive from the house of Robert Carter and Brothers we have no other fault to find than

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that which Paul found with the Athenians—they are apt to be in all respects "too religious." This is emphatically true of *Freddy Fighting his Way*, and no less so of *Little Primrose*. The former talks like a half-blown theologian, and we quite agree with naughty Edgar and his impious mamma, who "don't like such stuff for children." The moral of the latter's early death is, take care that you be not "too good for this world."—The kind of religion that is taught in *Rosa Marbury*, a tale of New England life, is much better. It hits off the cold and selfish religionist in Aunt Fanny very happily. We hope the Aunt Fannys will read it.—Still better is the *Drayton Hall Series*, the object of the writer of which is to illustrate the beatitudes, which he does very happily.—*The Floweret Series*, in illustration and enforcement of the ten commandments, is brought to an end. It is a capital series for young children.—*What She Could*, by the author of the "Wide, Wide World," is characteristically a Sabbath-school book, not remarkable for any thing but the sprightliness of its dialogue.—*Conant Farm*, which clothes the plot of a novel in the style of a child's book, is rather young for the one and rather old for the other.—*Down the Steps* is a story of gradual degradation, leading at last to reformation. Whether it is worth while to lead boys "down the steps," even in fiction, we somewhat doubt. —The title of *Lives and Deeds Worth Knowing About* is a correct description of the book. The subjects are all Christian workers, who ought to be better known than they are, and their stories are here very well told.

From Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger we receive the *Adventures of Big-Foot Wallace*, a book of wild Texan frontier life, which the author has done well to keep clear from the vulgarity which often disfigures such books.—In *The Castaways* (Sheldon and Co.) Captain Mayne Reid, under the guise of a rather highly wrought story of quite improbable adventure, somewhat of the Robinson Crusoe order, manages to give his readers a good deal of useful information about life and nature in the Malay Archipelago.—There is a peculiar charm in the Scandinavian writers which pervades the little book of stories from the Northland entitled, *The Flying Mail* (Francis, Sever, and Co.). It is not, characteristically, a book for children, but the older ones will read it with interest.—Of *Black Peter* (Hurd and Houghton), a book of rhymes from the German, with pictures in silhouette by Paul Konewka, we have only a single sheet. The artist's name is an assurance that the pictures will be artistic.—From E. P. Dutton and Co. we have an English edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, with colored pictures which are very poor, and *Curious Facts about Animals*, with wood-engravings which are tolerably good; and from Lippincott a bound volume of *Good Words for the Young*, a volume of agreeable reading, largely stories; *Good Stories*, a collection made from the pages of *Good Words for the Young*; and *Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood*, by George MacDonald, reprinted from the same magazine. The latter is an admirable story. The illustrations in these three volumes, all of the same style, possess considerable power, but no grace, and are very good specimens of what, in our judgment, is a very poor school of art.

On the whole, taking the books before us as fair samples of what the year 1871 has in store for the little folks, we are inclined to congratulate ourselves and our readers on the fact, apparent, that abundant criticism is beginning to produce some result, and that, both in literary and art qualities, children's literature is undergoing a change greatly for the better. Albeit there is still abundant room for improvement in the future.

The many readers of *Harper's Weekly* will be glad to learn that a new Department has been recently instituted in that journal, entitled "Scientific Intelligence." This Department has been committed to the charge of the distinguished author of "The Scientific Record," which has very materially increased the value of each Number of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. The new Department in the *Weekly* will contain early notices of the most interesting movements throughout the world, but especially in the United States, in the way of Scientific Exploration, discoveries in Archæology and Natural History, and other indications of scientific progress.

Editor's Scientific Record.

NATURE OF THE SUN'S CORONA.

Mr. PROCTOR, in a recent article upon the solar eclipse of December 22, 1870, remarks that especial effort will probably be directed toward the solution of the problems connected with the character of the sun's corona; and he sums up in a few words the different hypotheses that have been heretofore presented on the subject. These assign to the corona very different positions in space. The first places the corona around the sun, the second around the moon, and the third in our own atmosphere. Whichever of these may be considered as established, we shall have three different degrees of magnitude and importance to assign to the corona. If it be a solar appendage, its extent exceeds that of any body within the solar system, save, perhaps, one or two of the most remarkable comets; if belonging to the moon, it is relatively insignificant, but still has a volume far exceeding that of the earth; lastly, if confined within the bounds of our atmosphere, it no longer is to be considered as possessing any real existence any more than the beam of light which shines through the clouds can be regarded as an actually existent, measurable mass. These hypotheses he discusses in their order, and finds reason to consider them all untenable; and finally presents a different view from any, namely, that the corona consists of some sort of matter, whether separate solid or liquid bodies, vaporous masses, or groups in which solid or liquid

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bodies are intermixed with vaporous masses, traveling round the sun. From this conclusion he sees no escape, should the others be rejected; to his mind there being no remaining proposition that can be presented on the subject. He therefore waits with much interest the result of the experiments which will be prosecuted with the direct object of testing the question—with a calm assurance, however, that his suggestion will be the one ultimately substantiated.

POISONOUS SERPENTS IN AUSTRALIA.

Although the number of poisonous serpents in North America is sufficiently great to render it a matter of considerable uncertainty to the unlearned whether any given individual is likely to prove dangerous or not, we may congratulate ourselves at being better off than the Australians. In the recently published catalogue of the serpents of that country by Dr. Krefft, of Sydney, we find enumerated about eighty-three species, of which only twenty-three are non-venomous. Of the sixty poisonous kinds fifteen are sea snakes, which are frequently encountered when bathing. The total number of serpents catalogued as occurring in America, north of Mexico, is about one hundred and fifty, of which only twenty-three are in any way poisonous.

HERMIT CRABS CLIMBING TREES.

Most of our readers accustomed to the sea are familiar with the so-called hermit crabs, and their habit of taking possession of dead univalve shells, into which they retreat when disturbed, and which they carry around with them from place to place. In the United States these crabs are seldom of large size, on our Northern coast the largest finding their homes in the winkle or *Pyrula*; but in the East Indies they occupy still larger abodes, and are said to be in the habit of climbing stunted trees and devouring the eggs and young of the gannets and frigate pelicans.

DANGER FROM USING THE WASTE GAS OF FURNACES.

Attention has just been called by Dr. Percy, an eminent metallurgist, to the danger of using waste gas from the blast furnace. A principal ingredient of this gas, as is well known, consists of carbonic oxide, the inhalation of which, in very small quantities, whether pure or mixed with air, is sufficient to destroy life. The employment of the waste gas of blast furnaces for heating steam-boilers, etc., is extending daily, and Dr. Percy fears that deaths from its inhalation may become frequent, unless those who use it are fully aware of its physiological action. Numerous cases of poisoning of this kind are already on record.

PURIFICATION OF OLIVE-OIL.

The best quality of olive-oil is refined by preparing large, shallow tin boxes, with holes pierced in the bottom, which is then covered with a thin sheet of wadding. Four, five, or more of these boxes are placed on frames one above the other; and the oil being poured in at the top box, soaks through the wadding and drops to the next box, and thus on to the last, when it is allowed to run off into tanks. The wadding absorbs all the thick particles contained in the oil when it comes from the mills, and leaves it perfectly clear and tasteless. Oil thus refined is almost exclusively exported to Nice, where it is put into bottles, and sent all over the world as "Huile de Nice." Although we buy this oil in bottles, in Italy it is sold by weight. The total amount of this "Huile de Nice" exported from Oneglia in 1868 amounted to 121,822 hundred-weight.

CHANGING THE COLORS OF THE FLOWERS OF THE HYDRANGEA.

Some of our readers may not be familiar with the readiness with which the color of the flowers of the common garden hydrangea can be altered artificially. If a sixth part of iron filings be mixed with the earth in which the plant is grown, it will frequently, although not always, change from its original pink color to a light blue. A cutting, however, taken from the plant thus changed, and grown without iron filings, reverts to its previous color.

PHILLIP CARBO-OXYGEN LAMP.

A new artificial light, known as the Phillip Carbo-Oxygen Lamp, is said to possess many important advantages over the ordinary means of illumination, and bids fair to come, before long, into very general use, its advantages over all others consisting in its simplicity, its brilliancy, and the less noxious character of the products of combustion. The light is generated by the simultaneous combustion of a certain liquid chemical compound and of a current of oxygen, arrangements for the purpose being constructed in a suitable lamp. The gas is derived from the atmosphere, either by chemical or mechanical means. The liquid consists of a hydro-carbon, which costs but little, burns economically, and can be employed only in this particular direction. The combustion is maintained in a lamp fitted with a wick, into the flame of which the oxygen penetrates in a horizontal direction. The flame is thus made to assume the form of a star, and any heating of the wick-holder is thereby prevented. The quantity of gas consumed is about 5½ cubic feet per hour. Fed with air containing 53 per cent. of oxygen only, a light is obtained in this lamp equal in brilliancy to that from pure oxygen, and equivalent to 90 or 100 candles, or ten times that of an ordinary gas jet. This lamp is said to possess the important quality of perfect security, no explosion being in any way possible. Among the applications of this lamp it is stated to be extremely well adapted to photographic purposes.

TESTING ADULTERATION OF MILK.

In a recent report by Professor Chandler, of Columbia College, upon the quality of the milk supply of New York, it is stated, as the result of numerous experiments made in his official capacity as chemist to the Board of Health, that the milk used is generally free from injurious adulteration and untainted with disease, but mixed with water in the proportion of one quart to every three quarts of milk. The quantity of water thus paid for as milk, at ten cents per quart, costs consumers about $12,000 a day, or over four and a quarter millions of dollars annually. In view of this fact it is important to have some simple method of testing the amount of this adulteration, which, according to Professor Chandler, may be done by taking the specific gravity of

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the milk and determining the amount of water it contains by evaporating a weighed sample to dryness. Assuming the specific gravity of pure milk to be from about 1.029 to 1.032, whenever the gravity falls much below this the milk may be considered as adulterated with water. Dr. Davies, however, dissents from this statement, and asserts that the specific gravity can not be relied upon as a test either of freedom from adulteration or of natural richness. A sample known to him as perfectly pure and of excellent quality, rich in the solid constituents of milk, and especially butter, possessed a specific gravity of only 1.0246. He therefore concludes that the specific gravity test does not indicate whether the milk is naturally poor or has been rendered so by the addition of water. Cases have even been known of pure milk containing 90 per cent. of water. Dr. Davies therefore recommends as a test to show whether the milk has been purposely diluted with water, and if so to what extent, to take the specific gravity of the serum, or the liquid portion of the milk from which the caseine and fat have been removed by coagulation and straining. The gravity of this he finds to be remarkably constant, and ranging, in that obtained from pure milk, from 1.026 to 1.028. By carefully ascertaining the specific gravity of the serum of thin milk, diluted with various quantities of water, we may obtain a standard of comparison which will enable us to say within a few per cent. what quantity of water has been added to any given sample of milk that may come to our notice.

PHOTOGRAPHING ON WOOD FOR ENGRAVING.

The use of photography in transferring a picture upon wood, as preliminary to the work of the wood engraver, is rapidly extending, although the best method of doing this is a secret confined to a few persons. One of the best ways of accomplishing the desired result is said to be indicated in the following statement, which we borrow from a London contemporary: The block on which the picture is to be made is first dampened with water, then whitened with enamel rubbed from the surface of good enameled visiting cards. Rub gently, removing only the enamel; after which brush the block smooth, with a moderately stiff brush, from right to left and up and down, making a smooth, even, and very thin surface. Allow this to dry, after which it is to be flowed with a solution of albumen, made with the white of one egg and 16 ounces of water. When dry it may be coated with a second albumen solution. Take white of one egg, water 4 ounces, chloride of ammonia 40 grains. Beat the whole to a thick froth. Allow to subside, then decant or filter through a fine sponge placed in a glass funnel. Pour a sufficient quantity on one corner of the block to cover it when spread around with the edge of a strip of glass. Let the surplus solution drain back into the bottle, and dry the film by a gentle heat. Now take of ether 1 ounce, alcohol 1 ounce, gun-cotton 8 grains, nitrate of silver 30 grains, dissolved in as small a quantity of water as possible, and allowed to settle for a few days, protected from the light. Flow the block of wood with this solution in the dark room, and dry by gentle heat. It is now ready for exposure under the negative. A porcelain printing-frame, or any other suitable method, may be used to print it. After printing dissolve off the film with ether and alcohol, assisted by rubbing gently with a soft sponge. The picture can now be toned and fixed in the ordinary way, or fixed and toned at one operation by the hypo and gold bath. After being allowed to dry it is ready for the engraver.

ALCOHOL FROM LICHENS.

The use of lichens and marine algæ as a substitute for grain in the preparation of spirits appears to be extending in Europe, especially in countries like Sweden and Norway, in which these plants abound, and in which the cereals are raised with difficulty. The general process consists in converting the cellulose of the plant into glucose by boiling with from 7 to 10 per cent. of the weight of the mass of hydrochloric acid by the aid of steam. The acid is then saturated with chalk, and the saccharine matter brought to fermentation. Twenty pounds of the lichen will, it is asserted, yield five litres of spirit, containing 50 per cent. of alcohol.

CULTIVATION OF CINCHONA-TREE IN JAMAICA.

In view of the fact that the cinchona-tree, from which Peruvian bark and quinine are obtained, is becoming rapidly exterminated in South America, in consequence of the reckless manner in which the bark is gathered, it is gratifying to learn that the efforts of the British government to cultivate the plant artificially in its colonies are meeting with so much success. Large plantations are now profitably cultivated in India and Ceylon, and we learn that the experiment in Jamaica, lately commenced, has proved entirely satisfactory. The plants were first introduced into that island in 1866, and had increased to such an extent by the close of 1867 that it became necessary to set them out on a large scale. For this purpose 600 acres were prepared in the Blue Mountains, at an elevation above the sea of from 4000 to 6000 feet, where the soil is said to be admirably adapted to the requirements of the plant. Forty acres were first cleared and filled with the cinchonas in the course of a year; about 20,000 plants, of five different species, being set out. These are said to have stood one of the dryest seasons ever known on the island without suffering in the least, and there seems to be no doubt that the plant can be successfully reared in Jamaica.

PURIFICATION OF IRON BY SODIUM.

A method recently suggested for freeing iron from its deleterious impurities consists in first forming an alloy of the iron with one of the alkaline metals, either sodium or potassium, which is done by forcing the vapor of either into a mass of molten iron. To do this with the pure metal would, of course, be inexpedient, on account of the expense; but the same result may, it is said, be obtained by saturating the coal or coke used to reduce the iron with a solution of carbonate of soda, and drying it before it goes into the furnace, or by adding common salt to the fluxing materials. Sodium will, it is asserted, enter into combination with the iron in either case. This, perhaps, is somewhat questionable. The alloy, when prepared, is to be melted, and a current of moist air, or moist carbonic oxide, sent

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through it. Decomposition ensues, and the alkaline metal combines readily with any metalloid, such as silicon, sulphur, or phosphorus, removing them from their mixture, and leaving a pure iron under some circumstances, and pure steel under others.

GERMAN METHOD OF REFINING PARAFFINE.

A German method of refining paraffine consists in pouring the crude material into an ordinary mixing apparatus provided with a steam-jacket, to which the steam is supplied to keep the contents warm. The cover of this mixing apparatus is made to close securely, to prevent any possible loss of alcohol; and it is connected with a condenser so arranged as to condense the alcohol as it evaporates, and return it to the mixing apparatus, after the manner of an inverted Liebig condenser. This apparatus is provided at the bottom with a cock for running off fluid substances. The mixing is best accomplished by means of a stirrer in the form of a screen or sieve. The alcoholic lye should be freshly prepared before each operation.

ANTIFLAMINE.

A preparation known as antiflamine has recently been brought into notice in Paris for the purpose of extinguishing fire in case of accident. It consists of aluminous and magnesian silicates reduced to fine powder, and dried at 212° Fahr., 700 parts by weight; chloride of magnesium in crystals, 200 parts; sulphate of soda, 50 parts; chloride of lime, 50 parts; and tartaric acid, 1 part=1001. The article is supplied in a pulverulent form, and is perfectly soluble in water. It is proposed to mix it with the water in the fire-engines, the effect of which, it is claimed, is to lower the temperature, and to surround the burning material with gases which will not support combustion.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF NORTH AMERICA IN THE PLIOCENE PERIOD.

In a review by Mr. Boyd Dawkins of Professor Leidy's recent great work on the fossil mammals of North America, while discussing the distribution of animal life in America during the pliocene period, he shows that it furnishes important information in regard to the physical geography of the continent at that period. Thus the absence of edentata, as well as of the opossum, and of the South American forms of rodents, implies that North America was separated from South America by an impassable barrier — this, of course, being water. At that time the Isthmus of Panama probably did not exist, so as to form a bridge connecting the two lands, over which animals could cross. On the other hand, however, the genera belonging to the basin of the upper Missouri indicate an unmistakable inroad of animal forms from some other region. Thus the deer, the mastodon, the elephant, the hipparion, and the horse, together with the wolf, could only have been derived from Europe and Asia, with which there was evidently a connection during both the pliocene and miocene epochs. During the quaternary period this separation from South America no longer existed, and the South American forms seem to extend northward to a considerable distance in North America, thus showing the period of the elevation of the Isthmus of Panama to have been a portion of the post-pliocene or quaternary period. With all this, however, no barrier seems to have existed between North America and what we now call the Old World, since many forms continued to be common to both, such as the bisons, horses, moose, mammoth, musk-ox, etc.; and we are, therefore, entitled to assume that North America was separated from Asia, at Behring Straits, during a comparatively recent period. From the evidence adduced in Dr. Leidy's work we see an additional illustration of the fact that certain forms which belong to a given formation in Europe continued during a succeeding formation in America after having become extinct in Europe. Thus, while various European miocene genera occur in the American pliocene, so the mastodon and hipparion, which died out in the European pliocene, existed in America during the post-pliocene. And again, the musk-ox of the post-pliocene of Europe, now extinct there, still exists, living in abundance, in arctic America. Illustrations of this law are familiar to paleontologists both in the animal and vegetable world, in some instances being based upon specific identities, and in others upon generic relationships.

FLUID ALLOY OF SODIUM AND POTASSIUM.

It is stated that if 4 parts of sodium are mixed with 2½ of potassium, the alloy will have exactly the appearance and consistency of mercury, remaining liquid at the ordinary temperature of the air.

CHINESE USE OF ARSENIC IN AGRICULTURE.

Arsenic is said to be used in China for the purpose of preserving the young and tender roots of plants from the attacks of field-mice and other vermin, which application is said, in addition, to exercise a favorable influence upon the growth of the plant and its yield of fruit.

GRAFTING OF PART OF ONE ANIMAL IN ANOTHER.

Many curious accounts have been published of the readiness with which the living portion of one animal can be grafted into the body of another, and continue to grow indefinitely afterward, so as to constitute an integral portion of the latter. An interesting case of this kind has just been published by Mr. Phillipeaux, although the experiment itself was made nearly twenty years ago. The gentleman in question, after having made an incision in the head of a young cock, introduced into it the incisor tooth of a Guinea-pig that had been born a few hours previously, and which, complete and furnished with its bulb, was so placed that, the bulb being at the bottom of the wound, the extremity of the tooth turned outward. On the day the experiment was made the tooth was eight millimetres long and two millimetres thick, and when the animal was killed, ten months afterward, the total length of the tooth was found to measure thirteen millimetres. While at the beginning of the experiment the tooth was completely embedded in the incision made, at the expiration of the period mentioned it projected five millimetres from the surface. The interest of this experiment consists in the fact of a graft having been made from one animal to another of an entirely

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different class, which, of course, is more astonishing than the transfer of the spur of a cock to its comb, as made by Hunter and Sir Astley Cooper, or the amusing operation, said to have been performed by some French Zouaves, of introducing the end of the tail of a rat into the skin of the forehead, and after keeping it in that position until the juncture had taken place, cutting off a portion of the tail and leaving it to project from the forehead like a horn; thus producing an animal of such an extraordinary physiognomy as to have deluded a naturalist into the belief that he had before him a remarkable new form of rodent.

POISON GLAND OF AN EAST INDIAN SERPENT.

We are most of us familiar with the structure of the poison glands in the American serpents, as illustrated in the rattlesnake and copper-head. These, as is well known, lie on each side of the head, and give to it a peculiar breadth as compared with the narrow neck, and show unmistakably the venomous nature of any given specimen. In a certain form of East Indian serpent, however, the *Callophis intestinalis*, these glands extend from the head for about one-third of the entire length of the body, lying free in their cavity, and causing the heart to occupy a place greatly posterior to its usual position in other species of snakes.

PEGGING LOBSTER CLAWS.

Humanitarians in England have lately been considerably exercised on the subject of pegging the claws of lobsters, in the fish-market, to prevent their injuring the incautious by-stander; and it has been claimed that such a practice tends not only to give great pain to the animals, but also, by the laceration of the flesh, to induce a morbid condition of the system, and thus cause disease to persons eating them. It is asserted, in this connection, that many of the cases of poisoning from eating the flesh of these animals are traceable directly to this condition. To this statement a rejoinder is made, however, that when a crab or lobster finds one of its members injured, it has the power of shedding it at will, and that if much disturbance or distress were caused by the pegging in question, the remedy referred to would be applied. Formal complaint against the practice has been laid before the Lord Mayor of London, who has promised to have a careful investigation made, upon which he will issue his decision as to the legal practice for the future. The same custom exists largely in the United States, although we are not aware that the suggestion has been made that any unwholesome condition is thereby produced in the flesh.

NEW SITE FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Our naturalist readers will be interested to learn that a definite movement has at last been made by the British government for the separation of the natural history from the literary department of the British Museum. In view of the enormous accumulation of specimens in that world-renowned establishment, rendering it impossible to exhibit more than a very small fraction to advantage in the buildings at present occupied by it, this move has been urged over and over again, and finally with success. A plot of ground, sixteen and a half acres in extent, formerly occupied by the international exhibition of 1851, has been selected. This was originally sold to the British government for $35,000 an acre; but from its increase in value since that time it is now estimated to be worth about $1,200,000. The buildings to be first erected are to occupy four acres, the cost to be about $1,700,000; and a small grant has been asked for the present year for the purpose of clearing the ground preliminary to future operations. It is possible that the proposed new museum of patents will be erected on the same plot, although this has not yet been decided upon positively.

SYSTEMATIC POSITION OF PTERODACTYLS.

The precise position of the pterodactyls, or the so-called fossil or flying dragons, has been a subject of much discussion among paleontologists, some referring them to the reptiles, and others to the birds; while others again have considered them as belonging to a distinct type of creation intermediate between the two. Professor Seeley, of Cambridge, who has recently given the subject a very critical examination, sums up the evidence by saying that the pterodactyls had a nervous system of the bird type; they had a kind of brain which exists only in association with a four-celled heart and hot blood, which it would necessarily produce; and with that respiratory organization is always associated a brain of the type that the pterodactyl is found to possess. Therefore he concludes that the general plan of the most important of the soft structures was similar to that of living birds. He finds, however, that these characteristics are associated with such a diversity of other details as to vindicate the propriety of placing them in a new group, of equal value with birds, and called *Onithosauria*.

ETYMOLOGY OF THE NAME "HORSE-CHESTNUT."

Considerable speculation has been expended in regard to the derivation of the term "horse-chestnut," any apparent connection between the fruit and the animal being, to say the least, very remote. It is now suggested that the name was originally "harsh-chestnut," as expressive of its peculiar bitter, acrid taste. The same derivation is also given for the horse-radish. Another equally plausible derivation is that of the term "horse" being applied to indicate some unusually large and strong form, as the horse-clam, etc.

PERTUISET POWDER.

A new kind of powder, invented by Mr. Pertuiset, has recently excited much attention in consequence of its enormously explosive power when used to fill projectiles. In one instance a target was prepared by fastening two plates, one of four and a half inches, and the other of four and three-fourths inches in thickness, to a backing of ten inches of wood, followed by an iron skin of one and a half inches, and with twelve inches of oak behind this. A gun of eight inches calibre was loaded, first, with a solid projectile, and fired at the target, simply indenting its face. A shell filled with the powder was then fired; and not only broke the iron plate and damaged the backing, but dislodged a mass of iron twenty-two inches by fifteen. A second shot struck on the sound plate, and besides destroying the iron,

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so smashed the backing as to render the target unfit for further experiments. In another experiment a small explosive bullet was fired from an Adams 6-ounce pocket-revolver at the forehead of an old horse. A small gray smoke was seen to escape from the wound, and the animal fell completely dead. On examining the wound it was found that the skull was split, a large piece of bone detached, and the brain behind completely destroyed, being only a mass of gray and white matter, devoid of consistency. When the loose matter was removed a hole was left seven inches long by six inches broad.

CONFUSION OF NAMES OF FISHES.

A writer in *Land and Water* expresses great astonishment at reading of the capture of a horse-mackerel near Newport, Rhode Island, weighing 500 pounds, and remarks that he has never seen a fish of this species in England weighing more than 6 pounds. We have here another instance of the confusion arising from the paucity of English names for objects of natural history, to which we have already referred. The fish in question was unquestionably the same as that called the tunny in Europe, a species attaining an enormous size, sometimes considerably exceeding that just mentioned. To what is called blue-fish in New York, and white-fish on the lower Hudson, is applied, on some parts of the coast of New Jersey, this same name of horse-mackerel, while on other portions of the coast of the same State it goes by the names of skip-jack and snap-mackerel; and it is known as tailor in Maryland and on the Southern coast.

RELATIONSHIPS OF PHYLLOXERA.

Among the insects most destructive to the vine, although but recently noticed, is a form known as the *Phylloxera vastatrix*, or vine-root louse, which has lately excited much attention in France from the amount of injury it bids fair to cause to the vineyards. This is found in the ground about the roots of the vine, on the leaves of which another form of louse has been observed considerably different in character. It has lately been announced that the two insects are in reality of the same species, and that the terrestrial form emerges ultimately from the soil provided with wings, and is carried by the wind upon the vine leaves, where it deposits its eggs. From these proceed numerous insects, which produce certain excrescences in the leaves, resembling the gall-nut, and these give birth to living young, which, in turn, repeat the operation for a number of generations, until the leaves begin to fall toward the end of September. At this time the insects descend to the roots, and establish themselves there. An important hint is thus furnished to the agriculturist in regard to getting rid of the new pest—namely, to carefully collect and destroy the vine leaves containing any form of nut-gall excrescences. The insect itself is believed to have been brought to Europe from America, and to occur in this country abundantly, although referred to under a different name.

LEAD-FOIL FOR DRESSING WOUNDS.

The use of lead-foil in the place of lint as an application for wounds and burns has been lately recommended in a communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences. The lead is made to adhere to the flesh by some glutinous substance, and it is said to have been highly beneficial in many cases where workmen were injured in factories. Lead is both cool and safe to the skin, and the sulphide of lead which is formed prevents putrefaction. One great recommendation is that the wound may be cooled without removing the lead by simply wetting the bandage with water, thus preventing the entrance of infected air and morbid germs.

SEGUIN COLLECTION OF FOSSIL MAMMALS.

Paleontologists are aware of a work on the fossil mammals of South America, published by a Frenchman named Seguin, and containing descriptions of various species of Megatherium, Megalonyx, Glyptodon, Chlamydotherium, Toxodon, etc. We learn from a paragraph in our exchanges that this entire collection—one of the finest ever made in the La Plata region—has been offered to the French government, on condition that it will refund the expenses incurred in gathering it, and defray the carriage to France. We presume that advantage will be taken of the offer, and the collection be ultimately carried to Paris.

SIMPLE MODE OF REARING MUSHROOMS.

An ingenious method of forcing the growth of mushrooms, so as to furnish a constant supply, has recently been devised by a Baron De Tincal. This gentleman places a number of little boxes in his stable, about three feet long and ten inches wide, arranged on shelves like those of a book-case, before which a thick curtain slides in order to keep out the light. He sows the spawn of the mushroom in a bed of compost of horse-dung, or dead leaves and vegetable earth well manured, and he has in this way a crop of mushrooms all the year round. The horses in the stalls are said to be none the worse for this process, and no unhealthy emanations have ever been remarked in the stables.

DETECTION OF LOGWOOD DYE IN WINE.

To detect logwood in wine it is only necessary, according to the *Journal de Pharmacie*, to place strips of good filtering paper in an aqueous solution of neutral acetate of copper, and then dry them. Wine suspected of coloration with logwood may be tested by dipping a slip of the prepared paper into it, and after removal allowing the adhering drop of wine to flow backward and forward over the paper, which is to be rapidly dried. If the wine be pure the color exhibited after drying will be gray or rose-red grayish; but if logwood be present the tint will be distinctly sky blue.

FUNGUS GROWTH ON INSECTS.

It is a comfort to know that insects, while developing to such an extent as to produce very serious injury and destruction to our interests, are themselves liable to attacks, which in time may destroy them, or render them comparatively innocuous. Among the most important of these agencies may be mentioned certain species of fungi, which occasionally attack insects like an epidemic. One of these, the mycelium of an *Empusa*, came to the rescue during a time when the forests of Pomerania and Posen were threatened with total destruction by caterpillars. Aft-

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er a time it was found that the caterpillars were swollen to bursting, white threads appearing between the rings of the body, and ultimately causing their death in such quantities as to save the forests from further injury. The same parasite also attacks the common house-fly, as well as the dung-fly, so as to almost annihilate them in certain districts. The only order of insects not subject to the attack of the *Empusa* is said to be that of the *Neuroptera*, while even amphibia and fishes occasionally experience its disturbing influences.

ANDREWS ON THE CHRONOLOGY OF AMERICAN LAKES.

Professor Andrews, of Chicago, in a memoir recently published by him upon "The North American Lakes (Michigan and Huron especially), considered as chronometers of post-glacial time," comes to the following conclusions in regard to their history and chronology, assuming that their formation took place during or at the close of the drift period: "1. The upper beach of the lakes began to form immediately after the boulder-drift period, and continued to accrete for about nine hundred years. No animal fossils have yet been found in it. 2. The waters then fell suddenly to about their present level, where they remained till a thin bed of peat accreted on the marshy slope vacated by the waves. Data are not at present available for a calculation of this low-water period, but from the position of the soil-bed in the eastern dunes it probably lasted five hundred years. 3. The water rose again, submerging for a short time the upper beach, but soon fell to the line of the middle one, where it remained about one thousand six hundred or two thousand years. This period appears to be contemporary with the loess. 4. The water, which had already slowly fallen some feet, now retired more rapidly to near its present level, which it has maintained with only moderate fluctuations ever since. 5. The total time of all these deposits appears to be somewhere between five thousand three hundred and seven thousand five hundred years."

TOSELLI METHOD OF COOLING LIQUIDS WITHOUT ICE.

M. Toselli, of Paris, has devised a new method for cooling liquids without the use of ice, which he thinks can not fail to become of much practical importance. It consists essentially in a disk formed by a metallic tube folded in a spiral upon itself, one end of which remains open, and the other is in communication with a horizontal tube, which constitutes the axis of rotation, and passes through its centre. This disk, placed vertically, is plunged for half its diameter in water contained in a tank, and is made to rotate about once in a second. During this action the external surface of the disk is continually moistened by the water, and, consequently, a considerable degree of evaporation takes place. This evaporation abstracts from the tube a certain amount of heat; and since at each turn of the disk a quantity of water is introduced into the tube, this water gives up to the tube the heat which has been lost by the evaporation from the surface, and its temperature is correspondingly lowered, the water ultimately falling back again into the tank considerably colder than it was before. A modification of the arrangement consists in causing cold water from the centre of the tube to pass into a spiral worm in an adjacent tub, filled with the water which it is desired to cool. It will be understood, of course, that this cold water, passing continually through this worm, and brought back again into the first-mentioned tank, will carry with it the heat which is disengaged from the liquid in the tub to be dissipated upon the evaporating surface of the refrigerative disk. The amount of cooling effected by this apparatus depends, of course, upon the temperature of the air and the amount of its moisture. In one experiment, conducted in the month of June, 1870, the temperature of the water in the tank at the beginning of the experiment was over 100° Fahrenheit, and in a short time was brought down to 66°—a difference of 34°.

VALUE OF REVACCINATION IN SMALL-POX.

Most of our readers are aware of the extent to which the small-pox has ravaged France, and especially Paris, and of the continued discussion of remedies and indications of the disease. In response to a request from the Minister of the Interior to the Imperial Academy of Medicine the following statement of established facts was returned: First, vaccination is a preservative against small-pox; second, in every instance, after a certain time, revaccination is expedient to secure complete exemption from contagion; third, revaccination is an absolute security from danger; fourth, revaccination is useful at all ages; fifth, it can be employed without inconvenience during the existence of the epidemic, and it is perfectly well established that in certain localities—in the bosom of families, in boarding-schools, and other agglomerations of individuals—it has succeeded in arresting upon the spot an epidemic just begun; sixth, the actual epidemic of small-pox, which prevails in Paris and other points of French territory, has supplied a most convincing proof of the protective power of revaccination; finally, it was stated that in various army corps, and especially in the Garde de Paris, and in many public and private establishments, particularly in some of the municipal schools, the small-pox was entirely checked after revaccination; and also that the latest statistics, especially those collected in the civil hospitals of Paris, prove in the most positive manner that persons recently revaccinated have been attacked only in a very small proportion, and very lightly, and so as not to figure in the statistics of mortality. It is, therefore, concluded that it is in the highest degree important, both in the interest of the individual and of the public, to continue to extend in every possible way the practice of revaccination.

EFFECT ON THE FROG OF THE REMOVAL OF THE BRAIN.

Some account has already appeared in the public journals of the experiments of Professor Goltz, of Königsberg, upon the functions of the nervous system of the frog. This gentleman, having removed the brain of the frog with as little effusion of blood as possible, found that it would rest upon a table exactly in its natural position, as if in perfect life, without exhibiting the least indication of the wound which it had experienced, but without changing its situation of its own accord. If pressed or pinched it

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moved by turning or leaping, but remained motionless in its new attitude. In the condition referred to it did not croak spontaneously; but this could easily be induced by rubbing the back gently with the moistened finger, which seemed to produce a croak or grunt of satisfaction. The equilibrium of the body was readily maintained by the mutilated frogs. When placed upon a book which sloped gradually they would crawl to the upper edge, and rest and hug themselves to it with their fore-feet, this manœuvre being repeated every time that the inclination of the slope was changed. A healthy frog, in a like case, would, of course, have immediately leaped to the ground. The movements of a frog deprived of the brain differ from those of a healthy frog in being executed mechanically, and with a constant regularity. It is inferred from these interesting experiments that the nervous centres of voice, and the power of keeping the equilibrium, reside not in the brain, but in the cerebro-spinal axis.

COMPARATIVE PERIOD OF MELTING OF NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL ICE.

The idea has been more or less prevalent that artificial ice is more readily melted than natural, and, consequently, that the values of equal weights of the two could not be compared, excepting the question of price be taken into the account. We are informed, however, that the French Navigation Company of the *Messageries Impériales*, wishing to test this question, in reference to the ice to be used on its vessels in the Indian Ocean, have made experiments, taking 100 kilogrammes of each kind, and exposing to the same temperature under similar conditions. The result is as follows:

	Hours.
Natural Swiss ice required for complete melting	107
Natural Norway ice required	115
Artificial ice of the Carré machine required	130
Natural ice from Boston required	138
Artificial ice of the Tellier machine required	144

If these experiments were conducted with such precautions as to be reliable it would seem that, after all, one form of artificial ice lasted longer than any of natural origin.

"ALLIOS" OF THE PLAINS OF SOUTHERN FRANCE.

It is known to some of our readers that certain sandy soils in the south of France, formerly perfectly barren, and blown about by the winds, have been reclaimed, by planting with pines and firs, so as to become of much economical importance. A curious alteration has, however, taken place in the soil, in the formation, at a depth of about three feet, of a stony layer, of a brown color and of a moderate thickness, called, locally, *allios*, and covering a bed of indefinite depth of sand similar to that above it. The presence of organic matter in this allios seems to prove that it has been derived, in a measure at least, from the surface vegetation of the land. In winter and at the commencement of spring the level surface of the land is constantly covered, to a greater or less extent, with rain-water. The action of the sun during the warm portion of the year reduces this by evaporation to a depth of one or two yards in relation to the general level of the swamps and marshes bordering the interior of the chain of downs. A decomposition of the plants of the surface soil, by reason of their long immersion in the stagnant rain-water, takes place, and the products are carried by this filtering across the upper layer, to the average depth of about one yard. In doing this they appear to cement together, to a certain degree, the sand at this level; and as the operation has been renewed every year for a long period, a layer of allios, more or less compact, is formed, which doubtless will continue to increase. One unfortunate result of this impermeable subsoil is the development of intermittent fever, which appears to prevail in this region; and the only way to avoid it is to produce a drainage by digging ditches, and by sinking pits in the allios to a depth of about one yard, and breaking holes in its crust, through which the water runs off very rapidly, leaving the surface perfectly dry. To prevent the terrible conflagrations which would be likely to take place among these forests should they be kept as dry as proposed, it is suggested that it will be necessary to divide them up into sections by lines of surface free from vegetation, across which any forest-fire would not be transmitted.

BREEDING OSTRICHES IN CAPTIVITY.

The many efforts made in Europe to breed ostriches in a state of captivity have finally resulted in success, the Zoological Garden of Florence being the happy possessor at the present time of several healthy young birds. The stock consisted originally of one male bird and of one old and one young female. One set of eggs was laid in 1868, but these did not hatch. In March of 1869 the laying commenced anew, and first one female and then the other deposited her eggs in the same nest until the number amounted to ten. These were then brooded upon in the daytime by the male, and in his absence occasionally by the older female, the younger one showing great reluctance to approach the nest excepting at night and in the colder weather, when the eggs were divided among the three, each brooding over its share. In the morning, however, when the females left their nests, the male bird drew to himself, with his bill, the eggs which had been covered by the older female. The younger one, however, always took up a position so far from the others that the male bird could not reach her eggs, and the attendants of the museum were obliged to push them near to him. The brooding lasted until the 27th of June, when the female remained quietly sitting on the eggs, the male running around the park in a very vicious manner. In a short time five ostriches made their appearance around the old bird, the remaining eggs producing nothing. One of the five young birds died, apparently from overeating; but the remaining four were in good condition at the latest report, and likely to attain maturity. Should it be found practicable to raise ostriches in a state of domestication without too much trouble and expense the broods may be rendered of much pecuniary value, since the plumes alone of the male birds will bring a price so great as to yield a handsome return, and the remaining feathers of the body generally of both sexes can be turned to economical account. How far ostriches can be utilized in civilized countries as animals of draught and beasts of burden, as they are said to be employed in Africa, remains to be tried.

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RATIO BETWEEN THE SIZE OF THE CHICK AND THE EGG.

According to a German author the chick, at the moment of escape from the egg, weighs about two-thirds as much as the original egg. If, therefore, it is desirable to have strong and large chicks, it is necessary to see that only the heaviest eggs are hatched. The average weight of hens' eggs may be estimated at about ten to the pound; some weigh considerably more and others much less than this proportion. By pains in selecting large eggs, it will be possible, according to the usual theory of selection for breeding, to secure a race of chickens of large size.

PURIFICATION OF GYPSUM WATERS.

The water of many springs and streams, otherwise comparatively useful, is found to contain so large a percentage of gypsum as to render it unfit for ordinary purposes. Dr. Reinsch informs us that if finely ground witherite, or native carbonate of baryta, be added to the water in the proportion of about half a pound to forty gallons, and the whole well stirred together and allowed to settle, the superincumbent water will be found entirely free from gypsum, and to contain only a slight percentage of carbonate of lime, which, as is well known, when in a moderate quantity, is rather beneficial than otherwise to the health.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes November 23. On the 8th of November elections were held in eighteen States. In Alabama, Delaware, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Nevada, New York, and Tennessee, Governors, as well as other State officers and Congressmen, were elected; in Florida a Lieutenant-Governor, to fill a vacancy; and in Illinois the highest office provided for was that of State Treasurer; while in Kentucky, Maryland, Minnesota, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Virginia, and Wisconsin, no State ticket was elected. Altogether these elections embraced 126 members of the Forty-third Congress.

Serious trouble had been anticipated in some quarters on account of the execution of the new election law of Congress, particularly in New York city; but there was no disturbance.

It is impossible now to give an official estimate of the results of these elections. The following States were carried by the Democrats: Alabama, Delaware, Florida, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, New York, Nevada, Tennessee, and Virginia. In the following the Republicans were successful: Illinois, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Michigan, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin.

On the 7th elections were held in Arkansas and Louisiana, the result in the former being a Democratic, and in the latter a Republican success.

The general result of all the State elections held during the past year indicates a pretty even division of the electoral vote between the two parties.

The Republican majority in the next House of Representatives will consist of from forty to fifty members.

Senator O. P. Morton, of Indiana, has declined the President's appointment of him as minister to England, in order to prevent the election in his stead of a Democratic Senator by the Indiana Legislature.

General J. D. Cox has resigned his position in the President's cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. He is succeeded by Commissioner Delano.

The steamship *Varuna*, on her way to Galveston, Texas, foundered during the night of October 20 off Jupiter Inlet, Florida, and all on board, except the second mate and four men, were lost. She carried thirty-six passengers, among whom was Mr. Jenkinson, a member of the British House of Commons.

EUROPE.

The principal events in European history since the close of our last Record are the surrender of Metz, the abortive armistice, and the revision by Russia of the Paris treaty of 1856.

On the morning of October 27 Metz was surrendered by General Bazaine to the Prussians. The capitulation included 150,000 prisoners, besides 20,000 sick and wounded. Among the officers made prisoners were Marshals Bazaine, Canrobert, and Lebœuf, and Generals Frossard, L'Admirault, Decaen, D'Erville, Picard, and Changarnier. Metz had been isolated since August 22. It is the capital of the department of the Moselle, and its capture gave the Prussians actual possession of the entire territory of Alsace and Lorraine, which together include six French departments. The surrender occasioned very great indignation throughout France. On October 30 the government council at Tours issued a proclamation charging Marshal Bazaine with treachery.

At this time General Trochu had a force of 230,000 men fit for offensive duty. Outside of Paris there were six armies, numbering 530,000 disciplined and well-armed men, not including the numerous detachments of francs-tireurs, garrison, and irregular troops. These were the Army of the Loire, General De Paladines, with 120,000 men; the Army of the West, General Kératry, with 100,000 men; the Army of the North, General Bourbaki, with 65,000 men; the Army of the Centre, General Tripaut, with 90,000 men; the Army of the Rhone, General Michel, with 110,000 men; and the Army of the Vosges, General Cambriels, with 45,000 men.

A telegram dated at Tours, November 10, announced an important success gained by the French, the day before, south of Paris, resulting in the retreat of the German General Von Der Tann and the recapture of Orleans.—The French garrison at Neuf Breisach, on the Rhine, 5000 men and 100 guns, capitulated November 11.

By the mediation of England arrangements were concluded between France and Prussia on the 4th of November for the negotiation of an armistice. The proposed armistice was to term-

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inate November 28. A decree ordering the election of a Constituent Assembly was to be issued by the French government November 5, the Assembly to meet on the 15th. M. Thiers had received from the French government full powers to negotiate an armistice with Bismarck. But on the 6th he received an imperative order from his government to break off all negotiations. The protocol agreed upon between M. Thiers and Count Von Bismarck was not satisfactory to the French, as the proposition to allow of the revictualing of Paris was declined by the Prussians.

Russia has taken advantage of the present war to offer her protest against some of the provisions of the treaty of 1856. On the 19th of October Prince Gortschakoff, at the palace of Tzarko-Selo, framed a circular, which was sent to the cabinets of all the great powers in Europe. This circular was handed to Earl Granville, of the British cabinet, on the 9th of November. It opens with these words: "The successive alterations which the compromises considered to be the foundation of the equilibrium of Europe have in these last years undergone have obliged the imperial cabinet to examine the influence upon the political position of Russia therefrom resulting." Prince Gortschakoff then goes on to speak of the treaty of 1856. Russia had in that treaty conceded her own disarmament on the Black Sea in return for the neutralization of that sea. The principle was "to remove all possibility of conflict, whether between the powers bordering on the Black Sea, or between them and the maritime powers.....The experience of fifteen years has proved that this principle, upon which depends the security of the whole extent of the frontiers of the Russian empire in this direction, rests only on a theory. In fact, while Russia disarmed in the Black Sea, and even by a declaration recorded in the protocols of the conference loyally denied to herself the possibility of taking efficient measures of maritime defense in the adjacent seas and ports, Turkey preserved the right of keeping up unlimited naval force in the Archipelago and the straits; France and England reserved the power of concentrating their squadrons in the Mediterranean. Moreover, by the terms of the treaty the entrance into the Black Sea is formally and forever prohibited to the flag of war, whether of the riparian powers or of any other power; but by virtue of the convention called the 'Straits Convention,' the passage through these straits is closed to flags of war only in time of peace. It results from this contradiction that the coasts of the Russian empire remain exposed to all aggressions, even on the part of less powerful states, as soon as they possess naval forces, to which Russia would be able to oppose only a few vessels of small dimensions."

After pointing out the infractions of this treaty by Moldavia and Wallachia, "with the consent of the Porte and the acquiescence of the great powers," and showing that these concessions were partial and exclusive, the prince continues: "The imperial cabinet, then, could not but be struck with the fact that it had been possible to infringe with impunity the treaty of 1856, but a few years after its conclusion, in one of its essential clauses, in the face of the great powers assembled in conference at Paris, and representing as a whole the high collective authority upon which rested the peace of the East. This infraction was not the only one. At several intervals and under various pretexts the entrance to the straits has been opened to foreign ships of war, and that of the Black Sea to whole squadrons, the presence of which was a violation of the character of absolute neutrality ascribed to these waters in order to secure the repose of the East and the European equilibrium. His Majesty is convinced that that peace and that equilibrium will have a stronger guarantee when they shall have been placed on a more just and solid basis than those resulting from a position which no great power could accept as a normal condition of existence."

Earl Granville in his reply to this circular, November 10, admits the reasonableness of the complaint made by Russia, but denies the right of that power, "upon the strength of her own judgment," to release herself from certain stipulations of the treaty, even while promising to observe others. He adds: "I need scarcely say that her Majesty's government have received this communication with deep regret, because it opens a discussion which might unsettle the cordial understanding it has been their earnest endeavor to maintain with the Russian empire, and for the above-mentioned reasons it is impossible for her Majesty's government to give any sanction on their part to the course announced by Prince Gortschakoff."

The following are the articles of the treaty to which Russia objects:

ARTICLE ELEVEN.—The Black Sea is neutralized; its waters and its ports thereon, open to the mercantile marine of every nation, are formally and perpetually interdicted to the flag of war, either of the powers possessing its coasts or of any other power, with the exceptions mentioned in articles fourteen and nineteen of the present treaty.

ARTICLE THIRTEEN.—The Black Sea being neutral, according to the terms of article eleven, the maintenance or establishment upon its coasts of military-maritime arsenals becomes alike unnecessary and purposeless; in consequence, his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias and his Imperial Majesty the Sultan engage not to establish or to maintain upon that coast any military-maritime arsenal.

The purpose of Russia in her present movement is not to bring on a war, but to lay the basis for a formidable naval armament on the Black Sea. It still remains to be seen whether she will persist in this purpose, and also whether, if she does, the British government will, in conjunction with Austria and Turkey, proceed to war.

The nomination of the Duke of Aosta to the Spanish throne having been favorably received by all the European powers, a bill to ratify this nomination was submitted to the Spanish Cortes November 1. Señor Castellar offered a proposition of censure, which was rejected by a vote of 122 to 44. On November 17 the Duke was elected by a large majority.

CHINA.

All advices from China for several months past have indicated the imminence of a critical conflict between the progress and civilization introduced by foreigners and the ancient customs, religious and social, of the natives. The massacre of June 21, 1870, was but a straw showing the direction of the wind. It is feared that the conflict will develop very serious consequences unless foreign nations strongly interpose.

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Editor's Drawer.

AMONG other poems particularly pat to this season of festival, the readers of the Drawer may find something to laugh at in the English ballad following:

JOE BUGGINS;

OR,

THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS CARD.

Joe Buggins was a lawyer's clerk,
To riches no pretender;
His face and frame were like his means,
And they were very slender.

Of cash poor Joe knew well the want,
And oft would let—poor sinner!—
His dinner-time go by, since he
Could not *go buy his dinner.*

But hard indeed must be the toils
Which have no relaxation,
And Christmas yearly brought to Joe
Some rest from tribulation.

For then for one whole day at least,
No more with business teased,
He ate, drank, made what jokes he liked,
And did *jest* as he pleased.

But ofttimes we are sufferers from
Dame Fortune's cruel sport;
And bills sometimes run very long
When cash runs very short.

And so it happened once with Joe,
And he, poor fellow, found
That he could not make matters square
When Christmas-time came round.

And when the Christmas dinner he
Began to think about,
A little voice his breast within
Said, "We must go without!"

"'Twould mar our joy—and yet," sighed he,
"'Tis all our joy seems made for—
To eat our Christmas dinner when
We knew it wasn't paid for!

"Besides, if we could get a joint
On tick—why, then, I'm blowed!"
(Here he cried "Oh!" some twenty times,
Which showed how much he *owed*).

"But still, though things so *fishy* look,
Quite useless 'tis to *wail;*
And as two heads know more than one,
I'll tell my wife the *tail!*"

And now observe, ye single men,
And single women too,
When times are bad with you, what good
A thrifty wife may do.

For when Joe told his loving spouse
Their pitiable case,
She told him in return what brought
A smile into his face.

"I've got," said she, "just two-pound-ten"
(Joe scarce believed his senses),
"By saving up my sixpences,
For our Christmas (*s*)*expenses.*

"Ten shillings' worth of grocery
Are ours, this card makes clear;
And much I like this grocer's goods,
Though I don't hold them *dear.*"

Then Joey kissed his wife, and cried
(No more in doleful dumps),
"That saving was a first-rate game,
Your *card* has turned up *trumps!*"

The money then was spent with care,
And was not spent too fast;
For, having had to make it *first,*
They had to make it *last.*

And when they all sat down to dine—
Joe, wife, and children dear—
The boys set up a loud "Hurrah!"
And so they had "*good cheer.*"

APROPOS of the recent elections, the following is capital, and will be especially relished by gentlemen who have been unsuccessful in their aspirations for office:

In one of the towns of Pennsylvania the freemen had for many years deposited their votes solidly for the Democratic candidates. Such a thing as a Whig or Republican was unknown, and prior to the Grant and Seymour campaign no local Republican ticket had ever been run. At that time, however, the politicians of an adjacent township thought it an opportune occasion to attempt the establishment, in that town, of a Republican organization. To this end they persuaded a certain Mr. Green, who had recently settled there, to become their candidate for some minor office, hoping to procure for him a few votes under the popularity of the great name of Grant, and thus to get an entering wedge in the local affairs of the township.

The day of election arrived, but Mr. Green was unable to get to the polls by reason of sickness. In due time the returns were published, and Mr. Green had just *one vote.* Chagrined at this, and annoyed by the accusation that he had voted for himself, he announced that if the person who had voted for him would come forward and make affidavit to the fact he would reward him with a good suit of clothes. A few mornings afterward a burly, stupid-looking Pennsylvania Dutchman called upon Mr. Green, and abruptly remarked: "I vants dat suit of cloes."

"Ah!" said Mr. Green, "then you are the man who voted for me?"

"Yah, I'm dat man."

"Are you willing to make an affidavit of it?"

"Yah, I swear to 'em."

Mr. Green, accompanied by the intelligent voter, went to the office of the justice of the peace, and the required affidavit was made; after which the clothes were purchased and given to the deponent.

So delighted was Mr. Green to be relieved from the unpleasantness of his situation, and so glad to learn that there was another righteous man in the township, that he had taken the Dutchman's Republicanism as a matter of course. However, at parting, he said: "Now, my friend, you have your suit of clothes, just answer me one question—How came you to vote for me?"

"You vants to know dat?"

"Yes."

"And you von't go back on de cloes?"

"No."

"Vell," said he, slowly, and with a sly twinkle of the eye, "den I tole you; *I makes a misdake in de dicket!*"

Wasn't that consolatory! Mr. Green avows his unalterable determination never again to appeal to popular suffrage for public position.

WE are indebted to a friend in the government service at Washington for the following anecdote of General Cleburne, of the Confederate army, better known as the "Stonewall of the West." Before giving it, however, let us say to our friends every where, soldiers and sailors, and especially to our friends at the South, that

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the Drawer is particularly desirous to publish every good obtainable anecdote of the war—no matter whether on the Federal or Confederate side. There must be countless good things circulating at pleasant tables and in private circles that ought to be preserved in the Drawer. Such as this:

At the battle of Perryville, when General Cleburne saw the critical moment to advance arrive, turning his horse's head toward the point of attack, he rose in his stirrups, and shaking his clenched hand in the direction of the enemy, he shouted with his stentorian voice, "Come on and give them ——, boys! give them ——!" This went straight to the heart of the dare-devils he led, and in an instant his whole division was following him at the "double quick." Just then the bishop-general, Polk, rode up, and wishing to encourage the men, yet not daring to swear, he roared, "Go on, boys! and give them what Pat Cleburne says!"

That genial and witty gentleman, and earnest divine, Dr. Prime, to whom the readers of the Drawer have been indebted for many capital anecdotes, relates the following as one of the pleasant experiences he enjoyed during his trip abroad: "They have strange chamber-maids at Shepherd's Hotel, in Cairo. The one who waited on our room, and attended to all the various duties of the calling, even to making of beds, was a French gentleman, dressed as if for a dinner-party (white vest and dress-coat), and having the air of a refined and educated gentleman. It was really embarrassing to accept his services in such a capacity. One of the ladies, on arriving at the hotel, rang for the chamber-maid. This gentleman presented himself. Supposing him to be the proprietor or his chief clerk, she again expressed her wish to have him call the chamber-maid. He very politely replied, in the best English he could command, 'Madame, I am she.'"

During the march of a command of United States troops from California up the Gila, last summer, a Board of Survey was convened to receive a train loaded with commissary stores, and fix the responsibility of loss or damage, if any. The proceedings were submitted in writing as follows: "The Board find ten sacks of flour damaged by the melting of bacon contained in the same wagons, caused by the heat of the weather, for which Lieutenant —— is responsible."

We all remember Tom Hood's verse:

"His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the Sexton, and
The Sexton tolled the bell."

A frontier poet, having in view the "heathen Chinee," of whom Mr. Brett Harte hath given us such diverting account, thinks a verse of this sort might do:

"The pagan, ere he breathed his *last*,
Discovered what to do:
The trader sold the cooly, and
The cooly soled the shoe."

Colonel W——, Register of Wills in Washington, while down the Potomac, a short time since, on a shooting excursion, used a breech-loading double-barreled shooter. Isaac, his pusher, of the colored persuasion, had never before seen a breech-loader. As Isaac pushed the boat into the grass, he said, "Look out dar, Kunnel; dar's a bird."

Bang! bang! two birds down. Bang! bang! birds falling fast.

"Look a yer, Kunnel," said Isaac, "what de debbil is yer doin dere? I don't done gone seen no ramrod."

Bang! bang!

"All right, Isaac," said the Colonel; "push ahead."

Isaac subsided, but watched the Colonel fearfully. When they landed, one of the Colonel's friends said, "Isaac, what sort of a shot is the Colonel?"

Isaac looked up bewildered. "Shot!" said he; "he is de debbil. Afo' God, marser, if de Kunnel didn't jes take 'n' break his gun rite in haf ebry time, an' shoot free or fo' times afo' dish yer nigger had time to spit!"

In "Which is the Heroine?" a novel recently published by Harper and Brothers, occur these lines:

"To some men God hath given laughter, but tears
to some men hath He given;
He bade us sow in tears, hereafter to harvest holier smiles in heaven;
And tears and smiles they are His gift, both good,
to smite or to uplift."

We are quite sure that in no country other than the United States could a valedictory on the defunction of a newspaper be written and published like the following, which chronicles, in a charming and peculiarly Western style, the collapse of the Keithsburg (Illinois) *Observer*:

"Obituary.—A short time since, after having been exposed to the small-pox, and feeling some of the premonitory symptoms of that uncomfortable disease, we wrote our own obituary, first, because we didn't like to trust such a delicate matter to the hands of just any body; and next, because it is a good idea to have every thing ready in good time. Not happening to have any use for the article, it was consigned to the stove, and the world will never, in all probability, know what a loss it was in danger of sustaining. The well-known contrariness of the editor having balked our good intentions, we now essay to chronicle the death of the *Observer*, with a well-founded faith that this time we are on the right track. About two and a half years ago we took possession of this paper. It was then in the very act of pegging out, having neither friends, money, nor credit. We tried to breathe into it the breath of life; we put into it all our own money, and every body else's we could get hold of; but it was no go; either the people of Keithsburg don't appreciate our efforts, or we don't know how to run a paper. We went into the business with confidence, determined to run it or bust. We have busted. During our connection with the *Observer*, we have made some friends and numerous enemies. The former will have our gratitude while life lasts. The latter are affectionately requested to go to the devil. T. Glanory."

Let none of our learned Thebans turn up their noses when we tell them that one of the most difficult things to write—one that shall arrest and hold public attention until its purpose is accomplished—is an advertisement. Look into our dailies and see the painstaking care that has been bestowed on the advertisements of A. T. Stewart and Co., or Lord and Taylor, or the great bankers who have bonds to sell, or the theatrical managers. Barnum used to say that the great secret of his fortune was "Printer's Ink." Now there dwells in Bucyrus, Ohio, an enterpris-

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ing man, who seems to possess in superior degree this rare faculty of walking stealthily into your regard through the medium of an adroitly worded advertisement, like the following, which we copy from the Bucyrus *Journal*, of October 15, 1870:

BUCYRUS, October 15, 1870.

Joseph and Jesse Minich have moved to Kansas, and I will now run my Feed-Store and Warehouse alone.

To Farmers.—I want to buy oats corn to retail, and clover and timothy seed to ship. As I am alone, I can not watch the store; and I want you to come to the warehouse to engage your stuff before you bring it in. I have a few Cotswold rams and Berkshire pigs to sell. *Come, all hands, and enjoy a good fire and loaf.* Come *this winter*. I shall run the warehouse this winter, *sure*, MAKE OR LOSE. L. CONVERSE.

How much better this straightforward cordiality and manliness than the artful style of some of our advertisers; and would it not be better—wouldn't there be money in it—if Mr. Stewart, or Lord and Taylor, or Tiffany and Co., or Fisk and Hatch, should emulate the heartiness of L. Converse, of Bucyrus, and ask their customers to "Come, all hands, and enjoy a good fire and loaf," with the added assurance that they will "run their warehouses this winter, *sure*, make or lose?"

BEFORE us in a quaint old volume, published one hundred and twelve years ago, appears the following: "The Rev. Mr. Lewis, an English clergyman, received from the Duchess of Dorset a card of compliments and an invitation to dinner. The invitation happened to be written on the ten of hearts, which Mr. Lewis returned to her Grace, writing on it his answer, as follows:

"'Your compliments, lady, I pray you forbear,
Our old English service is much more sincere;
You sent me ten hearts; the tithe's only mine;
So give me one heart, and burn t'other nine.'"

THE following is contributed by a Trojan:

The other day an intelligent-looking English-woman came into our savings-bank, wishing to deposit some money to the credit of George ——, the same name as that of her husband, who already had an account open. Supposing it to be her son, I said,

"Is he a minor?"

"No," replied the lady; "he's a blacksmith."

THE kindly regard in which Mr. Greeley is held by that wonderful fraternity, the news-boys, is illustrated by the following dialogue between two eminent young members:

BILL. "I say, Tom, how is Greeley to-day?"

TOM. "Well, Bill, his head troubles him to-day."

BILL. "Ay! that is a head that has given other people a great deal of trouble."

TOM. "But I mean that he is troubled with a bad headache."

BILL. "Well, well! it must be a big ache, for there is a great deal of head there to ache."

WE can imagine every reader of the Drawer in a suppressed titter if he had been witness to the following, which actually occurred not long since in a neighboring city. A clergyman, after the usual preliminary Sunday-morning exercises, commenced his discourse, when a gentleman entered the church, and stood respectfully and attentively listening inside the door. No sooner had the preacher's eye lighted on the new-comer than, dropping the thread of his sermon, he said to him:

"Come in, my friend, come in; we are always glad to see those here late who can't come early."

Thus addressed, the unknown individual stepped forward, coolly took his seat, and then as coolly asked the preacher, "Would you oblige me with the text?"

"Certainly," was the reply; and the request having been complied with, the sermon proceeded.

ONE of the pesterings to which the good-natured business men and bankers and lawyers of New York are subjected is the persistence with which lady canvassers with new books urge the purchase of their works. One of these peripatetic ladies, having overtaxed the patience of a gentleman, was effectually disposed of as per dialogue following:

"Madam, the partnership of which I am a member has lately been so imprudent as to issue a new work of their own, which, in consequence of the enormous expense attending its illustrations, embellishments, etc., has completely crippled us."

"Then, perhaps," replied the lady canvasser, "we could procure you some subscribers. What do you call your work?"

"Well, we have not yet determined; but I guess I'll let my wife have her own way, and call it after me—Charles Henry."

"MAURICE DEIL" sends the following, which he believes has never been in print:

A troop of strolling players had been announced to play in an English country town, but when the time for the performance arrived the actors were all too drunk to appear. An Irish bell-man (the only advertising medium in the place) was instructed to go through the town, and proclaim that there would be no performance on that evening, because some of the players were out of town; but that on the next evening would be played, "The West Indies," to be followed by the comedy, "The Devil to Pay," which he rendered thus: "Owin' to soom of the acthers bein' out o' tune, there'll be no purformance this avinin', but to-morrow the divil 'll be to pay in the Wist Indjees!"

BISHOP WILBERFORCE ("Soapy Sam," as he is sometimes called) presided recently at the meeting of workmen held at Southampton in connection with the Church Congress. The following is a passage from his speech:

He could only say, upon his conscience, that he believed there was no working-man in that hall who worked harder than he did. (Loud cheers.)

A VOICE. "How about the pay?" (Roars of laughter.)

BISHOP. "How about the pay?" (Laughter.) "I will answer my friend there. I am glad he has not kept it in." (Laughter.) "Let me tell him this—whether I work or not, the pay is the same." (Laughter, and protracted cheering.)

His Lordship also presided at the closing business meeting of the Congress, and in his valedictory address expressed great pleasure in learning that the Dissenters of the town had so far

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forwarded the interests of the Congress that they had lent the benches and seats which accommodated the audience in the body of the hall, showing that, although they were not willing to adopt our ceremonies, they had lent us their forms. (Great laughter and cheers.)

A LADY in Maine, who some years ago learned to set type in the office of the *Morning Star*, at Dover, New Hampshire, writes us that the following heart-tearing effusion was sent to that journal for publication. The editor, however, thinking that its publication would diffuse a spirit of gloom, "as it were," over the people of New Hampshire, put it by in a shady place; but a copy was taken by some of the girls, one of whom sends it to the Drawer:

LINES

COMPOSED BY A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER SON, WHO HUNG HIMSELF AUGUST 9, 1842, AGED 17 YEARS.

Come, friends and neighbors, one and all,
Pray listen to a solemn call;
For death has took my child away
In health and good activity.

The eighth of August he was well,
As far as any one could tell;
His limbs were firm, his senses good,
He anxious labored for our good.

The ninth of August he did rise
Out of his bed; to our surprise
Into the barn he did repair,
And all his labors finished there.

What bitter cries and solemn sound,
When by his sister he was found,
It can not be expressed by tongue—
"Father," said she, "*Andrew is hung!*"

With much anxiety we run
To help a brother and a son;
With aching hearts we held him up
While his dear brother cut the rope.

But oh! what anguish filled the heart
When we all found that we must part
With a dear brother and a son:
His days are past, his labors done.

What satisfaction it would have been,
Though hard, indeed, to part with him,
Could he have said with dying breath,
"Mother, I'm reconciled to death!"

But oh, he's gone; his state is fixed;
God only knows who will go next;
The grave's appointed for us all;
And we must follow, great and small.

Andrew Johnson was his name,
And death did seize his mortal frame;
Seventeen years old sixteenth of May,
The month of August called away.

My house is lonesome now to me,
And must and will forever be,
'Till I shall meet him on that shore
Where parting days are known no more—
Where parting days are known no more.

THE Drawer quite indorses the sentiment of Mr. Joshua Billings, that "every time a man laffs he takes a kink out ov the chain ov life, and thus lengthens it."

A LADY of Massachusetts, mindful of the duty which every true lady of that Commonwealth owes to the Drawer, viz., to send to it all the good things suitable for publication, incloses these few:

A pastor, whose flock had found pastures golden as well as green, complimented their liberality in this wise: "Why, brethren, the command to the Jews was only to give a tenth, and here are our pillars, Deacon A—— and Deacon S——, who give a *twentieth* of their 'diggings.' A *twentieth*, brethren; think of it! Just twice as much as those old Israelites gave."

WHATEVER may be said of the degeneracy of the times, we have proof that filial devotion still exists. Said a devoted son to one who was offering condolences on the loss of his father: "Yes, he was an excellent parent, and I was greatly *chagrined* when he died."

THE family headship is solved in Maine. A progressive clerical friend, desiring to know the views of his people in regard to a church matter, requested all the heads of families to rise. Only the brethren responded to the appeal; this did not satisfy, and our enthusiastic minister hurriedly added: "Now, will the—will the parts of the heads of families rise?"

A GOOD Baptist deacon in Tennessee in a social meeting expressed his convictions of duty in the following concise and pithy manner: "Brethren, I have made up my mind to be religious. I am getting along in years, and it appears well for old men to be religious. I am a man of family too. I have had ten children; five are on earth and five in heaven. *Equilibrium*, brethren, *equilibrium!*"

A BROOKLYN lady sends us the following version of Jack and Jill, written for family use, and hitherto unseen and unheard save by a few discreet persons in Lafayette Avenue:

"So we two brethren climbed the cloud-capped hill,
Ill-fated Jack, and long-lamented Jill;
Snatched from the crystal fount its lucid store,
And the full pail, with hearts exulting, bore.
No grog was there our senses to assail;
Pure was the wave, and pure the painted pail.
But, ah! no lack of grog, no pail so neat,
Could fix our heads, or stay our wandering feet;
Ill-fated Jack came tumbling down the hill,
And, tumbling after, came the pail and Jill."

OUR Jersey friend, "Maurice Deil," who is always welcome to the Drawer, gives the following from a friend who went to Steinway Hall last autumn to hear the oratorio of "Judas Maccabæus:" A number of boys were about the entrance trying vociferously to induce all comers to "Buy a book! Oratory of 'Judas Maccabæus!'" and one little wretch, more ragged and dirty even than his fellows, circulated among the crowd, displaying a *faded* flag of truce in his rear, and yelling: "Yere's yer book! Full *e*count o' Judy M'Cabe!"

FROM one of our exchanges, published in Dakota, we chip off the following "chunk" of scientific knowledge:

"The curvature of the earth amounts to seven inches to the mile. A man six feet high can not be seen from a distance of ten miles on a perfect level."

Probably not, "by these lights."

SOME anonymous malefactor sends the following "Receipt for an Evening Party:"

"Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can get; put them in a room with a slow fire, and stew them well. Have ready twelve packs of cards, a piano, a handful of prints and drawings, and throw them in from time to time. As the mixture thickens, sweeten with politeness, and season with wit, if you have any; if not, flattery

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will do as well, and is very cheap. When all have stewed for an hour, add ices, jellies, cakes, lemonade, and wines. Fill the room quite full, and *let the scum run off*."

A GENTLEMAN engaged in the pork-packing business in Cincinnati has concentrated the forces of his intellect, and brought forth the following stanzas on "the coming man," from a pork-packer's point of view:

All hogs, like John Chinaman,
Time out of mind,
Wear queues in the style
Of their fathers—behind.

This difference, though,
In the swine seemeth quaint—
His caudal is curled,
And the Chinaman's ain't.

IN the Drawer for July, 1859, was a long and pleasant extract on "The Witchery of Wit," taken from Mr. Frederick Saunders's entertaining volume of "Mosaics." That gentleman has recently given to the public another charming volume, entitled "Evenings with the Sacred Poets: A Series of Quiet Talks about the Singers and their Songs." It is not within the province of the Drawer to quote any of the exquisite gems of sacred poetry which Mr. Saunders has so carefully culled; but the following has about it a taste of the ludicrous that we are quite sure will be enjoyed:

In good old times, when hymn-books were scarce, it was the custom in many of the dissenting churches for the clerk to read out a line or couplet of a hymn, so that those who were without books might unite in the singing. There is a story told of the minister of a Methodist chapel in Georgia, who, having left his spectacles at home on one occasion, intended to announce to his congregation that the singing would be dispensed with. He arose and said,

"My eyes are dim, I can not see;"

and immediately the choristers commenced singing the words of the "Old Hundredth." Surprise and mortification made him almost breathless; but he made an effort to stammer out,

"I meant but an apology."

This line was taken up by the congregation in the same manner, when the dominie, becoming much excited, exclaimed,

"Forbear, I pray; my eyes are dim."

But remonstrance was vain; the singers went on, till, in accents of despair, he again cried out,

"I do not mean to read a hymn"—

a declaration so palpable that it silenced the vociferous singers.

Zion's Herald is our authority for the following anecdote:

A preacher, at a camp-meeting in the West, delivered a discourse which chiefly turned upon the affectionate regard of Naaman for the land where he was cleansed from his leprosy. Alluding to Naaman's request to be permitted to take two mule-loads of the earth back to his own country, he naturally enough returned to his own conversion. Warming with his subject, he remarked that if he could go back to Old England he could point out the spot where he knelt when he was converted.

"And," said he, "I have often felt like Naaman! If I could just get two pints of that dirt from the spot where I knelt, *I wouldn't give it for all that I have eaten at the boarding-tent since I came upon this ground!*"

QUITE out of the way, and better than the ordinary epitaphs that, from some quaintness of expression or drollery, find their way into print, is the following, which we find in a recently published volume of very early English poetry:

AN EPITAPH UPON MR. ASHTON, A CONFORMABLE CITIZEN.

The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a brave marble can—
"Here lies a truly honest man!"
One whose conscience was a thing
That troubled neither Church nor King;
One of those few that in this town
Honor all preachers, hear their own.
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practice any;
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preached them o'er again.
His parlor-sermons rather were
Those to the eye than to the ear;
His prayers took their price and strength
Not from the loudness nor the length.
He was a Protestant at home,
Not only in despite of Rome;
He loved his father, yet his zeal
Tore not off his mother's veil.
To th' church he did allow her dress,
True beauty to true holiness.
Peace, which he loved in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end.
When age and death called for the score,
No surfeits were to reckon for;
Death tore not therefore, but, sans strife,
Gently untwined his thread of life.
What remains, then, but that thou
Write these lines, reader, on thy brow,
And by his fair example's light
Burn in thy imitation bright?
So, while these lines can but bequeath
A life, perhaps, unto his death,
His better epitaph shall be—
His life still kept alive in thee!

ROOM for the little people, who for some months past have not been permitted to appear in the Drawer.

Last evening I attended a Sunday-school concert at one of the largest and most popular churches in the City of Soles. The minister was describing the glories of heaven and a blessed hereafter under the figure of a great concert to take place one of these days.

"And where do you think this concert will be held?" he inquired of the children.

"In Boston," promptly answered a bright-eyed urchin, who had got his ideas of heaven and the great Jubilee somewhat mixed.

KARL, aged five, has a brother ten days old. Nelly, a little girl of nine, meeting him, asked if he was not glad to have a little brother to play with. With a shrug of the shoulders, Master Karl replied, "Play with! He can't wash his own face."

ONE Sunday a serio-comic incident took place at the Second Presbyterian Church, Elmira, New York. The closing exercises of the pupils attending Sabbath-school is for them all to repeat the Lord's Prayer in concert. After that portion of it, "Give us this day our daily bread,"

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had been solemnly and impressively repeated by scores of tender voices, little Johnny M'D——, a bright three-year-old boy, sung out, "Ma, I don't want *bread*. I want a *cookie*." Suffice it to say, the gravity of the older members who heard this sincere, innocent, and childish request was slightly affected.

THE four-year-old son of a neighbor evinced an ingenuity and perseverance in an emergency which brought a present reward, and augurs well for his fertility in expedients hereafter.

He was spending a part of this last summer with his grandfather, who is a country merchant, and, boy-like, was both anxious for candy and not bashful in making it known. One day his mother forbade his asking for it again; he solved the difficulty in this wise. The next time he went to the store he hung around for a long while with entire obedience to the command, but finally an idea struck him, and walking up boldly to his grandfather, he says, "Grandpa, I wish you would give me some candy *without my asking for it.*" Of course grandpa took the hint, and the boy got his candy. But such an evasion of her order hardly satisfied the mother, and so she explained to the little shaver that what he said was really asking for the candy, and told him he must not do so any more. He promised obedience, and obeyed in this manner: Soon afterward, going to the store, some one asked him how he got along this hot weather. He quickly and ingenuously replied: "Pretty well; *but I'm awful sweaty—for candy.*" Who doubts that this "perspiration" was relieved, if candy would do it? It is certain that no further candy commands were laid upon him.

WEBB'S father is a student of anatomy, a subject in which the son takes a warm interest. After numerous inquiries as to the original possessor of certain osseous specimens on the library table, and to what particular portion of Hades he had gone, the young gentleman meditated gravely for some minutes, and announced his solution of matters as follows: "I know good men go to heaven when they die; bad men come to papa's office." Hardly, for dissection is not legalized in the District of Columbia.

AN English correspondent, whose contributions have heretofore appeared in the Drawer and in *Harper's Weekly*, sends the following lyric of

THE LADY BLANCHE.

The Lady Blanche was young and fair,
A beauty known to fame,
And gallants to her father's *court*
Full many *a-courting* came.

Suitors a-many came to woo,
The gallant and the gay;
Barons and lords came every week,
And *knights came every day!*

At length Count Stephen of Toulouse
Knelt low and whispered, "Fair!
My suit must fit—*don't try it on!*
Refuse me if you dare!

"Refuse me, lady, yet I'll gain
Your hand by force of arms;
My *guard*, now *keeping watch below*,
Shall *fasten on thy charms.*

"Your sire is in the Holy Land;
In vain to him your prayer;
Appealing, lady, ne'er can touch
The heart of that old *père!*

"Then say you'll wed me, Lady Blanche;
Nay, ne'er despise me so!
Let us *become good friends*, fair maid,
'Twill be quite *comme il faut!*"

"Think'st thou by threats to gain my heart,
When love in vain might try—
That *bands of low men* e'er can me
In *bands of Hymen* tie?

"Thou coward! I defy your power,
Your suit I hate, refuse;
My hand by threats you *count to win:*
You sha'n't, then, *Count Toulouse!*"

"Then you refuse me! Madness! rage!
Thou know'st not what I am!
I'll drown my good resolves in wine—
Three scruples to a dram!

"Of rage and jealousy I have
A *mountain*, so to speak;
And now I feel that I have reached
The *summit of my pique.*"

He left her. Then the Lady Blanche
Looked forth, and saw with joy
A youth come riding—"Of my hopes
This *youth* must be the *buoy.*"

Sir Raymond 'twas, her uncle's son,
From o'er the Rhine so free;
Although a *German cousin*, scarce
A *cousin-german* he.

"Oh, Lady Blanche!" Sir Raymond cried,
"Say, why those deep-drawn sighs—
Those frighted looks—say, why those tears,
Like dots upon your eyes?"

"Oh, cousin," said the Lady Blanche,
"My wretched lot assist;
Since I am your *relation*, now
To my *relation* list."

She told him all her sad complaint;
And then exclaimed the youth,
"Can this be so?" The maid replied,
"*This story is the truth!*"

"Fair cousin, hither have I come
By love of thee possessed;
Just now I felt my heart was *rent*,
And I was sore *distressed!*

"Then say you love me, cousin fair,
And *plight* your love to me,
And from your present evil *plight*
I'll strive to set you free.

"My dapple-gray is fleet and strong;
How proud and tall he stands!
What powers of speed! what four stout legs,
And *nearly sixteen hands!*"

She's gone! A moment more the Count,
Exulting, came again,
And, quite resolved to "come it strong,"
He'd *mustered all his men!*

A word, a blow, and in they go,
Burst ope the door that's shut;
One glance sufficed—the Count exclaimed,
"She's precious sharp! *She's cut!*"

Away, away Sir Raymond's steed
Went faster than the wind;
He laughed and said, "We're *right before;*
Count Stephen's *left behind!*"

On, on they rode o'er hill and dale;
They crossed, nor dared refuse,
The Sarne, poetic stream, which pays
Its tribute to the *Meuse!*

They swam the madly rushing flood
Which people call the *Seine*,
But till the town of Rheims was reached
Sir Raymond ne'er drew rein.

There by the bishop they were wed—
Fond hope of all their dreams!—
With choral service, for there are
Full *twenty choirs in Rheims!*

Full long they lived through every change
Of seasons, time, or weather,
To reap the fruits of love—in short,
They lived for years *together!*

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THE AMERICAN BARON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE CRYPTOGRAM," ETC.



"PARDON, MEES."

CHAPTER I.

THE AVALANCHE.

SOMEWHAT less than a hundred years ago a party of travelers might have been seen crossing over the Simplon Road, *en route* for Italy. They had been detained at Brieg by reports that the road was impassable; and, as it was the month of March, the prospect of snow and storms and avalanches was sufficient to make them hesitate. At length the road had been reopened, and they were informed that the journey might be made on sleds.

Unwilling to wait at Brieg, and equally unwilling to make a detour so as to take the railroad, the party decided to go on. They were informed that they could go on wheels as far as the line of snow, but that afterward their accommodations would not be so comfortable as they might desire. The road had been cleared for only a few feet; the snow was deep; the sleds were rude; and progress would be slow. These statements, however, did not shake the resolution of the party; and the end of it was that they determined to go on, and cross the mountain if it were possible.

On leaving Brieg the road began to ascend with a very slight incline, winding around in an intricate sort of way, sometimes crossing deep gullies, at other times piercing the hillside in long dark tunnels; but amidst all these windings ever ascending, so that every step took them higher and higher above the little valley where Brieg lay. The party saw also that every step brought them steadily nearer to the line of snow; and at length they found the road covered with a thin white layer. Over this they rolled, and though the snow became deeper with every furlong of their progress, yet they encountered but little actual difficulty until they approached the first station where the horses were to be changed. Here they came to a deep drift. Through this a pathway had been cleared, so that there was no difficulty about going through; but the sight of this served to show them what might be expected further on, and to fill them all with grave doubts as to the practicability of a journey which was thus interrupted so early.

On reaching the station these doubts were confirmed. They were informed that the road had been cleared for sleds on the preceding day, but that on the previous night fresh snow had fallen, and in such quantities that the road would have to be cleared afresh. The worst of it was, that there was every probability of new snow-storms, which would cover the road still deeper, and once more obliterate the track. This led to a fresh debate about the journey; but they were all unwilling to turn back. Only a few miles separated them from Domo d'Ossola, and they were assured that, if no fresh snow should fall, they would be able to start on the following morning. This last assurance once more confirmed their wavering resolution, and they concluded to wait at the station.

For the remainder of that day they waited at the little way-side inn, amusing themselves with

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looking out upon their surroundings. They were environed by a scene of universal white. Above them towered vast Alpine summits, where the wild wind blew, sweeping the snow-wreaths into the air. In front was a deep ravine, at the bottom of which there ran a torrent that foamed and tossed over rocks and boulders. It was not possible to take a walk to any distance. Their boots were made for lighter purposes than plunging through snow-drifts; and so they were forced to remain indoors, and pass the time as best they could.

On the following morning they found every thing in readiness for a start. In front of the inn they saw five sleds of that kind which is universally used in the northern part of America. Each sled was of the rudest possible construction, and was drawn by one horse; straw was spread over the sled, upon which fur robes and blankets were flung. The party was distributed among these sleds, so that each one should have as light a load as possible, while one of the rude vehicles carried the luggage.

Thus arranged, they all started off. And now, since they are all fairly under way, I propose to introduce them, individually and collectively, to my very good friend the reader.

First of all I must mention the fact that the party consisted chiefly of ladies and their attendants.

Of these the most prominent was a slim, tall, elderly lady, with large, dark, soft eyes, that spoke of a vanished youth and beauty from her heavily wrinkled face. She was the Dowager Lady Dalrymple, and acted toward the rest of the party in the multifarious capacity of chaperon, general, courier, guide, philosopher, friend, and Mentor.

Next came Mrs. Willoughby, a widow of great beauty and fascination, a brunette, good-natured, clever, and shrewd. I might here pause, and go into no end of raptures on the various qualities of this lady's character; but, on the whole, I think I'd better not, as they will be sufficiently apparent before the end of this story is reached.

Then there was Miss Minnie Fay, sister to Mrs. Willoughby, and utterly unlike her in every respect. Minnie was a blonde, with blue eyes, golden hair cut short and clustering about her little head, little bit of a mouth, with very red, plump lips, and very white teeth. Minnie was very small, and very elegant in shape, in gesture, in dress, in every attitude and every movement. The most striking thing about her, however, was the expression of her eyes and her face. There was about her brow the glory of perfect innocence. Her eyes had a glance of unfathomable melancholy, mingled with childlike trust in the particular person upon whom her gaze was fastened. Minnie was considered by all her friends as a child—was treated as a child—humored, petted, coaxed, indulged, and talked to as a child. Minnie, on her part, thought, spoke, lived, moved, and acted as a child. She fretted, she teased, she pouted, she cried, she did every thing as a child does; and thus carried up to the age of eighteen the bloom and charm of eight.

The two sisters were nieces of the Dowager Lady Dalrymple. Another niece also accompanied them, who was a cousin of the two sisters. This was Miss Ethel Orne, a young lady who had flourished through a London season, and had refused any number of brilliant offers. She was a brunette, with most wonderful dark eyes, figure of perfect grace, and an expression of grave self-poise that awed the butterflies of fashion, but offered an irresistible attraction to people of sense, intellect, intelligence, esprit, and all that sort of thing—like you and me, my boy.

I am taking up too much time and anticipating somewhat, I fear, by these descriptions; so let us drop Miss Ethel.

These ladies being thus all related formed a family party, and had made the journey thus far on the best of terms, without any other escort than that which was afforded by their chaperon, general, courier, guide, philosopher, friend, and Mentor—the Dowager Lady Dalrymple.

The party was enlarged by the presence of four maids and a foreign gentleman. This last-mentioned personage was small in stature, with a very handsome face and very brilliant eyes. His frame, though slight, was sinewy and well knit, and he looked like an Italian. He had come on alone, and had passed the night at the station-house.

A track about six feet wide had been cut out through the snow, and over this they passed. The snow was soft, and the horses sank deep, so that progress was slow. Nor was the journey without the excitement of apparent danger. At times before them and behind them there would come a low, rumbling sound, and they would see a mass of snow and ice rushing down some neighboring slope. Some of these fell on the road, and more than once they had to quit their sleds and wait for the drivers to get them over the heaps that had been formed across their path. Fortunately, however, none of these came near them; and Minnie Fay, who at first had screamed at intervals of about five minutes, gradually gained confidence, and at length changed her mood so completely that she laughed and clapped her little hands whenever she saw the rush of snow and ice. Thus slowly, yet in safety, they pushed onward, and at length reached the little village of Simplon. Here they waited an hour to warm themselves, lunch, and change horses. At the end of that time they set out afresh, and once more they were on their winding way.

They had now the gratification of finding that they were descending the slope, and of knowing that this descent took them every minute further from the regions of snow, and nearer to the sunny plains of Italy. Minnie in particular gave utterance to her delight; and now, having lost every particle of fear, she begged to be al-

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lowed to drive in the foremost sled. Ethel had been in it thus far, but she willingly changed places with Minnie, and thus the descent was made.

The sleds and their occupants were now arranged in the following order:

First, Minnie Fay alone with the driver.

Second, Mrs. Willoughby and Ethel.

Third, the Dowager and her maid.

Fourth, the three other maids.

Fifth, the luggage.

After these five sleds, containing our party, came another with the foreign gentleman.

Each of these sleds had a driver to itself.

In this order the party went, until at length they came to the Gorge of Gondo. This is a narrow valley, the sides of which rise up very abruptly, and in some places precipitously, to a great height. At the bottom flows a furious torrent, which boils and foams and roars as it forces its impetuous way onward over fallen masses of rock and trees and boulders, at one time gathering into still pools, at other times roaring into cataracts. Their road had been cut out on the side of the mountain, and the path had been cleared away here many feet above the buried road; and as they wound along the slope they could look up at the stupendous heights above them, and down at the abyss beneath them, whose white snow-covering was marked at the bottom by the black line of the roaring torrent. The smooth slope of snow ran down as far as the eye could reach at a steep angle, filling up all crevices, with here and there a projecting rock or a dark clump of trees to break its surface.

The road was far beneath them. The drivers had informed them that it was forty feet deep at the top of the pass, and that its depth here was over thirty. Long poles which were inserted in the snow projected above its surface and served to mark where the road ran.

Here, then, they drove along, feeling wearied with the length of the way, impatient at the slowness of their progress, and eager to reach their journey's end. But little was said. All had talked till all were tired out. Even Minnie Fay, who at first had evinced great enthusiasm on finding herself leading the way, and had kept turning back constantly to address remarks to her friends, had at length subsided, and had rolled herself up more closely in her furs, and heaped the straw higher about her little feet.

Suddenly before them, and above them, and behind them, and all around them, there arose a deep, low, dull, rushing sound, which seemed as if all the snow on the slope was moving. Their ears had by this time become sufficiently well acquainted with the peculiar sound of the rushing snow-masses to know that this was the noise that heralded their progress, and to feel sure that this was an avalanche of no common size. Yes, this was an avalanche, and every one heard it; but no one could tell where it was moving, or whether it was near or far, or whether it was before or behind. They only knew that it was somewhere along the slope which they were traversing.

A warning cry came from the foremost driver. He looked back, and his face was as pale as death. He waved his hands above him, and then shouting for the others to follow, he whipped up his horse furiously. The animal plunged into the snow, and tossed and floundered and made a rush onward.

But the other drivers held back, and, instead of following, shouted to the first driver to stop, and cried to the passengers to hold on. Not a cry of fear escaped from any one of the ladies. All did as they were directed, and grasped the stakes of their sleds, looking up at the slope with white lips, and expectation of horror in their eyes, watching for the avalanche.

And down it came, a vast mass of snow and ice—down it came, irresistibly, tremendously, with a force that nothing could withstand. All eyes watched its progress in the silence of utter and helpless terror. It came. It struck. All the sleds in the rear escaped, but Minnie's sled lay in the course of the falling mass. The driver had madly rushed into the very midst of the danger which he sought to avoid. A scream from Minnie and a cry of despair from the driver burst upon the ears of the horrified listeners, and the sled that bore them, buried in the snow, went over the edge of the slope, and downward to the abyss.

CHAPTER II.

THE PERILOUS DESCENT.

The shriek of Minnie and the driver's cry of despair were both stopped abruptly by the rush of snow, and were smothered in the heap under which they were buried. The whole party stood paralyzed, gazing stupidly downward where the avalanche was hurrying on to the abyss, bearing with it the ill-fated Minnie. The descent was a slope of smooth snow, which went down at an angle of forty-five degrees for at least a thousand feet. At that point there seemed to be a precipice. As their aching eyes watched the falling mass they saw it approach this place, and then as it came near the whole avalanche seemed to divide as though it had been severed by some projecting rock. It divided thus, and went to ruin; while in the midst of the ruin they saw the sled, looking like a helpless boat in the midst of foaming breakers. So, like such a helpless boat, it was dashed forward, and shot out of sight over the precipice.

Whither had it gone? Into what abyss had it fallen? What lay beneath that point over which it had been thrown? Was it the fierce torrent that rolled there, or were there black rocks and sharp crags lying at the foot of the awful precipice? Such were the questions which flashed through every mind, and deep-

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ened the universal horror into universal despair.

In the midst of this general dismay Ethel was the first to speak and to act. She started to her feet, and looking back, called in a loud voice:

"Go down after her! A thousand pounds to the man who saves her! Quick!"

At this the drivers came forward. None of them could understand English, and so had not comprehended her offer; but they saw by her gestures what she wanted. They, however, did not seem inclined to act. They pointed down, and pointed up, and shook their heads, and jabbered some strange unintelligible patois.

"Cowards!" cried Ethel, "to leave a young girl to die. I will go down myself."

And then, just as she was, she stepped from the sled, and paused for a moment, looking down the slope as though selecting a place. Lady Dalrymple and Mrs. Willoughby screamed to her to come back, and the drivers surrounded her with wild gesticulations. To all this she paid no attention whatever, and would certainly have gone down in another moment had not a hand been laid on her arm, and a voice close by her said, with a strong foreign accent,

"Mees!"

She turned at once.

It was the foreign gentleman who had been driving behind the party. He had come up and had just reached the place. He now stood before her with his hat in one hand and the other hand on his heart.

"Pardon, mees," he said, with a bow. "Eet is too periloss. I sall go down eef you 'low me to mak ze attemp."

"Oh, monsieur," cried Ethel, "save her if you can."

"Do not fear. Be calm. I sall go down. Nevare mine."

The stranger now turned to the drivers and spoke to them in their own language. They all obeyed at once. He was giving them explicit directions in a way that showed a perfect command of the situation. It now appeared that each sled had a coil of rope, which was evidently supplied from an apprehension of some such accident as this. Hastily yet dextrously the foreign gentleman took one of these coils, and then binding a blanket around his waist, he passed the rope around this, so that it would press against the blanket without cutting him. Having secured this tightly, he gave some further directions to the drivers, and then prepared to go down.

Hitherto the drivers had acted in sullen submission, rather than with ready acquiescence. They were evidently afraid of another avalanche; and the frequent glances which they threw at the slope above them plainly showed that they expected this snow to follow the example of the other. In spite of themselves an expression of this fear escaped them, and came to the ears of the foreign gentleman. He turned at once on the brink of the descent, and burst into a torrent of invective against them. The ladies could not understand him, but they could perceive that he was uttering threats, and that the men quailed before him. He did not waste any time, however. After reducing the men to a state of sulky submission, he turned once more and began the descent.

As he went down the rope was held by the men, who allowed it to pass through their hands so as to steady his descent. The task before the adventurer was one of no common difficulty. The snow was soft, and at every step he sank in at least to his knees. Frequently he came to treacherous places, where he sank down above his waist, and was only able to scramble out with difficulty. But the rope sustained him; and as his progress was downward, he succeeded in moving with some rapidity toward his destination. The ladies on the height above sat in perfect silence, watching the progress of the man who was thus descending with his life in his hand to seek and to save their lost companion, and in the intensity of their anxiety forgot utterly about any danger to themselves, though from time to time there arose the well-known sound of sliding masses, not so far away but that under other circumstances of less anxiety it might have filled them with alarm. But now there was no alarm for themselves.

And now the stranger was far down, and the coil of rope was well-nigh exhausted. But this had been prepared for, and the drivers fastened this rope to another coil, and after a time began to let out that one also.

Farther and farther down the descent went on. They saw the stranger pursuing his way still with unfaltering resolution; and they sent after him all their hearts and all their prayers. At last he plunged down almost out of sight, but the next moment he emerged, and then, after a few leaps, they saw that he had gained the place where lay the ruins of the shattered avalanche. Over this he walked, sometimes sinking, at other times running and leaping, until at length he came to the precipice over which the sled had been flung.

And now the suspense of the ladies became terrible. This was the critical moment. Already his eyes could look down upon the mystery that lay beneath that precipice. And what lay revealed there? Did his eyes encounter a spectacle of horror? Did they gaze down into the inaccessible depths of some hideous abyss? Did they see those jagged rocks, those sharp crags, those giant boulders, those roaring billows, which, in their imaginations, had drawn down their lost companion to destruction? Such conjectures were too terrible. Their breath failed them, and their hearts for a time almost ceased to beat as they sat there, overcome by such dread thoughts as these.

Suddenly a cry of delight escaped Ethel. She was kneeling down beside Lady Dalrymple and Mrs. Willoughby, with her eyes staring

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from her pallid face, when she saw the stranger turn and look up. He took off his hat, and waved it two or three times. Then he beckoned to the drivers. Then he sat down and prepared to let himself over the precipice. This incident inspired hope. It did more. It gave a moment's confidence, and the certainty that all was not lost. They looked at each other, and wept tears of joy. But soon that momentary hope vanished, and uncertainty returned. After all, what did the stranger's gesture mean? He might have seen her—but how? He might reach her, but would she be safe from harm? Could such a thing be hoped for? Would she not, rather, be all marred and mutilated? Dared they hope for any thing better? They dared not. And now they sat once more, as sad as before, and their short-lived gleam of hope faded away.

They saw the stranger go over the precipice. Then he disappeared.

The rope was let out for a little distance, and then stopped. Then more went out. Then it stopped again.

The rope now lay quite loose. There was no tension.

What was the meaning of this? Was he clinging to the side of the precipice? Impossible. It looked rather as though he had reached some place where he was free to move, and had no further need of descent. And it seemed as though the precipice might not be so deep or so fearful as they had supposed.

In a short time their eyes were greeted by the appearance of the stranger above the precipice. He waved his hat again. Then he made some gestures, and detached the rope from his person. The drivers understood him as if this had been preconcerted. Two of them instantly unharnessed the horse from one of the sleds, while the others pulled up the rope which the stranger had cast off. Then the latter disappeared once more behind the precipice. The ladies watched now in deep suspense; inclining to hope, yet dreading the worst. They saw the drivers fasten the rope to the sled, and let it down the slope. It was light, and the runners were wide. It did not sink much, but slid down quite rapidly. Once or twice it stuck, but by jerking it back it was detached, and went on as before. At last it reached the precipice at a point not more than a hundred feet from where the stranger had last appeared.

And now as they sat there, reduced once more to the uttermost extremity of suspense, they saw a sight which sent a thrill of rapture through their aching hearts. They saw the stranger come slowly above the precipice, and then stop, and stoop, and look back. Then they saw—oh, Heavens! who was that? Was not that her red hood—and that figure who thus slowly emerged from behind the edge of the precipice which had so long concealed her—that figure! Was it possible? Not dead—not mangled, but living, moving, and, yes—wonder of wonders—scaling a precipice! Could it be! Oh joy! Oh bliss! Oh revulsion from despair! The ladies trembled and shivered, and laughed and sobbed convulsively, and wept in one another's arms by turns.

As far as they could see through the tears that dimmed their eyes, Minnie could not be much injured. She moved quite lightly over the snow, as the stranger led her toward the sled; only sinking once or twice, and then extricating herself even more readily than her companion. At last she reached the sled, and the stranger, taking off the blanket that he had worn under the rope, threw it over her shoulders.

Then he signaled to the men above, and they began to pull up the sled. The stranger climbed up after it through the deep snow, walking behind it for some distance. At last he made a despairing gesture to the men, and sank down.

The men looked bewildered, and stopped pulling.

The stranger started up, and waved his hands impatiently, pointing to Minnie.

The drivers began to pull once more at the sled, and the stranger once more sank exhausted in the snow.

At this Ethel started up.

"That noble soul!" she cried; "that generous heart! See! he is saving Minnie, and sitting down to die in the snow!"

She sprang toward the men, and endeavored to make them do something. By her gestures she tried to get two of the men to pull at the sled, and the third man to let the fourth man down with a rope to the stranger. The men refused; but at the offer of her purse, which was well filled with gold, they consented. Two of them then pulled at the sled, and number four bound the rope about him, and went down, while number three held the rope. He went down without difficulty, and reached the stranger. By this time Minnie had been drawn to the top, and was clasped in the arms of her friends.

But now the strength and the sense which had been so wonderfully maintained gave way utterly; and no sooner did she find herself safe than she fell down unconscious.

They drew her to a sled, and tenderly laid her on the straw, and lovingly and gently they tried to restore her, and call her back to consciousness. But for a long time their efforts were of no avail.

She lay there a picture of perfect loveliness, as beautiful as a dream—like some child-angel. Her hair, frosted with snow dust, clustered in golden curls over her fair white brow; her little hands were folded meekly over her breast; her sweet lips were parted, and disclosed the pearly teeth; the gentle eyes no longer looked forth with their piteous expression of mute appeal; and her hearing was deaf to the words of love and pity that were lavished upon her.

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CHAPTER III.

THE CHILD-ANGEL AND HER WOES.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY was in her room at the hotel in Milan, when the door opened, and Minnie came in. She looked around the room, drew a long breath, then locked the door, and flinging herself upon a sofa, she reclined there in silence for some time, looking hard at the ceiling. Mrs. Willoughby looked a little surprised at first; but after waiting a few moments for Minnie to say something, resumed her reading, which had been interrupted.

"Kitty," said Minnie at last.

"What?" said her sister, looking up.

"I think you're horrid."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Why, because when you see and know that I'm dying to speak to you, you go on reading that wretched book."

"Why, Minnie darling," said Mrs. Willoughby, "how in the world was I to know that you wanted to speak to me?"

"You *might* have known," said Minnie, with a pout—"you saw me look all round, and lock the door; and you saw how worried I looked, and I think it a shame, and I've a great mind not to tell you any thing about it."

"About it—what *it*?" and Mrs. Willoughby put down her book, and regarded her sister with some curiosity.

"I've a great mind not to tell you, but I can't help it. Besides, I'm dying to ask your advice. I don't know what to do; and I wish I was dead—there!"

"My poor Minnie! what *is* the matter? You're *so* incoherent."

"Well, Kitty, it's all my accident."

"Your accident?"

"Yes; on the Alps, you know."

"What! You haven't received any serious injury, have you?" asked Mrs. Willoughby, with some alarm.

"Oh! I don't mean that; but I'll tell you what I mean;" and here Minnie got up from her reclining position, and allowed her little feet to touch the carpet, while she fastened her great, fond, pleading, piteous eyes upon her sister.

"It's the Count, you know," said she.

"The Count!" repeated Mrs. Willoughby, somewhat dryly. "Well?"

"Well—don't you know what I mean? Oh, how stupid you are!"

"I really can not imagine."

"Well—he—he—he pro—proposed, you know."

"Proposed!" cried the other, in a voice of dismay.

"Now, Kitty, if you speak in that horrid way I won't say another word. I'm worried too much already, and I don't want you to scold me. And I won't have it."

"Minnie darling, I wish you would tell me something. I'm not scolding. I merely wish to know what you mean. Do you really mean that the Count has proposed to you?"

"Of course that's what I mean."

"What puzzles me is, how he could have got the chance. It's more than a week since he saved you, and we all felt deeply grateful to him. But saving a girl's life doesn't give a man any claim over her; and we don't altogether like him; and so we all have tried, in a quiet way, without hurting his feelings, you know, to prevent him from having any acquaintance with you."

"Oh, I know, I know," said Minnie, briskly. "He told me all that. He understands that; but he doesn't care, he says, if *I* only consent. He will forgive *you*, he says."

Minnie's volubility was suddenly checked by catching her sister's eye fixed on her in new amazement.

"Now you're beginning to be horrid," she cried. "Don't, don't—"

"Will you have the kindness to tell me," said Mrs. Willoughby, very quietly, "how in the world the Count contrived to tell you all this?"

"Why—why—several times."

"Several times!"

"Yes."

"Tell me where?"

"Why, once at the amphitheatre. You were walking ahead, and I sat down to rest, and he came and joined me. He left before you came back."

"He must have been following us, then."

"Yes. And another time in the picture-gallery; and yesterday in a shop; and this morning at the Cathedral."

"The Cathedral!"

"Yes, Kitty. You know we all went, and Lady Dalrymple would not go up. So Ethel and I went up. And when we got up to the top I walked about, and Ethel sat down to admire the view. And, you know, I found myself off at a little distance, when suddenly I saw Count Girasole. And then, you know, he—he—proposed."

Mrs. Willoughby sat silent for some time.

"And what did you say to him?" she asked at length.

"Why, what else could I say?"

"What else than *what*?"

"I don't see why you should act *so* like a grand inquisitor, Kitty. You really make me feel quite nervous," said Minnie, who put her little rosy-tipped fingers to one of her eyes, and attempted a sob, which turned out a failure.

"Oh, I only asked you what you told him, you know."

"Well," said Minnie, gravely, "I told him, you know, that I was awfully grateful to him, and that I'd give any thing if I could to express my gratitude. And then, you know—oh, he speaks such darling broken English—he called me his 'mees,' and tried to make a pretty speech, which was so mixed with Italian that I didn't understand one single word. By-the-way, Kitty, isn't it odd how every body here speaks Italian, even the children?"

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"Yes, very odd; but, Minnie dear, I want to know what you told him."

"Why, I told him that I didn't know, you know."

"And then?"

"And then he took my hand. Now, Kitty, you're unkind. I really *can not* tell you all this."

"Yes, but I only ask so as to advise you. I want to know how the case stands."

"Well, you know, he was so urgent—"

"Yes?"

"And so handsome—"

"Well?"

"And then, you know, he saved my life—didn't he now? You must acknowledge that much, mustn't you?"

"Oh yes."

"Well—"

"Well?"

Minnie sighed.

"So what could I say?"

Minnie paused.

Mrs. Willoughby looked troubled.

"Kitty, I *wish* you wouldn't look at me with that dreadful expression. You really make me feel quite frightened."

"Minnie," said the other, in a serious voice, "do you really *love* this man?"

"Love this man! why no, not particularly; but I *like* him; that is, I think I do, or rather I thought I did; but really I'm so worried about all my troubles that I wish he had never come down after me. I don't see why he did, either. I didn't ask him to. I remember, now, I really felt quite embarrassed when I saw him. I knew there would be trouble about it. And I wish you would take me back home. I hate Italy. Do, Kitty darling. But then—"

Minnie paused again.

"Well, Minnie dear, we certainly must contrive some plan to shake him off without hurting his feelings. It can't be thought of. There are a hundred objections. If the worst comes to the worst we can go back, as you say, to England."

"I know; but then," said Minnie, "that's the very thing that I can't do—"

"Can't do what?"

"Go back to England."

"Back to England! Why not? I don't know what you mean."

"Well, you see, Kitty, that's the very thing I came to see you about. This dreadful man—the Count, you know—has some wonderful way of finding out where I go; and he keeps all the time appearing and disappearing in the very strangest manner; and when I saw him on the roof of the Cathedral it really made me feel quite giddy. He is *so* determined to win me that I'm afraid to look round. He takes the commonest civility as encouragement. And then, you know—there it is—I really can't go back to England."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why there's—a—a dreadful person there," said Minnie, with an awful look in her eyes.

"A what?"

"A—person," said Minnie.

"A man?"

Minnie nodded. "Oh yes—of course. Really when one thinks of one's troubles, it's enough to drive one distracted. This person is a man. I don't know why it is that I should be *so* worried and *so* distracted by men. I do *not* like them, and I wish there were no such persons."

"Another man!" said Mrs. Willoughby, in some surprise. "Well, Minnie, you certainly—"

"Now don't, don't—not a word; I know all you're going to say, and I won't stand it;" and Minnie ran over to her sister and held her hand over her mouth.

"I won't say a word," said Mrs. Willoughby, as soon as she had removed Minnie's hand; "so begin."

Minnie resumed her place on the sofa, and gave a long sigh.

"Well, you know, Kitty darling, it happened at Brighton last September. You were in Scotland then. I was with old Lady Shrewsbury, who is as blind as a bat—and where's the use of having a person to look after you when they're blind! You see, my horse ran away, and I think he must have gone ever so many miles, over railroad bridges and hedges and stone walls. I'm certain he jumped over a small cottage. Well, you know, when all seemed lost, suddenly there was a strong hand laid on the reins, and my horse was stopped. I tumbled into some strange gentleman's arms, and was carried into a house, where I was resuscitated. I returned home in the gentleman's carriage.

"Now the worst of it is," said Minnie, with a piteous look, "that the person who stopped the horse called to inquire after me the next day. Lady Shrewsbury, like an old goose, was awfully civil to him; and so there I was! His name is Captain Kirby, and I wish there were no captains in the world. The life he led me! He used to call, and I had to go out riding with him, and old Lady Shrewsbury utterly neglected me; and so, you know, Kitty darling, he at last, you know, of course, proposed. That's what they all do, you know, when they save your life. Always! It's awful!"

Minnie heaved a sigh, and sat apparently meditating on the enormous baseness of the man who saved a lady's life and then proposed; and it was not until Mrs. Willoughby had spoken twice that she was recalled to herself.

"What did you tell him?" was her sister's question.

"Why, what could I tell him?"

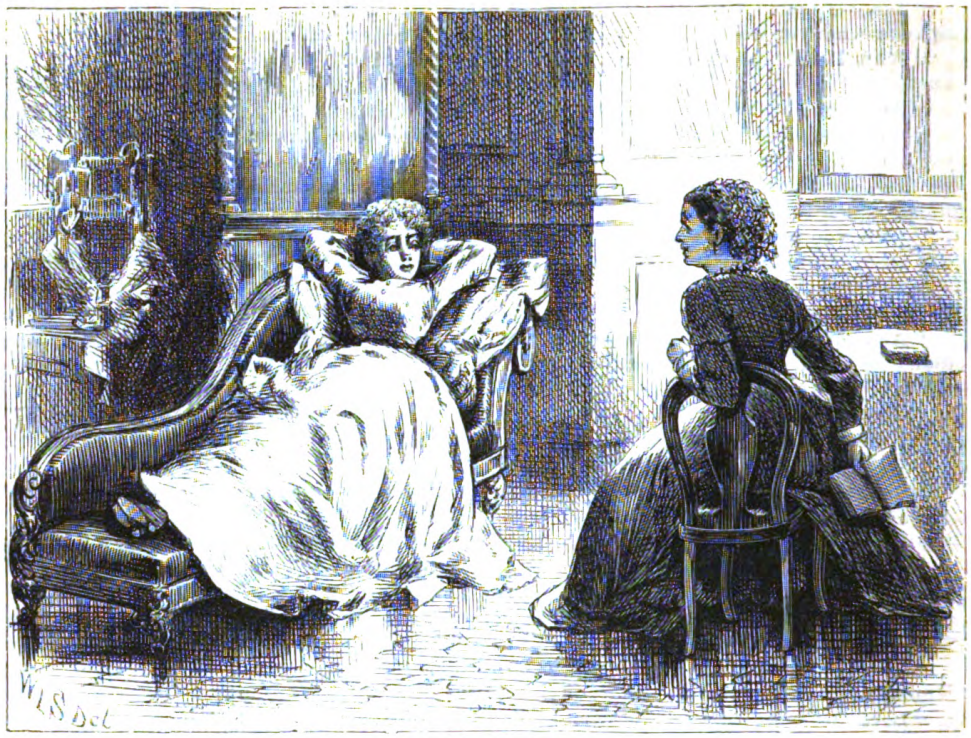
"What!" cried Mrs. Willoughby; "you don't—"

"Now, Kitty, I think it's very unkind in you, when I want all your sympathy, to be *so* horrid."

"Well, tell it your own way, Minnie dearest."

Minnie sat for a time regarding vacancy with a soft, sad, and piteous expression in her large blue eyes; with her head also a little on one

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"ANOTHER MAN!"

side, and her delicate hands gently clasped in front of her.

"You see, Kitty darling, he took me out riding, and—he took me to the place where I had met him, and then he proposed. Well, you know, I didn't know what to say. He was *so* earnest, and *so* despairing. And then, you know, Kitty dearest, he had saved my life, and so—"

"And so?"

"Well, I told him I didn't know, and was shockingly confused, and then we got up quite a scene. He swore that he would go to Mexico, though why I can't imagine; and I really wish he had; but I was frightened at the time, and I cried; and then he got worse, and I told him not to; whereupon he went into raptures, and began to call me no end of names—spooney names, you know; and I—oh, I did *so* want him to stop!—I think I must have promised him all that he wanted; and when I got home I was frightened out of my poor little wits, and cried all night."

"Poor dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, with tender sympathy. "What a wretch!"

"No, he wasn't a wretch at all; he was awfully handsome, only, you know, he—was—so—*aw*fully persevering, and kept *so* at my heels; but I hurried home from Brighton, and thought I had got rid of him."

"And hadn't you?"

"Oh dear, no," said Minnie, mournfully. "On the day after my arrival there came a letter; and, you know, I had to answer it; and then another; and so it went on—"

"Oh, Minnie! why didn't you tell me before?"

"How could I when you were off in that horrid Scotland? I *always* hated Scotland."

"You might have told papa."

"I couldn't. I think papa's cruel *too*. He doesn't care for me at all. Why didn't he find out our correspondence and intercept it, the way papas always do in novels? If I were *his* papa I'd not let *him* be so worried."

"And did he never call on you?"

"Yes; he got leave of absence once, and I had a dreadful time with him. He was in a desperate state of mind. He was ordered off to Gibraltar. But I managed to comfort him; and, oh dear, Kitty dear, did you *ever* try to comfort a man, and the man a total stranger?"

At this innocent question Mrs. Willoughby's gravity gave way a little.

Minnie frowned, and then sighed.

"Well, you needn't be so unkind," said she; and then her little hand tried to wipe away a tear, but failed.

"Did he go to Gibraltar?" asked Mrs. Willoughby at length.

"Yes, he did," said Minnie, with a little asperity.

"Did he write?"

"Of course he wrote," in the same tone.

"Well, how did it end?"

"End! It didn't end at all. And it never will end. It 'll go on getting worse and worse every day. You see he wrote, and said a lot of rubbish about his getting leave of absence and coming to see me. And then I determined to

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run away; and you know I begged you to take me to Italy, and this is the first time I've told you the real reason."

"So that was the real reason?"

"Yes."

"Well, Minnie, my poor child," said Mrs. Willoughby, after a pause, "you're safe from your officer, at any rate; and as to Count Girasole, we must save you from him. Don't give way."

"But you can't save me. They'll come after me, I know. Captain Kirby, the moment he finds out that I am here, will come flying after me; and then, oh dear! the other one will come, and the American, too, of course."

"The what? who?" cried Mrs. Willoughby, starting up with new excitement. "Who's that? What did you say, Minnie? The American? What American?"

Minnie threw a look of reproach at her sister, and her eyes fell.

"You can't possibly mean that there are any more—"

"There—is—*one*—more," said Minnie, in a low, faint voice, stealing a glance at her sister, and looking a little frightened.

"One more!" repeated her sister, breathless.

"Well, I didn't come here to be scolded," said Minnie, rising, "and I'll go. But I hoped that you'd help me; and I think you're very unkind; and I wouldn't treat you so."

"No, no, Minnie," said Mrs. Willoughby, rising, and putting her arm round her sister, and drawing her back. "I had no idea of scolding. I never scolded any one in my life, and wouldn't speak a cross word to you for the world. Sit down now, Minnie darling, and tell me all. What about the American? I won't express any more astonishment, no matter what I may feel."

"But you mustn't *feel* any astonishment," insisted Minnie.

"Well, darling, I won't," said her sister.

Minnie gave a sigh.

"It was last year, you know, in the spring. Papa and I were going out to Montreal, to bring you home. You remember?"

Mrs. Willoughby nodded, while a sad expression came over her face.

"And, you remember, the steamer was wrecked."

"Yes."

"But I never told you how my life was saved."

"Why, yes, you did. Didn't papa tell all about the heroic sailor who swam ashore with you? how he was frantic about you, having been swept away by a wave from you? and how he fainted away with joy when you were brought to him? How can you suppose I would forget that? And then how papa tried to find the noble sailor to reward him."

"Oh yes," said Minnie, in a despondent tone. "That's all very true; but he wasn't a noble sailor at all."

"What!"

"You see, he wasn't going to have a scene with papa, and so he kept out of his way. Oh dear, how I wish he'd been as considerate with me! But that's the way always; yes, always."

"Well, who was he?"

"Why, he was an American gentleman, returning home from a tour in Europe. He saved me, as you have heard. I really don't remember much about it, only there was a terrible rush of water, and a strong arm seized me, and I thought it was papa all the time. And I found myself carried, I don't know how, through the waves, and then I fainted; and I really don't know any thing about it except papa's story."

Mrs. Willoughby looked at Minnie in silence, but said nothing.

"And then, you know, he traveled with us, and papa thought he was one of the passengers, and was civil; and so he used to talk to me, and at last, at Montreal, he used to call on me."

"Where?"

"At your house, dearest."

"Why, how was that?"

"You could not leave your room, darling, so I used to go down."

"Oh, Minnie!"

"And he proposed to me there."

"Where? in my parlor?"

"Yes; in your parlor, dearest."

"I suppose it's not necessary for me to ask what you said."

"I suppose not," said Minnie, in a sweet voice. "He was so grand and so strong, and he never made any allusions to the wreck; and it was—the—the—very *first* time that any body ever—proposed; and so, you know, I didn't know how to take it, and I didn't want to hurt his feelings, and I couldn't deny that he had saved my life; and I don't know when I *ever* was so confused. It's awful, Kitty darling.

"And then, you know, darling," continued Minnie, "he went away, and used to write regularly every month. He came to see me once, and I was frightened to death almost. He is going to marry me next year. He used an awful expression, dearest. He told me he was a struggling man. Isn't that horrid? What is it, Kitty? Isn't it something very, very dreadful?"

"He writes still, I suppose?"

"Oh dear, yes."

Mrs. Willoughby was silent for some time.

"Oh, Minnie," said she at last, "what a trouble all this is! How I wish you had been with me all this time!"

"Well, what made you go and get married?" said Minnie.

"Hush," said Mrs. Willoughby, sadly, "never mind. I've made up my mind to one thing, and that is, I will never leave you alone with a gentleman, unless—"

"Well, I'm sure I don't want the horrid creatures," said Minnie. "And you needn't be so unkind. I'm sure I don't see why people will come always and save my life wherever I go. I don't want them to. I don't want to have my life saved any more. I think it's dreadful to have men chasing me all over the

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"HE BENT HIS HEAD DOWN, AND RAN HIS HAND THROUGH HIS BUSHY HAIR."

world. I'm afraid to stop in Italy, and I'm afraid to go back to England. Then I'm always afraid of that dreadful American. I suppose it's no use for me to go to the Holy Land, or Egypt, or Australia; for then my life would be saved by an Arab, or a New Zealander. And oh, Kitty, wouldn't it be dreadful to have some Arab proposing to me, or a Hindu! Oh, what *am* I to do?"

"Trust to me, darling. I'll get rid of Girasole. We will go to Naples. He has to stop at Rome; I know that. We will thus pass quietly away from him, without giving him any pain, and he'll soon forget all about it. As for the others, I'll stop this correspondence first, and then deal with them as they come."

"You'll never do it, never," cried Minnie; "I know you won't. You don't know them."

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

Lord Harry Hawbury had been wandering for three months on the Continent, and had finally found himself in Naples. It was always a favorite place of his, and he had established himself in comfortable quarters on the Strada Nuova, from the windows of which there was a magnificent view of the whole bay, with Vesuvius, Capri, Baiæ, and all the regions round about. Here an old friend had unexpectedly turned up in the person of Scone Dacres. Their friendship had been formed some five or six years before in South America, where they had made a hazardous journey in company across the continent, and had thus acquired a familiarity with one another which years of ordinary association would have failed to give. Scone Dacres was several years older than Lord Hawbury.

One evening Lord Hawbury had just finished his dinner, and was dawdling about in a listless way, when Dacres entered, quite unceremoniously, and flung himself into a chair by one of the windows.

"Any Bass, Hawbury?" was his only greeting, as he bent his head down, and ran his hand through his bushy hair.

"Lachryma Christi?" asked Hawbury, in an interrogative tone.

"No, thanks. That wine is a humbug. I'm beastly thirsty, and as dry as a cinder."

Hawbury ordered the Bass, and Dacres soon was refreshing himself with copious draughts.

The two friends presented a singular contrast. Lord Hawbury was tall and slim, with straight, flaxen hair and flaxen whiskers, whose long, pendent points hung down to his shoulders. His thin face, somewhat pale, had an air of high refinement; and an ineradicable habit of lounging, together with a drawling intonation, gave him the appearance of being the laziest mortal alive. Dacres, on the other hand, was the very opposite of all this. He was as tall as Lord Hawbury, but was broad-shouldered and massive. He had a big head, a big mustache, and a thick beard. His hair was dark, and

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covered his head in dense, bushy curls. His voice was loud, his manner abrupt, and he always sat bolt upright.

"Any thing up, Sconey?" asked Lord Hawbury, after a pause, during which he had been languidly gazing at his friend.

"Well, no, nothing, except that I've been up Vesuvius."

Lord Hawbury gave a long whistle.

"And how did you find the mountain?" he asked; "lively?"

"Rather so. In fact, infernally so," added Dacres, thoughtfully. "Look here, Hawbury, do you detect any smell of sulphur about me?"

"Sulphur! What in the name of—sulphur! Why, now that you mention it, I *do* notice something of a brimstone smell. Sulphur? Why, man, you're as strong as a lighted match. What have you been doing with yourself? Down inside, eh?"

Dacres made no answer for some time, but sat stroking his beard with his left hand, while his right held a cigar which he had just taken out of a box at his elbow. His eyes were fixed upon a point in the sky exactly half-way between Capri and Baiæ, and about ten degrees above the horizon.

"Hawbury," said he, solemnly, after about two minutes of portentous silence.

"Well, old man?"

"I've had an adventure."

"An adventure? Well, don't be bashful. Breathe forth the tale in this confiding ear."

"You see," said Dacres, "I started off this morning for a ride, and had no more intention of going to Vesuvius than to Jericho."

"I should hope not. What business has a fellow like you with Vesuvius?—a fellow that has scaled Cotopaxi, and all that sort of thing. Not you."

Dacres put the cigar thoughtfully in his mouth, struck a light, and tried to light it, but couldn't. Then he bit the end off, which he had forgotten to do before. Then he gave three long, solemn, and portentous puffs. Then he took the cigar between his first and second fingers, and stretched his hand out toward Hawbury.

"Hawbury, my boy," said he again.

"All right."

"You remember the time when I got that bullet in Uruguay?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had a shot to-day."

"A shot! The deuce you had. Cool, too. Any of those confounded bandits about? I thought that was all rot."

"It wasn't a real shot; only figurative."

"Figurative?"

"Yes; it was a—a girl."

"By Jove!" cried Hawbury, starting up from an easy posture which he had secured for himself after fifteen minutes' shifting and changing. "A girl! You, Dacres, spooney? A fellow like you, and a girl! By Jove!"

Hawbury fell back again, and appeared to be vainly trying to grapple with the thought. Dacres put his cigar between his lips again, and gave one or two puffs at it, but it had gone out. He pitched it out of the window, and struck his hand heavily on the arm of his chair.

"Yes, Hawbury, a girl; and spooney, too—as spooney as blazes; but I'll swear there isn't such another girl upon the whole face of the earth; and when you bear in mind the fact that my observation, with extended view, has surveyed mankind from China to Peru, you'll be able to appreciate the value of my statement."

"All right, old man; and now for the adventure."

"The adventure? Well, you see, I started for a ride. Had a misty idea of going to Sorrento, and was jogging along among a million pigs or so at Portici, when I overtook a carriage that was going slowly along. There were three ladies in it. The backs of two of them were turned toward me, and I afterward saw that one was old—no doubt the chaperon—and the other was young. But the third lady, Hawbury— Well, it's enough to say that I, who have seen all women in all lands, have never seen any thing like her. She was on the front seat, with her face turned toward me. She was small, a perfect blonde; hair short and curling; a round, girlish face; dimpled cheeks, and little mouth. Her eyes were large and blue; and, as she looked at me, I saw such a bewitching innocence, such plaintive entreaty, such pathetic trust, such helpless, childlike—I'll be hanged if I can find words to express what I want to say. The English language doesn't contain them."

"Do it in Latin, then, or else skip the whole description. All the same. I know the whole story by heart. Love's young dream, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Well," continued Dacres, "there was something so confoundedly bewitching in the little girl's face that I found myself keeping on at a slow pace in the rear of the carriage, and feasting on her looks. Of course I wasn't rude about it or demonstrative."

"Oh, of course. No demonstration. It's nothing to ride behind a carriage for several hours, and 'feast' one's self on a pretty girl's looks! But go on, old man."

"Oh, I managed it without giving offense. You see, there was such a beastly lot of pigs, peasants, cows, dirty children, lazaroni, and all that sort of thing, that it was simply impossible to go any faster; so you see I was compelled to ride behind. Sometimes, indeed, I fell a good distance back."

"And then caught up again to resume the 'feast?'"

"Well—yes."

"But I don't see what this has to do with your going to Vesuvius."

"It has every thing to do. You see, I started without any fixed purpose, and after I saw this carriage, I kept on insensibly after it."

"Oh, I see—yes. By Jove!"

"And they drove up as far as they could."

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"Yes?"

"And I followed. You see, I had nothing else to do—and that little girl! Besides, it was the most natural thing in the world for me to be going up; and the fact that I was bent on the same errand as themselves was sufficient to account for my being near the carriage, and would prevent them from supposing that I was following them. So, you see, I followed, and at length they stopped at the Hermitage. I left my horse there, and strolled forward, without going very far away; my only idea was to keep the girl in sight. I had no idea that they would go any further. To ascend the cone seemed quite out of the question. I thought they would rest at the Hermitage, drink some Lachryma Christi, and go back. But to my surprise, as I was walking about, I saw the two young ladies come out and go toward the cone.

"I kept out of the way, as you may suppose, and watched them, wondering what idea they had. As they passed I heard the younger one—the child-angel, you know, *my* girl—teasing the other to make the ascent of the cone, and the other seemed to be quite ready to agree to the proposal.

"Now, as far as the mere ascent is concerned, of course you know *that* is not much. The guides were there with straps, and chairs, and that sort of thing, all ready, so that there was no difficulty about that. The real difficulty was in these girls going off unattended; and I could only account for it by supposing that the chaperon knew nothing whatever about their proposal. No doubt the old lady was tired, and the young ones went out, as *she* supposed, for a stroll; and now, as *they* proposed, this stroll meant nothing less than an ascent of the cone. After all, there is nothing surprising in the fact that a couple of active and spirited girls should attempt this. From the Hermitage it does not seem to be at all difficult, and they had no idea of the actual nature of the task.

"What made it worse, however, was the state of the mountain at this particular time. I don't know whether you have taken the trouble to raise your eyes so high as the top of Vesuvius—"

Hawbury languidly shook his head.

"Well, I supposed not; but if you had taken the trouble, you would have noticed an ugly cloud which is generally regarded here as ominous. This morning, you know, there was an unusually large canopy of very dirty smoke overhead. I knew by the look of things that it was not a very pleasant place to go to. But of course they could not be supposed to know any thing of the kind, and their very ignorance made them rash.

"Well, I walked along after them, not knowing what might turn up, but determined to keep them in sight. Those beggars with chairs were not to be trusted, and the ladies had gold enough about them to tempt violence. What a reckless old devil of a chaperon she was, to let those young girls go! So I walked on, cursing all the time the conventionalities of civilization that prevented me from giving them warning. They were rushing straight on into danger, and I had to keep silent.

"On reaching the foot of the cone a lot of fellows came up to them, with chairs and straps, and that sort of thing. They employed some of them, and, mounting the chairs, they were carried up, while I walked up by myself at a distance from which I could observe all that was going on. The girls were quite merry, appeared to be enchanted with their ride up the cone, enjoyed the novelty of the sensation, and I heard their lively chatter and their loud peals of ringing laughter, and longed more than ever to be able to speak to them.

"Now the little girl that I had first seen—the child-angel, you know—seemed, to my amazement, to be more adventurous than the other. By her face you would suppose her to be as timid as a dove, and yet on this occasion she was the one who proposed the ascent, urged on her companion, and answered all her objections. Of course she could not have really been so plucky as she seemed. For my part, I believe the other one had more real pluck of the two, but it was the child-angel's ignorance that made her so bold. She went up the cone as she would have gone up stairs, and looked at the smoke as she would have looked at a rolling cloud.

"At length the bearers stopped, and signified to the girls that they could not go any further. The girls could not speak Italian, or any other language apparently than English, and therefore could not very well make out what the bearers were trying to say, but by their gestures they might have known that they were warning them against going any further. One might have supposed that no warning would have been needed, and that one look upward would have been enough. The top of the cone rose for upward of a hundred feet above them, its soil composed of lava blocks and ashes intermingled with sulphur. In this soil there were a million cracks and crevices, from which sulphurous smoke was issuing; and the smoke, which was but faint and thin near where they stood, grew denser farther up, till it intermingled with the larger volumes that rolled up from the crater.

"Now, as I stood there, I suddenly heard a wild proposal from the child-angel.

"'Oh, Ethel,' she said, 'I've a great mind to go up—'"

Here Hawbury interrupted his friend:

"What's that? Was that her friend's name?" he asked, with some animation. "Ethel?—odd, too. Ethel? H'm. Ethel? Brunette, was she?"

"Yes."

"Odd, too; infernally odd. But, pooh! what rot! Just as though there weren't a thousand Ethels!"

"What's that you're saying about Ethel?" asked Dacres.

"Oh, nothing, old man. Excuse my interrupting you. Go ahead. How did it end?"

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"Well, the child-angel said, 'Ethel, I've a great mind to go up.'

"This proposal Ethel scouted in horror and consternation.

"'You must not—you shall not!' she cried.

"'Oh, it's nothing, it's nothing,' said the child-angel. 'I'm dying to take a peep into the crater. It must be awfully funny. Do come; do, do come, Ethel darling.'

"'Oh, Minnie, don't,' cried the other, in great alarm. And I now learned that the child-angel's name was Minnie. 'Minnie,' she cried, clinging to the child-angel, 'you must not go. I would not have come up if I had thought you would be so unreasonable.'

"'Ethel,' said the other, 'you are really getting to be quite a scold. How ridiculous it is in you to set yourself up in this place as a duenna. How can I help going up? and only one peep. And I never saw a crater in my life, and I'm dying to know what it looks like. I know it's awfully funny; and it's horrid in you to be so unkind about it. And I really must go. Won't you come? Do, do, dear—dearest darling, do—do—do!'



"I SAW HER TURN AND WAVE HER HAND IN TRIUMPH."

"Ethel was firm, however, and tried to dissuade the other, but to no purpose, for at length, with a laugh, the child-angel burst away, and skipped lightly up the slope toward the crater.

"'Just one peep,' she said. 'Come, Ethel, I must, I really must, you know.'

"She turned for an instant as she said this, and I saw the glory of her child-face as it was irradiated by a smile of exquisite sweetness. The play of feature, the light of her eyes, and the expression of innocence and ignorance unconscious of danger, filled me with profound sadness. And there was I, standing alone, seeing that sweet child flinging herself to ruin, and yet unable to prevent her, simply because I was bound hand and foot by the infernal restrictions of a miserable and a senseless conventionality. Dash it, I say!"

As Dacres growled out this Hawbury elevated his eyebrows, and stroked his long, pendent whiskers lazily with his left hand, while with his right he drummed on the table near him.

"Well," resumed Dacres, "the child-angel ran up for some distance, leaving Ethel behind. Ethel called after her for some time, and then began to follow her up. Meanwhile the guides, who had thus far stood apart, suddenly caught sight of the child-angel's figure, and, with a loud warning cry, they ran after her. They seemed to me, however, to be a lazy lot, for they scarce got up as far as the place where Ethel was. Now, you know, all this time I was doomed to inaction. But at this juncture I strolled carelessly along, pretending not to see any thing in particular; and so, taking up an easy attitude, I waited for the dénouement. It was a terrible position too. That child-angel! I would have laid down my life for her, but I had to stand idle, and see her rush to fling her life away. And all because I had not happened to have the mere formality of an introduction.

"Well, you know, I stood there waiting for the dénouement. Now it happened that, as the child-angel went up, a brisk breeze had

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started, which blew away all the smoke, so that she went along for some distance without any apparent inconvenience. I saw her reach the top; I saw her turn and wave her hand in triumph. Then I saw her rush forward quickly and nimbly straight toward the crater. She seemed to go down into it. And then the wind changed or died away, or both, for there came a vast cloud of rolling smoke, black, cruel, suffocating; and the mountain crest and the child-angel were snatched from my sight.

"I was roused by a shriek from Ethel. I saw her rush up the slope, and struggle in a vain endeavor to save her friend. But before she had taken a dozen steps down came the rolling smoke, black, wrathful, and sulphurous; and I saw her crouch down and stagger back, and finally emerge pale as death, and gasping for breath. She saw me as I stood there; in fact, I had moved a little nearer.

"'Oh, Sir,' she cried, 'save her! Oh, my God, she's lost!'

"This was very informal, you know, and all that sort of thing; but *she* had broken the ice, and had accosted *me;* so I waived all ceremony, and considered the introduction sufficient. I took off my hat, and told her to calm herself.

"But she only wrung her hands, and implored me to save her friend.

"And now, my boy, lucky was it for me that my experience at Cotopaxi and Popocatepetl had been so thorough and so peculiar. My knowledge came into play at this time. I took my felt hat and put it over my mouth, and then tied it around my neck so that the felt rim came over my cheeks and throat. Thus I secured a plentiful supply of air, and the felt acted as a kind of ventilator to prevent the access to my lungs of too much of the sulphurous vapor. Of course such a contrivance would not be good for more than five minutes; but then, you know, five minutes were all that I wanted.

"So up I rushed, and, as the slope was only about a hundred feet, I soon reached the top. Here I could see nothing whatever. The tremendous smoke-clouds rolled all about on every side, enveloping me in their dense folds, and shutting every thing from view. I heard the cry of the asses of guides, who were howling where I left them below, and were crying to me to come back—the infernal idiots! The smoke was impenetrable; so I got down on my hands and knees and groped about. I was on her track, and knew she could not be far away. I could not spend more than five minutes there, for my felt hat would not assist me any longer. About two minutes had already passed. Another minute was taken up in creeping about on my hands and knees. A half minute more followed. I was in despair. The child-angel I saw must have run in much further than I had supposed, and perhaps I could not find her at all. A sickening fear came to me that she had grown dizzy, or had slid down over the loose sand into the terrific abyss of the crater itself. So another half minute passed; and now only one minute was left."

"I don't see how you managed to be so confoundedly accurate in your reckoning. How was it? You didn't carry your watch in one hand, and feel about with the other, I suppose?"

"No; but I looked at my watch at intervals. But never mind that. Four minutes, as I said, were up, and only one minute remained, and that was not enough to take me back. I was at the last gasp already, and on the verge of despair, when suddenly, as I crawled on, there lay the child-angel full before me, within my reach.

"Yes," continued Dacres, after a pause, "there she lay, just in my grasp, just at my own last gasp. One second more and it must have been all up. She was senseless, of course. I caught her up; I rose and ran back as quick as I could, bearing my precious burden. She was as light as a feather—no weight at all. I carried her as tenderly as if she was a little baby. As I emerged from the smoke Ethel rushed up to me and set up a cry, but I told her to keep quiet and it would be all right. Then I directed the guides to carry her down, and I myself then carried down the child-angel.

"You see I wasn't going to give her up. I had had hard work enough getting her. Besides, the atmosphere up there was horrible. It was necessary, first of all, to get her down to the foot of the cone, where she could have pure air, and then resuscitate her. Therefore I directed the guides to take down Ethel in a chair, while I carried down the child-angel. They had to carry her down over the lava blocks, but I went to a part of the cone where it was all loose sand, and went down flying. I was at the bottom a full half hour before the others.

"Then I laid her upon the loose sand; and I swear to you, Hawbury, never in all my life have I seen such a sight. She lay there before my eyes a picture of loveliness beyond imagination—as beautiful as a dream—more like a child-angel than ever. Her hair clustered in golden curls over her white brow, her little hands were folded meekly over her breast, her lips were parted into a sweet smile, the gentle eyes no longer looked at me with the piteous, pleading, trustful, innocent expression which I had noticed in them before, and her hearing was deaf to the words of love and tenderness that I lavished upon her."

"Good!" muttered Hawbury; "you talk like a novel. Drive on, old man. I'm really beginning to feel excited."

"The fact is," said Dacres, "I have a certain set of expressions about the child-angel that will come whenever I begin to describe her."

"It strikes me, though, that you are getting on pretty well. You were speaking of 'love and tenderness.' Well?"

"Well, she lay there senseless, you know, and I gently unclasped her hands and began to

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"I BENT DOWN CLOSE."

rub them. I think the motion of carrying her, and the fresh air, had both produced a favorable effect; for I had not rubbed her hands ten minutes when she gave a low sigh. Then I rubbed on, and her lips moved. I bent down close so as to listen, and I heard her say, in a low voice,

"'Am I at home?'

"'Yes,' said I, gently, for I thought it was best to humor her delirious fancy.

"Then she spoke again:

"'Is that you, papa dear?'

"'Yes, darling,' said I, in a low voice; and I kissed her in a kind of paternal way, so as to reassure her, and comfort her, and soothe her, and all that sort of thing, you know."

At this Hawbury burst into a shout of laughter.

"What the mischief are you making that beastly row about?" growled Dacres.

"Excuse me, old boy. I couldn't help it. It was at the idea of your doing the father so gravely."

"Well, am I not old enough to be her father? What else could I do? She had such a pleading, piteous way. By Jove! Besides, how did she know any thing about it? It wasn't as if she was in her senses. She really thought I *was* her father, you know. And I'm sure I almost felt as if I was, too."

"All right, old man, don't get huffy. Drive on."

"Well, you know, she kept her eyes closed, and didn't say another word till she heard the voice of Ethel at a distance. Then she opened her eyes, and got up on her feet. Then there was no end of a row—kissing, crying, congratulating, reproaching, and all that sort of thing. I withdrew to a respectful distance and waited. After a time they both came to me, and the child-angel gave me a look that made me long to be a father to her again. She held out her little hand, and I took it and pressed it, with my heart beating awfully. I was horribly embarrassed.

"'I'm awfully grateful to you,' she said; 'I'm sure I'd do any thing in the world to repay you. I'm sure I don't know what would have become of me if it hadn't been for you. And I hope you'll excuse me for putting you to so much

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trouble. And, oh!' she concluded, half to herself, 'what *will* Kitty say now?'"

"Kitty! who's Kitty?"

"I don't know."

"All right. Never mind. Drive on, old chap."

"Well, I mumbled something or other, and then offered to go and get their carriage. But they would not hear of it. The child-angel said she could walk. This I strongly dissuaded her from doing, and Ethel insisted that the men should carry her. This was done, and in a short time we got back to the Hermitage, where the old lady was in no end of a worry. In the midst of the row I slipped away, and waited till the carriage drove off. Then I followed at a sufficient distance not to be observed, and saw where their house was."

THE SHADOW.

AFTER A BALLAD OF HEINE'S.

I.

"Donna Clara, many years
Loved with hopes and loved with fears,

Willeth now my heart's undoing;
Willeth it willfully and unrueing!

Donna Clara, sweet is life,
With its passion, with its strife;

But the grave is dark and cold—
Thronged with horrors manifold!

Donna Clara, spare thee sorrow!
Wilt be wedded on the morrow?

May Ramiro come beside—
Greet thee Don Fernando's bride?"

"Don Ramiro, all thy words
Pierce my heart like poisoned swords.

Ah! shake off this passion-weakness;
Bear with manly strength and meekness.

Many fairer maids there be;
God has come 'twixt me and thee.

Don Ramiro, conqueror
Of the armies of the Moor,

Conquer thy own love and sorrow;
See me wedded on the morrow."

"Donna Clara, thou hast said it;
I will come to see thee wedded;

I will dance with thee as one
Who was never heart-undone.

Till to-morrow, fare thee well!"
"Fare thee well!" The window fell.

In the darkness, like a stone,
Don Ramiro stood alone.

II.

Merrily the bells have rung,
As by joyous impulse swung;

And the people, blithe and gay,
In the streets kept holiday.

In the old Cathedral dim
Pealed the organ, rose the hymn,

While the fairest in the land
To the bravest gave her hand.

And at coming on of night
All the palace flamed with light,

And a rich and noble throng
Filled its halls with mirth and song.

Donna Clara, envied bride,
With the unloved by her side,

With pale, passionless countenance,
Waited to lead out the dance.

"Lady, why this troubled gaze?
Why this tremble and amaze?"

"Look, Fernando! Who there stands,
Cloaked in black, with folded hands?

It seems a knightly figure tall."
"Lady, a shadow on the wall!"

III.

But the Shadow slowly nears,
And she trembles, and she fears.

To her face her spirit rushes,
Pale she grows, by turns, and blushes.

"Don Ramiro!" said she, thickly,
And her breath came short and quickly.

With a vacant gaze, but steady,
"Dance we at thy bridal?" said he.

Donna Clara forth he leads;
Wildly, wildly round he speeds!

"Don Ramiro," Clara spoke,
"Wherefore in thy sable cloak?"

He, in hollow voice, awe spreading:
"Bad'st me come unto thy wedding!"

"Don Ramiro, icy cold
Are the hands that mine do hold!"

Said that hollow voice, awe spreading:
"Bad'st me come unto thy wedding!"

"Don Ramiro," Clara saith,
"Earthy chill and damp thy breath!"

Still that hollow voice, awe spreading:
"Bad'st me come unto thy wedding!"

"Don Ramiro"—faint and low
Clara whispered—"let me go!"

But that hollow voice, awe spreading:
"Bad'st me come unto thy wedding!"

Donna Clara on he leads;
Wilder, wilder round he speeds!

"Don Ramiro," gasped she low,
"In God's name now let me go!"

Don Ramiro, at the name,
Vanished like a sudden flame.

Donna Clara knew no more;
Sunk down, swooning, to the floor.

IV.

Life flows back into her cheek;
Does she see?—does some one speak?

"Donna Clara, sweetest bride"—
She is by Fernando's side,

Sitting still where she had been
When the Shadow glided in!—

"Donna Clara, sweetest bride,"
Said a low voice at her side,

"Why this fixed and troubled gaze?
Why this tremble and amaze?"

Ice-blanched Donna Clara's cheek,
While her pale lips strove to speak:

"Don Ramiro—where?" Her lord,
Drawing a stern brow at the word,

Bent and whispered, firm and low:
"Donna Clara, seek not to know!"

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GLASS-BLOWING AS A FINE ART.*



GLASS VASE, WITH FIGURES IN BOLD RELIEF.—ROMAN, FOURTH CENTURY.

THE modern necromancer drops a little carefully selected sand into his crucible, waves his wand over it, and draws forth such a variety of objects, both of use and beauty, as puts to the blush the fabled achievements of the Oriental magicians. Dishes for our table, vases for our flowers, ornaments of all kinds for our mantel; eyes with which we peer into immensity and read the secrets of other worlds, or search the invisible creation and read the secrets of our own; mirrors which vainly strive to teach us to "see ourselves as others see us;" and windows which flood our houses with warmth and light, and exclude the rain and wind vainly striving to follow—these are among the products of the necromantic art which we call glass-making.

We have said that they are produced by a wave of the wand. This is almost literally true. The chief instruments of the glass manufacturers are a furnace, a pontee,† and a blowpipe. With these he transforms the sand of nature into every variety of form and structure. There is perhaps no other art in which the instrumentality is so simple, and the results are so complex.

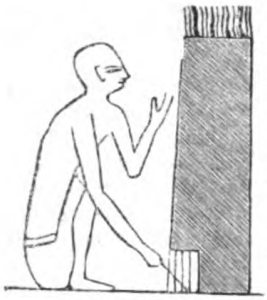
The juvenile mineralogist, constructing his first cabinet, brings home, as a rare curiosity, a crystalline stone which shines like glass. It *is* glass—the glass of nature, the foundation of much of modern civilization and science, without which neither astronomy, chemistry, nor physiology could ever have emerged from their crude condition, since without it neither the telescope, the microscope, nor the chemist's vessels would have been possible. Subjected to an intense heat, and mixed with other substances, such as soda, lime, oxide of iron, oxide of lead, oxide of tin, according to the fabric to be wrought, it becomes ductile, is drawn out into the most tenuous threads, is rolled, beaten, moulded, cut at will, yields to even the slightest breath of the workman, and, patterned by him, takes any form he chooses to impart to it. Cooling, it loses its curiously ductile character, and becomes again the hardest and most brittle of substances. This quartz rock the boy fancies to be a precious stone. He is laughed at for his wild conjecture. It is a chance if he be not nearer right than those who ridicule him. Colored in nature's marvelous dye-house, it becomes precious only because it is more rare. Violet, it is an amethyst; uncrystallized and waxy in its structure, it is a chalcedony; red, it is a carnelian; of variegated colors, it is an agate; opaque, and yet colored, red, yellow, brown, it is a jasper. In a word, the same substance which is the chief component of glass is also the base of most precious stones, yet in its commonest form most precious of all; for we might well relinquish jasper, agate, chalcedony, and amethyst for glass, if we could obtain the latter only by such an exchange.

We have spoken of glass-blowing as though it were a modern art. Let us frankly confess that this sentence will subject us to criticism.

* For a picturesque and graphic account of the more common processes of the glass manufacture, see *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1869, article, "Glass-Blowing for Little Folks."

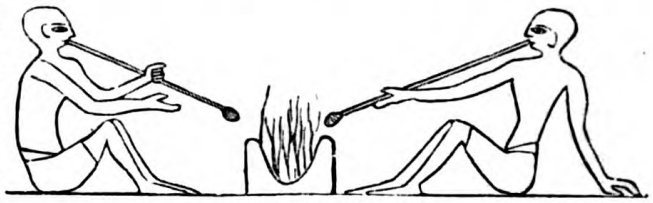
† A long rod of solid iron, serving either for drawing the glass out only, or twisting it to a fine thread.

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THEBAN GLASS-MAKER.

For if modern civilization has hosts of eulogists, ancient civilization is not wanting its chivalric defenders. Many there be who believe in the literal truth of the aphorism, "There is no new thing under the sun." It is therefore asserted, not only that glass-work is no new invention, but that modern art has not yet reached the excellence of antique art. To a certain class of antiquarians civilization appears like the ruins of Pompeii—a structure long since perfected, but buried, for a time, beneath the incrustation of ignorance and barbarism. All that the nineteenth century can do, in their opinion, is to excavate in these ruins of the past, and exhume their buried stores. To those who assert that in every thing "the ancients are our masters" this at least must be conceded, that glass-blowing as a fine art is not a creation of the moderns. Learned men have even fancied that they traced it back to the days of Tubal Cain. We think the traces are so dim in those far-distant ages as to defy deciphering. It is, however, quite clear that it was known in rude forms, but in the essential process, to the Egyptians in the days of Moses; how much earlier history does not tell us, and it would be in vain to attempt to conjecture. On the tombs of Beni Hassan, a little village of Central Egypt,



THEBAN GLASS-MAKERS.



THEBAN GLASS-MAKERS.

the construction of which is variously imputed by antiquarians to 2000 and to 3500 B.C., the art is depicted in its various phases, rudely indeed, but with sufficient accuracy to enable us to trace in this far-distant past the rudiments of modern art. We have the workman crouching at the foot of the furnace, drawing from it the molten glass, and two of his companions seated on the ground, with their blowpipes at their mouths, moulding the molten glass by a process which is almost literally imitated in the modern glass-works; while yet others are engaged in the more difficult process of constructing a vase, which has already nearly reached the form which they aim to give to it. These hieroglyphics would alone be sufficient evidence of the substantial justice of the claim of remote antiquity to the honor of having invented glass manufacturing. But that claim does not rest on hieroglyphics alone. Sir Gardner Wilkinson found among the ruins of Thebes one of the products of these ancient glass-works. This was a bead, evidently part of a royal necklace, and bearing an inscription in hieroglyphic characters, which the learned translate thus: "The good goddess Ra-ma-ka, the loved of Athor, protectress of Thebes." Quite agreeing with the antiquarians that this may fairly be regarded as a demonstration that glass-works were known to the ancient Egyptians, we also perceive in it an evidence that the art was in a very crude state, and that its products were then as rare as they now are common. For this inscription carries with it the evidence that a bead of glass, or at most a necklace of beads, such as now serves the purpose of a somewhat common gift to children, or a cheap medium of barter in dealing with savages, was then so great a rarity, and so highly esteemed, that it was thought worthy to be bestowed as a gift upon the queen. Perhaps Theban manufacturers did not disdain the modern methods of advertising. Perhaps some enterprising artisan gave to royalty one of the first products of a new invention, that by introducing it into court he might make this new method of ornamentation popular in the fashionable world.

Nor are these remains of ancient glass manufactures confined to Egypt. Layard has brought to light in Nineveh vases and other vessels of glass of no inconsiderable artistic beauty. These, however, like those found in Egypt, bear indications of belonging to royalty alone, or, at



BEAD OF A ROYAL NECKLACE.



INSCRIPTION IN HIEROGLYPHICS.

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least, only to the wealthier and higher classes. The glory of modern civilization consists, perhaps, less in positively new inventions than in bringing within the reach of the common people those objects of beauty and of convenience which were before the peculiar property of kings and nobles. Glass may have been known to the ancients. But houses with glass windows were rare as late as the twelfth century; and leathern bottles were not replaced in common use by those of glass till the beginning of the sixteenth.*

If history furnishes some evidence of the antiquity of glass-making, it furnishes none—none, at least, that is reliable—of the origin of the art. Pliny, indeed, undertakes to give its birth-place, and the happy accident to which the world is indebted for it. "It is said," he tells us, "that some Phœnician merchants, having landed on the coast of Palestine, near the mouth of the river Belus, were preparing for their repast, and not finding any stones on which to place their pots, took some cakes of nitre from their cargo for that purpose. The nitre being thus submitted to the action of fire with the sand on the shore, they, together, produced transparent streams of an unknown fluid, and such was the origin of glass."† A somewhat similar story is told on the authority of Josephus. "Some say that the children of Israel having set fire to some woods, the fire was so fierce that it heated the nitre with the sand, so as to make them melt, and run down the slopes of the hills; and that thenceforward they sought to produce artificially what had been effected by accident in making glass." These reports, often quoted as containing an historical account of the origin of glass, possess, in fact, no greater authority than any other gossip which has no better foundation than "it is said." Since, in modern art, the materials of which glass is made fuse at a concentrated heat of not less than 1800 degrees Fahrenheit, a heat which inevitably destroys the melting-pots of fire-proof brick in one or two months, and the best-made furnaces in as many years—we must beg leave to regard with incredulity these traditional stories of the open-air and accidental furnaces of the Phœnicians and the Hebrews. It is far more likely that the first hints of glass were derived in quite a different manner. The smelting of ores, and the baking of bricks and articles of pottery, are among the most ancient of arts. Both require an intense heat. It is not at all improbable that the admixture of clay and ashes in these furnaces produced glassy cinders, the resemblance of which to precious stones gave them their first value, and afforded the clew the following of which resulted in the manufacture of glass and glass-wares.

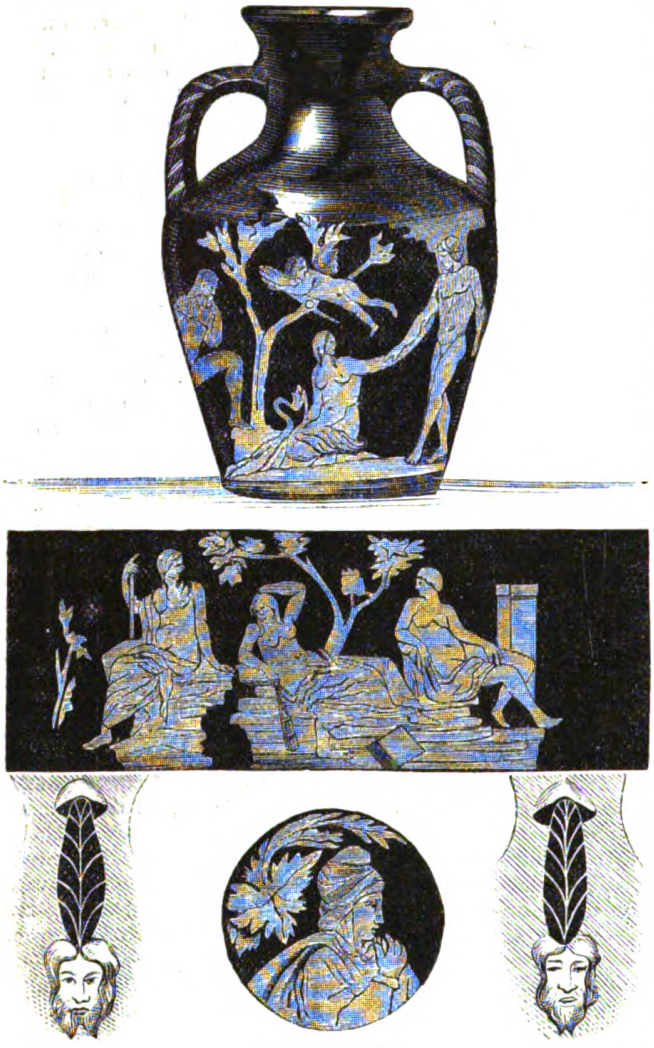
Whatever may have been the origin of glass manufacture, it is certain that in the best days of the Roman empire glass had not only become an important article of manufacture and of commerce, but also nearly all the rarer processes of modern art had been discovered and employed. The subjugation of Egypt by Rome, 26 B.C., was followed first by large importations of manufactured glass, and then by the importation of the process of manufacturing itself. To the rude processes of the East the Romans added much, if we may judge any thing by comparing the specimens of their handiwork which have survived the lapse of centuries with those which have been discovered among the sands of Egypt and in the ruins of Nineveh. They were the first, probably, to employ glass for windows. Some remnants of glass panes are to be found to-day, in their frames, in the buried houses of Herculaneum and Pompeii. They substituted glass as a material for bottles, in place of the leather which is still in vogue among the poorer classes in the Orient. Epicureans in wine then, as now, determined the age of their article by the seal upon the cork, and the label impressed upon the glass.* Glass goblets were less popular. Gold and silver reluctantly yielded the palm to their new-fangled rival, which sought popularity by appealing, not to the poverty of the poor, but to the desire of novelty among the rich. Even artificial stones and pearls of glass were not unknown, as we shall hereafter see. Whether mirrors of glass were known to the Romans, or whether they depended exclusively, as they certainly did chiefly, upon the resource of the Jews—polished metals—is a matter of grave dispute among the learned; a dispute into which we shall not venture to enter. It is safe, however, to say that the only use of glass which modern art can

* In the accounts of Jean Avier, Receiver-General of Auvergne, there is a memorandum (1413) referring to the construction of window-frames for the castle, for "oiled linen in default of glass." Fifty-four years later (1467) there were ordered for the palace of the Duke of Burgundy "twenty pieces of wood to make frames for paper, serving as chamber windows." Even a century later (1567), in a document drawn up by the steward of the Duke of Northumberland, it is stated that "because during high winds the glass in this and the other castles of his lordship are destroyed, it would be well for the glass in every window to be taken out and put in safety when his Grace leaves. And if at any time his Grace or others should live at any of the said places, they can be put in again without much expense; whilst as it is at present, the destruction would be very costly, and would demand great repairs." Even as late as the close of the eighteenth century, not a hundred years ago, there existed, not only in provincial towns, but also in Paris itself, a corporation of makers of window-sashes, whose trade was to fill windows, not with glass, but merely with pieces of oiled paper. From this doubtless arose the old French proverb, "The abbey is poor—the windows are only of paper."

† Tacitus gives the same account as Pliny, but in a simpler manner; for, leaving unexplained the process of melting employed, and entirely suppressing the mention of the cooking-vessels, he merely states that some sand found at the mouth of the Belus, a river which flows into the sea of Judæa, when mixed with nitre and melted by fire, produced glass. The shore, though of moderate extent, still affords an inexhaustible supply.

* "They immediately bring glass bottles, carefully sealed; on the neck of each is a label marked thus: 'Opinian Falernian; one hundred years old.'"—Petronius, *Satyricon*, b. xxxiv.

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PORTLAND VASE.

claim with assurance, as exclusively its own, is the employment of it in those optical instruments which are at once the children and the parents of so much of modern science. Even the Crystal Palace is borrowed from the past, whence we plagiarize for our civilization as well as for our literature. "During his ædileship," we quote from Pliny, book xxxvi., chapter 24, "and only for the temporary purposes of a few days, Scaurus executed the greatest work that has ever been made by the hands of man, even when intended to be of everlasting duration; his theatre, I mean. This building consisted of three stories, supported upon three hundred and sixty columns; and this, too, in a city which had not allowed without some censure one of its greatest citizens to erect six pillars of Hymettian marble. The ground story was of marble, the second of glass—a species of luxury which ever since that time has been quite unheard of—and the highest of gilded wood. The lowermost columns, as previously stated, were eight-and-thirty feet in height; and placed between these columns, as already mentioned, were brazen statues, three thousand in number. The area of this theatre afforded accommodation for eighty thousand spectators; and yet the theatre of Pompeius, after the city had so greatly increased, and the inhabitants had become so vastly more numerous, was considered abundantly large with its sittings for forty thousand only."

We have said that the rarer processes of modern art were discovered and employed by the Romans. This fact is curiously illustrated by a work of art successively known as the Barberini and the Portland vase. This vase was found about the sixteenth century in a marble sarcophagus in the environs of Rome. After being for more than two centuries the principal ornament in the gallery of Princess Barberini, at Rome, it was sold at auction, and purchased by the Duchess of Portland for the sum of £1872 —about $10,000. This vase, which changed its name with its owner, was henceforth known as the Portland vase. The Duchess, being a public-spirited lady, and not of that sort who enjoy a piece of property the more by excluding from its enjoyment every one else, placed it in the British Museum, where its rare workmanship attracted great attention, and where its celebrity was still farther increased. Alas for the frailty of all things terrestrial, particularly those which are made of glass! This vase, as beautiful as it was curious, which had survived for centuries in the tomb, was destined to perish when brought forth to light. A madman named Lloyd, passing through the Museum, struck it a blow with his stick, which broke it in many pieces. The loss seemed irreparable. In truth, the accident has resulted in enhancing the value of the demolished vase. The pieces were gathered up with care. The services of an ingenious artist were called in, who succeeded in putting them together so perfectly that the most careful scrutiny fails to detect the numerous places where they are joined together. This uniqne vase, which is attributed to the second century, is thus, since its resurrection, a greater curiosity than ever, for it now equally attests the skill

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of the ancients and that of the moderns. The artist but faintly illustrates the former by his picture, since neither the delicacy of the structure nor the beauty of the colors can be adequately portrayed on paper. This vase is composed of two layers of glass, the lower one of a deep blue color, the other of an opaque white. The figures etched in white upon a black ground in the engraving are, in the original, made of pure white, standing out upon a back-ground of beautiful blue. So perfect is the blending of the material, so perfect the resemblance to an onyx, that for a long time archæologists described it as being an ancient cameo.



ANCIENT ROMAN GLASS-WARE.

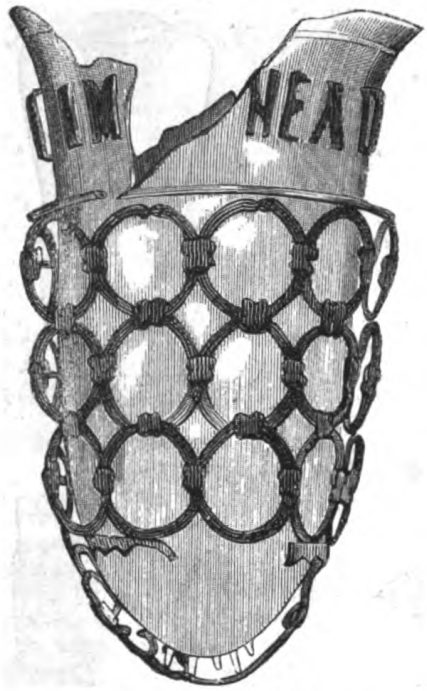
It is doubtful whether modern art has ever produced a finer specimen of this kind of work, which is as difficult in execution as it appears simple in description. The workman, to reproduce the Portland vase, for example, has only to dip his blowpipe in a pot of blue glass, and, forming it in a globular shape, to dip it, thus formed, into a second pot of white glass, which, of course, adheres to and incases the globe or bubble of blue. He then blows this double bubble, if we may so describe it, in any shape which he wishes, and he has his vase of white without and blue within. Thereafter what is simpler than to cut away the white coating, leaving the blue back-ground, and the figures as he wishes them in *bass-relief* of white? This is all. But this requires a delicacy and accuracy which only years of practice give. For glass-work is almost the only kind of manufacture which does not avail itself of machinery, or even, to any considerable extent, of moulds. Every thing depends upon the skill of the individual workman. It is perhaps for this reason that the art has made comparatively little progress. For the age which we praise so much is less notable for any development of skilled labor than for its employment of labor-saving machinery.

If the ancient Romans excelled in rare and curious work, such as the Portland vase and the unique and striking specimen of a little later date, a picture of which stands at the head of our article, we can not say as much for their common work. While the Duchess of Portland might be very ready to give $10,000 for a single rare vase, she would hardly consent to purchase even for her kitchen the common wares which very noble Romans did not disdain to use upon their tables. For not only were the forms rude and even grotesque, but the ware itself was wretchedly imperfect. It is, indeed, singular that while the ancients wrought their glass into every kind of form, and learned how to color it in various hues, the one thing which they found it almost impossible to do was to make a clear white, or rather colorless glass, without impurity or flaw. It was perhaps for this reason, quite as much as for want of understanding how to attach the metal back, that they rarely if ever employed glass in the manufacture of mirrors.

Curiously enough, this most fragile of substances, surviving the civilization which both made and employed it, survives to tell us some of the secrets of the ancient toilet-table. If from the past we have inherited many virtues and much knowledge, we have also received from it our vanities and our vices. Fashion, ever changing, is yet ever the same, and was as imperious in Rome in the first century as it is in America in the nineteenth. Among the ancients, so these tell-tale witnesses inform us, there existed, as too commonly with us, an art (a word unfortunately ambiguous) which deceives only the person who uses it—that of painting the skin. Among our illustrations of ancient glass-ware the attentive reader will observe a little glass ball, which contained the paint, and a twisted glass wand, which served the purpose of a brush. We are, unfortunately, so ignorant concerning the modern art as not to know how these instruments compare with those which the artists of the toilet use to-day.

The Romans, who borrowed the art of glass-

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THE STRASBOURG VASE.

making from the Egyptians, carried it in turn to the West. While the Gauls conquered Rome by their arms, Rome conquered Gaul, though much more gradually, by her civilization. Only less famous than the Portland vase is the Strasbourg vase, found in 1825 in a coffin, and disinterred by chance by a gardener. The network is of red glass and the inscription of green. Even the unlearned reader will detect at once that this is no modern piece of work. The antiquarians, despite the piece broken out of it by the carelessness of its discoverer, decipher upon it the name of MAXIMIANVS AVGVSTVS, which they interpret as Maximianus Herculius, a Roman emperor of the third century, who frequently made Gaul his home.

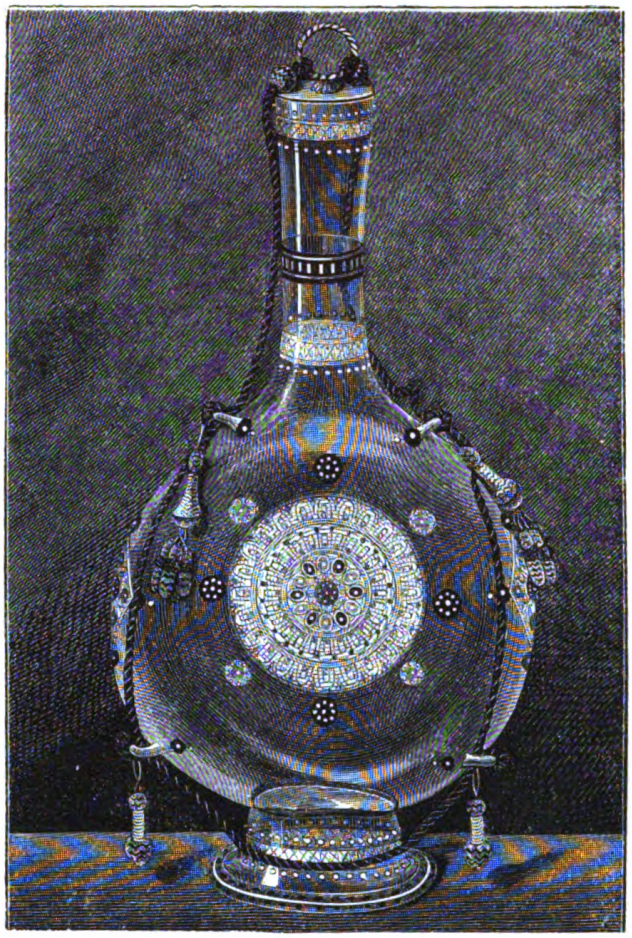
Arts have their death and their resurrection. Glass-making, which perished from the earth about the fifth century, was raised again from the dead about the fifteenth. The place of its palingenesis was Venice. To the industry of the valley of the Nile the world is probably indebted for the invention of glass manufacture. To the industry of the city of the sea we owe its re-establishment, and many of those models whose grace and beauty over three centuries of study has done nothing to improve. It is not, indeed, probable that glass-making was literally unknown for ten centuries. Only we are unable, in the gap which history leaves unfilled, to trace its progress during that time. Seeming to be dead, in reality it only hibernated. Venetian legends, indeed, trace the history of its glass-works back to the days of the founding of the city by refugees in 420. Without investigating those legends we will content ourselves with looking in upon the works as they existed, already established and grown to fame, in the fifteenth century. At that time the manufactures of Venice had attained a world-wide celebrity. All Europe imported its glass from Venice. She enjoyed substantially a monopoly of the manufacture—a monopoly which she was loth to resign. To prevent the possible exportation of the art itself to other countries the glass-makers of Venice were placed upon the little island of Murano. They were put under the strictest police inspection. The law forbade, under the severest penalties, any workman from carrying his art to a foreign country. If, escaping the espionage of the police, he succeeded in disobeying this law, his nearest relatives were to be seized and cast into prison as hostages for his return. If, in spite of their imprisonment, he persisted in remaining abroad, an emissary would be employed to assassinate him. That this law was no dead letter is evidenced by the fact that two workmen, attracted by the Emperor Leopold to Germany, were actually put to death by the hired assassins of the republic. Such was "protection" in the fifteenth century.

This policy pursued by the government was very naturally imitated in a small way by individuals. Each manufacturer had his own peculiar secret process, which he guarded with the utmost jealousy from all others. But, as we shall presently see, the jealous guardianship of the government was unavailing to resist the demands of commerce and the public welfare of other peoples. If we may trust the legends of Venice, the jealousy of individuals proved but little more efficacious. Among the most notable manufacturers—so the story runs—was one Beroviero, who alone possessed a peculiar recipe for coloring glass, the employment of which gave to his workmanship a great reputation, and himself an immense income. He had one only daughter, Marietta, and also a workman, Georgio, who, despite his poverty and a deformity in his feet, which gave to his whole person an extremely ungainly appearance, had the assurance not only to fall in love with Marietta, but to win her heart. As it may be imagined, the match was not one which the old millionaire would be at all likely to entertain; and marriages without the father's consent were no easy matter in the republic of Venice, which was unfortunately not provided with any Gretna Green. Love, however, is rarely as scrupulous as it is sagacious. Marietta, quite convinced that her father had money enough and her lover quite too little, succeeded in filching from her father's desk the book in which all his recipes were written, and Georgio was not slow in making a full copy of them. Armed with this copy, the audacious workman appeared before the unsuspecting father, and demanded the hand of his daughter as the price of secrecy. There was no alternative. Beroviero swallowed his wrath, consented, and gave with his daughter such a dowry that the workman was able to set up in business for

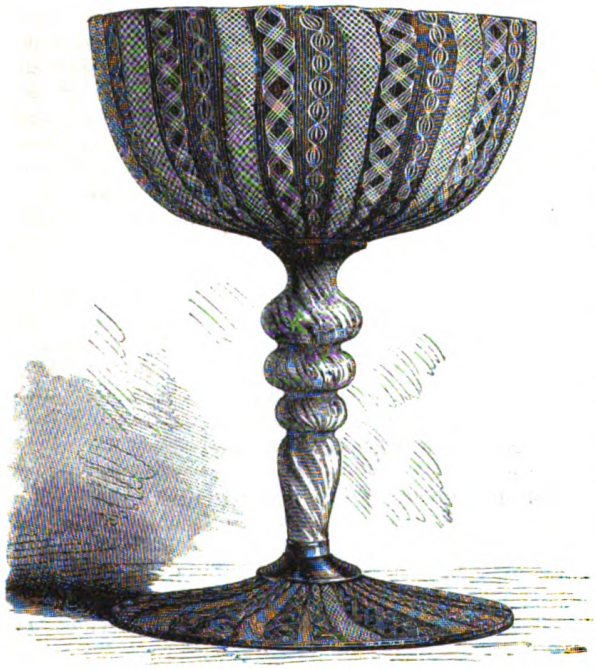
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himself, which he forthwith did, doubtless using the recipes to good advantage. Out of this "study for a story," as Jean Ingelow would call it, our readers can easily construct a romance for themselves, perhaps as entertaining and certainly more true than the average of those which, like it, serve as illustrations of the proverb, "The course of true love never runs smooth."

If the lovers of the past must confess that Roman civilization never in its palmiest days equaled the art of Venice, the glorifiers of the present must also concede that modern art has nothing to equal, nothing certainly to surpass it, in elaborate ornamentation and in real artistic beauty. We may, for example, call on the glass-works of the present century in vain to produce any thing finer than this piece of Venetian glass, the date of which we are not, indeed, able to give with certainty, but which is probably not later than the seventeenth century, when the art of glass manufacturing attained its highest perfection in Venice. Of quite a different style of beauty, but nowise inferior, is this wine-glass, which belongs to the same city and is attributed to the same date. The beauty of the Venetian manufactures is more apparent when we compare them with the French work of the same date, which appears rude indeed in comparison. The specimen of the latter from which the artist copies is to be found in the collection bequeathed by the late Mr. Felix Slade to the British Museum, and is remarkable both for its shape and for the enameled painting with which it is decorated. The figure is that of a nobleman in the costume of the period of Henry II., who is presenting to a lady, whose dim outline is just discernible, a bouquet, which, we think, our readers will agree with us indicates that floriculture has improved more than glass manufacturing since the time when this glass was patterned.



VENETIAN BOTTLE.



VENETIAN WINE-GLASS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Let us, however, be impartial. If the ancients excelled in ornamentation, the moderns excel in combining utility with beauty. We can not, perhaps, better note the

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FRENCH GLASS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

progress, or at least the change, which has been wrought in glass-blowing than by placing side by side before our readers these specimens of the wine-glass of Venice in the fifteenth century and that of the glass-works of Clichy in the nineteenth. The one is more elaborate; the other is purer, clearer, and really denotes a higher perfection of workmanship. The one is fitted only for the cabinet or the mantel; the other may enjoy a long and useful life upon the table.

The monopoly of Venice was not, as we have already intimated, of long duration. In 1664 Colbert, then Comptroller-General of France, resolved to free his country from the ruinous tribute which, by means of her glass-works, the republic of Venice succeeded in extorting from the subjects of his Majesty Louis XIV. For this purpose he wrote to François de Bonzi, Bishop of Béziers, at that time French embassador to the republic of Venice, to obtain for him the secret of mirror-making, which the Venetians alone possessed, and with it to send him some trained workmen taught in the shops of Murano. This order was much easier to give than



VENETIAN AND CLICHY GLASSES.

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to execute. The reply of the embassador was that, to send workmen to France, he ran the risk of being thrown into the sea. Colbert, nothing daunted, coolly replied that France expected her minister not to lose sight of the instructions which had been given him. The bishop had possibly exaggerated the danger that he might enhance the estimate placed upon his services. At all events, the enmity of the Venetians was less to be dreaded than the displeasure of the minister, and the result was that within a year eighteen Venetian workmen, despite the rigorous laws and careful espionage of their own land, arrived in France. Thus in the latter part of the seventeenth century was introduced into that country the manufacture of mirrors, for which she has been since so justly celebrated. At almost the same time private enterprise accomplished the same result which had proved so difficult to the minister and the bishop. Several young men of Strasbourg, so the legend runs, left their native town, hoping to secure the privilege of an apprenticeship in the factories of Murano. They found, however, the doors closed against them. To the Venetian every foreigner was an enemy. Repulsed at the doors, they took lessons of their unconscious teachers in another way. Being young men of pertinacity and courage, as well as of enterprise, they climbed to the roof, and, while the Venetians were carrying on their works in fancied security, doors and windows being closed, they succeeded in learning the method which had for a long time been kept concealed from the world outside. Armed with this secret they returned to France to cooperate with Colbert in giving to their native country the new art. So successful were they that in 1669 the importation of mirrors from Venice was prohibited, for which, in 1664, the country had paid the sum of a hundred thousand crowns a year.

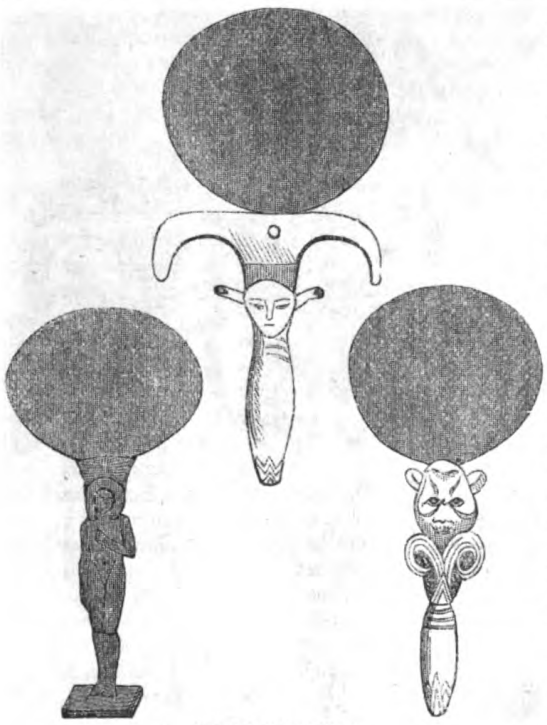


GERMAN WIEDERKOMMEN.

At about the same time that glass manufacture was thus introduced into France it was also commenced in Germany and Bohemia.

It is curious to trace, even in the slightest fabrics, the mental and moral characteristics of different nations. The genius of Italy displays itself in glass-ware, rare, costly, beautiful, but remarkable rather for its singular forms, for its curving lines, variegated colors, and elaborate ornamentation, than for its utility. In Germany, where beer supplants wine, and sociality, if not conviviality, is characteristic, rather than the exquisite taste which belongs to Italy's sunny skies, the glass-works were made to serve the purposes of the national gardens and the national festivals. It is still a custom, we believe, at the German universities—it was at least until recently—for the students to close their festive parties by pledging each other in a glass of beer or wine, which was passed around the circle from man to man and drunk out of in turn by each. This custom, borrowed from the ancient Germans, who were even heartier drinkers than their descendants, and, perhaps, by them in turn from the Greeks, necessitated a pretty large cup, since at the close of such a feast no one took a very small sip. This cup, called the *wiederkommen*, because it made the circuit and came back again, was a favorite subject of ornamentation among the German artists in glass. Such a glass as the Venetians delighted in would hardly hold enough for a single German guest, and would never travel its round in safety. The Venetian, on the other hand, would doubtless look with scorn on

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EGYPTIAN MIRRORS.

the homely cylindrical form which the enameled painting, however elaborate, does but imperfectly redeem.

In France we may safely say that vanity is a national weakness. As we have seen, the first efforts of government were to introduce the manufacture of mirrors, and in that article France as far eclipsed Venice as Venice eclipsed Germany in the beauty and Germany eclipsed Venice in the size of her glasses. To make good this statement it is, perhaps, necessary to go back a little.

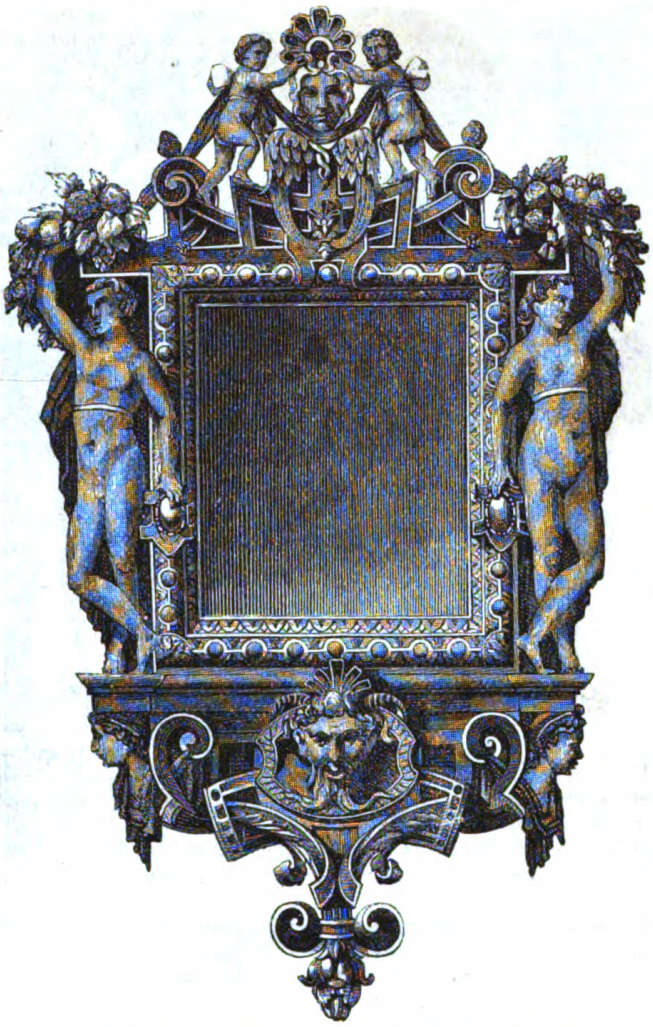
The earliest mirrors were doubtless those which nature furnishes in her limpid lakes. It was not long, however, before fashion had learned to construct substitutes of burnished metal. These were among the ornaments which the children of Israel carried away with them from Egypt into the wilderness, and from which, a little later, they constructed the brazen laver—the only well-authenticated case in history, we believe, in which mirrors have very directly served the cause of religion. Aristotle was the first to suggest the manufacture of mirrors out of glass; but to frame the idea and absolutely to execute it are very different matters; and glass mirrors, if they were ever used, certainly did not come into vogue until the beginning of the sixteenth century. Then it was that two merchants of Venice proposed to the council of Venice to establish a mirror factory, provided the government would grant them a monopoly for a term of years. This *quasi* patent being secured by decree for twenty years, they forthwith established their works, and succeeded in building up so profitable a trade that, at the expiration of the term, it was embraced by a great quantity of competitors. How the art thus established was transferred to France we have already seen. It was there greatly improved. The money which in Venice was lavished upon beautiful vases and goblets was expended in Paris upon costly mirrors. The fashion once set by the court was followed, at whatever cost, by the nobility. When glass cost between forty and fifty dollars a square yard, it may be imagined that it was an expensive luxury to those whose pride was larger than their purses. The Countess of Fiesque, one of those poverty-stricken specimens of nobility which have in no age been rare, bought one of these costly mirrors. "Well, countess," said one of her friends, "where did you get that?" "I had," she replied, "a troublesome estate, which only brought in corn. I have sold it and bought this mirror with it. Have I not done wonders?"

This extravagance became for a time a national characteristic. France ran mirror mad. The extent to which the passion was carried is curiously indicated by a relic which remains, we believe, to this day, in the Museum of the Louvre. In the same museum is a specimen of the more modest, but, let us add, more truly beautiful art of Italy. The reader, who may, perhaps, be unable to compare these two types of workmanship for himself, may compare them by aid of our artist, who has transferred their likenesses, so far as pencil can do so, to our pages. The frame of the Venetian mirror is of carved wood. Comparatively simple in its construction, it yet lacks nothing of that grace and beauty with which the land of Raphael and Michael Angelo succeeds in draping the commonest objects. The mirror of Marie de Medici is rather extravagant and profuse than artistic, as the reader may judge who cares to study the portrait with the aid of this description, which we take from the official catalogue of the museum:

"It [that is, the mirror] is of rock-crystal; and agates, cut, polished, and set in a net-work of enameled gold, form a frame around the glass which marks its rectangular form. This inner frame is surrounded by a larger one, every part of which is formed of precious stones; the *fronton* is of sardonyx, the two columns supporting it of Oriental jasper; the base is highly decorated with enamels cut in relief, and the pedestals of the columns which stand out over this base, the outlines of which they continue, are covered with slabs of sardonyx. Precious stones of the finest water glitter in the more conspicuous places on the frame, particularly three large emeralds; one of these, placed in the centre of the *fronton*, is set in the delicate details of a gold mounting, enriched with dia-

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monds and rubies; the two others, placed on the side pedestals of the base, support helmeted heads or small busts, representing a warrior and an Amazon. The face and neck are cut in the gem, resembling a garnet, which jewelers call hyacinth; the helmets and the drapery which surrounds the breast are enameled gold, enriched with diamonds. Emeralds of smaller proportions, closely pressed against each other, serve as a setting for two carved stones; one of them, which is at the top of the whole construction, is an onyx of three layers, of antique carving; it is the head of a Victory, winged and with a crown of laurel in her hair; the other stone is an onyx agate, with three layers, carved at the end of the sixteenth century; it is a female head in profile, draped, having a veil which falls from the head on to the shoulder, and wearing on her forehead the crescent of Diana. They are also emeralds which in threes decorate the frieze of the entablature, alternating with twelve small finely draped heads cut in hard stone of the fifteenth century, and which are portraits of the Cæsars."



ITALIAN MIRROR, WITH A FRAME OF CARVED WOOD (LOUVRE).

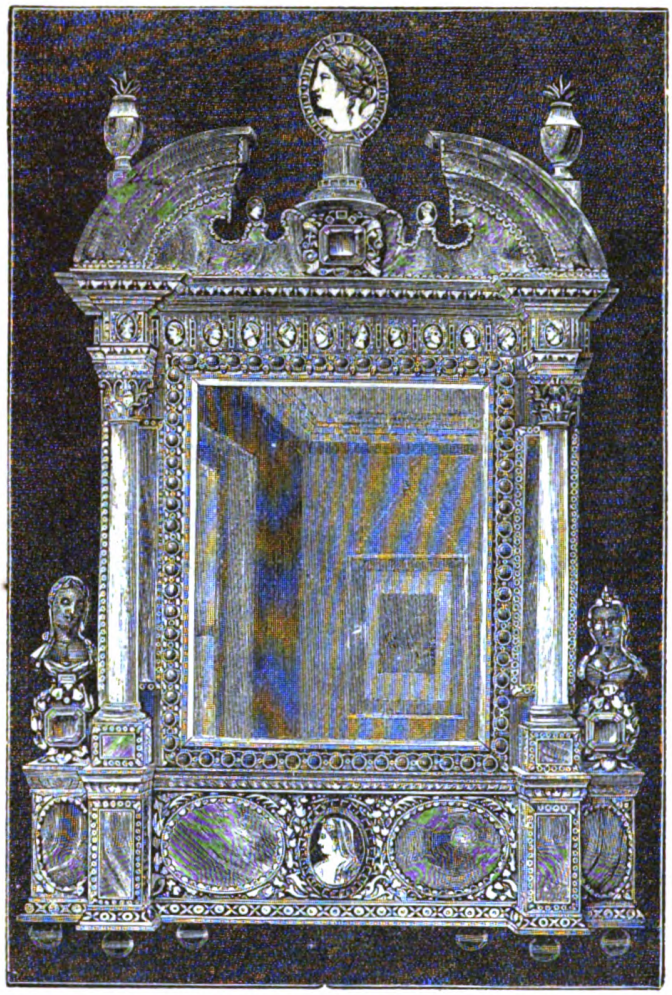
The valuation made of this in 1791, was fixed at a hundred and fifty thousand francs, or about thirty thousand dollars in gold.

To this very extravagance, however, the world is indebted for an important invention. Up to the close of the seventeenth century the value of the best mirrors was chiefly in the frame. The most careful art was as yet unable to perfect a mirror free from air bubbles and striæ, such as would render unmerchantable a very ordinary article to-day. Glass mirrors, which had by no means usurped the place of metal and stone, were creatures of the blowpipe. The largest were limited by the power of a single pair of lungs. It was not until the invention of "founding glass," in 1688, by Louis Lucas de Nehou that these difficulties were obviated, and those immense pier-glasses were rendered possible which have been substituted for the hand-mirrors of the past. Nowhere, perhaps, is this process of founding carried on to so great a degree of excellence as in the manufactory which the inventor established at St. Gobain. Monsieur Auguste Cochin shall describe this curious and interesting process for us in his own graphic words:

"When one enters for the first time into one of the vast glass-houses of St. Gobain at night, the furnaces are closed, and the dull sound of a violent though captive fire alone interrupts the silence. From time to time a workman opens the working-hole to look into the furnace at the state of the glass; long bluish flames then light up the sides of the annealing-ovens, the blackened beams, the heavy flattening-tables, and the mattresses on which half-naked workmen sleep quietly.

"Suddenly the hour strikes, the call is beaten on the iron slabs which surround the furnace, the whistle of the foreman is heard, and thirty strong men stand up. The manœuvres begin with the activity and precision of an artillery movement. The furnaces are opened, the glowing pots are seized and raised into the air by mechanical means, they pass like hanging globes of fire along the beam, then stop, and are lowered over the immense cast-iron table, placed with its roller before the open mouth

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MIRROR OF MARIE DE MEDICI (LOUVRE).

of the annealing-oven. The signal given, the pot leans over, and the beautiful opal liquid, brilliant, transparent, and unctuous, falls and spreads over the table. At a second signal the roller passes over the red-hot glass; a workman, with his eyes fixed on the fiery substance, skims off the apparent defects with bold and skillful hand; then the roller falls or passes off, and twenty workmen provided with long shovels quickly push the glass into the oven, where it is annealed, and cools slowly. The workmen then turn round and begin again, without disorder, without noise, without rest. The founding goes on for an hour, the pots are immediately refilled, the furnaces reclosed, darkness again falls, and the continuous noise of the fire preparing fresh work is again the only sound heard.

"When the glass has been placed in the annealing-oven it remains there about three days.

"The process of taking it out is less dramatic than the casting. And yet it is striking to see twelve workmen, with no other help than leather bands, draw out, raise, and carry this large, thin, and fragile glass, walking in step like soldiers, from the annealing-oven to the desk (*pupitre*), placed on wheels and rails, which will convey it, still unpolished, to the squaring-room, where it will be examined, classified, cut, and sent to other workrooms to be finished.

"The glass is already beautiful, but opaque; it has to become transparent, polished, and perfectly even. As it has to transmit or reflect light, no defect in it must disperse or obscure the rays. This fragile glass has then to be abraded with sand, embedded in plaster of Paris, and smoothed with emery against another glass which is fixed; it has to be turned, to smooth the other side, and soaped with the hand, then polished by rubbing it with woolen cloth covered with red oxide of iron, all of which is done by means of complicated instruments set in movement by steam or water. Afterward it has to be raised and examined a second time, and when it is perfect sent to the room where it will be classed, silvered, or cut, and then sold."

According to the same author, the plating is done at St. Gobain in the following manner: "On an inclined table surrounded by gutters a carefully cleaned sheet of tin is spread, on which the mercury is poured. Under a light and rapid hand, the glass, pushed straight forward, drives before it the surplus of the metal, and the mercury, shut in between the tin and the glass, spreads out, adheres, and amalgamates in a few minutes. But the glass has to dry for nearly eight days, under heavy weights, which completes the fixing of the tin-foil."

Besides the difficulty of beating and flattening the tin without tearing it, and the excessively high price of mercury, the method of plating we have just described, which is still generally followed, presents a far more serious inconvenience, for, notwithstanding all imaginable precautions, it affects the health of the workmen in the greatest degree.

Wishing to remedy this danger, M. Petitjean invented, in 1855, a new process of plating, by means of tartaric acid, nitrate of silver, and ammonia. This process is beautiful to watch; two liquids as colorless as water are poured on the glass, and after a few moments the silver appears and spreads uniformly over the surface.

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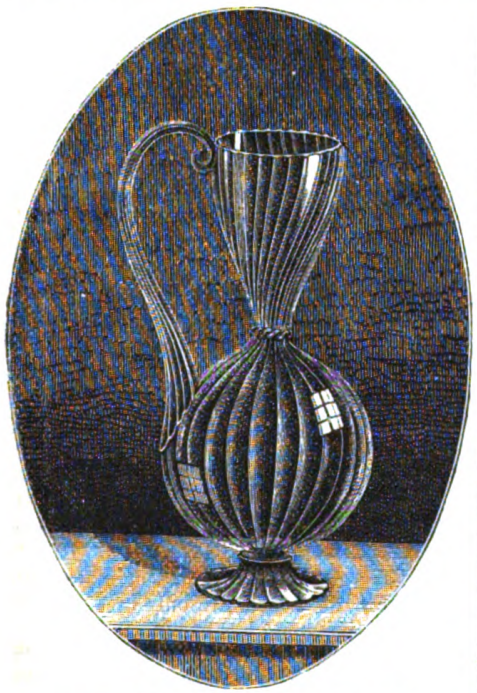
Until now glasses silvered in this manner have presented the inconvenience of becoming covered with spots, but fresh attempts allow us to hope that they will be as fine as the quicksilvered glasses, and will be more largely used. It is said that a mirror is dangerous for any one who looks much in it. Since this is unhappily still more true for the workman who plates it, the new process will deserve at once the praises of manufacturers and of humanity in general.

Let us now return from Paris to Venice, from the nineteenth to the sixteenth century, from the useful to the ornamental.

We remember in our boyhood, when Barnum's American Museum was in its greatest glory, watching with intense interest the operations of the glass-blower, whose table was a marvelous centre of attraction, and whose wonderful little birds with long silken tails of iridescent glass always tempted us to violate the tenth commandment. This workman was a descendant of the artisans of Venice, and perpetuated as a curiosity what was once a profitable, but is now almost a lost art. The glass-spinner sits at a little table. Before him are a quantity of glass tubes of various colors. A spirit-lamp also sits before him, which, blown by a pair of bellows placed under the table, and worked by the feet of the operator, gives forth a long jet of flame. The workman places the end of one of his tubes in this flame. It speedily begins to soften. No sooner does it do so than he seizes one extremity with a small pair of pincers and draws it out in a thread, the size of which he easily determines. He then winds and weaves it back and forth, forming those ornaments which give that peculiar aspect of ornamentation to nearly all the specimens of Venetian glass which we have presented to our readers. By attaching the end of the glass tube to a little wheel or drum, and gradually winding it round and round, a fine thread may be produced, so delicate that, despite its fragile character, it may be woven into a robe. The aigrets which ornament the ladies' bonnets, and are so fine and flexible that the slightest breeze agitates them, are of spun glass. The same material was once employed in constructing flowing black curls, which, worn by a prince, became the admiration of all Paris. If any of our readers were at the Universal Exhibition of 1855, they may remember a piece of statuary composed of spun glass, a lion of the size of life, with splendid hair and bristling mane, stifling a serpent—a piece of workmanship which is said to have cost its author thirty years of labor. Spotted tigers, striped hyenas, variegated serpents, as well as birds of all variety of plumage, are successfully imitated by this curious but useless art. Now fallen into disuse, it was once so highly esteemed that in the commencement of the sixteenth century, Fugger, the rich banker of Augsburg, who—not content with warming his guest, Charles V., with bundles of cinnamon wood, lighted them with the bond for a large sum which the sovereign had borrowed from him—found nothing rarer or more worthy of being offered to his imperial visitor than a small vessel of molten, spun, cast, and twisted glass.



VENETIAN FROSTED GLASS (LOUVRE).



VENETIAN GLASS SPRINKLED WITH GOLD.

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BOHEMIAN GLASS.

More beautiful, though less extraordinary, is the frosted glass, which, having been almost forgotten, is, at the time of our writing, coming into vogue again. A vase of this material, the gift of a kind friend, ornaments our sanctum, and reminds us to add it to the list of those articles which are due to glass-blowing as a fine art. This peculiar method of ornamentation, which closely resembles those delicate arabesques of thin ice which in winter cover the windows of a room mildly heated, was, as may be naturally supposed, the invention of a cold country. It came, not from Venice, but from Bohemia. Originally composed of white glass, its beauty consisted in the accuracy with which it resembled the delicate traceries of nature. But fashion, which soon wearies of monotony, however beautiful it may be, decreed that it was tired of white frost, and required some of another nature. Fashion gave the order, and the manufacturers filled it with glass covered with yellow, green, lilac, pink ice—ice, in short, of every variety of hue.

The method of composing frosted glass is as simple as it is curious. The blower, either when he first takes the molten glass from the pot, or just before he finishes it, rolls it on an iron table, on which fragments of pounded glass have previously been scattered. These adhere to the exterior of his own vase, and constitute, when the whole has cooled and hardened, the frosting. The Venetians probably employed a somewhat similar process in gilding — probably, we say, for the art is no longer, we believe, practiced, nor with certainty known. In this case the artist, after scattering over the exterior surface of his article the fine particles of gold dust, which, of course, adhere, applies to the whole a coating of very thin glass, which thus incloses the gold between two transparent coatings.

If glass-spinning reached its highest state of perfection in Venice, glass cutting and engraving have never been more elaborately done than in Bohemia. We discriminate between glass-cutting and glass-engraving, the former term being used to indicate the production of ornaments in *bass-relief*, while the term engraving is applied to the process of cutting them in the glass. The former process would be more accurately described by the term grinding; and, in fact, nearly all of what is called cut glass is, in reality, ground glass, though that term is reserved for a different article. The instruments of the glass-cutter are four vertical wheels, the first of iron, the second of sandstone, the third of wood, the fourth of cork. By applying the object in hand to these wheels one after another, the superfluous glass is cut, or rather ground away, leaving the object to be presented in *bass-relief* upon the surface. It is hardly necessary to add that this operation, so simple in description, requires the utmost skill of manipulation. Sometimes, but only in cheaper glasses, the article is first cast or blown in a mould, and the wheels are only used to complete what the mould has begun.

In engraving this process is reversed. Instead of a wheel, however—or, rather, in addition to it—the artist has a spindle, which, term-

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inating in either a tempered steel or flint point, is fixed to a small drum, worked by a crank. When set in motion, the workman takes the object which he wishes to engrave, and, following the outlines of the design previously traced, presses the glass more or less against the point of the spindle, according to the depth of the engraving required. For elaborate engraving of this kind we must give to Bohemia the palm. France, however, justly claims the credit of more chaste and artistic, because simpler designs.

A much easier, because more mechanical, method of cutting is that by fluoric acid. For this purpose the glass is first coated with a varnish of wax and turpentine. The design is then traced upon the surface of the varnish in such a way as to cut through its thin coating to the glass. The part coated with varnish is then covered with wax, and the acid is applied in such a way as to cut into the glass where the engraver's tools have left for it a pathway through the outer coating. The wax and varnish are then removed, leaving, of course, the pattern traced upon the surface of the article which was to be engraved.

Having referred to ground glass, we may mention the process by which the ground globes, in so universal use, are wrought. To roughen a plain surface, or even the exterior of a globe, can not be a difficult process, but how is the interior of a globe roughened? A quantity of sand is introduced. The orifices being closed, a rotary motion is given to the globe; the rubbing of the sand on the interior surface produces the roughness in a short time.

If it may have puzzled some of our readers to imagine how the interior of the globe is ground, it can hardly fail to have perplexed them to imagine the process by which those fanciful paper-weights of solid, colorless glass have introduced into them bouquets, portraits, or even watches. In the latter case the solution is comparatively easy. The lower part of these paper-weights is not glass, but cloth. The watch is only placed in a glass cavity made to receive it. But how is it in the case of the bouquets? These are themselves formed of tubes of glass of various colors, arranged, according to the taste of the artist, upon a disk of metal. A layer of heated glass is then put upon them, to which they soon become firmly attached. The disk is then removed, and a second layer is placed upon the other side. The whole is then heated till it becomes sufficiently ductile, when the hemispherical form is given to the upper layer by means of a concave spatula of moistened wood. Polishing and annealing complete the process.

We purposely, in this article, pass by the manufacture of chemical, optical, and other scientific instruments, since their manufacture hardly comes within the list of the "fine arts." There is, however, one product of the glass manufacture which might, perhaps, be called an optical instrument, but which, being ornamental rather than useful, comes within the purview of our



ENGRAVED FLAGON (CLICHY GLASS-WORKS).

article. We mean artificial eyes. Even these are not altogether modern, though the present method of manufacture is a creation of the present century. Artificial eyes are, however, imputed by history to the days of Ptolemy Philadelphus, 285 B.C.

The modern eye-maker depends altogether on his own personal skill. He employs no mould, and little or no machinery. Seated at his table and before his spirit-lamp, his only materials are tubes of colorless crystal, and rods of different colored enamel. Out of the crystal tube, by means of his blowpipe, he forms a ball, which, simply by his breath, he moulds in the form of an eye. His rods of enamel serve him as brush and pallet. With these he colors the still hot and pasty crystal. The enamel mixes with the crystal, and becomes fused with and part of it. The eyeball being thus tinted, he hollows a place in the centre of the globe to receive the iris. The latter is formed by the use of several amalgamated enamels. A spot of black enamel in the centre of the iris forms the pupil. This he encircles in a similar manner with the aureola, and he concludes the whole by drawing those infinitely small fibres which are found in the iris. The latter being complete, is now dropped in the hole left to receive it, and soldered there by means of the spirit-lamp. Does the reader ask how these delicate colors are obtained? We can not tell him. Each manufacturer has for this purpose his own peculiar methods, which are kept, for commercial reasons, a profound secret from the public.

Our account of glass-blowing, considered as a fine art, would hardly be complete if we gave no account of its employment in the manufac-

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ture of artificial pearls and precious stones. The doubtful honor of this accomplishment we will not contest with the past. We borrowed it from Venice, and Venice in turn from ancient Rome. In the days of the Emperor Gallienus this art had already reached a high state of excellence; and certainly, if the legend be true which, on the authority of M. Sauzay, we are about to narrate, the vendors of false jewelry were yet more audacious in Rome than they are in America. "It is recorded," says M. Sauzay, "that Cornelia Salonia, the wife of the Emperor Gallienus, bought from a lapidary a splendid set of stones, which he sold as real, but which were recognized to be false. To deceive a sovereign has always been a capital offense, and so Gallienus, without any ceremony, condemned the merchant to be thrown to the lions—an imperial idea which was all the more happy that it allowed him at once to avenge the insult offered to the crown, and to offer a spectacle to the Roman populace. On the day so much desired by all the Romans, excepting, of course, our merchant, a great concourse filled the circus. Wild beasts and victim were at their respective posts, and to begin the amusement there was only wanting the emperor, who, contrary to his usual custom in such circumstances, kept them waiting. Impatience was increasing every where. Cries, even seditious ones for that time, were already being added to the roarings of the lions; for if the spectators demanded the emperor, the lions demanded the merchant. At last, oh thrice happy moment! the emperor appears, and gives the order to open the cage of the wild beasts. Scarcely is it opened than there issues from it —a turkey!* Yes, reader, a simple turkey, who, unaccustomed doubtless to the honor of such a numerous company, scarcely knows how to behave before his sovereign. At the sight of a fowl replacing a lion, every one asked in a low voice, 'By Jupiter, has his Majesty lost his senses? or are they laughing at him?' After having enjoyed the general amazement, and especially the piteous state of the lapidary, whose prostration was such that he could not even distinguish if he had to fight with a lion or a turkey, Gallienus, who, happily for the criminal, was in one of his rare fits of good-humor, caused it to be proclaimed by a herald that he considered himself sufficiently avenged on the merchant, for if the latter had deceived him, the emperor had in his turn deceived the lapidary. A cry of 'Long live the emperor!' greeted these words; but it was a single one; it is needless to say from whose mouth it issued."

We could almost wish that the Emperor Gallienus were here, if he could frighten those who impose paste and glass on the unwary for diamonds and pearls into some regard for common honesty.

From the history of the art we turn to a description of its process.

The artist must first decide what his glass shall be—amethyst, aventurine, emerald, ruby, sapphire, topaz, or pearl. The pearl is the simpler, as it is composed ordinarily of common glass. In the composition of the stones various substances are mixed in order to give them their appropriate color. The following statement indicates the humble origin of a considerable proportion of the cheap gems so popular in certain circles:

Amethyst—1000 parts of strass* and 25 of oxide of cobalt.

Aventurine—250 parts sand, 100 carbonate of soda, 50 carbonate of lime, 40 bichromate of potash.

Emerald—1000 parts of strass, 8 oxide of copper, 0.2 oxide of chromium.

Ruby—1000 parts of strass, 40 glass of antimony, 1 purple of Cassius, and an excess of gold.

Sapphire—1000 parts of strass and 25 oxide of cobalt.

Topaz—The same as ruby, excepting the excess of gold, and heated for a shorter time.

These materials, fused in the furnace, and subsequently cut, ground, and polished by the lapidary, if we may so term him, serve the purpose of jewelry among those who are unable to purchase the real, or unable to discriminate between the true and the false.

The making of the pearl is a somewhat more difficult operation. The artist sits at a table in all respects like that of a glass-spinner, with the same spirit-lamp and the same common glass tubes, the latter resembling those which serve the boys as pea-shooters or putty-blowers, and the fashionable drinkers, male and female, in the dog-days, in lieu of straws. But how, the reader will ask, are these glass tubes themselves manufactured, the basis of all glass-spinning, bead and pearl making, and much of other glass-blowing? Indeed, the tube, large or small, is also the foundation of the smaller mirrors and the window-panes, which are composed of hollow cylinders, subsequently cut open and flattened into plates.

To make a glass tube the workman draws the melted glass upon the end of his blowpipe from the melting-pot in the furnace, rolls it on his marver,† by a breath converts it into a bubble, and by a waving process, combined with the breath, gives it an oblong form. An assistant then fastens his pontee to the extremity of this oblong bubble, and walks quickly backward, drawing the glass after him, giving to it a rotary motion. In this way a hollow rope of glass, sometimes a hundred feet in length, is obtained, which has only to cool to become a tube. However small the tube may be the diameter of the bore retains its proportion to

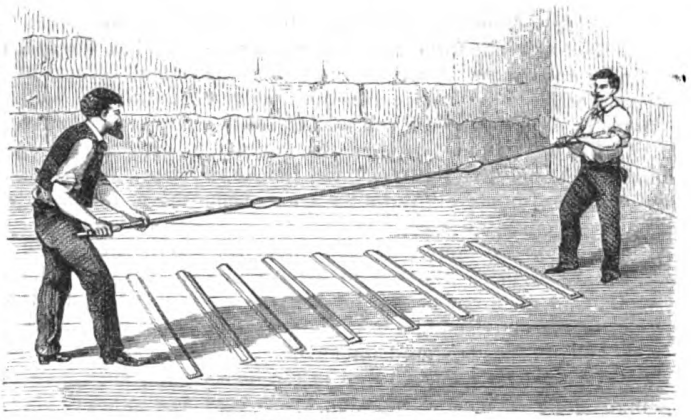
* The fact that the turkey was not introduced into Europe till the sixteenth century casts a reasonable suspicion over M. Sauzay's legend.

* A variety of flint-glass prepared especially for the purpose.

† A plate or table of iron prepared for the purpose.

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the thickness of the glass. A thin tube must therefore be drawn from a thin bubble, and a tube of thicker walls from one less airy. However tenuous the thread, the hollow still remains. By means of the wheel or drum, which we have already described as part of the mechanism of the glass-spinner, M. Deuchar drew out a piece of thermometer tube, which was itself very small, into fine threads. "The drum which he employed," we quote from the "Dictionnaire Technologique des Arts," "was three feet in circumference, and as it turned round five hundred times in a minute, 30,000 yards of thread were obtained in an hour, so that the thread was extremely fine, and its interior diameter scarcely calculable. This thread was, however, hollow, for being cut into pieces of an inch and a half in length, and placed in the receiver of an air-pump, with one end inside and the other out, it allowed the mercury to pass in small shining filaments as soon as a vacuum was made."



DRAWING OUT A GLASS TUBE.

Having furnished the pearl-maker with his materials, let us return to his work-table. He first draws out his tube to the desired size, increasing its length by diminishing its thickness. The tube being thus made of the desired size, he breaks it in pieces of from four to six inches in length. Taking one of these pieces upon the end of his blowpipe he heats it again in his lamp, and, blowing gently through the tube, forms it into the shape of a ball. By a puff of breath he bursts through the further end of this little ball. When he removes his blowpipe a hole is left at the place of contact. Thus two holes are formed in it that it may be strung upon a necklace. If it be intended for an ear-ring, a bracelet, or a pin, he leaves but the one hole in it. He next fashions it in shape as desired, still without a mould, chiefly by his breath. In the real pearl certain irregularities of form are observable. These must be imitated. The artificial pearl must not be too perfect. He therefore takes a very small iron pallet, with which he gently strikes the still malleable pearl, producing almost imperceptible irregularities of form, which add to the deception. This work done he passes the still incipient jewel to a work-woman, whose duty it is to give to the colorless glass its pearly white. For this purpose she is provided with a colorless glue made of parchment, and a coloring matter, the composition of which is one of the secrets of the trade. Having before her several thousand of these pearls, she rapidly introduces into them a light coating of the colorless glue through the orifice which the glass-blower has left; while this is still damp, she puffs into it, by her breath, the requisite quantity of the coloring matter. The pearl is then ready for the market. The reader may have some curiosity to know how much these precious jewels cost the manufacturer. In France the workman who blows them is paid at the rate of from fifty to seventy-five cents a hundred; the work-women who color them a little over two cents a thousand.

Science and art have their romance. Their history is full of curious and interesting legends. One of these legends, intimately connected with the history of pearl-making, shall close this account of glass-blowing as a fine art. We quote from the pages of M. Sauzay, to whom we are largely indebted for material, and who assures us that he received the story from the son of M. Jacquin himself.

THE STORY OF JACQUIN.

Among the paternoster-makers and pearl-makers who, as we know, formed in the last century one of the numerous trade corporations established in the good city of Paris, was Maître Jacquin. An intelligent man, of exemplary probity, and renowned every where for the elegance of his necklaces and ear-rings of false pearls, he had attracted to his shop all the women of fashion in the court and town.

Possessing a gable over the street, a chest filled with good crowns, a most prosperous trade, having an only son, who was going to marry Demoiselle Ursula, the daughter of his friend and neighbor the apothecary, he had every thing to make him happy; and yet Maître Jacquin was far from happy. It was a strange, inexplicable thing! His melancholy, unlike that of merchants generally, increased in proportion as he became rich; in short, the more he sold the more full of care did he become. His son even remembered having heard him say these alarming words one day, when he had just sold a complete set of false pearls to Dame Roberte de Pincelieu, his son's godmother: "To her also!.....infamous man that I am!.....My God! grant at least that this crime be the last!"

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Astounded at these sinister words, his son was seeking a favorable opportunity to obtain a dreadful confession from his father, when suddenly joy and gayety returned to the face of the old man, who, giving free course to his delight, constantly repeated, as he rubbed his hands: "Ah! France has at last gone to war with Flanders. Long live the king! for, thanks to him, no one, I hope, will think for a long time of buying necklaces and ear-rings."

Such an anticommercial speech would certainly have induced the son to believe that Jacquin had gone out of his mind, if the approach of his marriage had left him any other thought than of his coming happiness.

Every thing was going on well in the house (selling alone excepted), when an event very slight in appearance was on the point of overthrowing his contemplated happiness.

Profiting by the moment when all the principal relations assembled at his house were signing the marriage contract of his son, Maître Jacquin, addressing himself to Ursula, said:

"Come here, my darling, and let us talk of something more agreeable, for you have, no doubt, noticed that in your contract they only speak of death; that is what they call *expectations*. Well, in six days you are to be married at the Church of Saint Nicolas du Chardonnet. As there will be a fine and numerous company, I wish, my darling, that you should appear handsomely dressed, as suits the condition of the two families. Tell me, then, my daughter, what gift would please you the most; speak without fear, for there is nothing I would not grant to the wife of my much-loved son, I give you my word."

"Well, my dear father," replied Ursula, "now that I have the honor of entering your family, there is only one thing I wish for. Give me one of those pretty necklaces that you make so charmingly."

At these words a cold perspiration covered the forehead of the old man, which had a short while before been so radiant. He stood as if spell-bound, not being able even to pronounce the *yes* that Ursula was expecting with downcast eyes; and who knows how either would have extricated themselves from this embarrassing position, if by a fortunate chance the relations, who had all signed the contract, had not broken the silence by insisting on an immediate departure on account of the late hour of the night? And, indeed, eight o'clock had just struck on the clock of St. Nicolas.

Left alone in his house the poor paternoster-maker passed the night in thinking by what means he might reconcile the promise, made so formally to Ursula, with the moral impossibility he felt of fulfilling it without committing a fresh crime. Scarcely had the day dawned when Jacquin, who, as may be imagined, had discovered nothing yet, finding himself more tired than a gold-fish which has swum for twelve consecutive hours around its glass bowl without changing its direction, went out, hoping that the change of air would open a new horizon to his imagination. Like all men running after an idea, his first thought was to flee all mundane distractions. For this purpose he turned toward the banks of the Seine, which he followed by chance.

If the body was awake, the mind, alas! still slept; for having arrived after two hours' walking at the place where the bridge of Asnières now stands, and notwithstanding his frequent invocations, addressed alternately to God, to his patron saint, and to his good angel, the poor Jacquin was no further advanced than when he left Paris.

Harassed with fatigue, but still more desperate, he was, perhaps, thinking of making a resolution of breaking off his son's marriage, if Miss Ursula persisted in demanding the necklace, positively promised by him, when, oh prodigy! there appears suddenly on the water a mass of iridescent matter, giving the reflections of the finest Eastern pearls—it was what he sought.

If he had known Greek our pearl-maker would assuredly have repeated the famous word *eureka*, pronounced by Archimedes on discovering the theory of the circumscribed cylinder; but as he knew no more of Archimedes than of Greek, he contented himself with calling a fisherman, and making him throw his net over a considerable quantity of fishes; for what, in his astonishment, he had taken for an inert mass, was nothing else than a kind of little fish known under the name of bleak. To receive them from the fisherman, take them home to his laboratory, take off their scales, and make them into a paste, were his sole occupations until the evening. The day had scarcely appeared ere Jacquin, who in his delight had not closed his eyes during the night, hastened to descend to his laboratory. Oh misery! This paste, yesterday so brilliant, so silvery, to-day is only a sort of black glue. Certainly any other than our pearl-maker would have gone mad after such a disappointment; but he was a man of sense, and instead of wasting his time in despair he went to the chemist, who advised him to replace, by ammonia, the simple water which he had used to triturate the scales.

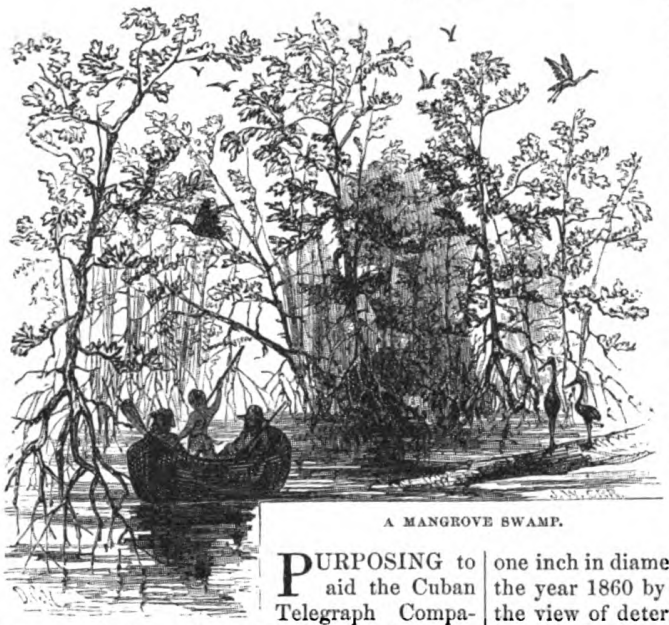
This advice was followed, and three days afterward Jacquin, who, thanks to science, had at last found the composition he had sought so long, radiant and satisfied, fastened round the neck of Ursula the most beautiful necklace that had ever left his shop.

A few words will explain the just apprehensions of Maître Jacquin, and the importance of his discovery, which only dates from the year 1686. It is enough to say that if the use of false pearls now presents no danger—for the coloring matter is perfectly harmless—it was certainly not the case formerly, since their coloring was effected by means of quicksilver, the deleterious emanations of which must have brought grave disorders into the economy of the human frame.

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ALONG THE FLORIDA REEF.

[First Paper.]



A MANGROVE SWAMP.

PURPOSING to aid the Cuban Telegraph Company, our government considered it advisable to make a reconnoissance of the great range of keys upon the Florida Reef.

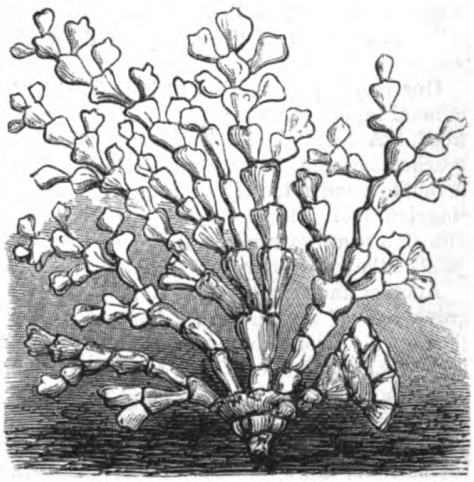
A cable from the main land at Cape Sable to Key West has since been laid; but at this time it was thought that wires could be laid upon the trees and carried across the inlets upon poles set in the mud of the extensive flats between the islands. Several obstacles appeared after the examination, the principal one being the interference with the passage of the numerous sponge-boats that find occupation here. The wild and rugged nature of the forest rendered it more difficult and expensive than the cable plan.

Major M'Farland, of the Engineers, was ordered to take charge of the survey, with the schooner *Oriental*, then in his employ. An examination of the Pine Keys had been made previously. Our destination was to Knight's Key, where we arrived after one night's sail, some sixty miles from Key West. The Reef and islands or keys that have been formed upon it extend in a line nearly parallel to and within two degrees of the Tropic of Cancer, Dry Tortugas forming the western, and Virginia Key the eastern extremity. The keys here, as well as most of the others, are raised to a uniform height of about two feet from high-water. Either the water has subsided, or the islands have been raised, as they represent the accumulated tenements of once living bodies—bodies that can not live and build above water. The old dead corals massed into a solid, continuous ledge. Brain corals embedded in the broad, extended blocks of astræans present a rough, unyielding base, whereon is a meagre layer of earth, the débris of the sea, with the accumulated vegetable matter from the shrubs and trees.

Two prominent features seem superimposed on the Atlantic face of our coast: the peninsulas of Cape Cod and Florida. The latter is still growing, and it is well ascertained that nearly all of the peninsula has been built up from the sea bottom by species of corals and other marine animals now living and operating there. Centuries must have passed while this vast tract has been built up. But erroneous notions have been formed regarding their rate of growth.

A brick, having a specimen of meandrina upon it one inch in diameter, was placed under water in the year 1860 by the writer, at Tortugas, with the view of determining the rate of growth of corals. When taken up in 1861, just one year after, it had increased to *two* inches in diameter, and was over half an inch in thickness. The large aquarium, which was built at the water-side for observation of marine objects, contained many other specimens, and it was observed that the branch corals grew even more rapidly, some attaining five to six inches in one year.

The various forms of branch corals, brain and star coral, and the sea feathers and fans are familiar to most. Our museums are well stocked with fine specimens. The Free Academy at New York has a fine collection of every species known to the waters of our shores. A large fragment of the Reef, as it appears with many of its various inhabitants, and two fine



CORALLINE.

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CIGAR-SHAPED MANGROVE.

heads of brain coral, each two feet in diameter, are among them.

One species of astræa, unlike most of the corals that have a circumscribed growth, spreads out ledge-like, and knows no boundary, no definite form. This particular species seems to be the principal element in reef-building; its individual polyp is small, but the congregation is vast, and tier after tier rises until the surface is reached, when acres, miles of this one variety lie dead and decaying, and furnishing a strong foothold for another element of land-making, not less sure and irresistible.

The mangrove now performs its part. A long, cigar-shaped fruit is formed, the seed of which germinates within the small inconspicuous flower before it drops, and presents the strange spectacle of a young tree, already rooted and ready to put forth its leaves as soon as it drops and finds foothold. These young trees are much like the young magnolia; designed to live and thrive in the salt soil, they float over the shallow water, and take root wherever they touch the bottom. The rootlets then make fast to the reef mud, throw out side shoots like so many flying buttresses, and put forth from the top or smaller end a tuft of rich glossy green leaves. The trunk does not reach below the spreading roots, but is supported by them above the water. Here is a network of rootlets wherein the débris of the ocean is entangled, and within which dead leaves and fragments of shells collect to form the meagre soil. Miles of reef become planted in this way.

One very important element in the soil is the mineral frame-work of a species of alga or sea-weed. A handful of soil taken up from the beaches, or upon the keys more inland, will be found to consist largely of fragments of this singular alga. Its vegetable portion is a mere film of green, covering a series of bead-like joints—the latter composed of lime.

Another and very effective method the mangrove has of extending its boundaries, and thereby also contributing more help toward land-making. Some of the fruit, instead of dropping and taking root as independent trees, grow downward until they reach the water, still remaining attached to the parent, root in the mud, throw out leaves, and assume the part of offshoots. Even these offshoots throw off others, which bend over and form knees, and in this way multiply to an indefinite extent.

These knees and the long, pendent suckers are curiously uniform in size, being only about two-thirds of an inch in diameter, smooth, brown, and pliable as a gutta-percha tube, holding the same uniform cylindrical shape throughout the entire length, and quite resemble the branches of the banyan.

Key Vaccas and Knight's Key lie parallel to each other. Here the water was so shallow that we were forced to leave our boats and push through the mud to deeper water.

These keys near the water-line, and for some rods inland, were nearly bare. The ledge of astræan coral was black and jagged, looking like rotten ice. Here and there were heads of brain coral embedded, some of them three feet in diameter. Upon this ledge stood several varieties of trees of large size, holding to the bare rock and sending rootlets into the numerous cracks and inequalities where the scanty soil was collected.

Along the entire border, and for some distance inland, were fragments of wrecks, carried there by some unusual high tide.

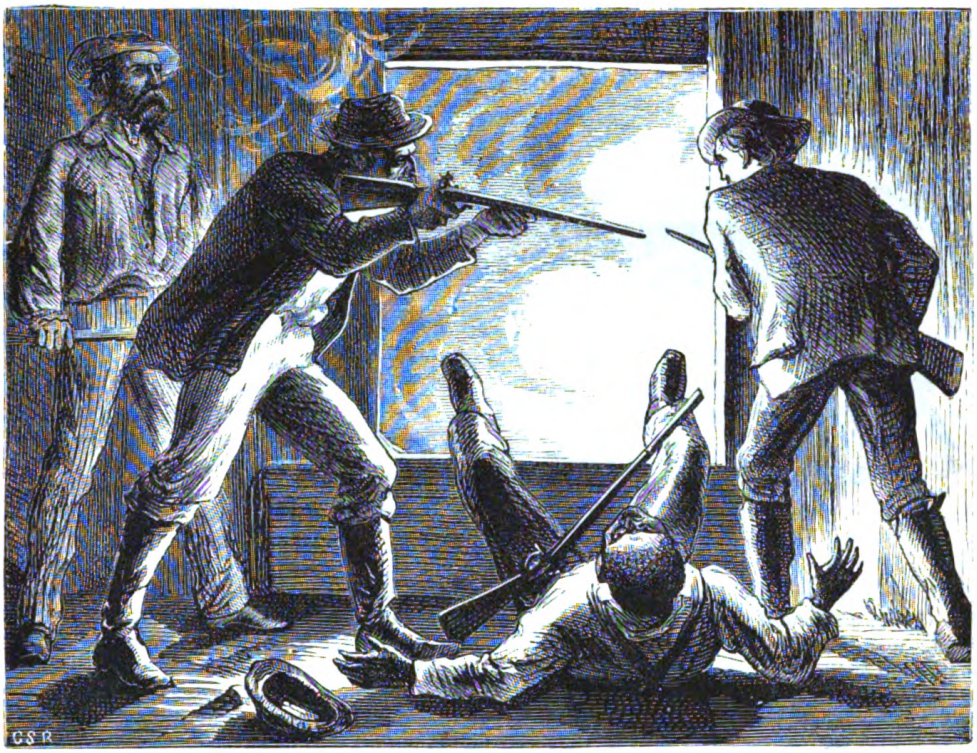
After a short sail we reached Boot Key. Here were groups of mangroves of great beauty. Osprays were disturbed in their fishing; and on the rocks, just below high-water mark, were great numbers of that peculiar armor-like multivalve shell, the chiton—the largest species. Here, too, were great numbers of the beautiful bleeding-tooth nerita. On no other of the numerous keys were these shells found.

One of the most gorgeously colored actinias, or sea anemones, as large as a coffee-cup, here spread its beauties in a little pool left by the receding tide, and a variety of the more common kinds was frequently seen.

Next day we visited Plantation Key. This is a large island, several miles in length, and has a good beach. The mangroves are here replaced by larger trees, and a variety of shrubs and small trees is supported by the deeper soil which has accumulated. A strong growth of coarse grass and many flowering plants thrive well.

In the soft, wet sand of the beach, among the numerous tracks of beach birds and gulls, were some which we conjectured were made by a large feline; and as no other of that family could be expected here, we anticipated the jaguar, or American panther. After tracing his steps for a mile or more, we came to a hut temporarily occupied by wreckers. The occupants were thoroughly frightened. They had not seen the animal, but had heard him prowling around their premises; and two young dogs were missing. Later in the day we had crossed a channel to Metacomba Key, where the same kind of tracks was visible. On reaching a hut where two men lived we heard doleful stories of fright and damage. Their dog had been taken and left maimed and half dead in the bushes; and a hog that reposed in quiet slumber against

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THE ATTACK.

the side of his pen had lost an ear, the panther having bitten the appendage completely off, and taken it with him.

It was just before dark when we came up, tired with the day's tramping. Our party sat upon the beach, and listened to the tale. The surroundings and features of the scene were exceedingly sombre and striking. As is common near tropical homes, however humble, the cocoa palm was here conspicuous, rearing its grand plumes above the dark back-ground, and relieved against the starlit sky in all the beauty of its flowing leaflets. The dense undergrowth, cavern-like now where the clearing held the rude habitation, reflected fitfully the lurid blaze of the camp fire. The broad, glossy foliage of the banana sparkled with the play of light, the fire-flies here and there broke the broad patches of darkness, and the figures of the two wreckers, whose scared faces were lighted by the glare, all made a picture impressive and grand in artistic elements. Our party were now thoroughly aroused to the fact of a first-class hunt awaiting them, and the most feasible method was promptly pronounced to be that of stalking; an inglorious but safe one, as even the mosquitoes would prove formidable in the jungle. The panther would unquestionably return at night, as he had only moistened his teeth in the flesh of the poor dog that was curled up before the fire, trembling with fright and pain from his lacerated limbs, and had only a taste from the ear of the hog.

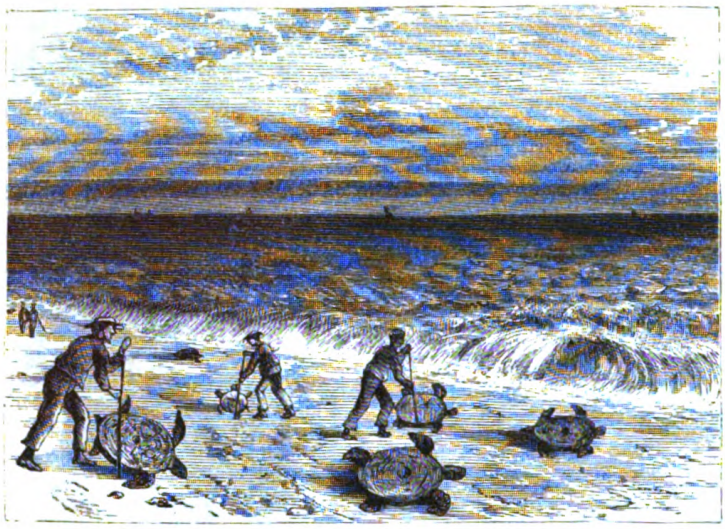
Fowling-pieces and rifles were thoroughly inspected, and the party arranged to watch in the hut, placing a board across the door, behind which Pableau, our cook, was stationed as a look-out. A fearful attack from the mosquitoes rendered this style of hunting far from agreeable, notwithstanding the fire was kept burning briskly before the door, ostensibly to draw them away from the house. True to his instincts, "Painter" put in an appearance about midnight.

"Golly! folks; look at them eyes!" says Pableau; and bang went his rifle, out of all proper time, and against orders.

The creature leaped over the bushes, and crossed in full view of the blazing fire, just in time to receive a broadside from the reserve; who presented a comical appearance, crowding the doorway, and aiming over the prostrate form of Pableau, who had been kicked backward by the combined effect of a big charge and fright. The monster proved to be a full-grown puma, or American lion, nearly five feet in length, and standing over two feet high. The paws were very heavy and powerful, measuring four inches and a half in length, and four inches broad.

Several instances of attacks upon children have occurred in Florida, and one very recently in Upper Florida. A child was seized, and the animal was making off rapidly when the father gave chase; the panther dropped the child and fought desperately with the man, but was soon overcome by a shot from a neighbor who had fortunately witnessed the fearful attack.

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TURTLE-TURNING.

On the following day we sailed into Angel-fish Creek, a channel within the vast field of young mangroves. The space between the main land of Florida and the outer line of keys is a vast mud flat, nearly dry in some places, and having numerous channels. Upon the Reef border the young mangroves find a foothold, and a steady increase is made toward the final filling up of the bay, even to the main land.

Tavernier Creek is another of these open water-ways, quite like a river—open runs produced by the tides. Here is the favorite haunt of the young sea-turtles, a good feeding-ground, secure from the numerous enemies of the outer water. The green turtle here finds in abundance the peculiar sea-weed which it prefers, and on which it thrives and fattens. During the breeding season they are easily taken while crawling upon the beaches to lay their eggs; but many are taken by pegging, as the turtler terms it. A prism-shaped pointed steel peg is fitted to a socket in the end of a stout pole. A line holds the peg, and serves to draw the creature toward the boat after it has been driven into the shell and loosened from the pole.

Fine specimens of the hawk's-bill turtle are caught here, having the elegant shell plates, or scales, so valued in jewelry and comb manufacture. The green turtle is most valued as an article of food, and the Key West market is usually supplied from these back bays and creeks. The loggerhead turtle, a coarser and larger reptile, attaining the weight of several hundred pounds, feeds mostly on flesh, and is caught upon the beaches during the breeding season. In the summer months, and on moonlight nights, turtle-turning is practiced, and the visitor in these regions finds in it exciting recreation. Lying on the clean sand of the beach, with an eye athwart the sparkling ripples of the shoal water, an eager listener; presently a slight break is seen, hoarse breathing heard, and all is still for a moment, when a huge form rises from the edge of the sea, turns its big head to either side, and toddles hurriedly and awkwardly up toward the highest point, where it loses no time in excavating a deep hole for its eggs. So persistent are they when once at work that one can take the eggs one after the other as they are deposited, leaving only the empty hole in the sand, to be as carefully covered by the simple creature as if it contained its proper complement. They are exceedingly shy in landing, and will not come on shore if an intruder is discovered; but once out of water they seem to realize their helplessness. The favorite method is to turn them on to their backs, and this requires the whole strength of at least one man. Hundreds of eggs are laid at one time, and are covered about eighteen inches in the sand. The heat of the sun hatches them, and the young work their way out and toward the sea with unerring precision.

As we floated on the smooth surface a fine view was had of these haunts of strange, unfamiliar creatures. The water, clear as crystal, and the white coral mud, revealing every object distinctly. Nature reigns here undisturbed, save by the sponge-hunter, who pushes his boat through the labyrinthine channels, year after year, in continuous search. Young green turtles are very numerous; darting away as the boat passes over them.

One is reminded of a gay pantomime: gorgeously colored angel-fish flit by, crossing and recrossing like so many richly dressed columbines, their gay bands and wing-like fins resplendent with color. Harlequin morays, darting in and out of the shadows of the sea fans and feathers; groups of gorgonias brilliant with iridescence; clowns, pantaloons, and supernumerary shapes innumerable among the conchs, hermit-crabs, and devil-fish. A small species of saw-fish was frequently seen, a sluggish creature of the shark family, rather neatly formed, but furnished with an unaccountably long and broad snout, armed with a row of stout teeth on either edge—a prolongation of the upper jaw as long as the body of the fish, seemingly formed altogether as a defensive weapon, which can only be worked sidewise as a scythe.

Sponges were very numerous, though we were told that a large portion were not worth gathering. The sponger could readily distinguish the best as he pushed his boat over them. Some of the coarser kinds, not marketable, are

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four feet in diameter. They are all more or less concave at the apex. A black membraneous tunic covers them, and soft jelly-like portions project into the pores and cavities, constituting the slight claim they have to a place in the animal kingdom. Animal mucus and fat oil have been found in their analysis; so the vexed question is settled by chemistry, and they are unquestionably admitted to the ranks of animated nature, though far from active members. A slight current is observable over the openings, and nourishment is probably absorbed as it circulates through them. The frame-work is made up of silica, a wonderful proportion, in the form of spiculæ or splinters. Unlike most other marine objects, sponge is less attractive in its living state; only after the soft parts are removed is it pleasing to the eye. The pretty urn and other shaped sponges found on the beaches are merely the skeletons.

A large trade is now carried on at Key West in this article. Small schooners, from ten to twenty tons burden, are employed. They are much the shape of half an egg, and as flat as is consistent with due regard to sailing qualities; approaching, probably, as near as is possible the mythic craft that is said to "float in a heavy dew." These vessels lie at anchor in the channels, while the spongers push their small boats over the flats to gather the sponge. In some places they dive for it, and in shoal water grapple them. The specimens are very heavy, being loaded with water and the jelly-like animal matter. They are buried in the sand of the beaches until the matter is decomposed, when they are washed and carried to Key West, collected upon strings of convenient length, and bleached in the sun. That portion of Key West called Conchtown is the principal depository, where the yards and fences are loaded with them. For many years nearly all the sponge collected on the Florida Reef was sold at Key West to an Israelite of New York, one Isaacs; latterly others have entered the trade, and a very respectable income is derived from it.

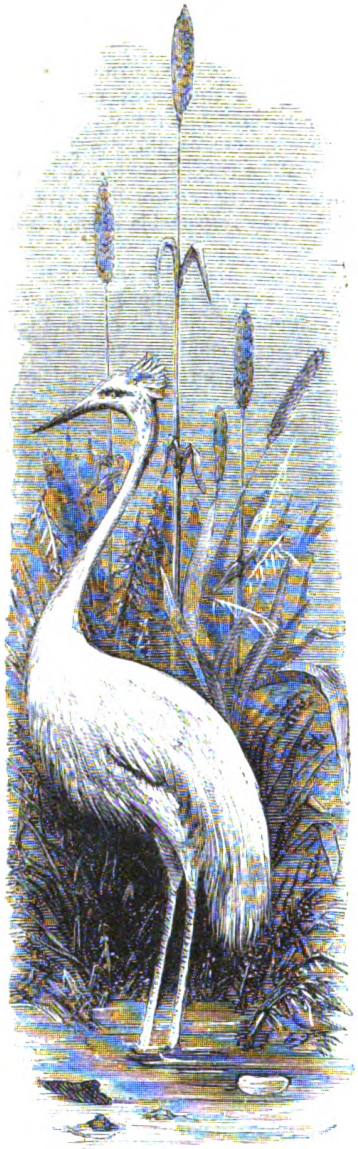


A "CONCH."

To the naturalist, of whatever "persuasion," these mangrove thickets afford a wonderful field for observation. If he is an ornithologist, the homes of the herons and the eyries of the ospray are here at hand; is he a conchologist, how rapturously he views in the still water the winged aplysea, the rich tints of the triton, or, as it climbs the buttress of the mangrove, the mottled mickramock; a lover of crustaceans, the great hermit-crab, with his imbricated armor and formidable side-arms, most potent for defense, at the mouth of his confiscated castle; mayhap a gorgeously colored strombus of the larger growth. Radiata? the enthusiastic star-hunter finds his type cloaked in many strange devices, from the great cucumber-shaped biche la mer through many forms to the undisguised conventional star of the order, the pretty five-finger. To the botanist, not a varied field; but to him with artist eye, a never-ending succession of grand scenes and choice aspects. Nature seems to have varied the grouping of the mangroves in such manner that new charms are presented at every remove. At sunset the play of light and shadow, the chiar-oscuro of nature, was particularly charming, and new beauties were added by the strong reflections in the still water.

The great white herons, bright as snow, here make their homes; congregating at certain points they settle down upon the topmost branches to roost, contrasting their ermine vesture with the rich green of the foliage. Frequently we came up suddenly and surprised them, standing in the shallow water where they watched patiently for shell-fish. Particularly in the twilight the scene was of great interest. Like a panorama, as our boat moved along through the narrow channels, appeared each side of the thicket. A constant rising on either side so long as we continued to float on. Here a big sand-hill crane rises, flapping off to settle down farther inland. On the other hand the richly plumed night-heron; anon a lazy bittern; all around us the snowy egrets; at our bows the grebes and cormorants, and the curious snake-birds, diving, pushing forward, and looking furtively behind them; and where the channel spreads out into bay-like openings, the pelicans and gulls and terns were disporting in great numbers. Frequently long lines of white, looking in the distance like neat picket fences, proved to be white cranes standing listlessly in the shoals. With the rich green back-ground of the thicket a beautiful picture was presented.

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THE WHITE EGRET.

The bald eagle and the ospray were often overhead, and now and then their nests could be discerned away in the midst of the thicket, an immense concourse of twigs spread across the top branches of dead button-wood. Some of the divers, the snake-birds, would seem to dive at the flash of the gun, and in several instances when our party had shot at one we failed to find it, although it occurred in open water, far from the banks. The wreckers hold strenuously to the opinion that they make fast to the weeds on the bottom with their bills, and there remain until danger is past. We were certainly puzzled to account for those fired at; for if killed they would float. It is well known that they swim well and for a long distance under water, and at such times, when frightened, expose only the tip of the bill or nostril, as the porpoise or whale brings its blow-hole to the surface to breathe. In this way they could go on indefinitely. The water was perfectly smooth, and we watched closely, but could never detect the bill or see the bird rise again.

The herons and egrets are generously provided with lanterns to aid them in fishing, and are said to practice the same method as certain fire-fishermen. Upon the breast of these birds, concealed by the long plumes, is a patch of soft yellow down just covering a bare spot. As the heron stands in the water at night, or twilight, this patch is exposed, exhibiting a phosphorescent glare which attracts the luckless fishes within striking distance of the lance-like bill. The beautiful night-heron has this curious appendage more bountifully endowed, as it feeds mostly by night.

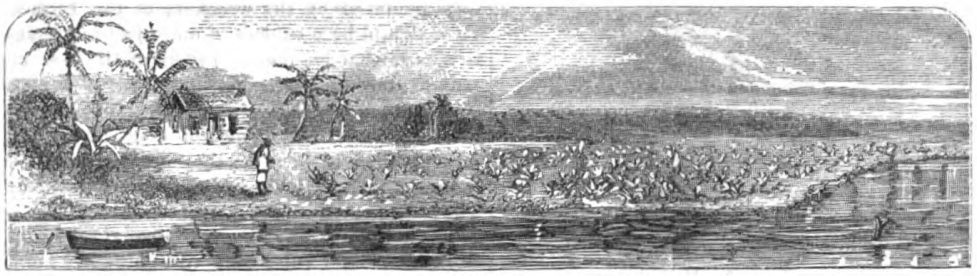
The scarlet ibis and the roseate spoonbill are occasionally seen here. The glossy ibis, a rich maroon-colored bird, and the elegant purple gallinule are more common. These birds are exceedingly beautiful, and come into the landscape as rich bits of color where grand masses of green foliage and the sombre breadth of the shadowed still water are harmonized by them. The long, graceful necks and bodies of the great white egrets, and the light blues of various shades in the plumage of the herons, the velvet black of the coots and ducks, were constant elements in pictures ever before us so long as we drifted within this sanctuary of Nature. Eleven different species of herons and several of the bittern family frequent this region, and the multitude of individual members of these families, or genera, to speak in the language of the naturalist, makes up a heronry of such respectable dimensions that none shall here remain ignorant of the difference between a "hawk and a hernshaw."

In the full moonlight we drifted down with the tide on our return to the vessel. New beauties were discerned at every turn as the moon shed her peculiar light over the scene, now nearly quiet and noiseless, save where we passed the eyrie of a querulous old bald eagle who seemed to be scolding some one at home, and fluttering uneasily on her nest. A tardy warhawk here and there came into view, skimming over the channel roostward, and the hoarse croak of a cynical bittern broke upon the still air as he half unfolded his wings and relapsed into listlessness. We were fatigued, and Nature was nearly at rest; a smart pull brought us to the outlet of Tavernier Creek, where we joined the vessel.

Pableau had served green turtle, young and tender, in all its seductive forms, plover pie, barracuda, and king-fish, and wild-ducks of rare flavor. During a cruise in these waters the table can be constantly supplied with the choicest wild game and fish.

In the morning the yawl was refitted for another day on shore. We were anchored off Old Rhodes Key, and now stood off toward Plantation Key, and took to our boats as soon

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A PINE-APPLE CLEARING ON KEY LARGO.

as the water became too shoal to admit the schooner farther in. Every where along the beach were fragments of wrecks. Old hulks are seen on the shoals, and at high-water mark winrows of wood lined the shore. Here was a Turkish maiden, the figure-head of some unlucky ship, lying half buried with splinters and fragments of gilded panels, the remains of a wrecked steamship. Farther on a handsome sign-board bearing the Yankee name of Joseph A. Davis in gilt letters. Figure-heads in scroll-work, handsomely carved. On another key, great numbers of new hogsheads and bundles of staves for barrels; part of a cargo, no doubt, destined for the "ever-faithful isle."

Plantation Key has considerable good soil; many of the trees here are seventy or eighty feet in height. Here was a large plantation of cocoa-nut palms, several hundred in number, and a patch of young pine-apples. A late paper gives an account of the products of this patch, which have been materially increased since the writer was there. Mr. Baker, the owner, who resides at Key West, is reported to have realized seven thousand dollars this season from his crop of pine-apples. The great draw-back is the prevalence of mosquitoes, throughout the whole year, in such swarms that few persons are willing to suffer the annoyance; otherwise these keys would richly reward the cultivator.

We now ran across to Key Largo, the largest one of the group, being near forty miles in length, though not much wider than others. There is no beach here, but the mangroves grow to the very shore, where the coral ledge is irregular and broken, presenting many indentations and inlets. It was impossible to walk any distance, consequently the party remained in boats, beating up as near the shore as possible. Here the muddy bottom was loaded with gorgonias and sponges. The old coral is here replaced by a crystalline lime deposit within the openings. Fragments freshly broken present the appearance of stalactitic formation. Near Angel-fish Creek a large crack extended in shore from the water. This is the only instance observed where the original deposit has been disturbed. This crack was open, and about two inches in width.

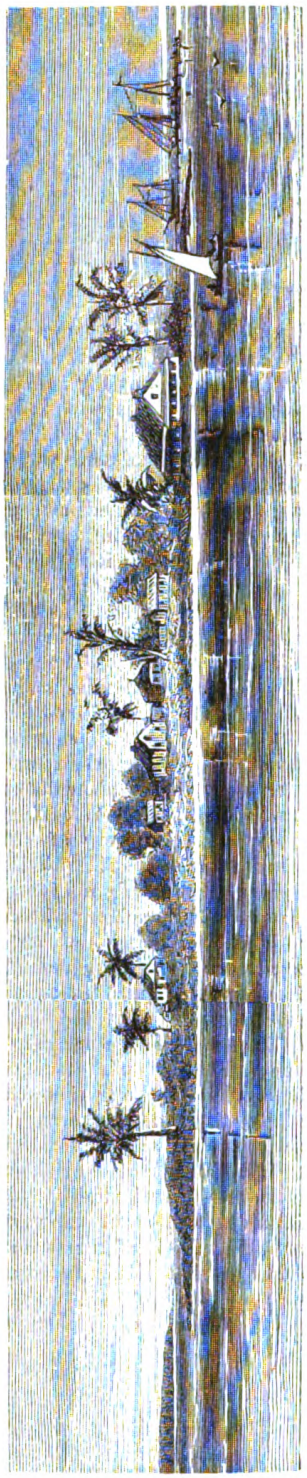
The fine summer-like weather which makes up the greater part of the winter in this latitude is now to be interrupted by the almost regular fortnightly visit of a "norther"—a strong cool wind which subsides usually in two or three days to give place to the grateful trade-wind. Meantime we get under way for Indian Key, the grand rendezvous of the wreckers, fortunately for us, near at hand. Indian Key is one of the few islands of the Reef that can be called inhabited. Here for many years the wreckers have resorted, as it is convenient as a midway station and the safest harbor in heavy weather. Like the island of Key West it is increased in height by a lime formation called oolite. The foundation is probably the same as the other keys, but nearly twelve feet of extraneous matter has accumulated upon it. The soil is excellent, and various tropical trees and shrubs thrive well there. The whole island seems to have been under cultivation. Fine cocoa palms and many flowering shrubs are there, and what with the several houses the place looks quite village-like and picturesque. Wrecking was a lively business when the highway of commerce bore great numbers of ships richly laden with cotton; and here those hardy mariners found convenient resort. The anchorage is safe and valuable for that class of vessels. Other places, more or less protected, were frequented; and certain stations were recognized, mostly within sight along the Reef.

The wrecking vessels are usually small schooners, much like our pilot-boats, owned frequently by companies who fit them out, and divide the profits with those concerned. Vessels consort with others, and a system of signals is used. They anchor within sight of each other along the Reef, and readily exchange signals when a wreck is seen. A vessel unluckily strikes upon the Reef, the fore and aft canvas of a wrecker is seen bearing down upon



A WRECK AMONG THE BREAKERS.

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INDIAN KEY, THE WRECKERS' RENDEZVOUS.

her, and ere the hull is quite visible above the horizon white specks in the distance grow spectre-like into life, and soon spread a protecting cordon around the hapless craft. So promptly do these vessels come to the rescue they are likened to the condor that swoops down upon his prey; but the valuable aid to life and property rendered by the wreckers of the Florida Reef should be a subject of more just appreciation. Rather let these "toilers of the sea" be seen as they are: watchers by day and night; sea-faring sentinels in their snug craft, pacing the deck under the tropic sun heat, or peering forth from mast-head as they are tossed upon the gale. Good men and true most of them. They are average men, not pirates.

Let humanity make requisition on the schooner *Oriental*, and Dave Ellis will guide her helm as long as he can hold her tiller. A good fat salvage is a thing to be talked about, and with pleasure; but when life is in danger his big heart is in the right place, and prompts him on as far as man can go. Bob Rand and Long John may be gushing with terebinthinate Hollands; the spirit and flesh are both strong.

How quickly would these craft come to grief in the hands of others! No sea-faring people approach them, save the pilots. Theirs is a rough, perilous lot. Inured from youth to all the sailor's craft, the wrecker pursues an advanced course of duty.

At a time when every sail is reefed or furled, when angry clouds curtain the fair sky, and ocean boils with fury—when others seek shelter — then the wrecker is on the alert. A trusty hand is at mast-head, a sure one at the helm. The schooner frets heavily at her moorings; the spare hands quit their uneasy stride upon deck, and slip down the companion-way for support; the reefing points are made taut, bonnet is off the jib, foresail snug at home, fore-hatch tight as a bottle, and deck clear forward and aft. The spars shiver and the shrouds whistle with the wind. All is snug alow and aloft, and ready for the hoarse cry that comes, mayhap, from the look-out: "On deck there! Brigantine ashore to leeward, hard on Tavernier."

A fair taste of this wrecker life we had, for our schooner, the *Oriental*, was an old wrecker, and its crew experienced hands. A gale was now upon us, and Indian Key and a harbor our goal. Plash comes a heavy sea aboard as she swings to the wind; her jib flaps for an instant, and quickly "tautens" to its full. Merrily, cheerily, up goes the main—what there is of it, for she is necessarily close-reefed. The main sheet is "eased off a trifle," and her course is made; before the wind, a little on, a point or so, free. On the billow, down, down, beam under, rising upon the next with a cataract rush athwart the bulwarks; the crested mountain combing over behind, and the strong, skillful arm at the helm easing her just in time to keep her in trim, *on*, not *under*, that fearful billow! How like driving a spirited horse this holding the tiller in a heavy sea! Presently other sails were seen, all bending to the breeze, and in one gay fleet we "fell off and stood in" to the anchorage.

This picturesque island has a few of the old houses remaining that were built during the Indian war. At one time the whole place was

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burned, and was the scene of a fearful massacre. The present proprietor of the island, now living there, was one of the few who escaped with their lives. It was the old story, whisky and close bargains. The Indians were incensed, and came in a body, burning and destroying. There was, however, one notable exception, the family of Mr. Howe, who had always treated the Indians with kindness and fairness. They were not harmed, though the savages who had made the attack were insane with liquor stolen from the stores, and ready for any act of cruelty.

Dr. Perrine, a gentleman who had located here for the purpose of pursuing studies in natural history, was burned to death in his house, his family escaping by boats. We were led to the end of the island, and shown where the savage Seminole warriors crept softly from their canoes in the darkness to ply the fire-brand and tomahawk, and to "frighten the isle from its propriety" with their terrible war-whoop. Near by was an ambitious-looking slab, covering a brick tomb. Considering the result of the incumbent's dealings with the Indians, one is apt to reflect upon the old adage, viz.: "Such is life." The inscription which we found written on the slab is the following:

Sic transit gloria mundi.

Here lyeth the body of Capt. JACOB HOUSEMAN, who died by accident.

To his friends he was sincere; to his enemies kind; to all men faithful.

Houseman and some others were fortunate in reaching the revenue cutter, which was lying at anchor in the harbor, but died some years after.

In olden times, when cotton ships were frequently ashore on the Reef, and wreckers were numerous, this island resounded to the high reveling of its frequenters. The large storehouse was made redolent with fumes of Jamaica rum, and resonant with tones of the violin. Jig dances and clog dances and walk-arounds, checkers and old sledge, were their amusements. Pableau is a good violinist, and now, responsive to a loud call from the interested islanders, who had collected at the old store, he furnished music to a rehearsal of the old time scenes.

Among the residents was an old hulk, who had been driven ashore here years ago, and now lived on Lignum-vitæ Key, near by, where he raised a few water-melons, and so kept hunger from his door, selling his produce to dealers in Key West. Old in the service of the sea, Captain Cole is yet hale and hearty, a temperate man, and one well worth the acquaintance of any one who should happen to drift that way. He is a Norwegian by birth, and a very intelligent man; having no friends, he prefers to live here alone, almost a hermit's life. Boats for the sponge trade are built here; one upon the stocks was quite egg-shaped; made to carry largely, and to run in shallow water.



CAPTAIN COLE.

We were quite amused at a scene which we encountered on our first landing; but were told that it was of almost daily occurrence. A brace of Indian pullets—*Aramus giganteus*—alighted on a tree, when forthwith several women sallied out and "drew bead" upon them. The lucky ones bagged the game and withdrew, wringing the necks, and resuming work with an air of practiced hands.

From Indian Key to Virginia Key and Cape Florida, the extreme eastern point, the islands are separated by wider and deeper channels, and here it became quite evident that so much cable would be required between the keys nothing would be gained by adopting this route. The survey was rapidly made here. At Cape Florida light we anchored, after a two weeks' sojourn on the waters of the Reef. In our boats we proceeded across the sound, seven miles, to the mouth of the Miami River, at the southernmost extremity of Florida, where we met the overland party in camp at Old Fort Dallas.

ASLEEP.

SOUND asleep—no sigh can reach
Him who dreams the heavenly dream;
No to-morrow's silver speech
Wake him with an earthly theme.
Summer rains relentlessly
Patter where his head doth lie;
There the wild fern and the brake
All their summer leisure take;
Violets, blinded with the dew,
Perfume lend to the sad rue—
Till the day breaks, fair and clear,
And no shadow doth appear.

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FREDERICK THE GREAT.



FREDERICK CROSSING THE ODER.—[SEE PAGE 373.]

XV.—THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR. THIRD AND FOURTH CAMPAIGNS.

THE battle of Zorndorf was the most bloody of the Seven Years' War. It is often considered the most furious battle which was ever fought. While Frederick was engaged in this arduous campaign in the extreme north, driving the Russians from the Prussian territory, an Austrian army, ninety thousand strong, under general Daun, was endeavoring to reconquer Saxony. The Prussian king had left his brother Henry in defense of the province, with a small force garrisoned in the city of Dresden.

On the 2d of September, 1758, Frederick, advancing from the smouldering ruins of Cüstrin, pushed forward his columns by forced marches for the rescue of his brother, who was nearly surrounded by vastly outnumbering foes. While upon this rapid march an Austrian courier was captured, with the following dispatch, which he was bearing from general Daun to general Fermor, whose army of Russians had just been so terribly beaten by Frederick upon the field of Zorndorf, but of which fact the Austrian general had not yet been apprised:

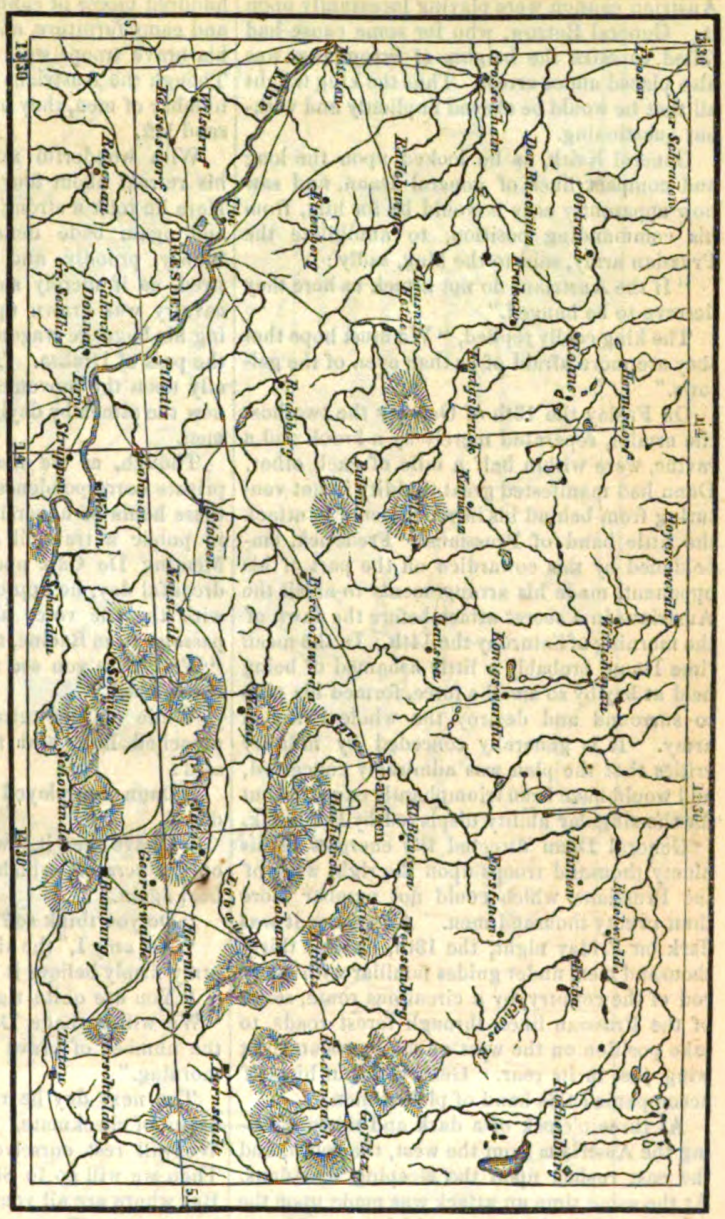
"Your excellency does not know that wily enemy, the king of Prussia, as well as I do. By no means get into a battle with him. Cautiously manœuvre about. Detain him there till I have got my stroke in Saxony done. Don't try fighting him. DAUN."

Frederick, with grim humor characteristic of him, sent back the courier with the following response, as if from the Russian general, signed Fermor, but in the king's handwriting:

"Your excellency was right to warn me against a cunning enemy whom you know better than I. Here have I tried fighting him, and have got beaten. Your unfortunate

"FERMOR."

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Meissen
Elbe
Wilsdruf
Kesselsdorf
DRESDEN
Radeburg
Der Schraden
Ortrand
Kamenz
Königswartha
Bautzen
Weissenberg
Reichenbach
Görlitz
Rothenburg
Hochkirch
Stolpen
Pirna
Schandau
Rumburg
Zittau
Löbau
Torgau
Jüterbog
Luckau
Hoyerswerda
Pförten
Muskau
Triebel
Forst
Sprottau
Sagan
Glogau
Crossen
Posen
Kalisch
Breslau
Liegnitz
Lauban
Bunzlau
Kottbus
Cottbus
Spremberg
Senftenberg
Ruhland
Elsterwerda
Torgau
Wittenberg
Dessau
Leipzig
Grimma
Oschatz
Meissen
Grossenhain
Radeberg
Pulsnitz
Bischofswerda
Zittau
Rumburg
Schandau
Stolpen
Pirna
Dippoldiswalde
Freiberg
Chemnitz
Zwickau
Plauen
Hof
Bayreuth
Eger
Karlsbad
Saaz
Leitmeritz
Aussig
Tetschen
Bodenbach
Teplitz
Brüx
Komotau
Annaberg
Marienberg
Olbernhau
Brandeis
Kolin
Prag
Budin
Melnik
Leitmeritz
Raudnitz
Lobositz
Kulm
Nollendorf
Peterswalde
Gabel
Reichenberg
Gitschin
Turnau
Jungbunzlau
Münchengrätz
Mlada Boleslau
Jaromir
Josephstadt
Nachod
Trautenau
Hohenelbe
Schatzlar
Schmiedeberg
Landshut
Hirschberg
Greiffenberg
Lauban
Görlitz
Rothenburg
Weisswasser
Muskau
Forst
Pförten

Austrian cannon were playing incessantly upon it. General Retzow, who for some cause had failed to seize the heights of Stromberg, was also placed under arrest. Thus the king taught all that he would be obeyed implicitly and without questioning.

General Keith, as he looked upon the long and compact lines of general Daun, and saw how apparently easy it would be for him, from his commanding position, to annihilate the Prussian army, said to the king, sadly:

"If the Austrians do not attack us here they deserve to be hanged."

The king coolly replied, "We must hope that they are more afraid of us than even of the gallows."

On Friday the 13th of October the two hostile armies, separated merely by a brook and a ravine, were within half a mile of each other. Daun had manifested great timidity in not venturing from behind his intrenchments to attack the little band of Prussians. Frederick, emboldened by this cowardice on the part of his opponent, made his arrangements to assail the Austrians in a secret attack before the dawn of the morning of Saturday the 14th. In the mean time Daun, probably a little ashamed of being held at bay by so small a force, formed his plan to surround and destroy the whole Prussian army. It is generally conceded by military critics that the plan was admirably conceived, and would have been triumphantly executed but for the singular ability displayed by Frederick.

General Daun directed the energies of his ninety thousand troops upon the right wing of the Prussians, which could not number more than twenty thousand men. As soon as it was dark on Friday night, the 13th, he sent thirty thousand men, under guides familiar with every rod of the country, by a circuitous route, south of the Prussian lines, through forest roads, to take position on the west of the Prussian right wing, just in its rear. General Daun himself accompanied this band of picked men.

At three o'clock of a dark and misty morning the Austrians from the west, the south, and the east rushed upon the sleeping Prussians. At the same time an attack was made upon the left wing of the Prussians, which was a feint to bewilder them, and to prevent reinforcements from being sent to the right wing. For five hours there was a scene of tumult, confusion, and horror which can neither be described nor imagined. The morning was dark, the fog dense, and the Prussians, though ever on the alert, were taken by surprise. No one in the army of Frederick thought either of running or of surrendering. It was a hand-to-hand fight, with bayonets and sabres and butts of muskets. Marshal Keith, after receiving two bullet wounds, which he did not regard, was shot through the heart.

As the morning dawned it was manifest to Frederick that the battle was lost, and that there was no salvation for the remnant of his troops but in a precipitate retreat. He had lost a hundred pieces of cannon, nearly all of his tents and camp furniture, and over eight thousand of his brave troops were either dead or captive. Though the Austrians had lost about the same number of men, they had still over eighty thousand left.

With wonderful skill Frederick conducted his retreat about four miles to the northwest. Here he took a strong position at Doberschütz, and again bade defiance to the Austrians. Slowly, proudly, and in perfect order he retired, as if merely shifting his ground. His cavalry was drawn up as on parade, protecting his baggage wagons as they defiled through the pass of Drehsa. The Austrians gazed quietly upon the movement, not venturing to renew the attack by daylight upon such desperate men.

Though, as we may see from Frederick's private correspondence, he suffered terribly in these hours of adversity and peril, he assumed in public a tranquil and even a jocose air. Meeting De Catt upon the evening of that dreadful day, he approached him, smiling, and with theatric voice and gesture declaimed a passage from Racine, the purport of which was, "Well, here you see me not a conqueror, but vanquished."

While on the retreat one of his aids approached him, and the king, with a smile, said:

"Daun has played me a slippery trick to-day."

"I have seen it," was the reply; "but it is only a scratch, which your majesty will soon heal again."

"Do you think so?" inquired the king.

"Not only I," the aid replied, "but the whole army firmly believe it of your majesty."

"You are quite right," responded the king. "We will manage Daun. What I lament is the number of brave men who have died this morning."

The next day he remarked, "Daun has let us out of checkmate. The game is not lost yet. We will rest ourselves here for a few days. Then we will go to Silesia and deliver Neisse. But where are all your guns?" he said, playfully, to an artilleryman, who stood, vacant, on parade.

"Your majesty," replied the gunner, "the devil stole them all last night."

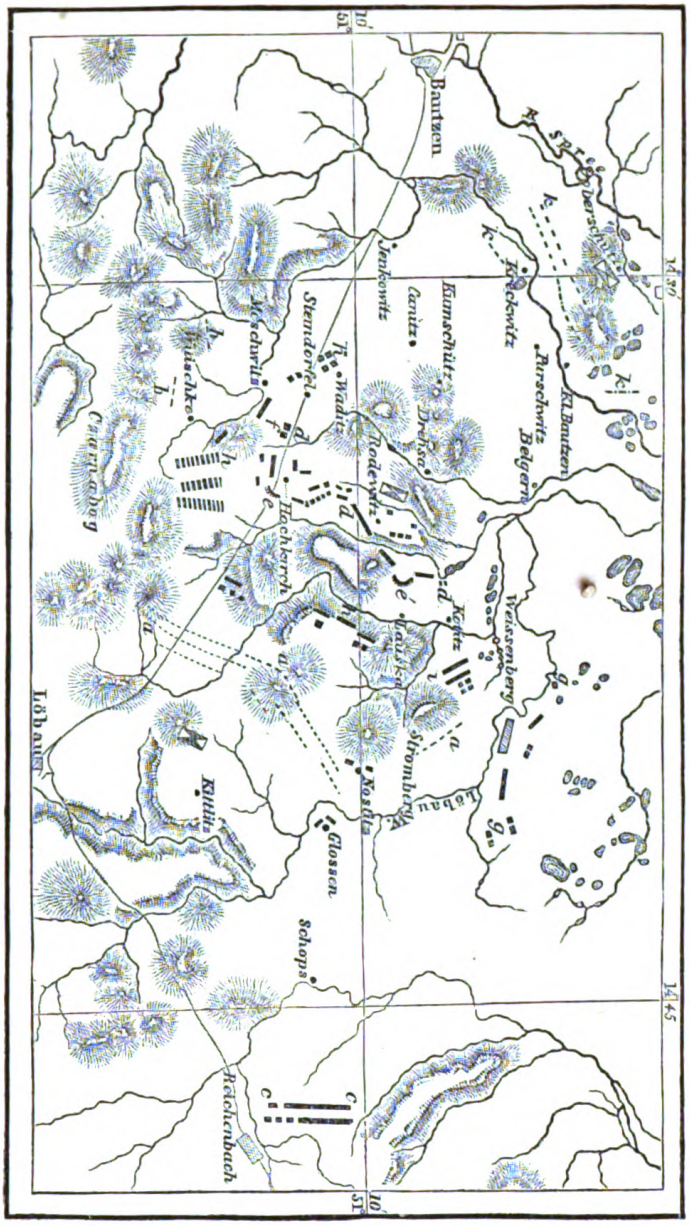
"Ah!" said the king, gayly, "we must have them back from him again."

The fourth day after this dreadful defeat the king received the tidings of the death of Wilhelmina. It was apparently the heaviest blow he had ever encountered. The anguish which her death caused him he did not attempt to conceal. In a business letter to prince Henry we find this burst of feeling:

"Great God! my sister of Baireuth, my noble Wilhelmina, dead; died in the very hours while we were fighting here."

The king, in a letter to Voltaire upon this occasion, writes:

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BATTLE OF HOCHKIRCH, OCTOBER 14, 1758.

a a a. First Position of the Austrian Army. b b. Extreme Left, under Loudon. c c. Austrian Reserve, under Baden-Durlach. d d d. Prussian Army. e e. The two main Prussian Batteries. f. Ziethen's Cavalry. g g. Prussian Van-guard, under Retzow. h h h. Advance of Austrian Army. i. Right Wing, under D'Ahremberg. k k k. Position taken by the Prussians after the Battle.

"It will have been easy for you to conceive my grief when you reflect upon the loss I have had. There are some misfortunes which are reparable by constancy and courage. But there are others against which all the firmness with which one can arm one's self, and all the reasonings of philosophers, are only vain and useless attempts at consolation.[1] Of the latter kind is the one with which my unhappy fate overwhelms me, at a moment the most embarrassing and the most anxious of my whole life. I have not been so sick as you have heard. My only complaints are colics, sometimes hemorrhoidal, and sometimes nephritic.

"If it had depended upon me, I would willingly have devoted myself to that death which those maladies sooner or later bring upon one, in order to save and prolong the life of her whose eyes are now closed. I beseech you never to forget her. Collect all your powers to raise a monument to her honor. You need only do her justice. Without in any way abandoning the truth, she will afford you an ample and beautiful subject. I wish you more repose and happiness than falls to my lot FREDERICK."[1]

[1] This confession of the king is worthy of notice. His *philosophy* afforded him no consolation in these hours of anguish. It is faith in Christ alone which can "take from death its sting, and from the grave its victory."

[1] *Correspondance de Voltaire avec le Roi de Prusse.*

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FREDERICK ASLEEP IN THE HUT AT OETSCHER.—[SEE PAGE 375.]

The court at Vienna received with transports of joy the tidings of the victory of Hochkirch. The pope was greatly elated. He regarded the battle as one between the Catholic and Protestant powers. The holy father, Clement XIII., sent a letter of congratulation to marshal Daun, together with a sword and hat, both blessed by his holiness. The occurrence excited the derision of Frederick, who was afterward accustomed to designate his opponent as "the blessed general with the papal hat." Frederick remained at Doberschütz ten days. During this time his brother Henry joined him from Dresden, with six thousand foot and horse. This raised his force to a little above thirty thousand men. General Finck was left in command of the few Prussian troops who remained for the defense of the capital of Saxony.

The Austrian general, flushed with victory, at the head of eighty thousand troops, encamped in strong positions a few miles east of Frederick, on the road to Neisse, in Silesia. Narrowly he watched the movements of his Prussian majesty, but he did not venture to molest him. Neisse was at that time closely besieged by the Austrians. It would inevitably soon fall into their hands unless Frederick could march to its succor. The great strategic object of the Austrian commander was so to block up the road as to prevent the advance of the Prussian troops. Frederick, despising the inactivity of his cautious foe, said to his brother:

"Daun has thrown up his cards; so the game is not yet lost. Let us repose ourselves for some days, and then go to the assistance of Neisse."[1]

In the mean while, marshal Daun was so confident that Frederick, with but thirty thousand men, could not drive him from his intrenchments, guarded by eighty thousand veteran troops, that he wrote to general Harsch, who was conducting the siege of Neisse:

"Go on quietly with your siege. I have the king within my grasp. He is cut off from Silesia except by attacking me. If he does that, I hope to give you a good account of what happens."[2]

[1] ARCHENHOLTZ. *Histoire de la Guerre de Sept Ans.*
[2] *Histoire de la Guerre de Sept Ans, par Frédéric II.*

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On Tuesday evening, October 24, 1758, Frederick, in a rapid and secret march, protected by darkness, pushed his whole army around the right wing of the Austrian encampment, and took a very strong position at Reichenbach, in the rear of marshal Daun, and on the road to Neisse. The Austrian general, astonished at this bold and successful manœuvre, now found that the march of Frederick to Neisse could by no possibility be prevented except by attacking him on his own chosen ground. This he did not dare to do. He therefore resolved to make a rush with his whole army to the west for the capture of Dresden. Frederick, in the mean time, by forced marches, was pressing forward to the east for the relief of Neisse. Thus the two armies were flying from each other in opposite directions.

When the Austrian general conducting the siege at Neisse heard of the rapid approach of Frederick, he, in consternation, blew up many of his works, abandoned several guns, and, on the 6th of November, fled with his army over the hills to the south, to take shelter in Austria. Frederick triumphantly entered Neisse, and, having driven the Austrians from every outpost, commenced, with a recruited army, his return march to Dresden. The more slow-footed Daun did not reach Dresden till the 8th of the month. The city, outside of the walls, was crowded with the dwellings of the more respectable citizens, and the beautiful mansions of the wealthy. The king of Poland was elector of Saxony, and was in alliance with Austria. For the Austrian commander to pursue any measure which should lead to the destruction, in whole or in part, of this beautiful capital, would inflict a terrible blow upon the subjects of the ally of Austria.

As general Daun approached the city the Prussian general who had been left in command of the small garrison there sent word to him that, should he menace Dresden with his forces, the Prussian commander would be under the necessity of setting fire to the suburbs, as a measure of self-defense. Daun, expostulating vehemently against so cruel an act, regardless of the menace, approached the city on the 9th of November, and at midnight commenced rearing his batteries for the bombardment. In the mean time the Prussian general had filled many of the largest houses with combustibles. As the clock struck three in the morning the torch was applied. The unhappy inhabitants had but three hours' notice that their houses were to be surrendered to destruction. Instantly the flames burst forth with terrific fury in all directions. Sir Andrew Mitchel, who witnessed the conflagration, writes:

"The whole suburb seemed on a blaze. Nay, you would have said the whole town was environed in flames. I will not describe to your lordship the horror, the terror, the confusion of this night; the wretched inhabitants running with their furniture toward the great garden. All Dresden, in appearance, girt with flames, ruin, and smoke."

The army of general Daun, with its reinforcements, amounted to one hundred thousand men. The Prussian garrison in the city numbered but ten thousand. The Prussian officer then in command, general Schmettau, emboldened by the approach of Frederick, repelled all proposals for capitulation.

"I will defend myself," he said, "by the known rules of war and honor to the last possible moment."

On the 15th of November Frederick arrived at Lauban, within a hundred miles of Dresden. General Daun immediately raised the siege, and retired into Bohemia. Frederick marched triumphantly into the city. Thus, as the extraordinary result of the defeat at Hochkirch, Frederick, by the exhibition of military ability which astonished Europe, regained Neisse, retained Dresden, and swept both Silesia and Saxony entirely free of his foes. Frederick remained in Dresden about a month. He then retired to Breslau, in Silesia, for winter-quarters. The winter was a very sad one to him. Private griefs and public calamities weighed heavily upon his heart.[1] Though during the year he had destroyed a hundred thousand of his enemies, he had lost thirty thousand of his own brave little band. It was almost impossible by any energies of conscription to replace this waste of war. His treasury was exhausted. Though he wrenched from the wretched Saxons every dollar which military rapacity and violence could extort from them, still they were so impoverished by the long and desolating struggle that but little money could be found in the almost empty purses of a beggared people. Another campaign was soon to open, in which the allies, with almost unlimited resources of men and treasure, would again come crowding upon him in all directions in overpowering numbers.

In a letter to his friend lord Marischal, dated Dresden, November 23, 1758, just after the retreat of Daun into Bohemia from Saxony, Frederick writes, sadly:

"There is nothing left for us, my dear lord, but to mingle and blend our weeping for the losses we have had. If my head were a fountain of tears, it would not suffice for the grief I feel.

"Our campaign is over. And there is nothing come of it on the one side or the other but the loss of a great many worthy people, the misery of a great many poor soldiers crippled forever, the ruin of some provinces, and the ravage, pillage, and conflagration of some flour-

[1] "The loss of his Wilhelmina, had there been no other grief, has darkened all his life to Frederick. Readers are not prepared for the details of grief we could give, and the settled gloom of mind they indicate. A loss irreparable and immeasurable; the light of life, the one heart that loved him, gone. All winter he dwells internally on the sad matter, though soon falling silent on it to others."—CARLYLE, vol. v. p. 313.

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ishing towns. These are exploits which make humanity suffer; sad fruits of the wickedness and ambition of certain people in power, who sacrifice every thing to their unbridled passions. I wish you, *mon cher milord*, nothing that has the least resemblance to my destiny, and every thing that is wanting to it."

Thus ended in clouds, darkness, and woe the third campaign of the Seven Years' War. The winter was employed by both parties in preparing for a renewal of the struggle. As the spring opened the allies had in the field such a military array as Europe had never seen before. Three hundred thousand men extended in a cordon of posts from the Giant Mountains, near the borders of Silesia, to the ocean. In the north, also, Russia had accumulated her vast armies for vigorous co-operation with the southern troops. All the leading continental powers—France, Austria, Russia, Sweden, and the states of the German empire—were combined against Prussia. England alone was the inefficient ally of Frederick. Small sums of money were loaned him from the British cabinet; and the court of St. James, hostile in heart to the Prussian king, co-operated with him only so far as was deemed essential for the promotion of British interests.

Perhaps never before was a monarch surrounded by difficulties so great. The energy and sagacity Frederick displayed have never been surpassed, if ever equaled.

It was a dreary winter to Frederick in Breslau. Sad, silent, and often despairing, he was ever inflexibly resolved to struggle till the last possible moment, and if need be to bury himself beneath the ruins of his kingdom. All his tireless energies he devoted to the herculean work before him. No longer did he affect gayety or seek recreations. Secluded, solitary, sombre, he took counsel of no one. In the possession of absolute power, he issued his commands as with the authority of a god.

Frederick made several unavailing efforts during the winter to secure peace. He was weary of a war which threatened his utter destruction. The French were also weary of a struggle in which they encountered but losses and disgraces, without any hope of beneficial results. England had but little to hope for from the conflict, and would gladly see the exhaustive struggle brought to a close.

"Many men in all nations long for peace. But there are three women at the top of the world who do not. Their wrath, various in quality, is great in quantity, and disasters do the reverse of appeasing it."[1]

Of these three women who then held the destinies of Europe in their hands one only, Maria Theresa, in the estimation of the public, had good cause for war. Frederick was undeniably a highway robber, seeking to plunder her. She was heroically, nobly struggling in self-defense. The guilty duchess of Pompadour, who, having the entire control of the infamous king, Louis XV., was virtually the empress of France, stung by an insult from Frederick, did not hesitate to deluge Europe in blood, that she might take the vengeance of a "woman scorned" upon her foe. Catherine II., empress of Russia, who in moral pollution rivaled the most profligate of kings—whom Carlyle satirizes as "a kind of she Louis XIV."—also stung by one of Frederick's witty and bitter epigrams, was mainly impelled by personal pique to push forth her armies into the bloody field.

The impartial student of history must admit that were the government of the world taken from the hands of men, who have abused it so shamefully, and placed in the hands of women, still the anticipated millennium of righteousness and peace might be far distant.

In the following letter, which Frederick wrote at this time to his friend D'Argens, he unbosoms his sorrows with unusual frankness. The letter was dated Breslau, March 1, 1759:

"I have passed my winter like a Carthusian monk. I dine alone. I spend my life in reading and writing; and I do not sup. When one is sad it becomes, at last, too burdensome to hide one's grief continually. It is better to give way to it than to carry one's gloom into society. Nothing solaces me but the vigorous application required in steady and continuous labor. This distraction does force one to put away painful ideas while it lasts. But alas! no sooner is the work done than these fatal companions present themselves again, as if livelier than ever. Maupertuis was right; the sum of evil does certainly surpass that of good. But to me it is all one. I have almost nothing more to lose; and my few remaining days—what matters it much of what complexion they be?"

During this dismal winter of incessant and almost despairing labor the indefatigable king wrote several striking treatises on military affairs. It is manifest that serious thoughts at times occupied his mind. He doubtless reflected that if there were a God who took any cognizance of human affairs, there must be somewhere responsibility to Him for the woes with which these wars were desolating humanity. To the surprise of De Catt, the king presented him one evening with a sermon upon "The Last Judgment," from his own pen. He also put upon paper his thoughts "On the new kind of tactics necessary with the Austrians and their allies." He seems himself to have been surprised that he had been able so long to resist such overpowering numbers. In allusion to the allies he writes:

"To whose continual sluggishness and strange want of concert—to whose incoherency of movements, languor of execution, and other enormous faults—we have owed, with some excuse for our own faults, our escape from destruction hitherto."[1]

By the most extraordinary exertions, which

[1] Carlyle, vol. v. p. 814.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 56.

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must have almost depopulated his realms of all the young men and those of middle age, Frederick succeeded in so filling up his depleted ranks as to have in the opening spring of 1759 two hundred thousand men in field and garrison. Indeed, regardless of all the laws of nations, he often compelled the soldiers and other men of conquered provinces to enlist in his armies. How he, in his poverty, obtained the pecuniary resources requisite to the carrying on of such a war is to the present day a matter of amazement.

England furnished him with a subsidy of about four million dollars. He immediately melted this coin, gold and silver, and adulterated it with about half copper, thus converting his four millions into nominally eight millions. But a few weeks of such operations as he was engaged in would swallow up all this. The merciless conscription, grasping nearly every able-bodied man, destroyed nearly all the arts of industry. The Prussian realms, thus impoverished by war's ravages and taxation, could furnish the king with very meagre supplies. When the king invaded any portion of the territory of the allies he wrenched from the beggared people every piece of money which violence or terror could extort. Wealthy merchants were thrown into prison, and fed upon bread and water until they yielded. The most terrible severities were practiced to extort contributions from towns which had been stripped and stripped again. Still violence could wrench but little from the skinny hand of beggary. These provinces, swept by war's surges year after year, were in the most deplorable state of destitution and misery.

From the schedule which Frederick has given of his resources, it seems impossible that he could have raised more than about fifteen million dollars annually, even counting his adulterated coin at the full value. How, with this sum, he could have successfully confronted all combined Europe is a mystery which has never yet been solved. It was the great object of both parties in this terrible conflict to destroy every thing in the enemy's country which could by any possibility add to military power. All the claims of humanity were ignored. The starvation of hundreds of thousands of peasants—men, women, and children—was a matter not to be taken into consideration. The French minister, in Paris, wrote to marshal De Contades, on the 5th of October, 1758:

"You must make a desert of Westphalia. With regard to the countries of Lippe and Padeborn, as these are very fertile provinces, you must take great care to destroy every thing in them without exception."

Early in the spring of 1759 the Prussian king had gathered the main body of his troops in fortresses and strong positions in the vicinity of Landshut, on the southwestern frontier of Silesia. The enemy, under general Daun, faced him, in longer and denser lines, equally well intrenched. At the same time powerful bands of the allies were in various parts of Europe, menacing the domains of Frederick at every vulnerable point. The allies dreaded the prowess of their foe. Frederick was compelled to caution by the exhaustless numbers of his opponents. Thus for many weeks neither party entered upon any decisive action. There was, however, an almost incessant series of fierce and bloody skirmishes.

The ability which Frederick displayed in striking his enemies where they would most keenly feel the infliction, and in warding off the blows they attempted in return, excited then the surprise of Europe, and has continued to elicit the astonishment of posterity. It would but weary the reader to attempt a description of these conflicts at the outposts, terrible as they often were.

During this time, in May, the king wrote a very bitter and satirical ode against Louis XV. —"the plaything of the Pompadour," "polluted with his amours," "and disgracefully surrendering the government of his realms to chance." The ode he sent to Voltaire. The unprincipled poet, apprehending that the ode might come to light, and that he might be implicated, treacherously sent it to the prime minister, the duke of Choiseul, to be shown to the king. At the same time he wrote to Frederick that he had burned the ode. In the account which Voltaire himself gives of this disgraceful transaction he writes:

"The packet had been opened. The king would think I was guilty of high treason, and I should be in disgrace with Madame De Pompadour. I was obliged, in order to prevent my ruin, to make known to the court the character and conduct of their enemy.

"I knew that the duke of Choiseul would content himself with persuading the king of France that the king of Prussia was an irreconcilable enemy, whom it was therefore necessary, if possible, to annihilate.

"I wrote to Frederick that his ode was beautiful, but that he had better not make it public, lest it should close all the avenues to a reconciliation with the king of France, incense him irremediably, and thus force him to strain every nerve in vengeance.

"I added that my niece had burned his ode from fear that it should be imputed to me. He believed me and thanked me; not, however, without some reproaches for having burned the best verses he had ever made."[1]

The latter part of June an army of a hundred thousand Russians, having crossed the Vistula, was concentrated, under general Soltikof, at Posen, on the river Warta, in Poland. They were marching from the northeast to attack the Prussian forces near Landshut in their rear. General Daun, with a still larger force of Austrians, was confronting Frederick on the southwest. The plan of the allies was to crush

[1] *Mémoires pour Servir à la Vie de M. De Voltaire, Ecrit par Lui-même.*

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their foe between these two armies. Frederick had lost the ablest of his generals. The young men who were filling their places were untried.

The Russians, triumphantly advancing, entered Silesia, and reached Crossen, on the Oder, within a hundred miles of Frederick's encampment.

Some trifling unavailing efforts had been made for peace. In reply to a letter from Voltaire, alluding to this subject, Frederick wrote, under date of 2d July, 1759:

"Asking *me* for peace is indeed a bitter joke. It is to Louis XV. you must address yourself, or to his Amboise in petticoats.[1] But these people have their heads filled with ambitious projects. They wish to be the sovereign arbiters of sovereigns. That is what persons of my way of thinking will by no means put up with. I like peace as much as you could wish. But I want it good, solid, and honorable. Socrates or Plato would have thought as I do on this subject had they found themselves in the accursed position which is mine in the world.

"Think you there is any pleasure in living this dog's life, in seeing and causing the butchery of people you know nothing of, in losing daily those you do know and love, in seeing perpetually your reputation exposed to the caprices of chance, in passing year after year in disquietudes and apprehensions, in risking without end your life and your fortune?

"I know right well the value of tranquillity, the sweets of society, the charms of life. I love to be happy as much as any one whatever. But much as I desire these blessings, I will not purchase them by baseness and infamies. Philosophy enjoins us to do our duty faithfully, to serve our country at the price of our blood, of our repose, and of every sacrifice which can be required of us."[2]

Soon after this Frederick dispatched a young and impetuous officer, general Wedell, invested with dictatorial powers, at the head of twenty-six thousand men, to attack the Russian army, at every hazard, and arrest its march. The heroic little band of Prussians met the Russians at Züllichau. One of general Wedell's officers remonstrated against the attack.

"The risk is too great," said he; "Soltikof has seventy thousand men, and no end of artillery. We have but twenty-six thousand, and know not that we can bring a single gun to where Soltikof is."

Still the order was given for the assault. The Prussians plunged into the dense ranks of their foes, regardless of being outnumbered nearly three to one. A terrible battle was fought. General Wedell was overpowered and beaten. He retreated across the Oder, having lost six thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The victorious Russians did not pursue him. They marched down the river to Frankfort, where they effected a junction with other troops, giving them an effective force of ninety-six thousand fighting men.

Frederick received the disastrous news on the 24th of July, the day after the calamity. In the exercise of an unusual spirit of forbearance, he sent word to the defeated general, "It is not your fault; I dreaded something of the kind." The king's brother Henry was in command of a few thousand men near Bautzen, in Saxony. Frederick wrote to him to forward his troops immediately, so as to form a union with the retreating army under Wedell. Henry himself was to repair to the vicinity of Landshut, and take command of the army which was to be left in that vicinity confronting general Daun. The king took about thirty thousand picked troops, and hurried to the north to gather up by the way the troops of Henry and of Wedell, and with that combined force of forty-eight thousand men make a new attack upon the ninety-six thousand Russians.[1]

It was an act of desperation. The king fully appreciated its peril. But the time had long since passed when he could rely upon the ordinary measures of prudence. In despair was his only hope.

On the 29th of July the king joined his brother Henry at Sagan, on the Bober, about sixty miles above or south of Frankfort. The marches which had been effected by the king and his brother were the most rapid which had *then* ever been heard of. Greatly perplexed by the inexplicable movements of the Russians, the king pressed on till he effected a junction with the remnant of Wedell's defeated army, near Müllrose, within twelve miles of Frankfort. He reached this place on the 3d of August. To count Finckenstein he wrote:

"I am just arrived here after cruel and frightful marchings. There is nothing desperate in all that. I believe the noise and disquietude this hurly-burly has caused will be the worst of it. Show this letter to every body, that it may be known that the state is not undefended. I have made about one thousand prisoners from Haddick.[2] All his meal-wagons have been taken. Finck,[3] I believe, will keep an eye on him. This is all I can say. To-morrow I march to within two leagues of Frankfort. Katte must instantly send me two hundred tons of meal and one hundred bakers. I am very tired. For six nights I have not closed an eye. Farewell. F."

The Russians, with empty meal-wagons and starving soldiers, had taken possession of Frankfort-on-the-Oder on the 29th of July. The city contained twelve thousand inhabitants. The ransom which the Russian general demanded to save the city from pillage by

[1] The duchess of Pompadour.
[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, t. xxiii. p. 53.

[1] *Histoire de la Guerre de Sept Ans, par Frédéric II.*
[2] General Haddick was in command of an Austrian force marching to join the Russians. Frederick had surprised one of his detachments.
[3] General Finck, one of the most efficient of Frederick's generals, to whom we shall often hereafter refer.

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the Cossacks was four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Pillage by the Cossacks! No imagination can conceive the horrors of such an event. Nearly one hundred thousand men, frenzied with intoxication, brutal in their habits, restrained by no law, would inflict every outrage which fiends could conceive of. Well might fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, turn pale and feel the blood curdle in their veins at the thought. Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars ransom! That was nearly forty dollars for each individual, man, woman, and child! Compliance with the demand was impossible. Frankfort, in its impoverishment, could by no possibility raise a tenth part of the sum. Dreadful was the consternation. There was no relenting; the money, or the pillage!

With the utmost exertions, inspired by terror, thirty thousand dollars were at length raised. The Russian general, Soltikof, naturally a humane man, seeing, at the close of a week of frantic exertions on the part of the magistrates of Frankfort, the impossibility of extorting the required sum, took the thirty thousand dollars, and kept his barbarian hordes encamped outside the gates.

Frankfort is on the west side of the Oder. The Russian army was encamped on the eastern side of the river. The force collected there consisted of about seventy-eight thousand Russians and eighteen thousand Austrians. Frederick had, by great exertions, gathered fifty thousand troops to attack them. He was approaching Frankfort from the southwest. By a secret midnight march he crossed the river by bridges of boats some miles north of the city, near Cüstrin. By four o'clock in the morning of the 11th of August his troops had all accomplished the passage of the stream, and to the surprise of the Russians were marching down upon them from the north.

Vastly superior as was the Russian army in numbers, general Soltikof did not venture to advance to attack his terrible foe. He had selected a very strong position on a range of eminences about one hundred feet high, running for several miles in an easterly direction from the river. Upon this ridge, which was called "the Heights of Kunersdorf," the Russian general had intrenched himself with the utmost care. The surrounding country was full of bogs, and sluggish streams, and a scraggy growth of tough and thorny bushes, almost impenetrable.

Had the Prussian troops been placed on those heights, behind that formidable array of ramparts and palisades and abatis, they could with ease have repelled the assaults of three or four times their number. But now they were to undertake the desperate enterprise of advancing to the assault under the greatest disadvantages, with one to attack where there were two to defend. Frederick rapidly advanced from crossing the stream, and the same evening, Saturday, August 11, encamped at Bischofsee, at the distance of about two miles to the northeast of the intrenched camp of his foes. The king, accompanied by a small escort, rode forward to the knolls of Trettin, and anxiously surveyed with his glass the fearful array of his foes in their long, compact, well-defended lines, arranged in an elongated irregular parallelogram.

About three o'clock the next morning, Sunday, August 12, Frederick's army, in two columns, was again in motion. By a slightly circuitous march through the dense forest the king placed his troops in position to approach from the southeast, so as to attack the left flank of the enemy, being the northern extremity of the parallelogram.

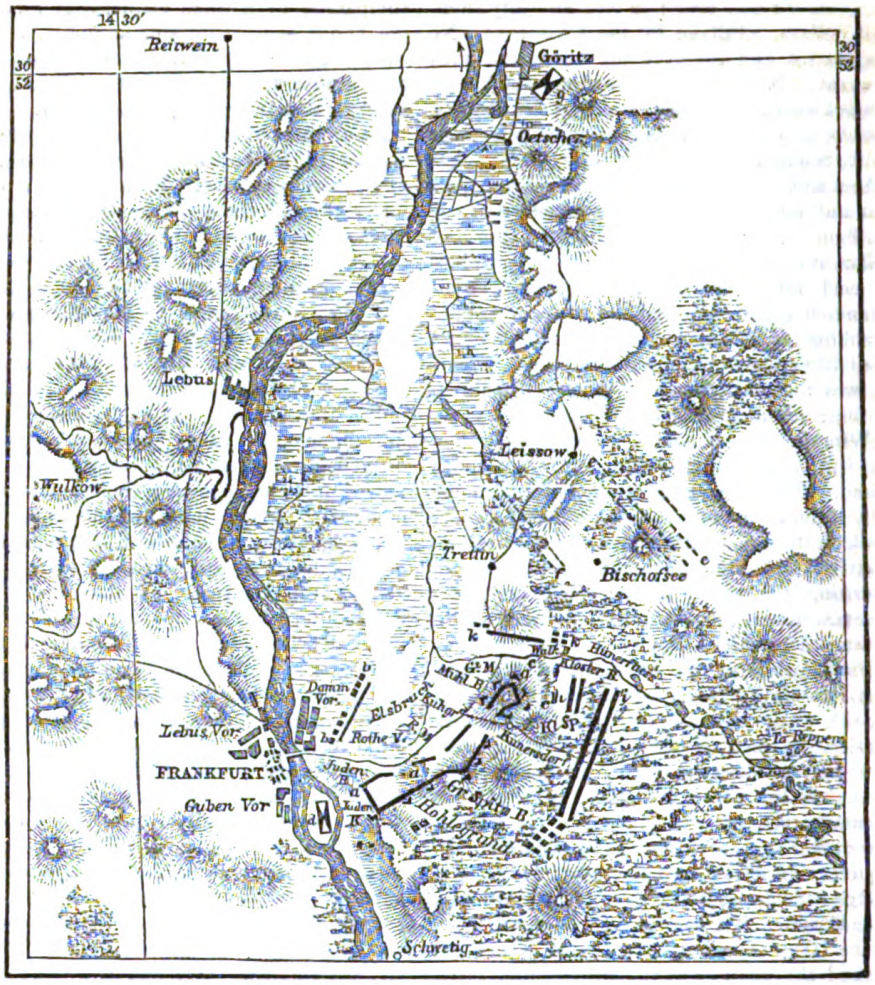
I shall not attempt to describe the battle which ensued—so bloody, so disastrous to the Prussians. It was, like all other desperate battles, a scene of inconceivable confusion, tumult, and horror. At eight o'clock in the morning general Finck (who was in command of the right wing of the Prussians) was in position to move upon the extreme northern point of attack. It was not until half past eleven that Frederick, in command of the main body of the army, was ready to make a co-operative assault from the east. At the point of attack the Russians had seventy-two cannons in battery. The Prussians opened upon them with sixty guns. Templeton describes the cannonade as the loudest which he had yet ever heard.

After half an hour of rapid and terrific fire the Prussian troops were ordered to advance and storm the works of the foe on the Mühlberg Hill. Like wolves in the chase these men of iron nerves rushed forward through torrents of grape-shot and musket-shot, which covered their path with the dead. In ten minutes they were in possession of the hill-top with all its batteries. The left wing of the Russian army was thrown into a maelstrom whirl of disorder and destruction. One hundred and eighty of the artillery pieces of the enemy fell into the hands of the victors.

Frederick was overjoyed. He regarded the day as his own, and the Russian army as at his mercy. He sent a dispatch to anxious Berlin, but sixty miles distant: "The Russians are beaten. Rejoice with me." It was one of the hottest of August days, without a breath of wind. Nearly every soldier of the Prussian army had been brought into action against the left wing only of the foe. After a long march and an exhausting fight they were perishing with thirst. For twelve hours many of them had been without water. Panting with heat, thirst, and exhaustion, they were scarcely capable of any further efforts.

Just then eighteen thousand fresh Russian troops advanced upon them in solid phalanx from their centre and their right wing. It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon. The fugitive Russians were rallied. With new impetuosity the reinforced band hurled itself upon the Prussians. They speedily regained their hundred and eighty guns, and opened upon the ranks of Frederick such torrents of grape-shot as no flesh and blood could endure. Huge gaps were torn through his lines. His men re-

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BATTLE OF KUNERSDORF, AUGUST 12, 1759.

a a a. Russian Army. b b. Austrians, under Loudon. c c. Russian Abatis. d. Russian Wagenburg. e e. Position of Prussian Army Evening of 11th. f f. Van-guard, under Fink. g. Prussian heavy Baggage. h. Attack of Prussian Grenadiers. i i. Prussian main Army. k k. Fink's Line of Attack.

coiled, whirled round, and were driven pell-mell from the hill.

Thrice Frederick in person led the charge against the advancing foe. He had three horses shot under him. A gold snuff-box in his pocket was flattened by a bullet. His friends entreated him not thus to peril a life upon which every thing depended. He was deaf to all remonstrances. It is manifest that in his despair he sought a soldier's grave.

On came the Russians in ever-increasing numbers. Frederick's heavy artillery, each piece drawn by twelve horses, could not be brought forward through the bogs and the entangling woods and over the rugged heights. Though the Prussians fought with all the energies mortal valor could inspire, and though the king flew from post to post of peril and of death, animating his troops by voice and gesture, and by his own reckless courage, it was all in vain. Hope soon died in all hearts. The king was heard despairingly to exclaim, "Is there not one bullet which can reach me, then?"

Frederick had seen many dark days before, but never one so dark as this. In the frenzy of his exertions to retrieve the lost battle he cried out to his soldiers, his eyes being flooded with tears, "Children, do not forsake me, your king, your father, in this pinch!" The retreat became a flight. In endeavoring to cross the little stream called the Hen-Floss there was such crowding and jamming at the bridges that the Prussians were compelled to leave one hundred and sixty-five guns of various calibre behind them. Had the Russians pursued with any vigor, scarcely a man of the Prussian army could have escaped. But general Soltikof stood in such fear of his opponent, who had often wrested victory out of defeat, that he attempted no pursuit.

In broken bands the Prussians retreated down by the way of Oetscher to the bridges at Göritz,

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where they had crossed the Oder, and where their heavy baggage was stationed. Frederick was among the last to quit the fatal field. As a swarm of Cossacks approached the spot where he stood a party of his friends charged them fiercely, cutting to the right and left, and held them for a moment at bay. One of Frederick's adjutants seized the bridle of his horse, and galloped off with the unresisting monarch.

At the bridges Frederick found but three thousand men of his late army. The huts around were filled with the wounded and the dying, presenting an aspect of misery which, in these hours of terrible defeat, appalled his majesty. In one of these huts, surrounded by mutilated bodies, groans, and death, Frederick wrote the following dispatch to his minister (Finckenstein) at Berlin. It was dated Oetscher, August 12, 1759:

"I attacked the enemy this morning about eleven. We beat him back to the Jews' Churchyard, near Frankfort.[1] All my troops came into action, and have done wonders. I reassembled them three times. At length I was myself nearly taken prisoner, and we had to quit the field. My coat is riddled with bullets. Two horses were killed under me.[2] My misfortune is that I am still alive. Our loss is very considerable. Of an army of forty-eight thousand men I have at this moment, while I write, not more than three thousand together. I am no longer master of my forces.

"In Berlin you will do well to think of your safety. It is a great calamity. I will not survive it. The consequences of this battle will be worse than the battle itself. I have no resources more; and, to confess the truth, I hold all for lost. I will not survive the destruction of my country. Farewell forever. F."

Probably the reader will infer from the above letter that the king felt that the hour had come for him to die, and that he intended to resort to that most consummate act of folly and cowardice—suicide. He had always avowed this to be his intention in the last resort. He had the poison prepared for that purpose, and always carried it with him. He had urged his sister Wilhelmina to imitate his example in this respect, and not to survive the ruin of their house. Ruin now seemed inevitable. In the battle of Kunersdorf Frederick had lost, in killed and wounded, nineteen thousand men, including nearly all the officers of distinction, and also one hundred and sixty pieces of artillery. The remainder of his army was so dispersed that it could not be rallied to present any opposition to the foe.

Though general Soltikof had lost an equal number of men, he was still at the head of nearly eighty thousand troops flushed with victory. He could summon to his standard any desirable reinforcements. An unobstructed march of but sixty miles would lead his army into the streets of Berlin. The affairs of Frederick were indeed desperate. There was not a gleam of hope to cheer him. In preparation for his retirement from the army, from the throne, and from life, he that evening drew up the following paper, placing the fragments of the army which he was about to abandon in the hands of general Finck. By the death of the king the orphan and infant child of his brother Augustus William (who had died but a few months before) would succeed to the throne. Frederick appointed his brother Henry generalissimo of the Prussian army.

This notable paper, which reflects but little credit upon the character of Frederick, was as follows:

"General Finck gets a difficult commission. The unlucky army which I give up to him is no longer in a condition to make head against the Russians. Haddick will now start for Berlin, perhaps Loudon too.[1] If general Finck go after these, the Russians will fall on his rear. If he continue on the Oder, he gets Haddick on his flank. However, I believe, should Loudon go for Berlin, he might attack Loudon and beat him. This, if it succeeded, would be a stand against misfortune, and hold matters up. Time gained is much in these desperate circumstances. Cöper, my secretary, will send him the news from Torgau and Dresden. You must inform my brother[2] of every thing, whom I have declared generalissimo of the army. To repair this bad luck altogether is not possible. But what my brother shall command must be done. The army swears to my nephew. This is all the advice in these unhappy circumstances I am in a condition to give. If I had still had resources, I would have staid by them.

"FREDERICK."

It will be perceived that this paper is slightly less despairing than the preceding letter which he had written to count Finckenstein. Frederick, having written the order to general Finck, threw himself, in utter exhaustion, upon some straw in a corner of the hut, and fell soundly asleep. The Prussian officers, passing by, gazed sadly through the open door upon the sleeping monarch. A single sentinel guarded the entrance.

The next morning Frederick crossed the river to Reitwein, on the western bank. Here, during the day, broken bands of his army came in to the number of twenty-three thousand. It would seem that a night of refreshing sleep had so far recruited the exhausted energies of the king that he was enabled to look a little more calmly upon the ruin which enveloped him. He that day wrote as follows from Reitwein to general

[1] This was a mistake. Frederick had probably been misinformed.

[2] There were three horses shot under Frederick; but from the third the king dismounted before he fell.

[1] Haddick and Loudon were two of the most able generals in the army of Soltikof.

[2] Prince Henry.

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Schmettau, who was in command of the Prussian garrison at Dresden:

"You will, perhaps, have heard of the check I have met with from the Russian army on the 13th[1] of this month. Though at bottom our affairs in regard to the enemy here are not desperate, I find I shall not be able to make any detachment for your assistance. Should the Austrians attempt any thing against Dresden, therefore, you will see if there are means of maintaining yourself; failing which, it will behoove you to try and obtain a favorable capitulation—to wit, liberty to withdraw, with the whole garrison, moneys, magazines, hospital, and all that we have at Dresden, either to Berlin or elsewhere, so as to join some corps of my troops.

"As a fit of illness has come on me, which I do not think will have dangerous results, I have for the present left the command of my troops to lieutenant-general Von Finck, whose orders you are to execute as if coming directly from myself. On this I pray God[2] to have you in his holy and worthy keeping. F."

The consternation at Berlin, as contradictory reports of victory and defeat reached the city, was indescribable. M. Sulzer, an eye-witness of the scene, writes under date of Berlin, August 13, 1759:

"Above fifty thousand human beings were on the palace esplanade and the streets around, swaying hither and thither in an agony of expectation, in alternate paroxysms of joy, of terror, and of woe. Often enough the opposite paroxysms were simultaneous in the different groups. Men crushed down by despair were met by men leaping into the air for very gladness."

As we have mentioned, the Russian general had such a dread of Frederick that he did not dare to pursue him. In his report of the victory to the czarina Charlotte, speaking of his own heavy loss of over eighteen thousand men, he writes, "Your majesty is aware that the king of Prussia sells his victories at a dear rate." To some who urged him to pursue Frederick he replied, "Let me gain but another such victory, and I may go to Petersburg with the news of it myself alone, with my staff in my hand."

Frederick remained at Reitwein four days. He was very unjust to his army, and angrily reproached his soldiers for their defeat. It is true, that had every soldier possessed his own spirit, his army would have conquered, or not a man would have left the field alive. The Russians, with almost inconceivable inactivity, retired to Lossow, ten miles south of Frankfort-on-the-Oder. The king, having by great exertions collected thirty-two thousand men, marched up the valley of the Spree, and placed himself on the road between the Russians and Berlin.

[1] This was a slip of the pen. The battle of Kunersdorf was on the 12th.

[2] "I pray God!" Even the heart of the atheist in hours of overwhelming calamity yearns for a God.

While on this march he wrote from Madlitz, under date of August 16, to marquis D'Argens, at Berlin:

"We have been unfortunate, my dear marquis, but not by my fault. The victory was ours, and would even have been a complete one, when our infantry lost patience, and at the wrong moment abandoned the field of battle. The Russian infantry is almost totally destroyed. Of my own wrecks all that I have been able to assemble amounts to thirty-two thousand men. With these I am pushing on to throw myself across the enemy's road, and either perish or save the capital. That is not what you will call a deficiency of resolution.

"For the event I can not answer. If I had more lives than one, I would sacrifice them all to my country. But, if this stroke fail, I think I am clear scores with her, and that it will be permissible to look a little to myself. There are limits to every thing. I support my misfortune. My courage is not abated by it. But I am well resolved, after this stroke, if it fail, to open an outgate to myself, and no longer be the sport of any chance."[1]

Four days after, in anticipation of an immediate attack from the Russians, he again wrote to the same address, "Remain at Berlin, or retire to Potsdam. In a little while there will come some catastrophe. It is not fit that you suffer by it. If things take a good turn, you can be back to Berlin. If ill luck still pursue us, go to Hanover, or to Zelle, where you can provide for your safety."

The next day, the 21st of August, he wrote to D'Argens to come and visit him, and bring his bed with him. "I will have you a little chamber ready." But the next day he wrote:

"Yesterday I wrote to you to come; to-day I forbid it. Daun is marching upon Berlin. Fly these unhappy countries. This news obliges me again to attack the Russians between here and Frankfort. You may imagine if this is a desperate resolution. It is the sole hope that remains to me of not being cut off from Berlin on the one side or the other. I will give these discouraged troops brandy, but I promise myself nothing of success. My one consolation is that I shall die sword in hand."

Just after dispatching this letter he received one from D'Argens, to which he immediately, on the same day, returned the following reply:

"Certainly I will fight. But do not flatter yourself about the result. A happy chance alone can help us. Go, in God's name, to Tangermünde. Wait there how destiny shall have disposed of us. I will reconnoitre the enemy to-morrow. Next day, if there is any thing to do, we will try it. If the enemy still holds to the Wine Hills of Frankfort, I shall not dare to attack him.

"The torments of Tantalus, the pains of Prometheus, the doom of Sisyphus, were nothing

[1] The king here undoubtedly refers to the vial of poison which he invariably carried in his waistcoat pocket.

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to the torments I have suffered for the last ten days. Death is sweet in comparison with such a life. Pity me, and believe that I still keep to myself a great many evil things, not wishing to afflict or disquiet any body with them. Believe me that I would not counsel you to fly these unlucky countries if I had any ray of hope. Adieu, *mon cher*."

The rumor that Daun was marching upon Berlin proved a false alarm. On the 4th of September the king again wrote D'Argens from his encampment at Waldau, a few leagues south of his last position, just over the border in Saxony:

"I think Berlin is now in safety. You may return thither. The barbarians are in the Lausitz. I keep by the side of them, between them and Berlin, so that there is nothing to fear for the capital. The imminency of danger is passed. But there will be still many bad moments to get through before reaching the end of the campaign. These, however, only regard myself. Never mind these. My martyrdom will last two months yet. Then the snows and the ices will end it."

General Schmettau had in Dresden a garrison of but three thousand seven hundred men. It will be remembered that he would doubtless be compelled to capitulate, and to do so on the best terms he could. But his Prussian majesty, being now a little more hopeful, wrote to him again, urging him to hold out to the last extremity, and informing him that he had dispatched to his aid general Wunsch, with a reinforcement of eight thousand men, and general Finck with six thousand. The courier was cut off. General Schmettau, entirely unconscious that relief was coming, closely besieged, and threatened with the massacre of his whole garrison should the place be taken by storm, on Tuesday evening the 4th of September surrendered the city.

It was a sore calamity to Frederick. Had general Schmettau held out only until the next day, which he could easily have done, relief would have arrived, and the city would have been saved. Frederick was in a great rage, and was not at all in the mood to be merciful, or even just. He dismissed the unfortunate general from his service, degraded him, and left him to die in poverty.

Frederick had now under his command twenty-four thousand men. They were mostly on the road between Frankfort and Berlin, for the protection of the capital. His brother Henry, in the vicinity of Landshut, with his head-quarters at Schmöttseifen, was in command of thirty-eight thousand. The Russians and Austrians numbered one hundred and twenty thousand. There was, however, but little cordial co-operation among the allies. Each was accused of endeavoring to crowd the other to the front of the battle against the terrible Frederick.

The Russians did not attempt to march upon Berlin. About the middle of September general Soltikof gathered all his forces in hand, and commenced a march into Silesia to effect a junction with general Daun. Frederick followed, and, by a very rapid march, took possession of Sagan, on the Bober, where he was in direct communication with Henry. On the 24th of September the king wrote to his younger brother Ferdinand, in Berlin:

"You may well suppose that, in the present posture of affairs, I am not without cares, inquietudes, and anxieties. It is the most frightful crisis I have had in my life. This is the moment for dying, unless one conquer. Daun and my brother Henry are marching side by side. It is possible enough all these armies may assemble hereabouts, and that a general battle may decide our fortune and the peace. Take care of your health, dear brother. F."

There was much manœuvring, in which Frederick displayed his usual skill, quite circumventing his foes. Daily he became less despairing. On the 25th of October he wrote to Fouquet:

"With twenty-one thousand your beaten and maltreated servant has hindered an army of fifty thousand from attacking him, and has compelled them to retire to Neusatz."

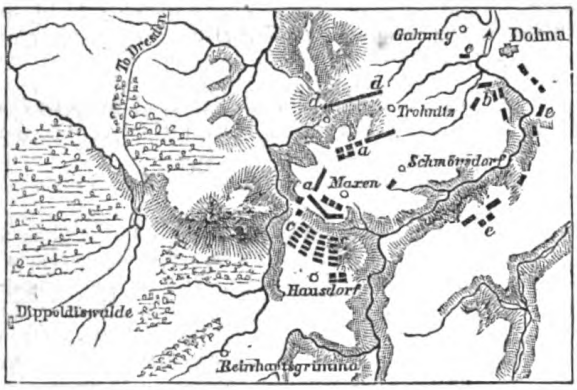
On the 10th of October Frederick was attacked by the gout, and for three weeks was confined to his room. This extraordinary man, struggling, as it were, in the jaws of destruction, beguiled the weary hours of sickness and pain by writing a treatise upon *Charles XII. and his Military Character*. On the 24th of October the Russian commander, quarreling with general Daun, set out, with his whole force, for home. On the 1st of November the king was carried in a litter to Glogau. Cold weather having now set in, general Daun commenced a march for Bohemia, to seek winter-quarters nearer his supplies. Frederick, his health being restored, rejoined his troops under Henry, which were near Dresden. The withdrawal of both the Russians and Austrians from Silesia greatly elated him. On the 15th of November he wrote to D'Argens from Maxen, a village a little south of Dresden:

"Yesterday I joined the army, and Daun decamped. I have followed him thus far, and will continue it to the frontiers of Bohemia. Our measures are so taken that he will not get out of Saxony without considerable loss."

General Finck was stationed at Maxen, with about fifteen thousand men, to cut the communications of Daun with Bohemia. Frederick, in his undue elation, was quite sure of inflicting terrible blows upon Daun. He issued imperative commands to general Finck to fight the allies regardless of their numbers. The Prussian general did not dare to disobey this command and withdraw from his commanding position, even when he saw himself being surrounded with such superior forces as would almost certainly crush him.

In a very triumphant mood the king, on the

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BATTLE OF MAXEN, NOVEMBER 20, 1759.

a a. Prussian Army. b. Prussian Detachment, under Wunsch. c c. Austrian Attack, under Daun. d d. Attack of Brentano and Sincere. e e e. Reich's Army.

19th of November, wrote a boastful and irreverent "Ode to Fortune," in that easy rhyme which he called poetry. The substance of this ode, translated into prose, was as follows:

"I am a poor heretic. I have never been blessed by the holy father. I never attend church. I worship neither God nor the devil. Often have those shaven scoundrels, the priests, declared that I had become extinct.

"But behold the caprice of Fortune. After a hundred preferences of my rivals, she smiles upon me, and packs off the hero of the hat and sword, whom the pope had blessed, and who had gone on pilgrimages. He skulks out of Saxony, panting like a dog whom the cook has flogged out of the kitchen."

This ode, "an irrepressible extempore effusion," as he termed it, the royal poet forwarded to D'Argens. The day but one after writing this, general Daun, having effectually surrounded general Finck with nearly fifty thousand men of the allied troops—nearly four to one—after a severe conflict compelled the surrender of his whole army. The annexed plan of the battle of Maxen will show how completely Finck was encircled. General Daun claimed that he marched back into Dresden, as prisoners of war, eight generals, five hundred and twenty-nine officers, and fifteen thousand privates, with all their equipments and appurtenances.[1] The next day, the 22d, Frederick wrote to D'Argens:

"I am so stupefied with the misfortune which has befallen general Finck that I can not recover from my astonishment. It deranges all my measures. It cuts me to the quick. Ill luck, which persecutes my old age, has followed me from Kunersdorf to Saxony. I will still strive what I can. The little ode I sent you, addressed to *Fortune*, was written too soon. One should not shout victory until the battle is over. I am so crushed by these reverses and disasters that I wish a thousand times I were dead.

"From day to day I grow more weary of dwelling in a body worn out and condemned to suffer. I am writing to you in the first moment of my grief. Astonishment, sorrow, indignation, and scorn, all blended together, lacerate my soul. Let us get to the end, then, of this execrable campaign. I will then write to you what is to become of me; and we will arrange the rest. Pity me and make no noise about me. Bad news goes fast enough of itself. Adieu, dear marquis."

The king, as usual, was merciless to general Finck. As soon as he returned from Austrian captivity he was tried by court-martial, and condemned to a year's imprisonment in the fortress of Spandau, and was expelled from the army. He afterward retired to Denmark, where he was kindly received.

General Daun, elated by this victory, relinquished the plan of retiring to Bohemia, and decided to remain in Saxony for the winter. Frederick had but thirty-six thousand men in Saxony. Daun commanded seventy-two thousand.

The Elbe was now frozen. The storms of winter covered the icy fields with snow. Daun retired to Dresden. Frederick established himself in the little town of Freyberg, about thirty miles southwest from Dresden. His troops were in cantonments in the adjoining villages. Here he took up his abode in a humble cottage. Thus terminated the fourth campaign of the Seven Years' War.

[1] "Of the 14,000 men who had made the expedition with him only 3000 remained unwounded at the time of the capitulation."—*Life of Frederick II.*, by LORD DOVER, vol. ii. p. 134.

MARGUERITE.

WHAT aileth pretty Marguerite?
Such April moods about her meet!
She sighs, and yet she is not sad;
She smiles, with naught to make her glad.

A thousand flitting fancies chase
The sun and shadow on her face:
The wind is not more light than she,
Nor deeper the unsounded sea.

What aileth pretty Marguerite?
Doth none discern her secret sweet?
Yet earth and air have many a sign
The heart of maiden to divine.

In budding leaf and building nest
Lie kindred mysteries half confest;
And whoso hath the gift of sight
May Nature's riddle read aright.

Not all at once the lily's heart
Is kissed by wooing waves apart:
Not in a day the lavish May
Flings all her choicest flowers away.

Fair child! shall potent Love alone
Forget to send his heralds on?
Ah, happy lips, that dare repeat
What aileth pretty Marguerite!

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WED IN THE MORNING—DEAD AT NIGHT.

[Part I.]

CHAPTER I.

DOMESTIC INQUISIDORS.

WE shall only be able to glance cursorily at a weary period of eighteen months during which a young, ardent, and impulsive spirit underwent slow torture. This spirit tenanted a body endowed by nature with rare beauty. All men recognized this beauty. At a single glance young and old alike did homage to it. And of the poor spirit which suffered, all men said that it must be a fair spirit, compact of noble and graceful attributes. So it may have been to begin with. Protracted suffering is a mighty agent; accepted in faith, it confers benefits on the soul; resisted with anger and petulance, it robs the soul of noble qualities, and engenders passions which abide there and educate the soul for hell.

Mr. Eldred, her father, during the happy years of Edith's childhood, was one of those who thought her face the index of her heart. Shortly after her promotion to the estate of a young lady it became his harsh lot, as a loving parent, acting sincerely though unwisely for his child's welfare, to oppose her wishes. As these were not renounced at his bidding, he was compelled either to yield, and, as he thought, to subject her to injury, or to treat her in some measure as a rebel, and as her resistance was maintained, to strain his authority to the utmost limits of prudence.

Now and again, as the conflict went on, a reckless impulse, a flash of rebellious fire would betray itself. Edith's glorious blue eyes would pale to a greenish-gray, and glare at her remorseful father with a defiant look. An angry word would escape from those sweet lips. A frown would corrugate that clear brow. But these symptoms vanished like the cloud-shadow flying over sunny spaces. One of the old smiles at once filled the paternal heart with sunshine. The familiar ring of Edith's gentle voice, pure as a silver bell, revived a thousand memories of homely joys. He could not look at her and think ill of her. Innocence used her as its mouth-piece. Who could listen to *its* voice, and attribute guile to *her?*

But the mother, though rejoicing in the beauty of this, her youngest child, the fairest of all her children, though subject also to the fascination of Edith's presence, would shake her gentle head sometimes, and a thoughtful aspect would dwell in her melancholy eyes, at symptoms of a spirit not wholly in harmony with Edith's corporal grace and delicacy. As for the other ladies of their acquaintance, opinions concerning Edith verged on severity. To a vivacious and not unattractive woman nothing is more wearisome and monotonous than to hear the praises of some rising star continually chanted; and perhaps a love of opposition for its own sake may have tempted the ladies of Peperton to stem the current of masculine adulation.

At one of their "county balls," humble affairs enough, held in the big room at the De Bœuf Arms, Edith had been introduced to a cavalry officer from the neighboring dépôt. This gentleman, Treloar by name, a member of an old Cornish family, was preceded in the Peperton society, to which some of his brother officers belonged, by a twofold reputation. As an officer he was both distinguished and popular, having served with various regiments in several brilliant actions, more lately having been on the staff of a favorite general, and having in every instance gained honor and promotion, besides winning the regard of his fellow-soldiers of all ranks. But as a man of pleasure he was justly, in relation to the past—to the present unjustly, said to be worldly and unscrupulous. He had "run through" a great deal of money in the pursuit of his favorite amusements; and at the time of his first acquaintance with Edith report stated that beyond his professional income he was dependent on the favor of an autocratic uncle, a magnate in the county of Cornwall, whose orphan ward was destined to become the major's wife, or else to become his uncle's heiress in her own right.

From his first introduction to her Treloar showed a marked preference for Edith Eldred, and she for him. From an early period, also, in the course of that splendid ball, the first one which Edith had really enjoyed, Mr. and Mrs. Eldred noticed this preference, compared notes upon the subject, and resolved to cut off every opportunity for its future indulgence. Mr. Eldred was not only a country attorney; he was clerk of the peace for the county in which he resided; and while fully aware that the gallant officer was his superior in social standing, and might have been an eligible husband for one of his daughters under different circumstances, he had no notion of a man who was implicitly engaged to marry another young lady trifling with the affections of his child.

But, in spite of all his precautions, the lawyer saw that it would not be easy to overcome this soldier, who advanced calmly with the air of a conqueror, took Edith's affections by storm, resisted his own uncle, abandoned all hope of assistance in that quarter, and boldly proposed to submit his claims to Mr. Eldred as a suitor for his daughter's hand.

At first the father maintained a sullen reserve, simply declaring that he declined the honor of Major Treloar's acquaintance. Then he appealed, rudely enough, to the major's sense of honor, and begged him to withdraw from a suit which could only bring discord into a hitherto peaceful household, and destroy the happiness of the young lady whom he professed

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to regard. After the lapse of a few months, finding that Edith was "infatuated" (as he called it), and that Treloar had sold his commission, and was making serious preparations to carry out his design, Mr. Eldred consented to be placed in communication with the major's solicitor, and to consult with that gentleman on the subject of a marriage settlement, with a view to carrying out the wishes of Major Treloar and his rebel daughter Edith. This concession, though partly wrung from him in despair, was also in part a device for obtaining time. Mr. Eldred, with the persistence of a strong will, and the cunning of a crafty nature, calculated the numerous opposing influences which might be brought to bear upon this hateful project by a long delay, and was not altogether without hope that he might be able to establish his suspicions on a basis of ascertained fact, and thus at one blow vanquish his enemy and save his darling from an alliance which he verily believed to be the road to her ruin.

Meanwhile our honest major had behaved in a manner which would have won the heart of many fathers. In the first place, having fallen in love with the unsophisticated country belle after the good custom of old times, he had not waited to satisfy himself that his love was returned, but had frankly written to Mr. Eldred, asking his permission to become a suitor for his daughter's hand, and volunteering a brief exposition of his circumstances and his prospects, neither representing them to be fairer than they would actually be if he should marry contrary to his uncle's wishes, nor exaggerating the sacrifice which such a deed would entail upon him. At the same time he inclosed a copy of a letter from his uncle, Mr. Newlyn, angrily forbidding him to contract any such alliance, on pain of forfeiting his uncle's good-will. This act of candor, which was prompted by the warmth and sincerity of the major's passion, only added fuel to Mr. Eldred's angry suspicions, and fanned the fire of his jealous dislike. A rude, uncivil reply was returned. In it Mr. Eldred not only abjured Major Treloar's acquaintance for himself, but stated boldly (though entirely without the consent of Edith) that *she* had no wish to hear of the subject again, and that the present communication expressed *her* feeling as well as his own.

This summary rejection, had it not purported to speak for Edith, would only have aroused Treloar's indignation and goaded him to be less considerate of filial obligations than he would otherwise have been; but believing that she had been persuaded to withdraw, and had taken this easy way out of an embarrassing position, he pocketed the affront with manly reticence, and resolved to starve out a passion which had already taken possession of the citadel of his heart, and was about to assume a tyrannous sway over his actions and the circumstances of his life.

After a few months had elapsed, during which the two lovers maintained an unbroken silence, Treloar encountered Constance Eldred, Edith's favorite sister, in the streets of Canterbury, in which city he was quartered at the time, while the young lady was paying a visit to some friends in the neighborhood. A tender association attracted him to her side; and the lady, whose guest she was, being a hospitable, good-natured person, and thinking that Constance had found an admirer in the distinguished officer, invited him to her house. After some hesitation he went, and soon learned that Edith had been piqing for him in secret, and was quite at a loss to account for his sudden desertion.

Even with the knowledge of this treachery he acted with scrupulous honor to Mr. Eldred, and driving over to Peperton, called upon the lawyer, and asked to be allowed to see Edith in his presence. Mr. Eldred, taken aback, asked for time to consider this proposal, and again his wishes were deferred to. Then it was that he wrote and appealed to Major Treloar's feelings, begging him to withdraw his claim. Treloar declined to do so, and, being forbidden the house, found means of writing to Edith and seeing her. Exasperated with her father, and overcome with a sense of Treloar's devotion to her and gentleness toward Mr. Eldred for her sake, Edith wanted to escape from the misery of a home in which she now felt like a prisoner in a hostile camp; but her lover would not take advantage of her inexperience and impetuosity. Again he wrote and urged Mr. Eldred to listen to his suit. The lawyer then advanced one step, and negotiated a settlement with Treloar's legal adviser in London.

But all these delays, and those which still intervened before Treloar was able to claim his bride without neglecting any becoming effort to reconcile her father to the marriage, were a source of deep injury to Edith's character. Treloar himself was so concerned to avoid doing any thing wrong, so anxious not to sacrifice Edith either to his love for her or to her father's unreasonable prejudice against him, so careful not to hurry her or allow himself to be hurried into any action which might have become a cause of unavailing remorse in the future, that perhaps all his anxiety and pain were a benefit to him, maturing the crude parts of his character, and developing latent powers of forbearance and self-control. But to her it was far otherwise. She loved and was beloved. Her lover was able and willing to marry her. Why should her joy be deferred? Why should she be teased and tortured during the very part of life when she was most capable of happiness, merely to allow her father opportunities of doing his utmost to plunge her in a life-long misery? Indeed, to her a year was a lifetime. To those whose life consists of emotion uncontrolled, unrestrained by the play of active faculties of mind or body, a year in prospect seems interminable. To-morrow is scarcely soon enough for enjoyment, to-day too long for suffering. And suspense *is* suffering. But Edith's

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enjoyment was delayed for five hundred and forty-eight days. And all those days, except a few hours now and then in the presence of her lover, were worn away in a restless agony of suspense; and with each of those cruel days was worn away and lost forever a portion of her youth, her innocence, her gentleness, and her trust.

After a time she grew fairly callous to charges of filial ingratitude and of breaking her father's and mother's heart. Who showed any gratitude to her lover for *his* forbearance and chivalrous courtesy? Who cared about breaking *her* heart? She defied their warnings of the inevitable remorse which would soon dispel her dream of happiness. Let her have the happiness first, and she would bear the remorse afterward.

But by-and-by a more terrible engine of torture was brought to bear upon her. This at first only toyed with her feelings, arousing secret, half-formed apprehensions of evil, and dallying with them as some cruel cats will dally with a mouse. How would she like, after she had been married for several months, to find out that Major Treloar had only married her from pity, because she had allowed her feelings to be too plainly seen? What if she were, when it should be too late, to find out that her husband had loved another woman years before he had ever seen *her*, and had never left off loving that other? Had she ever asked him whose hair that was in the locket on his chain? More beautiful than hers, though hers was well enough—hair which glistened like the gold mounting of the jewel.

Then she would ask, pitifully, How did they know it was hair at all? She had seen no hair. But her brother Alfred had. One night at a ball, when the major was waltzing with Laura Wyndham, the locket sprang open. The lady noticed it, and admired the hair, which she could afford to do, as hers was a purple-black, and there could be no question of gold or carats. This was a mild joke of Alfred's, "carats" being so pronounced as to do duty also for "carrots." But even had Edith's hair been red, so as to suffer any point to attach to the witticism, it would have failed to attract her attention. She was too desperately eager in undergoing her proper torture and hugging the barbed arrows which lacerated her heart.

By slow degrees the engine developed its powers. How did Edith know that Major Treloar had never been married? Some people said that he was a widower, and how could the report have got afloat? Had she ever asked him? That was the only way to deal with secret, mysterious men. She knew next to nothing of his past life. True, his name was in the army list, attached first to one regiment, then to another; and certainly he had received rapid promotion, and served on the staff, and gained some decorations. But men who are well connected are always placed above the heads of steady, worthy soldiers, who only do their duty and make no show. Other people knew something of the major's past life, if Edith did not.

Hereupon she flew at the domestic inquisitors, and upbraided them for their cruelty. Why was she driven to clandestine and infrequent intercourse with the man she loved, a man as superior to them in breeding and feeling as he was in social position? Why was he repulsed with rude discourtesy when he proposed in due form to become a suitor for her hand, with the sanction of her parents? Why was he refused a reason for this behavior? Why could not papa ask him to the house, and behave like a gentleman to him? And then, if any good reason could be shown why she should be robbed of her husband, let them produce it to *his* face. *He* wants no secrecy. *He* never insinuates, and sneers, and hints at scandal which he could not prove to be true. It is only cowards who torture girls and steal a man's character in the dark. These retorts did not tend to avert the wrath of Messrs. Eldred and Son, Solicitors, Peperton.

And though Edith spoke thus in her wrath, yet she did feel that an air of mystery enveloped her lover, that he was an austere man, though very gentle with her, and that (in short) she dared not ask him those pertinent questions. This fact tormented her horribly. When driven to acknowledge as much to herself the blood would rush from her heart to her brain, or seem to do so, in a sudden access of fury. For a few moments she would feel like a wild and fierce animal, baffled and trapped in the hunter's toils. Then love, the enchanter, would cast over her his glamour. The generous blood would return to its wonted channels with buoyant pulsations. Upon her radiant face would play the mixed smile of confidence and scorn—scorn for the maligner, and confidence in the maligned, which so provoked the spirit of enmity in her amiable relatives that their hatred of this stranger surpassed all reasonable limits. They loved this wayward, headstrong, and impenetrable girl more than they loved her sisters, and almost as much as they loved themselves. Moreover, they both, and especially her father, took a pride in her budding beauty, which partook both of brilliancy and depth, combining in a rare degree both the power to attract and to grow upon the sense of whosoever beheld it, unfolding new phases of its character as one emotion displaced another in the depths beneath.

Perhaps another motive may have lent its influence to the complex dislike which biased the mind of Mr. Eldred against his future son-in-law. This requires some explanation. The lawyer had ascertained beyond a doubt that Treloar had already spent a fortune, and that he would be disinherited of another unless he married according to that imperious uncle's will. He not unnaturally thought that a man who has squandered considerable wealth before attaining middle life could neither bear poverty with a good grace nor work successfully for the maintenance of a family. But, further, he believed that Treloar could not deceive himself with an idea that he could do this. Also Mr.

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Eldred knew that Treloar thought Edith to be almost dowerless.

How, then, could he deliberately purpose to marry her, and thereby to abandon wealth which was necessary to him, and incur poverty which would be intolerable? Mr. Eldred's worldly wisdom could not answer this question satisfactorily. He therefore concluded that *the major was not acting in good faith*; that he had some sinister purpose in hand, in which two of the items probably were: first, to outwit the father; and secondly, to make use of the daughter solely for his own delectation and amusement.

In the course of his investigations, which were conducted exclusively with a view to discover things to the major's disadvantage, the lawyer had chanced upon an old story of abduction and subsequent desertion, which fastened itself upon Treloar. But the whole affair was involved in obscurity and doubt; and Mr. Eldred, with his legal habit of mind, would have been the first to reject it as altogether spurious, and unsupported by trust-worthy evidence, had not its object been also the object of his aversion and suspicion. So far from rejecting this story as improbable, he concluded that it was only one out of many, which precautions, taken with the skill of an adept, and facilitated by a command of money, had rendered difficult of detection. There must have been, he thought, several *liaisons* at various times. Might not the major have *married* one of his victims? Possibly a woman beneath him in station. The most wary *roué* is, at some time or other, outwitted by a woman. And if he had so committed himself, was he not just the man to have shaken off this wife at a convenient distance, and bribed her to silence and continued absence?

This suggestion, and this alone, would account for Treloar's resistance to his uncle, as he would not dare to deceive that powerful individual by a sham marriage with his ward, nor to ruin a girl who owned a protector so capable of avenging her wrong. On the other hand, nothing would be easier than to commit the same crime at the expense of a country solicitor's daughter, who was in no way connected with any one who could benefit or injure him materially.

Already Mr. Eldred, during the delay which he had secured, had turned every stone in order to discover a wife or a certificate of marriage on behalf of the gallant major. A secret advertisement had been circulated among all parish clerks in the United Kingdom; and Treloar had been vastly amused, during a visit to a brother-in-law who occupied the important post of a rural dean in a west-country diocese, to find that all the registers in the deanery were being ransacked for possible evidence of an alliance which he had never contracted. Thinking that the bare mention of such a thing would wound the feelings of the girl whom he loved, he had kept the secret—unhappily, as it turned out; for his very amusement on the subject would have served her for evidence of its injustice. Moreover, the lists of marriage licenses had been examined in both provinces of the Church. Inquiries had been prosecuted in the colonies where the major had served in his various regiments. All in vain.

Once only the crafty foe thought he had struck the enemy's war-trail. An old newspaper had been discovered, containing a list of the officers and cabin passengers on board the *Lord Clive*, East Indiaman, carrying troops to Calcutta. There, as plain as Roman type and printer's ink could render it, stood the announcement, "Captain Treloar and wife." Pressing the inquiry a stage further, it turned out that the then captain of the *Lord Clive* had retired from service, and was residing at Bath. To Bath Alfred repaired, his veins tingling with the glow of expectation—of tardy victory crowning long and laborious strategy. But Alfred had to endure "the whips and scorns of time," as he inflicted upon others "the law's delay." Captain Bligh was paying his summer visit to the coast. Alfred pursued him to Weymouth. The captain had run across to Guernsey, in a friend's yacht. To Guernsey Alfred sailed or steamed, sick at heart, and sea-sick, yet sanguine. Thence to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. Thence to Portsmouth, where the landsman at length caught the old rover at dinner, with some kindred spirits, in the hotel which seamen love. Alfred waited till they had eaten their fill, tortured with hope deferred, impatience, smothered wrath, and fear of again losing this slippery witness. At length he ventured to send up a card.

The captain, being well advanced in his second bottle, received him graciously at a side-table, and offered him wine. Alfred unwisely declined the hospitable offer, and unfolded his purpose, with grave assertions of the weighty interests involved in clearing up the doubt.

This assuming of superior gravity on the part of a young man slightly offended the good-natured sailor. "I know Treloar," he replied. "A gentleman-like, smart officer; a great favorite with the ladies, but not a ladies' man. Oh dear, no. Kept rather aloof. Let *them* court *him*, rather. Courteous, but not obsequious; gallant, not palavering. No, no, not he; married? The last man in the world. Reserved for a ward of his uncle's, if I don't mistake; a little girl descended from the same stock as his own mother—a Trevor. You see, I know something of the family."

"But here is the paper," said Alfred, in a flutter of anxiety and apprehension, opening the ancient journal, and pointing out the list to the captain's notice. The mariner produced a substantial pair of spectacles, adjusted them with much deliberation, spread the paper out, upside down, before him, and began carefully to search for the required list. He waxed somewhat angry when Alfred attempted to set him aright, and so doubled the paper over the

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wrong way, entirely concealing the whole side of the sheet on which the desired information lay. At last he handed the paper to the intruder, with sublime resignation, requesting him to find the list himself, since he was resolved to consider that this was the first newspaper which Captain Bligh had ever seen. So Alfred recovered the place, and read aloud: "Lieutenant-Colonel Bolders, Major Trevor, Captain Treloar and wife—"

"Stay," shouted the captain; "the penny-a-lining landlubbers! *That's* how it is that you've had all this cruise for nothing, my young friend, and have thought it necessary to give me a lesson in reading a newspaper, is it? 'Major Trevor, Captain Treloar, and wife,' eh? Just not so. The *major* had *his* wife on board, a lovely woman; too saintly for my taste; but that's my fault. Treloar, as I thought I told you—only you young men won't listen to your seniors in the present day—Treloar was a bachelor, reserved for the little girl who was and is Trevor's niece. A misprint, my lad, a misprint. You won't take a glass of wine? Then good-evening."

As Alfred, having made what he considered a Chesterfield bow, under most disadvantageous circumstances, was about to leave the room, Captain Bligh called to him again, and said, "I think you hinted there was a young lady in the case; I mean on your side of the story. If so, take my advice *this time* and keep a sharp look-out. Treloar's a dangerous fellow, though he means no harm. And remember, a man can't marry two wives, and he's booked for one already."

So the hound was thrown off the false scent and returned to his home, angry and discomfited. The next move was a letter from Mr. Eldred to Mr. Newlyn, the Cornish magnate, which met with just as little courtesy as the major had encountered on the part of Mr. Eldred. Mr. Newlyn evidently considered that, say what they would, these vulgar people were angling for his nephew; and he gave them to understand, in simple terms, that if they provided him with a wife, they had better provide him with a fortune also.

Father and son were both baffled, clinging with dogged obstinacy to their hypothesis of a surreptitious wife in the back-ground. Treloar, they said to one another, was *not the man* to incur the burden of a wife and family, with poverty staring him in the face, while an heiress and a fortune hung within his reach. He *was exactly the man*, they said, to delude a girl who could not otherwise be won, with a false marriage, and when she had served his turn to get rid of her by any device at hand. The simple solution of the difficulty seemed to be the one most foreign to their minds. They could not conceive that Edith should have aroused in the bosom of a gay and brilliant officer a passion at once so strong and so pure as to urge him to relinquish fortune, position, and worldly wisdom, to become, if necessary, poor and lowly and despised, so that he might win her love and own her for his wife.

A new circumstance which aggravated all others was, that Edith had lately, by the will of an aunt, become possessed, in her own right, of a very considerable fortune, which, together with her beauty, would have secured to her an ample choice of suitors; solid, staid, trust-worthy men; while it was wholly insufficient to support a scale of expenditure such as must have become a second nature to her aristocratic admirer. However they might settle and bind this money in a new marriage settlement, he would surely realize and dissipate it as soon as his own resources should have come to an end. And by the time it was gone the former wife would rise from her mysterious grave, or some other pretext would be discovered for dispensing with the new one. Mr. Eldred was satisfied that the major had not heard of Edith's fortune. It had accrued to her since the settlement had been drawn up, in the previous autumn, by Mr. Eldred and the major's solicitor conjointly. At that time he had apportioned to her a scanty dower, to meet a handsome sum set apart by Treloar for the purpose, and the principal had been settled upon her and her children, the interest only to be drawn during her husband's life. But recently an aunt had died abroad, and left Edith £3000 in consols. Her father was sole executor under the will. The matter had been scrupulously hushed up, and Edith had so far yielded to her father's wishes as to pledge herself to secrecy on this subject until after her marriage.

Gradually the persistent, untiring suspicion of her father and brother stole into the secret places of Edith's mind and sank into her heart, where it worked, like a subtile poison in the blood. What could prompt these suspicions? Could they be groundless? Was it possible that her father, whom she had always known as a just, upright man, could be wearing himself out and fretting away his very life in a stupid, malicious enmity to a man who sincerely loved her and was worthy of her love? What infatuation could have possessed him, and led him to act in a manner so at variance with the habits of his whole life?

Her affections and her reason, her passions and doubts, her trust and distrust, were at war with one another. Her very will was at strife with itself. A hatred (artificial, perhaps, but still potent) for father and brother grew out of their protracted opposition. A desire to be revenged upon them matured itself, or distrust might really have gained the day, and caused her to withdraw from her engagement with Treloar. They acted unwisely in their resistance, as men usually do when urged by anger and suspicions which they can hardly justify to themselves. Why not accept the major on his own terms frankly, as a suitor willing to submit his claims to parental consideration and to an open discussion? It would have been easy to create further delay for in-

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quiry had not Edith's pride and anger been aroused, and the gentleman himself driven (in self-respect) to exercise a haughty reserve. At any rate, Edith should have been taken into their counsels, and not left to discover, from time to time, some new conspiracy against her lover, nor taunted with insinuations that she was lending herself to a scheme of reckless self-indulgence which must end in ruin to herself and disgrace to her family.

Thus goaded into desperation, and stung into anger and resentment against her own father, Edith was forced to content herself with a fragmentary and unsatisfying intercourse with her betrothed husband. During their stolen interviews she wavered between fear of offending him by betraying her suspicions and violent gusts of passionate devotion to one who seemed so far above all this petty strife; one who, for her fickle, changeful allegiance gave her an unwavering, unselfish devotion, and bore this delay for her sake, that she might win that obdurate parent by patience and gentleness. He was giving up friends and fortune for her sake, incurring unjust enmity and aspersion. He was stepping from a superior social grade to an inferior one; consenting, of his own free-will, to share poverty and obscurity with her, rather than wealth and station with another. He was learning to live inexpensively, and acquiring habits of regular work; though for many years he had devoted much time and energy to art, working by fits and starts, as the humor seized him. Gradually cutting off his own luxuries, and the refinements of his old life, one by one, he had yet made Edith presents of jewelry far more costly than any of her acquaintance could boast of. "As if she were an actress," Alfred said, with a sneer. "As if she were an empress, you mean," retorted Constance, one of Edith's sisters, who always supported her.

Treloar talked of a honey-moon, passed in France and Germany, whenever and however she would, to compensate her a little for her long, unhappy engagement. During that month of compensations no limit was to be placed on their expenditure. After that he proposed that they should rent a small house, with a studio, in one of the suburbs of London, where he would toil laboriously at his art—toil lightened by her presence, the toiler encouraged by her sympathy. Already, as an amateur painter, he had achieved successes. An opal and diamond ring which she wore he had purchased with the price of a picture to which she had been the inspiration. Doubtless, industry in his vocation, stimulated by love and ambition, would soon raise him to a place of honor among artists, a place of which she would be proud, because it had not come to him by birth, but would have been earned for her. These schemes were unfolded in long, ardent letters, full to overflowing of the outpourings of a heart where true love reigned supreme—a heart which should have been recognized by her, through all obstacles and barriers, as true and pure, strong and tender.

But she, poor child, was distracted and bewildered. When she read his letters she trusted him; when her father sneered, or launched an innuendo, she thought *there must be some truth in it;* and then she burned with anger to think that this glorious lover, so grand and yet so gentle, might, after all, be only acting a part (as they said) to win her silly heart; that some day she might awake from this dream of illusory love, and find that her hero had existed only in her fancy, that her fool's paradise had melted away, and that she was cast off and discarded, as others had been (so they said) by this same spendthrift of hearts, before she caught his roving eye.

When they met she dared not tell him of these terrible doubts and cruel suspicions; cruel to him, and ah! how cruel to her!—robbing her young soul of trust, and devotion, and repose. Often, in those rare interviews, her cheek would burn, her heart beat wildly, her eyes flash with strange lights. He could not read the signs. He knew there was a contest between filial love and conjugal love; he trusted that some day he might reconcile the two, and so give her peace. Until then, and after, he would devote his whole powers to shelter her from evil. But the siren's eyes were flashing mischief; and her cruel doubts were dealing stabs at the breast of her benefactor.

Yet to her, in her better moments, it was very sweet to think that she would be able to lighten his labor of love with her little store of hoarded wealth, as well as with her confidence and sympathy; to make him some little recompense for all that he was willing to do and to suffer for her. And that little recompense, coming from her, would be so great to him. Would it not? Was she not so much to him? Was not her very smile a ray of sunshine to him? The tinkle of her silver laugh as the voices of many birds? Her breath as the wind of "the sweet South which breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odor?"

In the course of time Mr. Eldred was forced to acknowledge that fate was too strong for him in this matter. Seeing the willfulness of his child, and tardily admitting the invincible obstinacy of her nature, he had latterly refrained from overt resistance, and had only been doing his utmost to gain time, hoping that something would transpire to put an end to the engagement. It was with some such desire that he had consented to draw up the marriage settlement with Major Treloar's legal adviser. At that time he had promised that if the matter were satisfactorily arranged, and if both parties should hold to their resolution, the marriage should be solemnized in the ensuing summer, at the parish church in Peperton, without any opposition from him. To this proposal the major, loth to rupture the

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filial bond between Edith and her father, acceded willingly. The conditions had been complied with. The summer had arrived. No excuse presented itself for any further delay. For a while Mr. Eldred tried what mere dogged resistance would do. Then there occurred a period of total estrangement between Edith and her family. One of those sullen, dismal passages of arms, when members of the same family meet daily at one table, and go through the same melancholy routine of eating and drinking without relish, and part in silence to sleep without repose, and so to meet again and part again. Letters of expostulation were addressed by the soldier to the lawyer, and returned unopened (so report said). At length clandestine proposals came to Edith secretly; and the mother's watchful eye surprised her preparing for flight. This was more than the father could endure; so he told her to fix the day, and let him know when it was to be; adding that he supposed he must meet "the man" in church, but trusted she would have a sufficient remnant of filial feeling not to bring him into the house. As if the house of man should be more sacred from angry passions than the House of God!

CHAPTER II.

THE DOPPELGÄNGER.

On a certain bright Sunday morning, toward the end of the month of June, 185–, after the contention briefly sketched in the last chapter had been going on for some eighteen months, a gallant pair of chestnut horses, drawing a light mail phaeton, wheeled swiftly into the entrance archway of the De Bœuf Arms, at Peperton. An active groom sprang to the ground, and was at the horses' heads long before the drowsy ostler, by sundry twitchings at his nether garments, and scratching of his head, had certified himself of being awake. Two gentlemen descended from the carriage, and were shown by a waiter, the landlord being at church with his family, into the best sitting-room on the first-floor. A double-bedded room and a dressing-room were also engaged, which arrangement perplexed the household sadly, for they saw that the unexpected guests were persons of some position, and wondered at their being satisfied with less than the two best bedrooms. The gentlemen, however, were close friends, and were intending to part company on the following day, under circumstances which they anticipated would interrupt, if not terminate, their intimacy; and therefore they were anxious to have as much of each other's company as possible in the mean time, and were wholly indifferent to the opinion of their critics.

It was soon ascertained, not only within the precincts of the De Bœuf Arms, but generally throughout Peperton, that the phaeton and horses were the property of the Honorable Julian Harcourt, who had driven his friend, Major Treloar, down from London, with the purpose of acting as his best man on a trying occasion. For Treloar was to take Edith Eldred to wife at ten o'clock on Monday morning.

If the expectant bridegroom may be supposed to have arrived at Peperton jubilant, his friend will be readily accredited with a measure of sadness; for they had been intimate since childhood, with more mutual affection than intimacy always implies, and Mr. Harcourt regarded the marriage of a friend much in the light of his death. He had never known the sweets of friendship to survive wedlock; and his opportunities for observation had not induced much faith in that bliss which is popularly supposed to atone to a husband for the loss of his single-blessedness. He was therefore sad, not only on his own account, but on behalf of his friend, as became a thoroughly amiable and generous man. Moreover, the little which he had seen, and the subsidiary little which he had conjectured, of the courtship between Treloar and Edith Eldred, constituted a grave cause of uneasiness. The material loss which Treloar was about to encounter seemed to demand in return some splendid gain; and although Edith, in person, was beautiful beyond any thing which he could call to mind, Mr. Harcourt knew that her beauty alone would not satisfy Treloar. If the girl had only been dazzled by the light of the great world which invested her admirer, and flattered by the preference of one who belonged to a superior station—if she did not love him entirely and solely for himself—if she did not esteem him, as a wife should do her husband, above all mortal men, and his love above himself—if she did not trust in him blindly and utterly, so that she could refuse the evidence of her own senses rather than to allow a shadow of suspicion to fall upon him—then nothing but misery could come of this marriage. Treloar would certainly be content with nothing less than her whole heart; nor could he brook suspicion from any one whom he loved, although he knew too well that an enemy could suggest evidence on which foul suspicions affecting him might be justly based. Nor did Harcourt fail to divine something of Edith's character. He perceived, with the sagacity of a man of the world, that her passionate, untutored emotions were a very virgin soil for distrust and jealousy, and that under the influence of these prompters she might be, to one whom she both feared and loved, false and fierce.

In the afternoon Treloar left his friend and walked out alone, thoughtful, but happy. At six o'clock he returned, evidently ill at ease with himself. A natural delicacy which characterized him was barely sufficient to disguise an unusual irritability which seemed to prey upon him. After drinking a glass of brandy, and walking restlessly about the room for some minutes (seeing that the waiter came to make preparations for dinner), he asked Harcourt to dine alone.

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"But, my dear fellow, why should I dine at all?" the latter asked.

"To sustain you in the ordeal of supporting me to-morrow," Treloar answered, bitterly.

Presently Mr. Harcourt quietly counter-ordered the dinner, and, following his friend to church, sat behind him, noticed that he was alone, and not only so, but that, to all appearances, he expected some one who did not come.

Afterward a frugal supper was laid before them. Treloar partook of it scantily, seeming altogether downcast. A letter was brought to him by the attendant; and, by the way in which he put it in his pocket and again filled his glass with brandy, Harcourt was assured that the young lady was not acting as Treloar had reason to expect that she would act on the eve of their marriage.

"You were at church to-night without your little bride," he said, after a long silence; "and I half suspect she failed you at a trysting-place this afternoon. Is it not so?"

Treloar nodded, and drank off the glass of brandy without any water, though it was quite unusual for him to take strong stimulants.

"How unlike yourself you are to-night, George," continued Mr. Harcourt, using the Christian name which he had dropped since they were boys together. "My mind misgives me. Surely you are taking a false step. I repent already of abetting you in it."

"*You* can withdraw," Treloar said, sharply, but with an emphasis on the pronoun which almost implied that if it were possible, in honor, he too would be thinking of withdrawal. Then, apparently fearing that after what he had admitted Harcourt would try to fix blame upon Edith, he hastily added, "Edith is all right. Don't fancy it is *her* fault."

"Well," Harcourt went on, "if I must not speak of any objections arising out of the young lady's conduct, at any rate I may speak of mere prudential considerations."

"Fire away, then."

"And if I have good reason to-day for fancying that Miss Eldred is hesitating on the very eve of her wedding, and perhaps repenting of her engagement to you" (here Treloar rose and began pacing up and down the room), "surely that gives you an opportunity of reconsidering *your* intentions, which must in part be based upon her good faith."

"I tell you, Harcourt, Edith is safe. She is very painfully situated, and can not be judged like other girls."

"Nothing is so bad but what it may be worse," urged Harcourt. "Now I know just enough of your affairs, and of your obstinacy and chivalrous honor, to be myself 'very painfully situated.' What am I to say when I go down to Cornwall in September? You must know (I don't) whether your uncle will relent if you marry Miss Eldred. If he holds to his threat, how *are* you going to live?"

"I have the price of my commission at Coutts's."

"How much is it?"

"Three thousand pounds."

"And after that?"

"I must make a livelihood by art."

An involuntary smile made itself visible on Mr. Harcourt's ingenuous countenance. His imagination conjured up a picture of his friend, with threadbare coat, unshaven chin, and hungry eyes, painting away for dear life, with a lean, consumptive wife, and half a dozen clamorous children waiting for their daily bread. Comparing this with Treloar's previous habits and present ideas of economy, a ludicrous contrast was the result.

But men who adopt a magnanimous idea are slow to see the comical side of it; and Treloar, shortly answering to his friend's look, said, "Why not?"

"Because," replied Harcourt, seriously, "it would be impossible for you to maintain a family upon less than six hundred pounds a year; and how are you to paint thirty pictures a year at twenty pounds each?"

"You've provided me with a family on short notice, my dear old Mentor, and begged a few other doubtful questions. True, I have hitherto lived like a man of some little means, because (as you know) a succession of windfalls has dropped in my way, and I have always found it easy to raise money on mortgage of my little property. As long as I was my uncle's heir there was no need for parsimony. Now the mortgages may be all foreclosed, and I may actually run short of cash some day. But I *can* live economically; and I can paint better than you think for, my boy. I have sold two or three pictures already."

Then the major paused for a few moments, and his face cleared up. "What do I care for a touch of poverty," he added, "or being obliged to put a shoulder to the wheel? A man is not good for much who won't work. I am not a sybarite. And haven't I won a prize worth a dukedom? If ever you fall in love, Harcourt, you won't listen to a raven croaking on the eve of your wedding-day."

As Treloar spoke of his "prize" and "love" there was in his look an expression at once noble and piteous. Harcourt experienced something like shame in saying any more on the subject, but was determined to test his friend's faith to the uttermost. So he added:

"Is there no chance of Miss Eldred herself having any money?"

"I never thought of it," was the reply; "at least beyond the few hundreds tied up in her settlement. I should say *not*, decidedly."

"Are you quite certain, to-night, that she loves you as a wife ought to love a husband?"

"That she does, or will do so, as soon as she gets away from that den of slanderers."

"For yourself alone?"

"I believe so."

"And knows that you will be poor?"

"Certainly."

There the conversation ended, and Harcourt,

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lighting a second candle as a hint to his friend, went off to bed.

But Treloar stood at the open window, smoking his cigar, and looking out into the silent street, which lay in deep shadow, while the strip of sky above was bright with stars. His brain had been long kept at an injurious tension by the struggle between his great love for Edith and his indignation at the treatment which he had received at the hands of her father. Perhaps, also, the breach with his uncle, and the prospect of possible poverty as affecting those who would be dependent upon him, may have added to the burden of his mind, though he might be loth to admit as much. Certainly his moral perceptions, and a certain sense of propriety, inseparable from the born and bred gentleman, were more or less at variance with passion and the not ignoble instincts of manhood. Upon this overwrought brain had just fallen a heavy blow—doubt—though he would have died rather than own that it was so. If a strong man really loves, every blow dealt by the hand that should soothe and solace him falls with terrific weight; and it was Edith's hand which had dealt this one. She had failed him at the trysting-place in the afternoon, failed him at church in the evening, though he had sent her a note to ask her to come and worship with him, to pray for a blessing on their union. Only after the service a mere scrap had come from her, to say she had been "*afraid to come.*" Afraid to meet the man who in sixteen hours would be her husband; they no longer two, but one flesh!

Then he had gained a little mental repose, by means of a powerful stimulant, calling into sudden operation latent powers which are meant to lie at rest among the reserves of nature, bountifully laid up for the hour of extreme need, and then to come into play by the effort of nature herself.

Thus, through the brief, swift hours of that summer night, he passed through a weird phantom experience. The last chapter of his bachelor life was being read to him by echoes of old voices, reverberating through the cloisters and caves of memory. He was haunted by shadowy forms. Some passed swiftly, were seen vividly for a moment, then disappeared, only to be seen again when that dissolving view of death passes before the closing eyes of the body, and reveals all the items of the judgment which awaits the soul. Others, dim and vague, but calm and stately, swept the crystal floors with trailing garments, and pointed forward as they went, with ghostly glances and hollow voices, calling him to follow. Among them all, now here, now there, a part of all, somehow the cause and subject of it all, yet disconnected from it, going his way alone, while all this familiar mystery passed away without him, bemoaning itself, and lamenting for him, his own wraith appeared, his very self, a phantom of phantoms. Thus he became to his own bodily eyes a manifest spectre; and while standing at the open window, gazing unconsciously at a narrow archway opposite, a single dark spot in the growing dawn, he saw himself standing there, deserted, desolate, the ghostly relic of a ghostly crew.

After Mr. Harcourt had slept for some hours he started up from a troubled dream, found that day had dawned, and remembered it was his friend's wedding-day. Prompted by some ill-defined apprehension he slipped on a dressing-gown, and stepping lightly along the passage, opened the door of their sitting-room. Every thing stood as he had left it at night, except a decanter which had contained brandy, but was now empty. Their glasses remained on the table, Treloar's chamber candle still flickered feebly on the side-board, and Treloar himself was leaning on the sill of the open window, with his back to the door.

Harcourt made a noise by bringing the rims of two glasses in contact.

Treloar started. "How early you are up!" he said.

"You've not been to bed, George?" said Mr. Harcourt.

"No, no, I have not," replied Treloar, and shuddered visibly, as if the cool morning air had chilled him.

"I have seen a host of spirits, Harcourt," he went on. "But among them all, and remaining behind when they were gone, *one* most palpable spectre."

"What sort of thing was it?"

"*Myself*, pale and ghastly, standing in that dark archway there."

"Horrible idea!" said Harcourt, looking out involuntarily at the spot indicated. "How long did the fancy last?"

"Fancy! I tell you it was my wraith, man. My Doppelgänger. Queen Elizabeth saw hers in her bed, before she died."

"You must have some sleep," urged Harcourt.

But Treloar continued: "Sir Richard Napier, in Charles II.'s reign, saw a dead man laid out in his bed, and found it was himself. He died two days afterward, in bed. But there was a fellow somewhere in Germany who saw *his*, and it saved him. He kept away from the place. *You* might help me, Harcourt. Couldn't you come with us to Dover and France, and wherever we go?"

"Mrs. Treloar would not like that."

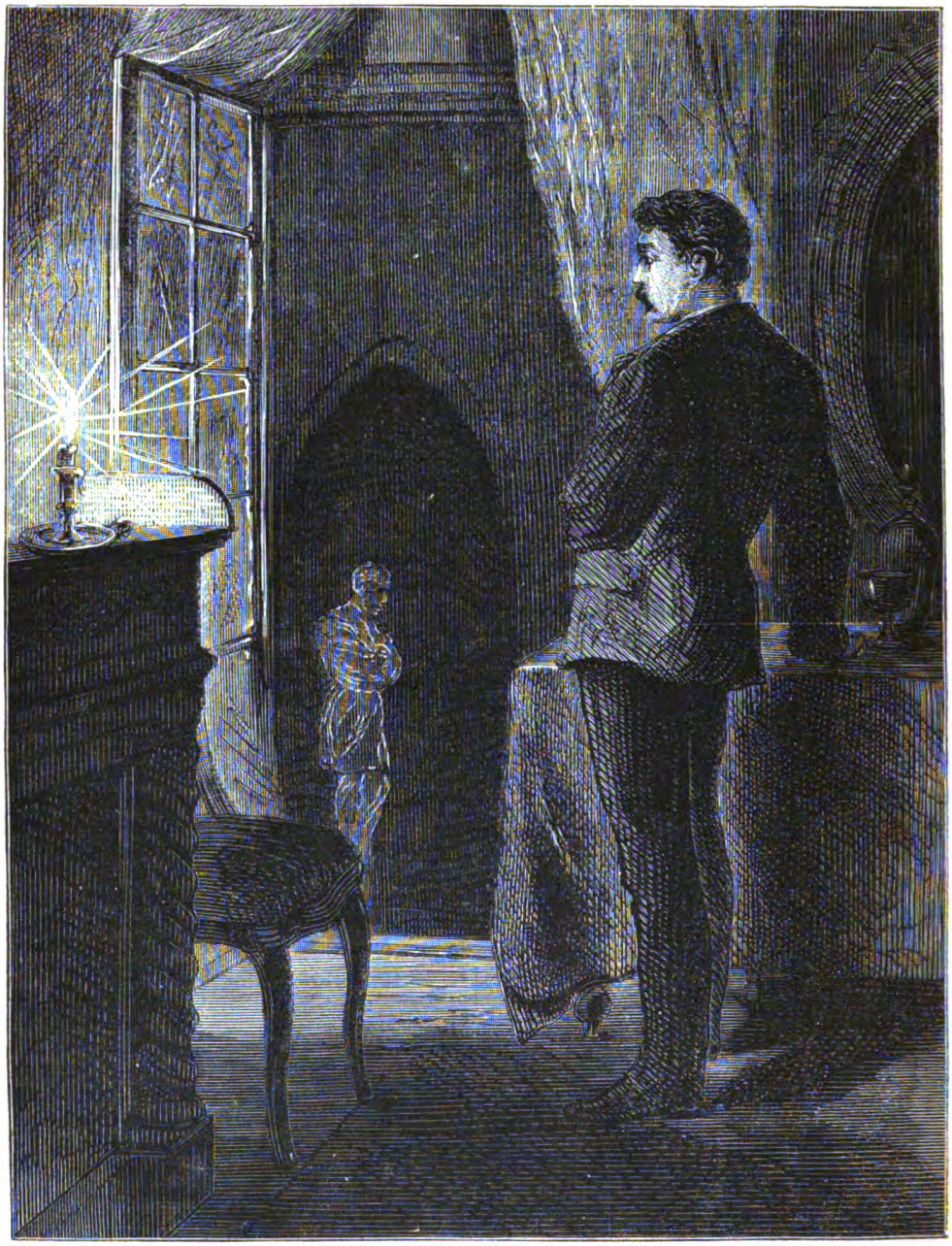
"True. I forgot. She must be considered, of course."

"But you shall take her to Dover in my phaeton. The drive and the open air will refresh you. William can bring the trap home on Thursday. But come and get a nap now."

"Will you mount guard?" said Treloar. "I dare not try to sleep alone now. My nerve is gone."

"Come with me," replied Harcourt. "I won't let you out of my sight till a certain little guardian angel has you in her keeping. She *must* be good to you. We *must* trust *her*. And

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THE DOPPELGÄNGER.

if you feel low, you must take sherry. You presume on your strength. Brandy is rank poison."

Then, from half past five till half past eight, on that fair summer morning, Harcourt marched to and fro by the side of Treloar's bed, at first full of doubt and foreboding, oppressed by a nameless dread, wondering whether it was caused in him by what had been obvious to the senses, or whether there was at work a subtile influence which comes out of the future, and warns us beforehand of coming evil, or of evil which we are going to meet. Of one thing he felt certain, that *he* was the appointed guardian and protector of his friend in some strange and incomprehensible danger, that his natural ally in this function was Edith, and that he would only relieve guard with her, at least until he had seen them safely on board the packet at Dover, and after that, if he could obtain her sanction, to accompany them abroad.

What did that apparition mean? Harcourt was far too well read not to know of the many authentic instances of fetches or Doppelgängers appearing to men and women, warning them (as the event often proved) of coming

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dissolution; but he also knew that, in cases where the immediate danger had been avoided, the persons warned had attained to great age and singular prosperity. He was, therefore, buoyed up by a hope that if he, in conjunction with Mrs. Treloar, could avert present calamity, success and happiness might be in store for his friend.

He procured a Bradshaw, acquainted himself with the means of reaching Dover by train before Treloar could arrive in the carriage, and trusted to making an opportunity for gaining Mrs. Treloar's confidence, either in the vestry of the church or after their arrival at Dover. At the same time he purposed to let Treloar wish him good-by in Peperton, lest his spirits should be depressed by thinking that he required the protection of a friend.

His nerve would naturally recover itself after sleep, and when the somewhat unpleasant ordeal of the marriage was over, and he found himself alone with his bride. She would doubtless be joyous to escape from her thralldom, and find herself indeed the wife of the man whom she loved; and her joy would communicate itself to him. If she had only displayed more courage and constancy on the previous day, these alarms might not have occurred. Treloar was not given to spiritualism, or any special love for the marvelous. As an officer, a sportsman, a man of pleasure, a proficient in games of skill, and recently as an amateur painter, he had exhibited remarkable vigor, resolution, and directness of aim; only withheld from the coarser manifestation of force of character by a correct and fastidious taste, which, perhaps, intensified the force within. So Harcourt persuaded himself that all would yet be well. He could not say, "I dread this," or "I distrust that." The danger, if existent, was impalpable and vague; vigilance could and should avert it. When Treloar awoke he was grave, but no longer irritable, moody, or nervous. The two friends made a hearty breakfast; and, though neither of them could laugh at Treloar's nocturnal visitants, they agreed that it was quite possible to account for them on philosophical principles. Unhappily neither of them suspected the quarter in which the danger lurked.

CHAPTER III.

EDITH'S WEDDING.

THE climate of England, not as our Continental neighbors imagine it to be, but as it is at its best. A splendid morning in the month of June. The green hop-vines climbing their forests of tall poles in a wanton luxuriance of verdure such as the grape-vines of Bordeaux never attain. Patches of yellowing corn-fields checkering the verdant slopes. Babbling brooks, reflecting the cerulean blue, glancing here and there among the shadowy hills. Thrilling songs of thrush and blackbird, scarcely surpassed by the occasional warble of a passionate nightingale, making the landscape vocal. These were the welcome which her native county of Kent offered to the young bride on her first essay at flight from the paternal nest. Rain had fallen during the night. A bounteous summer shower, unnoticed by that lonely watcher at the bay-window in the first-floor of the De Bœuf Arms, but still sufficient to lay the dust, to wash the balmy lips of leaf and petal, to develop secret hoards of delicate perfume, to refresh the myriad voices of nature for their matin harmonics.

But between this fledgeling and the glories of the outer world lay the perils of a first flight, in her case graver and more complicated than usual.

The wedding about to take place was not a decorous one of the familiar type. The three pair-horse flies of Peperton; white-gloved, white-rosetted post-boys bouncing up and down on snorting steeds; a family gathering, with one or two guests of distinction; fluffy bridemaids and frothy Champagne; Arcadian prophecies and the militia band. None of these wonted solemnities were in store for Edith Eldred. Yet she was the rising belle of Peperton, whose attractions (of the most conquering type) inspired the two sexes with conflicting sentiments. You could see nature's crown upon her head, flashing in the sunlight a mile off. A crown of wreathed tresses, in bulk as enviable as in color and quality. Her facial items were stated by a nameless poet to resemble sapphires, pearls, peach-bloom, and lily petals; but the whole was far above and beyond his constructive capacities. The only thing in nature at all like Edith smiling was the rainbow which crowns a waterfall. Like that joyous scene she filled the heart of the artist and poet with a divine rapture. In fact it must be admitted that her room was desired more than her company by the maturer belles of Peperton; for by some fatality she drew other women's admirers in her wake, as a new magnet will draw needles which have hitherto dwelt peacefully with pins.

She lived to receive pleasure; took no pains, or little, to please either sex; and, being somewhat inexperienced, was glad to think that the sex which pleased her least loved her least.

"Hair of the *fashionable* tint!" sneered one virgin, who bemoaned her raven tresses with a secret consciousness of being born during the decline of taste.

"Sweet seventeen!" remarked another. "Irresistible epoch!" In which observation, however, a certain inconsistency was apparent—that epoch having been resisted by the stubborn sex, in the case of the maiden herself, many years previously.

"Green eyes, red cheeks, and showy teeth!" commented another, who prided herself on form without color.

"The *gentlemen* tell me that her eyes are blue," said a fourth; "but, for my part, I have only seen the lids of those man-traps."

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This satire was the source of much innocent merriment; after which the sweet creatures renewed their game of ball, commenting upon Edith's endearing young charms.

Major Treloar, the expected bridegroom, was one of those men who command almost universal admiration and esteem—sentiments as much due to his freedom from self-consciousness and egotism as to a personal beauty of the highest masculine type, and a firm yet gentle manner. Those few persons who envied and disliked him were goaded almost into frenzy in his presence by the calm courtesy with which he ignored their malice. The young ladies of Peperton admitted that he was tall, dark, handsome, and of dignified bearing, but lamented his infatuation for a girl "with nothing in her." When quartered at Canterbury he had occasionally driven over to a ball at Peperton, and the rising star had soon captivated his fancy. The rest of the "ministering angels" had therefore diligently fanned the rumors of that officer's extravagance and dissolute habits, and had kindly expressed a hope that Edith might *not* find out her mistake some day, nor be driven to wish that she had been a little less eager to captivate a perfect stranger. The ladies, moreover, discovered that the major had proposed to Mr. Eldred for his daughter's hand, and had been refused. That was fennel and honey in one cup. Then he had actually taken a fancy to the girl—a girl scarcely educated, and absolutely without accomplishments. One who could neither sing, play, nor draw; speak neither French nor German. Dance? Not at all. She knew how to lean her whole body on her partner's arm, if you call *that* dancing. Miss Longman's brother had told her that his arm was quite stiff after dancing with Edith. But he was a puny young gentleman, and she was said to have abandoned him in the middle of a waltz, and pleaded an engagement with the major. Refused! They trusted that Major Treloar really was a gentleman. He certainly seemed so. But there could be no doubt about the stories of his gambling, and—worse.

Now the long-expected wedding was actually about to take place. No bells were rung. The town, always dull in the forenoon, except on market-days, was peaceably simmering, like a half-baked lizard, in the morning sun. Only a crowd of curious ladies, young and old, assembled in the church, and filled all the pews near the chancel. Half a dozen louts lounged about on the pavement at the entrance to the hotel; and two tall flies, with gaunt horses, drew up portentously at Mr. Eldred's door.

No ribbons, rosettes, or white gloves were visible. The whole affair was, outwardly, mean and contemptible. As the charioteers of the hymeneal cars drove past the De Bœuf Arms, freighted with the bridal party, they winced at the sarcasms of the louts, and lashed their steeds savagely. Those callous quadrupeds, who seemed to have outlived their natural susceptibilities, maintained a dogged jog-trot, and only threw up their noses and jerked out their hind-feet in a manner indicative of irrepressible disgust.

Within a minute after the passing of this cavalcade, two gentlemen, plainly attired, emerged from the broad portal of the hotel, and walked briskly toward the church. The awkward youths parted right and left to let them pass; one or two of them touched their caps involuntarily, recognizing, by a blind instinct, superior rank and breeding. Both gentlemen were tall—one stout and fair, with a jolly face and light, curling whiskers; the other spare and dark, with luminous eyes, and a large jet-black mustache. The former was the Honorable Julian Harcourt; the latter, George Treloar, late a major in H. M. Twelfth Dragoons. Reaching the parish church in less than five minutes, they found, with surprise, the priest in his place on the chancel step, and the whole party arranged with precision. The bride, supported by her three sisters and brother, with Mr. Eldred on her left hand, stood in the middle, facing the clergyman. The bridegroom and Mr. Harcourt took their places on the right. Both knelt for a few moments, doing reverence to the place and the rite about to be celebrated. But Treloar was annoyed with himself for not having arrived before the bride, and fancied that a rebuke was intended to him by the appearance of being waited for. As he stood up, however, and offered his hand to Edith, the church clock struck ten; he looked at her, as much as to say, "You see I am punctual." But she withdrew her hand with a gesture of vexation, and gave a three-quarter face to her father, thus almost turning her back upon her husband, and scarcely altered this relative position during the whole service. Harcourt was exceedingly wounded, knowing that his friend's pride could ill brook such unwifely behavior. This sentiment was presently deepened into one of positive indignation. The clergyman having asked the question, "Who giveth this woman to this man?" and being answered by Mr. Eldred, placed Edith's hand in his, and was guiding him to place it in that of her husband, when Mr. Eldred withdrew his hand angrily, and a sound not unlike a snarl escaped his pallid lips. The priest then performed the function himself, and proceeded with the solemn service. Harcourt also noticed, with deep displeasure, that Edith's voice was inaudible in the responses which she was called upon to make; whether her lips moved he could not tell, but the clergyman seemed to be satisfied on this point.

At the close of the service the whole party adjourned to the vestry. Treloar advanced to Mr. Eldred, and with perfect courtesy offered his hand, when that gentleman turned rudely on his heel, and the clergyman said, in a low voice, but quite distinctly, "For shame, Mr. Eldred! This is consecrated ground." From that hour to the hour of his death, which took place not long afterward, the lawyer never forgave the priest for those words. But Treloar

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presented his friend to the young ladies and to Alfred, and inquiring after Mrs. Eldred's health, regretted her inability to be present on the occasion. It would have been quite impossible, from his manner, to conjecture that any thing but perfect harmony prevailed; and, indeed, he was more than willing to be at peace with Edith's family. He was too real a gentleman to bring anger and revenge into a holy place; and the presence of Edith disposed him to forgiveness and amity. The clergyman saw this, and wrung his hand with a warmth of respect which he had little expected to feel for a man who had been represented to him as worldly and unscrupulous.

When the usual ceremonies had been executed in due form, Mr. Eldred, who had kept near the door by which they had entered the vestry, drew Edith's arm within his own, and passed hastily into the church and down the central aisle. As soon as Treloar could extricate himself he hastened after them, and overtook them standing between a double file of school-children in the porch. He touched her lightly on the shoulder. "Edith," he said, "will you not walk with me to your carriage?"

"I thought you were never coming," she replied, blushing, with a strange confusion of expressions in her face. Yet she relinquished her father's arm for her husband's.

The children were scattering flowers for her to tread upon, and the eldest girl offered her a white rose-bud, prettily tied up with a crimson carnation and a sprig of laurel. The little attention pleased Treloar, who placed a note in the hands of the schoolmistress, and asked her to give the little ones a holiday and a treat. Then he led Edith to the tall fly, handed her in, and, telling the shabby coachman to drive to Mr. Eldred's house, sprang in after her and closed the door.

His arm stole round her waist. His face lit up like that of an angel beaming with joy. But Edith cowered into her corner, burst out crying, and sobbed, "Let me alone; let me alone."

A few minutes later, walking away from her father's house, Treloar met Harcourt coming toward him. The two gentlemen looked at each other curiously. Harcourt's look seemed to say, "I fear you are not happy;" Treloar's seemed to say, "I fear you suspect I am not happy." Then they linked arms together, and walked back to their hotel.

The major's face had just traversed three successive stages. The first, during Edith's strange behavior at the altar; the second, in that consummate moment when he sat alone with her in the tall fly—alone for the first time with his bride, the girl whom he had chosen out of all the world, and in face of all the world, to honor with his love; the third, when, baffled, puzzled, and pained, he had left his bride, for the last time, in her father's house, and was walking, perhaps for the last time also, to meet Harcourt, and spend a parting hour with the trusty friend of his youth. A physiognomist who might have seen his face in each of these phases would have decided that Mrs. Treloar had her destiny in her own hands, for great good or for great evil. The man was evidently, like Titian's Petrus Arretinus, "*Virtutum acerrimus ac vitiorum demonstrator.*" If he was, as Harcourt and all who knew him well averred, "a gentleman" (in the noble use of that ill-used word), this result was not to be attributed to any defect of the stronger passions, or any excess of intellectual over animal energy. It was the effect of a powerful will, trained skillfully in the first instance, and afterward exerted vigorously in aid of the nobler parts of his character, and in the suppression or restraint of those qualities which needed no indulgence. It required no physiognomist to see that he was sensitive, proud, resolute, and unsparing of himself where his purpose required a victim. The almost illimitable tenderness of this strong nature was not so apparent. Edith thought that this quality had sprung up within him, toward her only, out of the depths of his love for her. She was quite prepared to find him stern, and even cruel, to others, and rather wondered at so great a measure of gentleness having extended from her to cover her father. Moreover, she was quite prepared, without knowing it, to be angry and jealous of any other object of his tender regard.

No keen observation either of her face, with its fleeting gleams and pallors, of her eyes, with their expanding and contracting pupils, now of the deep sapphire blue, now a cold greenish-gray, or of her changeful manner, was necessary to indicate that Mrs. Treloar was unfitted by nature or by training to have charge of her own destiny. Had not her husband been love-blind he might at once have seen that it was so. He would, indeed, have seen it, and would have changed his nature for her sake; would have allowed his will to be supreme law for her, and held tenderness in a leash, and covered sensitiveness with an iron mask. Could he have sounded her shallow, turbid affections, measured her narrow, stunted mind, and estimated the greed and violence of her passions, he would have controlled her, and so protected her from herself. But true love sees the radiance of beauty on the treacherous surface, multiplies this a thousandfold in its own fantastic prisms, and sinks into a rapturous trance, from which it often awakes disenchanted, and discerns too late that its vision of bliss was the Slough of Despond, and its gleams of beauty *ignes fatui*.

Divided and distraught within herself, Edith had given herself to a man whom she loved, yet feared; loved passionately, feared horribly. And out of the depth of the terror which possessed her when she thought that he might be false arose a desperate ferocity, a burning desire for vengeance upon him and upon her father; upon him for betraying her, and her father for taunting her with her risk. Upon her father she had already, in part, executed the vengeance

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which he had deliberately provoked, but, in so doing, had cut herself away from all former moorings, and inextricably bound up her future with that of a man who was a greater stranger and mystery to her than any one had previously been.

Will it be credited that, in the very carrying out of this unfilial vengeance, a revulsion of feeling set in? Edith was wholly unlike the typical young lady of the period, both in disposition and in those relations amidst which her character had received its abnormal development. It may have been from the picture of baffled rage which her father's face presented on that fatal morning, contrasted with the calm triumph in her husband's eye; it may have been from a tardy conviction that all the opposition which she had encountered must have arisen from genuine love for her and care for her interests; it may have been merely the voice of nature, and the suppressed power of old associations, bursting through the barriers which passion had erected in their way. From whatever causes, the result was indubitable and irresistible. A passionate pity for her aged and miserable parent sprang up within her. An overwhelming recollection of all that he had been to her and done for her in childhood and youth, of his unfailing gentleness and inexhaustible kindness, of his forbearance toward her self-will and wayward humors, of how much indulgence and care he had given, how little gratitude and consideration he had received —these feelings broke through the constraint which she had laid upon them, and filled her with remorseful tenderness. The past rose up from its grave. The future was clouded and troublous to her tearful eyes. The man in whom the future centred, despite her own will and willful longing, appeared as the destroyer of her filial duty and girlish innocence—as the embodiment of a dark, unrelenting, and mysterious destiny.

Nor was Edith the girl to accept things as they are, and to resolve to make the best of them for the sake of peace and happiness, much less from a sense of duty and resignation to the inevitable. There is no tyranny like the habit of yielding to emotion. It had assumed a complete mastery of her, and swayed her this way and that as it would. If her humor was to repine, she would fume and fret and chafe and rebel, and secretly contemplate any means, however terrible, of canceling the cause of her regret. If her humor was to rush blindly into an unknown future, she would do so with reckless ardor and self-abandonment, trampling madly on the past and present. Rarely, if ever, was she willing or able to give herself heartily to the present, with wisdom, even of the low egotistic sort, derived from the past; or with a confidence, even that of the fatalist, much less one serene and calm, in the future. Rejecting that which was actually within her grasp, she was ever yearning and striving after shadows, and that with a fatuous impatience and impetuosity which not only robbed her of present content, but threatened, in some sudden access of emotion, to plunge her into some dire and irremediable calamity.

Thus the last hour which Edith passed in the home of her childhood resembled more the lull which precedes than the calm which succeeds a storm. A sullen silence fell upon all the members of that unhappy family; and when her husband drove up to the door she descended the stairs of her father's house, for the last time, with a smile more like the first fitful gleam of lightning than the peaceful ray of returning sunshine.

THE BANK OF ST. GEORGE, GENOA.

THE Bank of St. George was a political anomaly—a monetary phenomenon—that for four hundred years was the marvel of European finance. A body corporate, distinct from and independent of the civil authorities, having its own separate laws, officers, and administration, it afforded the rare spectacle of a sovereignty within a sovereignty—a strange and ingenious politico-financial contrivance, which excited at once the wonder and admiration of European capitalists and political economists.

Founded upon an abstraction, with a national debt for its capital, and a bankrupt treasury as a sinking fund, with no other security than the faith of the republic and the integrity of its directors, its shares, nevertheless, commanded a premium, and its bills were preferred to coin. Gradually absorbing first the revenues, and then the colonial possessions of the state, it had the custom-house for an auxiliary, extensive colonies as collaterals, with the wealth of the Levant and the Indies as a reserve fund. Foreign capitalists became its depositors, sovereign princes its creditors, moribund millionaires remembered it munificently in their legacies, while fire, plague, and pestilence, by diminishing its liabilities, augmented its resources.

It was not, then, simply a banking-house, exercising the ordinary functions of a bank of deposit, exchange, and circulation. It coined money, constructed dock-yards, improved harbors, built bonded warehouses, monasteries, churches, public bake-shops, and ducal palaces. It erected fortifications and manned them, it constructed galleys and equipped them, it acquired provinces and governed them. It was a savings-bank, a sinking fund, a revenue office, and, as the prototype of the East India Company, a politico-commercial oligarchy, that "made war like merchants, and engaged in commerce like sultans."

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At a time when the magnificent financial schemes of John Law and the bursting of the great "Mississippi Bubble" were involving Paris in beggary, and threatening the financial world with bankruptcy, St. George could boast the most solid and substantial credit in Europe, and became the model upon which were subsequently organized the celebrated banks of England and Amsterdam. With an unlimited credit, at a moment's notice it could draw all the gold of Genoa into its vaults, and that, too, when the "rival sea queens" controlled the rich commerce of the Indies; when Genoa alone could dictate terms to the Emperor of Constantinople, it maintained a navy comparable to that of England or the United States, and fought naval battles to which few modern sea-fights, except those of Nelson or Farragut, afford a parallel.

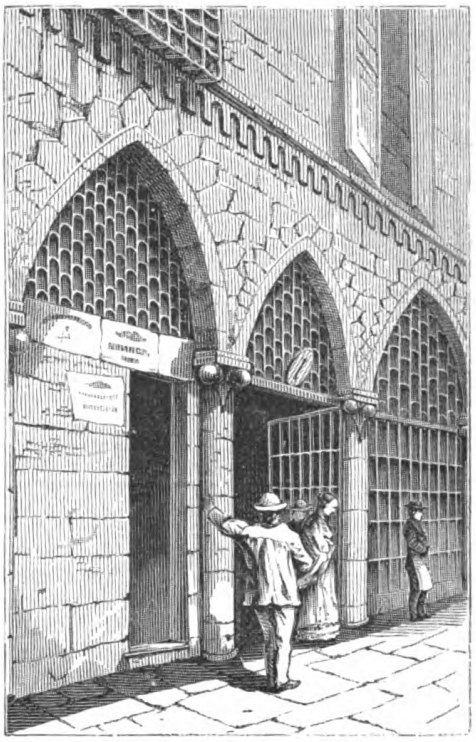
"A spectacle truly rare," exclaims Macchiavelli, "and by philosophers in all their real or imaginary republics never before realized, to see within one and the same political circle, among the same citizens, liberty and tyranny, civil life and political corruption, justice and license; and should it ever occur, as in time it undoubtedly will, that St. George should absorb the whole city, Genoa would become a republic more memorable than that of Venice."

Though the prophecy of Macchiavelli never found its fulfillment, still the destinies of St. George and those of the republic were so intimately united for a period of nearly four hundred years that to write the history of the one would be to give a more or less complete historical sketch of the other. As this would be foreign to our present purpose, as well as impracticable within the narrow limits of a magazine article, we simply propose to indicate, in merest outline, some of the causes which led to the establishment of this, one of the oldest as well as one of the most remarkable banks of which we have any record, and at the same time to give some account of its organization, privileges, administration, and downfall.

It was a maxim of Voltaire that "a state which only owes itself will never become impoverished, while its very indebtedness will become a new and powerful incentive to industry." It is unnecessary to affirm that a national debt is a national blessing. Like all other evils, however, it has its compensations. It lightens the public burdens, occasioned by great national emergencies, by distributing them. Since revolution may involve repudiation, it becomes a strong conservative element in a government, by identifying the interests of the public creditor, whether native or foreign, with a maintenance of the political *statu quo*. It indirectly encourages immigration, stimulates commerce, and promotes industrial pursuits, by creating a desire on the part of every tax-payer to increase the area of taxation, and thereby diminish its severity.

The public debt of Genoa affords a notable illustration of the manner in which a heavy national indebtedness may be made to subserve the public utility by the development of commercial industry. Dating back as far as 1148, it represented the aggregate of a number of loans, many of them in the nature of forced loans exacted from the citizens in troublous times, to which were assigned certain duties or imposts of the government for a longer or shorter period, with a view of providing for the interest and ultimately liquidating the principal. When these were consolidated they no longer bore a fixed rate of interest, but the profits of the bondholders rather assumed the nature of dividends, which were more or less according to the receipts of the customs assigned. Hence it was that each bondholder was personally interested in the development and promotion of commercial and industrial pursuits, with a view of increasing the volume of the revenues, and thereby his own individual profits. Then, too, as it was the interest of every creditor of the government to see that the customs were faithfully collected, since he had no other guarantee for the payment of either interest or principal, each bondholder became virtually a secret detective in the revenue service, thereby most effectually promoting not only the public prosperity, but economy of administration as well as official fidelity.

No one can doubt, to make use of a familiar example by way of illustration, but that the internal revenue on whisky would be more faithfully collected and more satisfactorily accounted for were Congress to pass a law assigning this revenue to the national creditor in



A PORTION OF THE OLD FAÇADE.

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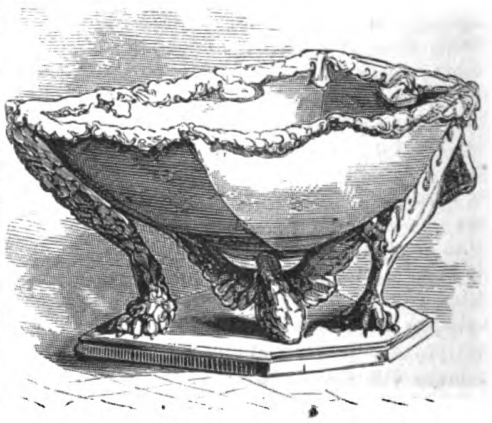
ANCIENT SEAL OF GENOA.

sole payment of the interest of the five-twenty United States bonds, at the same time conferring upon the bondholders or their representatives full powers of administration, including the appointment and removal of officials, together with civil and criminal jurisdiction in all cases of fraud upon the revenue or malfeasance in office.

We have in the tobacco monopoly, or *Regia Cointeressata*, a more recent illustration of Italian legislation and political financiering, involving the same general principle. In conformity with the convention of 1868, the government, in consideration of a fixed sum and an advance of 180,000,000 of francs, surrendered for a period of fifteen years its monopoly of tobacco, with exclusive right to import free of duty, to manufacture and sell by wholesale or retail, to a joint-stock company of bankers and capitalists, with a capital of fifty millions of francs, representing one hundred thousand shares at five hundred francs a share. The company were authorized by the convention to issue bonds to the amount of one hundred and eighty millions, the original advance, bearing six per cent. interest, guaranteed by the government and running fifteen years—the latter in addition to the contract price (*canone fisso*), reserving the right of a participation equal to from forty to fifty per cent. of the net profits, after deducting the sum necessary for the payment of the interest and gradual liquidation of the principal, together with six per cent. on the capital employed in the exercise of the monopoly.

Thus, by the ingenious method of contracting frequent loans, and providing for the payment of principal and interest by an assignment to its creditors or their administrators of the public revenues, did the Genoese republic, for more than six centuries, succeed in controlling, and finally in liquidating, its national debt. These assignments were known under the general designation of *compere*, which were somewhat in the nature of national bonds or public securities, based upon the faith of the government as solemnly pledged in the most formal decrees. The *compere*, which in Venice and Rome were styled *monte*, were distinguished either by the name of the creditor, as *Compera Cardinalis;* or from the duty or excise relinquished, as the *Compera Salis;* or else from the occasion, festival, or saint's day on which they were established, as *Compera Magnæ Pacis*, or *Compera San Pietro*. Thus there were salt bonds, wine bonds, oil bonds, peace bonds, St. Peter's bonds, and King Robert's bonds, and so on through the category.

The *Sacro Catino*, or Holy Grail, so celebrated in legend and song, and around which the sacred idyl of Tennyson has gathered an additional charm, has played no unimportant part in connection with the public debt of Genoa. In 1319 it was pawned by the government to Cardinal Fieschi in order to meet a public exigency, and gave rise to the security referred to above as the *Compera Cardinalis*, or the Cardinal's bonds. It is also affirmed, though I find no record of the fact, that it has more than once been pawned on similar occasions to Jews for almost fabulous sums, that only find a fitting counterpart in Atahualpa's ransom. This sacred relic, if we are to believe the traditional story related by its custodian, who guards it with religious care under a triple lock and key, has a most remarkable history. Originally presented by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon; then the cup used by Christ and his disciples at the Last Supper; then the sacred vase in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood as it flowed from his bleeding side upon the cross. After various fortunes it was at length acquired by the Genoese during the Crusades, when, under the leadership of Gulielmo Embriaco, in 1101, they conquered Cæsarea. In 1806, by order of the French government, it was carried to Paris, and deposited in the Cabinet of Antiquities in the Imperial Library. In 1816 it was restored to its ancient resting-place in the sacristy of the cathedral of Genoa, where it is still preserved. For a long time it was supposed to be a single emerald, but during its removal from Paris to Genoa it was broken, and



THE HOLY GRAIL.

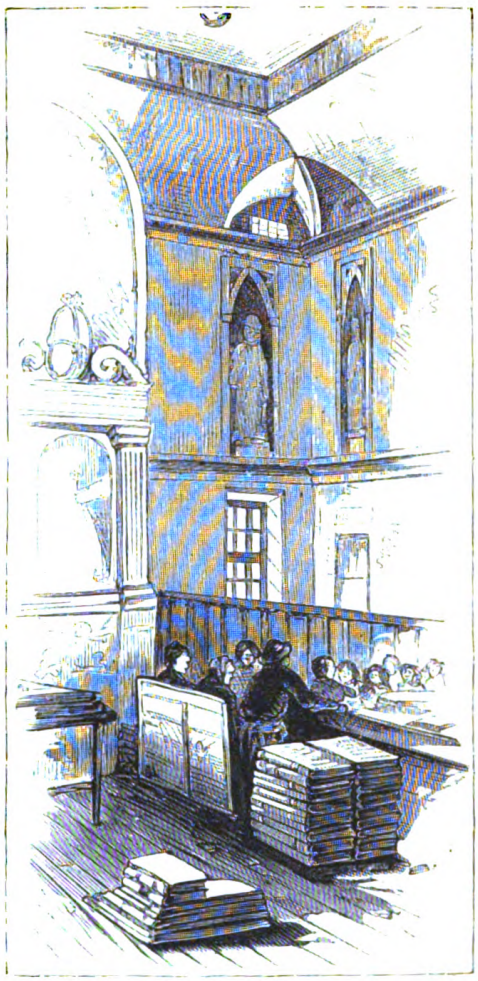
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discovered to be glass, though of extraordinary beauty of material and workmanship. It is now supported upon a tripod, the fragments being held together by a band of gold filigree. Whatever wonderful properties may have been ascribed to the Holy Grail during the quest of the knights of the Round Table, it appears to be no respecter of persons in this practical age, or else every knight is a veritable Sir Gallahad.

Banks, as the etymology of the word indicates, are plainly of Italian origin. When European commerce was in its infancy, the Jews, who appear to be the world's bankers by divine right, were wont to assemble in the public marts of trade, seated upon a *banco* or bench, as money-lenders or brokers. When one of them failed his bench was broken, and he was styled *bancorotto*, or bankrupt. Probably the most ancient bank of modern Europe was that of Venice, established in 1157. The bank of Genoa was partially organized in 1345, and fully established, under the title of St. George, in 1407.

For a number of years prior to its establishment civil discords and the conflicting interests of the various classes of citizens, who aspired to rule the republic, had rendered impracticable any stable form of government, when the Genoese, preferring a foreign yoke to a chronic state of revolution and anarchy, passed voluntarily under the dominion of the French. Boucicaut or Bucicaldo, marshal of France, was sent out as royal lieutenant, and by his firmness and severity succeeded in curbing the ambition of the nobility and restraining the turbulence of the populace. Bold, enterprising, and warlike, to meet the extraordinary expenses of his energetic administration, he well-nigh bankrupted an already impoverished public treasury. Old imposts were augmented, and new ones imposed to such an extent that sailors, slaves, and even the corpses of the dead were subjected to their pitiless exactions. The populace murmured, but, intimidated by the severity of the governor, who punished with death the slightest offenses against his administration, remained tranquil. Meanwhile the public finances were still further disorganized. Universal bankruptcy was imminent. A general consternation prevailed. But when the storm was at its height "St. George lowered a floating spar in the midst of the shipwreck."

In the year 1407 the Council of Ancients, having been convoked by the governor, issued a decree, by virtue of which a commission, consisting of eight of the most upright and distinguished citizens of Genoa, was appointed, who, in view of the fact that the customs had been pledged to such an extent in providing for the public debt that nothing remained to meet the current expenses of the government, were invested with full powers to redeem and relieve the public revenues, to liquidate and convert the national securities, and to do whatever else might be necessary to be done, with all due regard to the interests of the public creditor, in the consummation of so desirable an end.



AN ANGLE OF THE GRAND COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

The result exceeded all expectation. The various *compere*, with the consent and approval of the shareholders, were consolidated into a single one under the title or designation of St. George, the creditors of the government receiving the amount of their participation in the various public securities in the proportion of one hundred lire to the share, and at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, instead of from eight to ten as heretofore. The consolidated shares amounted to 476,706. To the bank were assigned as many of the duties and other revenues as were supposed to be sufficient to pay the interest on the *compere*, provide for the expenses of their administration, and to create a reserve or sinking fund, with a view to the ultimate liquidation of the principal.

The *compere* of St. George, then, was substantially an organized public debt, or rather a great national bank, administered by the stockholders or their representatives, founded upon the national credit, and subsisting by means of the public revenues.

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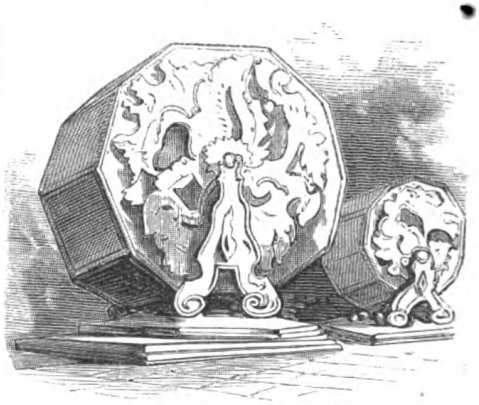
Among the more considerable duties and excises assigned to the bank were those of grain, wine, flax, iron, wood, olive-oil, and salt, together with certain specific taxes, as *caratti*, or tax on all merchandise in transitu for the duchy by sea or land; *censarie*, or tax on real estate, ships, etc.; *embolo*, or tax upon bankers, etc.; *grascia*, tax on provisions; and *pedaggio*, a tax upon all beasts of burden laden with merchandise.

New emergencies, however, necessitated additional subsidies. Whenever the republic was in danger St. George always came to the rescue, until it had granted to the government more than sixty different loans. When the latter had ceded to the bank all its revenues in payment of the principal and interest of the money it had borrowed, it then surrendered its territorial possessions, investing the protectors with civil and criminal jurisdiction, and whatever power and authority appertained to the government itself.

Among the more important of these cessions was the island of Corsica, with "all its cities, lands, castles, fortresses, villas, forests, ports, rivers, fishing-grounds, hunting-grounds, taxes, customs, tolls," etc., which was governed by the protectors of St. George, or their representatives, from 1453 to 1562, a period of more than one hundred years. Besides Corsica, the republic ceded to the bank, in like manner, Sarzana, Castelnuovo, Ventimiglia, together with other territories, cities, and neighboring castles, and finally her possessions in the Levant, or Black Sea. To such a pitch did this arrive that St. George, having absorbed the revenues and colonial possessions of the republic, seemed about to realize the prophecy of Macchiavelli by absorbing the republic itself, when the bank, at the suggestion of Andrea Doria, who was fearful of the growing power of the Fieschi party in Corsica, not only made a voluntary retrocession of the colonies, but also added a large annual grant of money to defend and maintain them in the future.

The *gabelle*, or duties, were of two kinds: those that were inalienable and perpetual, and those that were alienable and for a limited period. The latter were sold at public auction to the highest responsible bidder for a term of from one to five years, public notice having previously been given of the time, place, and conditions of the sale. The purchasers or contractors were required to give ample security, and to pay over the whole amount of their contract, in three installments, within a year from the day of the sale.

The stockholders of St. George ordained among themselves a form of administration, creating a general council of four hundred and eighty, selected from their own number, who exercised general legislative control, with supreme power to make new or change existing regulations, and the exclusive right, with the concurrent approval of seven of the eight protectors, to deliberate upon a demand on the part of the government for a subsidy or loan. It was presided over by the senior member, with the title of prior.



ST. GEORGE'S BALLOT-BOXES.

Thirty-two electors were chosen from the shareholders, who proceeded, on the same day of their election, to nominate eight protectors.

The protectors, who were required to be stockholders to the amount of one hundred shares, exercised supreme administrative control, especially over every thing that related to the *compere*, with power to decide, without appeal, all questions relating to the customs. They remained in office one year, and were addressed with the title of *illustrissimi*, refusing to consider any document that was not prefixed with this honorable appellation.

The procurators, also eight in number, had special charge or oversight of the *cartulari*, or registers of stock, deciding all disputes relating to transfer of the same; they enforced payment in case of delinquent debtors of the bank and receivers of the revenues, and had supervision of the accounts of the treasury or vault.

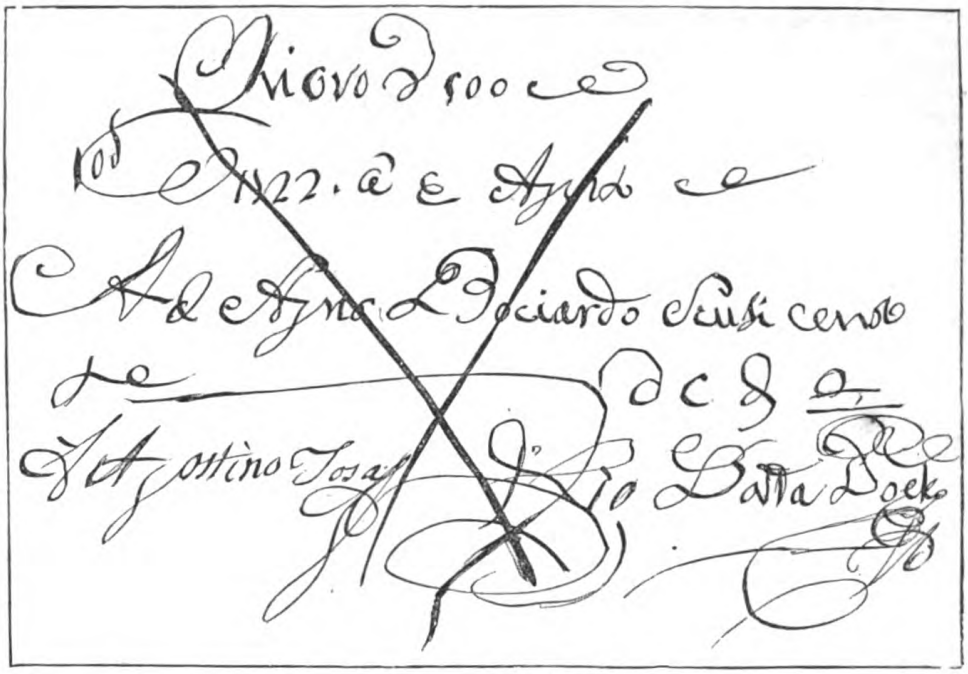
The *sindacutori*, four in number, were specially charged to enforce the exact observance of the rules and regulations of the bank. It was their duty to correct errors, investigate frauds, and, in case of malfeasance in office, to arraign, inquire into, and censure the conduct of any official or employé whatsoever, with power of inflicting a pecuniary fine not exceeding one thousand francs for every offense, together with liability to damages.

In addition to these there was a large number of subordinate officers, among whom the most important was the *sindac*, who exercised the functions now discharged by a comptroller-general of finance.

In glancing over the list of salaries of the various officers, we find that a cashier received seven hundred and thirty-seven francs per annum, while a weigher of salt received twenty soldi per month.

As already intimated, every hundred lire of credit constituted a *luogo*, or share, every creditor a *luogotario*, or shareholder, and the sum total of the shares the *compere*, or capital stock. The names of the stockholders, with the amount

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BANK-BILL OF 1522.

of their participation, were inscribed in eight *cartulari*, or records, corresponding to the eight quarters of the city, so that each quarter had its bank register, and every street its particular bank account.

The bank treasury, or vault, was called *sacristy*, as expressive of the religious care with which it should ever be guarded from fraud and violence.

On the establishment of St. George the rate of interest, as already stated, was fixed at seven per cent., which certainly was not excessive, when we consider that the minimum rate at that time in Europe was ten per cent., and that Jews, who demanded twenty, with the addition, it may be, of Shylock's "merry bond," were invested with special privileges, and hailed as deliverers from the more extortionate exactions of native usurers. As the interest, however, partook more or less of the nature of dividends, depending upon the receipts of the public revenues, which varied with the increase or decline of commerce and trade, it sometimes did not exceed five per cent. upon the original value, or two and a half per cent. upon the market value of the *compere*.

The bills of the bank, which were first issued in the early part of the sixteenth century, were written upon thick, heavy paper, with the date, denomination, and name of the creditor, and then countersigned by the notary. When canceled a corner of the bill was clipped off, or transverse lines, in the form of a cross, were simply drawn across its face with a pen. No bill entered into circulation without its equivalent in gold in the vaults, and was paid in coin on presentation at the counter. Such was probably the origin of paper-money, and such were the simple expedients adopted to prevent counterfeiting and fraud before chemistry and bad faith had made such wonderful progress.

As the independence of St. George of governmental control was guaranteed by the constitution, the relations of the bank to the republic being defined and adjusted by the most formal decrees, the government could not interfere in its management or administration without violating its most solemn compacts, destroying its own political constitution, and thereby destroying itself.

Among other privileges and guarantees, the government pledged itself not to create any new imposts, nor to augment any of those already existing to the prejudice of those assigned to the bank.

The protectors were invested with civil and criminal jurisdiction, the former in all cases whatsoever that appertained to their office, the latter in all such as related to frauds upon the revenue, or maladministration on the part of the officers of the bank.

A safe-conduct accorded by the government was not valid in the case of a debtor of St. George.

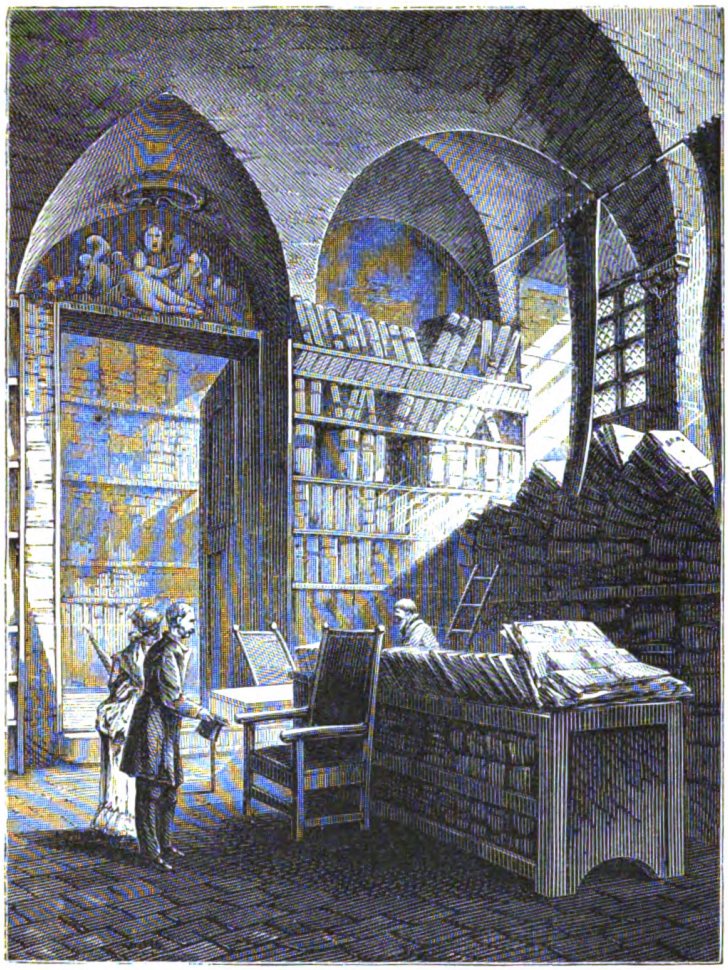
The shares of the bank were not transferable without the consent of the holder, or by way of inheritance, dowry, or bequest, not even by virtue of a decree of the highest courts.

Its bills were a legal tender.

It had exclusive jurisdiction over delinquent debtors, without formality of trial or right of appeal.

Its officers were exempted from holding office, even such as no citizen could refuse under penalty of heavy censure and pecuniary fine.

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THE ARCHIVES.

Whatever views may be entertained of the political propriety of conferring such privileges upon a body of capitalists, one thing is certain, that, notwithstanding the apparent incompatibility of the contemporary existence in the state of a sovereign and independent body corporate, the adjustment was effected in such a manner that they subsisted distinct, and yet operated in harmony, to the mutual advantage of both the bank and the republic, for a period of nearly four hundred years.

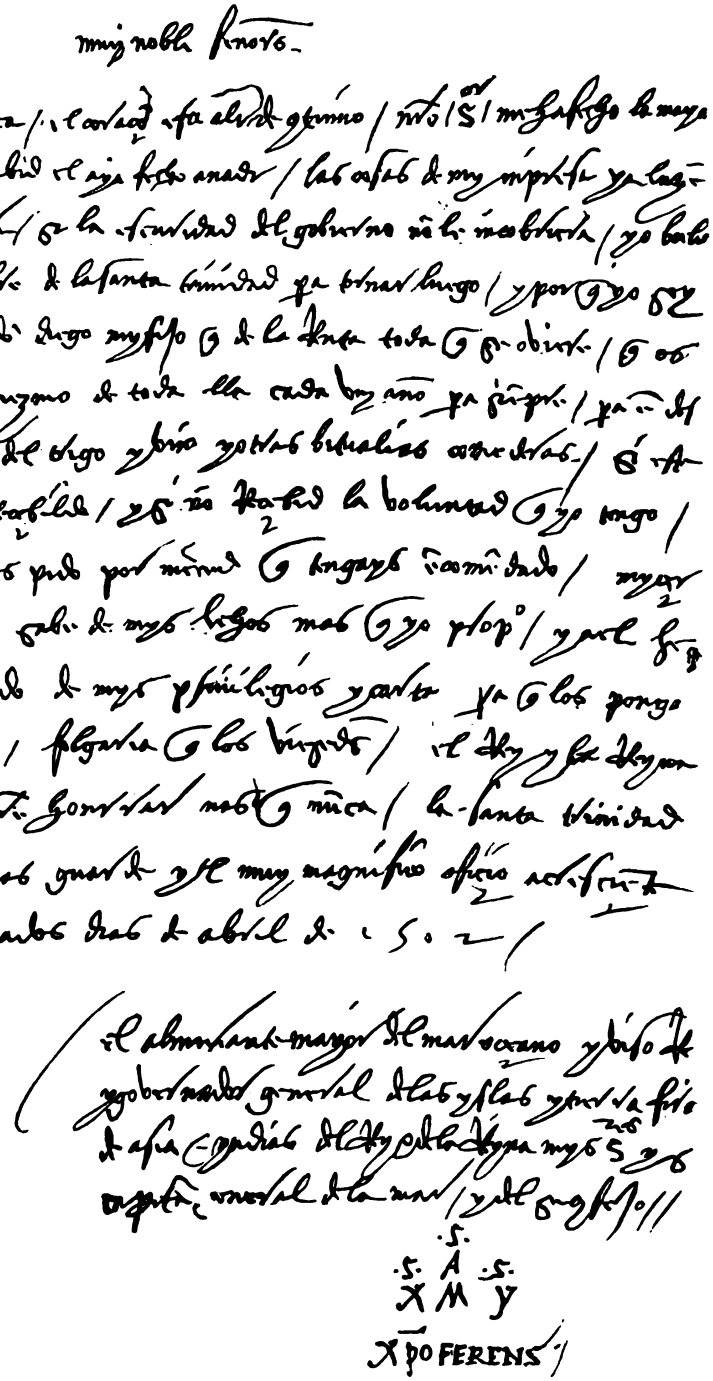
Quite as remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that a moneyed institution, usually so sensitive to political change, should have uniformly maintained its credit, and steadily augmented its resources, undisturbed by the conflict of parties, while the republic was convulsed by aristocratic feuds, civil discords, and chronic revolutions. In the midst of those political changes so frequent in the annals of Genoa, whoever among the rival factions were the victors, whether Guelph or Ghibeline, Fregosi or Adorni, Fieschi or Doria, they all pledged their fidelity and alike swore allegiance to St. George. Amidst sack and pillage, famine and plague, anarchy and discord, public calamities, popular conspiracies, and political convulsions, St. George remained quiet and serene, casting far and near its benign and cheering ray, like a solitary pharos amidst the stormy elements that ever and anon threatened to involve the state in shipwreck and disaster.

The year 1797 was fatal to St. George as well as to the republic. Its privileges were abolished, as incompatible with the sovereignty of the people. The duties and excises so long under its control were restored to the government. Its bills, once preferred to gold, were worth but little more than the paper upon which they were stamped. Grass grew in the streets of the Porto Franco, whose extensive magazines, where once was stored the wealth of the Indies, were publicly sold to satisfy its clamorous creditors. The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope had transferred to England the commercial supremacy of Europe, and the commerce of Genoa was but the shadow of its former greatness.

In 1804 an attempt was made to revive the bank, but it was dead beyond the hope of a resurrection. The violated faith of the republic was its death-blow. Its prestige was gone. Its patron saint no longer vouchsafed his powerful protection. The richly freighted argosies of the East whitened other seas, and St. George was more successfully invoked upon other shores. Such was the end of that remarkable establishment, which for nearly four centuries was the wonder and admiration of Europe, and together with which the recollections of the glories of the Genoese republic will go hand in hand for all coming time.

There is a stroke of poetical justice in the absorption of St. George by the custom-house, which had once been so completely absorbed by St. George. The old bank building, originally built by Boccanegra, who, having rendered himself obnoxious to the citizens, determined to erect a palace sufficiently grand for his dignity, and sufficiently strong for his

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AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF COLUMBUS TO THE BANK OF GENOA.

security, is now occupied by the custom-house. According to some authorities, it was constructed with the stone of the Palazzo Veneto, in Constantinople, destroyed by the Genoese, and brought to Genoa by Antonio Doria about the middle of the thirteenth century. Originally in the form of a quadrangle, by successive additions, in connection with the Porto Franco—a double range of bonded warehouses—it rather presents the appearance of a small fortified city, defended with draw-bridges and surrounded by walls. The principal façade is adorned by a fresco of the celebrated Tavarone, representing St. George and the Dragon, and is surmounted by an ancient clock tower and bell, upon which is the following inscription: "*Anno* 1667. *Dum campana sonans ex equo divido tempus.*"

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Exteriorly it has probably undergone but little change since the downfall of the bank; but of the interior arrangement the archives alone remain intact. Five large rooms, well filled from floor to ceiling, contain these precious, musty manuscripts and records, guarded as jealously now as formerly, when not even the employés and officers of the bank were allowed to consult them freely. These records relate in good part to the regulations of the public debt, to the establishment of the several imposts assigned to the liquidation of the same, and to the administration of territorial possessions of St. George. Here every thing is invested with an air of antiquity. Venerable parchments, venerable registers, venerable armchairs, not to forget the venerable *archivista*, who is the presiding genius of the place. Here are ancient bank-bills, dating back in all probability to the origin of paper-money, together with rotary ballot-boxes of antique form, where chance did the voting. Here is a letter of Christopher Columbus, addressed to the protectors of the bank shortly after the discovery of America. It is written in old Spanish, and very much abbreviated. In it he states that, though absent in body, he is present in spirit; that the Lord has conferred greater favor upon him than upon any one after David; that the king and queen wish to honor him more than ever, and his undertakings are meeting with brilliant success; that he is about to embark for the Indies, in the name of the Holy Trinity, with a view of returning immediately, but, since he is mortal, he desires to make some disposition of his interest in the funds of the bank in favor of his son D. Diego. Then follow his instructions to the directors, and then a long list of his titles as admiral, viceroy, governor-general, captain-general, etc., with the simple abbreviated signature, *Christo-ferens* (Christ-bearing), or Christopher.

Leaving the solitude of the *Archivio*, and going below, every thing is astir. The great heart of the city is all a-throb. The Bourse begins to hum, and is populous as a bee-hive. The great marble stairway leading to the grand Council-Chamber of St. George is worn into deep channels by the busy feet of a restless commerce. Where once stood the *illustrissimi* in solemn conclave, you now find boxes of goods, bales of merchandise, dapper clerks, and broad-shouldered *facchini*. There are female employées, and they are in the majority—a delicate sarcasm upon an ancient ill-natured regulation of the Porto Franco whereby ingress was forbidden to women and priests, on account of their smuggling proclivities.

Every where tablets with Latin inscriptions in obsolete characters challenge the attention of the passing antiquarian. Marble statues, with their stony features, rigid ruffs, and inflexible togas, stained with age and covered with the dust of centuries, look down from their ancient niches with an air of haughty pride or dignified surprise, as if fairly startled from their propriety by all this din and deafening uproar.

These statues, some sitting, some standing, tell their own story. If you can not decipher the antiquated characters of the marble scrolls, held out somewhat ostentatiously in their extended palms, you may read it in their posture. St. George established a graduated scale of rewards as a premium on generosity and benevolence. When a citizen left a legacy, either in favor of the republic or some benevolent enterprise, in shares of the bank, he was rewarded with a memorial in marble. When the legacy did not exceed twenty-five thousand francs, the protectors decreed simply a marble tablet with an inscription; from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand, a marble bust; from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand, a marble statue in a standing posture; and for any amount above the latter sum, the same in a sitting posture.

Nearly a century has elapsed since the downfall of the bank, and still St. George is the presiding genius every where. Over the doorways, along the passages, upon the façade, the goodly knight is represented in marble, in stucco, in fresco, but always upon horseback, in full armor, with his lance buried deep in the vitals of the traditional dragon, while his noble steed now ambles in bass-relief like a rude Christmas toy, or flashes in fresco like Raymond's Aquilino, as if conceived of the wind and brought forth by the lightning. It would appear as if the merchant princes of Genoa still cherished the memory of their patron saint in the palmy days of the republic, as if he were still associated in some mysterious manner with their commercial prosperity, just as the ancient Christian emperors, who bore the image of St. George upon their banners, were certain of victory so long as it waved above their heads, or floated from their standards.



SEAL OF ST. GEORGE.

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ANTEROS.

By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," "Sans Merci," "Breaking a Butterfly," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It is the part of a good general to survey a likely battle-ground long before the lines are set in array, and not to hold it wasted pains, even if, by force of circumstances, the issue should ultimately be tried elsewhere. Those keen black eyes of Marian Ashleigh's found full employment, you may be sure, when she was once established in her old quarters; neither was she in any wise disappointed when day succeeded day without her watchfulness being rewarded. Every post brought her letters about her broken engagements, upbraiding or plaintive according to the temper of the writers and the extent of their aggravation; and descriptions in some of these of entertainments in progress or contemplation brought out in tantalizing relief the dullness of Templestowe.

Now country-house life, as it was understood by the friends with whom she had broken faith, being specially to Marian's taste, she was keenly alive to what she sacrificed; nevertheless, she did not for an instant repent it, and tossed aside the most tempting of all these missives a little contemptuously, like one who has been offered for some valuable possession an absurdly inadequate price. Nothing, in truth, could exceed the kindness of her reception by Lord Atherstone; and it was evident that she was the more welcome for coming alone; while Marian was almost surprised by the warmth of Lena's welcome. Indeed, she immediately began to speculate whether some special reason must not underlie this cordiality. Was it possible that domestic solitude had become intolerably irksome to Lady Atherstone? This in itself would be a notable point; but Marian felt sure this was not all; and as each night, alone in her chamber, she, so to speak, cast up the accounts of the day, more confident grew her quiet smile. That she kept her ears open, too, both at home and abroad, it is needless to say; and she had leisure to pay and receive many visits, for she herself was no horsewoman, and positively insisted on Lena's not altering, on her account, any hunting arrangement.

If the advent of Caryl Glynne had been comparatively unnoticed, his after-proceedings had already caused some stir in Loamshire, though the finger of rumor, thus far, pointed in a very different direction from what Lady Marian had reckoned on. Partly from indulgence, partly because they had got used to her vagaries, the county folk were disposed to grant Mrs. Devereux large license of action; but there are limits to any privileges whatsoever, and Cissy just now seemed to be imbued with the spirit of the daring demagogue who, to the question, How much treason can a man write without risking the halter? answered, I am trying. Even the most charitable and careless of observers guessed that the wayward dame was now playing with a much more dangerous toy than she was used to handle, and that, if she took not good heed, her dainty fingers might be seared to the bone before all was done.

Within forty-eight hours of that meet at Wilton Major Colville had marched with his detachment; but before he went there had been time for a last interview, in which there were spoken, on one side at least, hot and bitter words. Certainly the hussar did not aspire to be avenged in this fashion, and possibly he was too good-hearted to bear malice long; but had he been more vindictive he might have been satisfied with the retribution that seemed a-coming. Mrs. Devereux's acquaintance with Glynne might almost be reckoned by hours; yet there was over her already an influence the like of which in all her volatile life she had never known.

"Lightly won and lightly lost,
A fair good-night to thee."

This had been the burden of her song heretofore; but she could chant that gay refrain no longer. Her ingenious little arts of tormenting were useless here. It appeared impossible to make Caryl jealous, and next to impossible to make him angry; but she was more afraid of one of his cool, sarcastic glances than of the keenest reproaches that had hitherto reached her ears. He did not woo her after any fashion to which she had been accustomed; for he seldom, if ever, made pretty speeches, neither did he appear specially thankful for any signs of her favor; but the subtle flattery of some of his careless words was harder to resist than the eloquence of his predecessors, and one of his languid smiles outweighed, as reward, all their fluent gratitude. Furthermore, there was added to the others the new incitement—of no mean power on one of Cissy's temperament—of difficulty, not to say danger.

For the first time in their married life Devereux took upon himself to object strongly to his fair wife's amusement, and showed it. It was only a vicarious resentment, after all, that rankled in his honest heart, but was none the less stubborn for that. Colville was one of his prime favorites, and he held that the latter had been very hardly dealt with. In common kindness, when the time must needs have been so short, Cissy ought to have waited till Godfrey's back was turned before filling up his place. And though Dick was quite incapable of keeping up a quarrel with his own wife, he was quite equal to cherishing dislike against the second cause of her fickleness. Outwardly, as well as inwardly, the two differed so widely

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that this in itself was enough to account for a certain amount of antipathy on the Driver's part; indeed, the other's voice and manner were a sufficient cause of offense to him. "Godfrey was a bit of a don," he used to grumble; "but he could speak out like a man, at all events, instead of mincing his words like a girl." There was something else, too, in the back-ground. Dick was wont to say of himself that he was not quite such a fool as he looked; he might have denied, with perfect truth, that he was a fool at all. He was only a simple, single-minded man, who when he trusted, trusted not by halves; who had let the reins of government slip through his fingers rather from overconfidence than from indolence or weakness; neither did he now for one instant distrust his wife's power of taking extra care of herself; nevertheless, he did feel that she was far safer with the audacious admirers who, after a week's acquaintance, made free with her pet name than with the quiet personage who—at least when others were by—never waxed familiar.

It was utterly impossible that Glynne could remain blind to this state of things; but it did not seem to disquiet or discourage him. On non-hunting days some pretext or another almost always took him over to Hunsden; and he never, as some folks do, affected to ignore the fact that the house had a master; but whether the other's temper was fair or foul made no sort of difference in Caryl's careless courtesy; only sometimes, while he watched the lowering face over against him, there would come upon his own a look of amused anticipation, such as a *majo* may wear who, leaning over the barrier, looks right down into a pair of sombre red eyes, that will flash furiously by-and-by under the sting of the *banderilleros*.

The Driver's displeasure had small terrors for his dauntless spouse; and the more he sulked the more sunnily she smiled on the object of his aversion. In truth, her past flirtations had begun to pour in upon her, from their very facility; and about this one there promised to be just difficulty enough to give it a delicious tinge of romance; for the idea of Dick's absolutely controlling or thwarting her never crossed her mind. The giddy little head was fairly turned at last; and even in those few weeks Cissy had contrived to supply a decent quantity of thread for the spindles of the scandal-mongers, and promised to furnish more.

Now Marian Ashleigh—blameless herself on the count of coquetry—had few feelings in common with Mrs. Devereux, and they had never been thrown much together; but, on the whole, she rather liked than disliked the latter, and, in a negligent sort of way, regretted her recklessness; yet she would scarcely have stretched forth her hand to avert its consequences. Another idyl interested her much more nearly, though neither was this what she had gone forth for to see. Before she had been a week at Templestowe she had detected Arthur Corbett's infatuation, and had begun to speculate whither it would lead. That it was almost entirely one-sided, she recognized at once. Watching Lena's face narrowly, she had never once seen it light up when Arthur was announced; and more than once after he had departed she had sunk back wearily, like one who has somewhat overstrained her powers to play out a part, not wholly distasteful, perhaps, but a part all the same. No; if the domestic peace of Templestowe was ever to be wrecked, it was plain the storm-wind would not blow from that quarter; nevertheless Corbett was, ere long, the means of casting light on certain other of Marian's doubts—a light that made her feel sure that her vigilance was not exercised in vain.

One day the banker had ridden over to Templestowe, avowedly on business, and was apparently surprised to find that Lord Atherstone was shooting elsewhere; however, he was easily persuaded to stay to luncheon, and the three sat down to that meal very amicably. He and Lady Marian were old acquaintances, of course; and it was the most natural thing in the world that she should begin to question their visitor about Loamshire news.

"There isn't much stirring," was the reply; "though I think people will begin to talk soon, if they haven't already, about the proceedings at Hunsden. Mrs. Devereux is a cleverish person, no doubt; but I fear some day she'll go too far."

"What do you mean?" Lady Marian asked, arching her brows. "It's only one of her usual flirtations, I suppose; surely Loamshire must have got accustomed to them by this time."

"This is an unusual one, I fancy," Arthur answered, "or Devereux wouldn't sulk over it so. They say that jolly, hoarse laugh of his hasn't been heard for a fortnight. You must remember that rather a peculiar person is now first favorite."

Lady Atherstone looked up, with a cheek certainly paler than its wont, and a hostile light in her eyes.

"I think *you* might have remembered," she said, "that Mrs. Devereux is my nearest friend in these parts, and that it can not be pleasant to me to hear her maligned."

His countenance fell, and though he made shift to answer submissively, he could not force a smile.

"A thousand pardons. I ought to have remembered that; and also, perhaps, that Mr. Glynne is an old acquaintance of yours. Indeed, I should be sorry to malign any one. I only repeated common report, without risking any opinion of my own."

"No, you asserted nothing," she retorted. "You only 'feared.' They're so refreshing, these fine distinctions! If Cissy were here, I'm sure she would appreciate your delicacy. Do let me thank you on her behalf."

It cost him a great effort, but he did contrive to maintain his mock humility.

"You are rather severe, Lady Atherstone.

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If Mrs. Devereux were in your place I think she would judge me less harshly. Have you seen her lately?"

A simple question enough, but it seemed to cover a taunt, for Lena's color rose, and she bit her lip, as if to check a rash reply. Lady Marian glanced inquiringly from one to the other, as though not in the least understanding what was passing. And how thoroughly she understood it all!

"You're not going to quarrel?" she said, in her blunt way. "It's much ado about nothing, depend upon it. I didn't know Mr. Glynne was an old acquaintance of yours, Lena. It is rather odd that *he* hasn't found time to call, certainly. I wish he would, for I own I'm curious to see him, though I don't expect to see at all a 'peculiar person.'"

The brief excitement was past already, and Lady Atherstone answered, quite listlessly,

"Mr. Glynne has called here" (she did not state that he was riding with Mrs. Devereux), "but we happened to be out. I believe he dines here with the Malcolms on Monday. You'll drive this afternoon, Marian? My ponies want exercise. But you needn't hurry away, Mr. Corbett. I want to show you the changes I've made in the north conservatory."

Le bel Arthur made his peace somehow among the flowers, and he was radiant with complacency when he took his leave. Would he have carried off so high a crest if he could have read the meaning of Marian Ashleigh's eyes, as they followed his retreating figure, or overheard her whispered soliloquy?

"These country coxcombs! They are almost too stupid for decoy-ducks."

CHAPTER XXXII.

I was once acquainted with a wise and witty divine, who, for constructing a dialogue out of the most unpromising materials, possessed a talent probably unmatched since the days of Socrates. Indeed, conversation was not a pleasure, but a necessity of his existence; and much as he loved the sound of his own well-tuned voice, he loved not to hear it quite alone. In the absence of another interlocutor, he would assuredly have welcomed any harmless idiot capable of answering yes and no at random. It was a great point, he was wont to say, to open a discourse with such smooth generalities as could not easily be controverted, or offend the prejudices of the most innocent stranger; and, to this end, it was proper to provide one's self with formulas suitable to every occasion. For instance, there are few civilized countries in which one would not be safe in remarking to a fellow-traveler, "There's a good deal of land about here;" or, "At this season of the year we usually have some sort of weather."

Now the principle which this eminent person carried only into dialectics influenced in almost all the relations of life the Reverend Hubert Ashleigh. He had invariably shown himself most kind and cordial toward Philip and his wife, affecting still to take a guardianly interest in the former's welfare; yet, somehow, Marian rather dreaded and distrusted the placid parson; she never could divest herself of the idea that he was playing some sort of game; but what game, or for what stakes, was a question quite beyond her. She scarcely thought it likely that much useful or important information would be gleaned in that quarter; nevertheless, on the occasion of Hubert's first visit to Templestowe (he chanced to be absent during the earlier part of her stay) she resolved to put this to proof, and carried him off into the gardens on pretext of delivering certain messages from Philip on Heslingford business. When these had been sufficiently discussed, Marian walked on for a while in silence; suddenly she turned on her companion.

"Hubert, how do you think things are going on here?"

Every one knows how difficult these quick, point-blank questions, with nothing to lead up to them, are to parry. But Hubert Ashleigh was one of those provoking people who, under the most unlikely circumstances, always seem to have anticipated the particular form of attack. He did not even pretend to hesitate, but answered with his wonted deliberation, neither less nor more:

"Most satisfactorily, I should imagine; but, really, my opinion isn't worth much. I've seen so little of them lately. My work at home has doubled since our branch line was made; and I've just taken a holiday, you know."

"Yes, I know," she said, with a touch of sarcasm. "The parish must be a good deal more troublesome than it used to be. But I suppose you hear, Hubert, if you don't see. Now I wish to learn what you do hear: surely that's only natural."

"Perfectly so; only I hear so little either. It's generally a case of give and take with the gossips; and as they would carry away nothing from our dull parsonage, they bring next to nothing thither. Besides, what would there be to gossip about here?"

"What, indeed?" she said. "Only tattlers will trade on slight capital sometimes: for instance, do people never ask what makes Arthur Corbett ride this road twice a week instead of once a quarter?"

The Reverend Hubert's serene blue eyes opened somewhat wider in faint, half-reproachful surprise.

"Arthur Corbett?" he repeated. "No, I never heard that question asked; and if I had I should have expected to hear the same answer—Business, of course. He is virtually agent to this estate, as you are aware."

"Then the estate now wants almost as much looking after as your parish! Of course he could not possibly have any other attraction; not, for instance, *les beaux yeux de ma belle-mère*."

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The divine drew himself up, and actually frowned.

"You're right in not putting that suggestion into decent English; and I should be sorry to think it was of your own making."

Marian laughed outright. If she stood in some dread of her politic cousin, it was not professionally that he overawed her.

"Your Reverence need not look scandalized; I didn't mean to be uncharitable."

"I've always thought Arthur Corbett too weak to be dangerous, and too honest to mean harm; and I think so still."

"But that don't prevent his perpetually dangling; and this might be only a little more serious case than common."

"Much more serious," he answered, gravely. "Considering Ralph's age and position it would be an unpardonable impertinence, such as not even rumor, much less his friends, have imputed to him yet. But rumor hasn't spared all our neighbors, I'm sorry to say. I can't deny that I've heard talk about Hunsden and—Erriswell."

Marian shot one of her swift side-glances at the speaker. She could not be certain that the faintest intelligence gleamed in his eyes; yet, somehow, she did feel certain that Hubert Ashleigh not only had suspicions, but that his and her own pointed toward the same quarter, and that he had peered, perhaps much deeper than herself, into Lena Atherstone's past.

These instantaneous inductions are quite inexplicable, and, looking back on them, you could no more trace them, step by step, than you could count the grains of an exploding train; but it is strange how seldom they miss the mark.

Marian had great pertinacity of purpose, and, despite the evasion—for so, no doubt, it was intended—she would have probed her cousin a little farther had it not been for this sudden conviction. As it was, she changed her plan at once. If the parties should ever be defined in the family *imbroglio*, it would be time enough then to ascertain on which side this stubborn neutral meant to range himself; at the present juncture it might be rash to inquire, ever so cautiously, where his sympathies lay. So, composing her countenance into sympathetic seriousness, she shook her head.

"What a pity it is! a pity for the Malcolms not less than for others; for I hear they're such nice people. They can scarcely be aware of what is going on; it would be almost kind if somebody were to warn them."

"Kind, but quite impracticable. These matters are very delicate to handle, and one may do worse than merely give offense by meddling. For myself, if I held the cure of souls either at Hunsden or Erriswell, I should hardly venture to interfere. Mrs. Devereux has had great luck hitherto—better than she has deserved, I'm afraid. Let us hope it will last. Mind, I know nothing of Mr. Glynne except by common report; but I do think he'd be much better abroad · better, perhaps, any where than—here."

Once more their eyes met, and if Marian's conviction had needed strengthening it would now have been confirmed; nevertheless, in spite of her prudent resolve, and though she was not wholly dissatisfied with the brief interview, as they were about to re-enter the conservatory she could not refrain from firing just one parting shot.

"Then, Hubert, you think, after all, Monseigneur took a wise step last winter?"

It may be that the parson thought his fair cousin's patience deserved some reward, or it may be that, in spite of constant practice, talking by rule somewhat wearied him; at any rate, for once he allowed a shade of meaning to creep into his benevolent smile.

"Wise? Well, that is much to say; though perhaps it can hardly be unwise if a man at Ralph's time of life, by any innocent and lawful means, secures a whole year of happiness, even if some sorrow should ensue. And why should there be sorrow here? His character is wonderfully altered for the better already, and she seems quite comfortable in her new position, and quite equal to it. And I am sure, dear Marian, the way in which you and Philip have smoothed things for her does you both great credit. Here she comes. Lady Atherstone, if I were not a poor parish priest I should envy you your new gardener. I've never seen the place in such beauty so late in the season, and I admired it, I fear, before you were born."

Almost simultaneously, as it chanced, in point of time, with the colloquy just recorded, another, not much longer, but decidedly livelier, took place elsewhere.

Of the two drawing-rooms at Hunsden the inner one was virtually a boudoir; for within its precincts Cissy reigned absolutely paramount, allowing neither male nor female visitors to intrude without special leave. From this interdict the master of the house himself was not wholly exempt, and though he grumbled sometimes, he rarely ventured to break it; indeed, certain vivid recollections of what befell when twice or thrice he had been unlucky enough to disturb an after-hunting siesta sufficed to teach him caution. It was a cheerful room, by no means luxuriously furnished, and decorated with fewer feminine nick-nacks and more sporting appurtenances than are usually found in such apartments; indeed, even the few pictures on the walls all savored more or less of wood-craft. Notwithstanding this, it was a thoroughly comfortable, cozy place, and evidently adapted to a two-handed chat such as was now in progress.

Every thing had gone on amicably, to say the least of it, up to a certain point, when, in answer to Cissy's question, "What are you going to do on Monday?" Glynne replied, "We don't hunt, then. Any thing you like till late in the afternoon. But, you know, we dine at Templestowe. You don't mean to say you're not going?"

The color, always quick to rise, flashed up in her cheek directly.

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"I do mean it; and this is the very first I've heard of your engagement. You must break it, though, for I want you particularly that evening. We have some stupid people coming here, and I can't face them alone."

Glynne smiled placidly; he was too old an actor not to understand the meaning of those royal bespeaks at very short notice.

"You must face them, though, I'm afraid. It's a bore, of course; but, after all, it don't much matter when you've once got your company manners on. I can't possibly throw over Templestowe; it's the first time I've been formally invited there."

Even her brief experience had taught her the folly of losing her temper with Caryl, and she tried hard to master it now.

"You might surely make this sacrifice to me, if it is a sacrifice. It's the first I've ever asked of you. I dare say you had no special invitation, after all."

"Well, I had, as it happens; at least Lord Atherstone was good enough to repeat it verbally out hunting three days ago; not that that makes much difference. It's a case of conscience—in the country—to keep dinner engagements."

"Conscience!" she repeated, in high disdain. "I wonder the word don't choke you. Conscience has about as much to do with it as the Baron had with sending out those invitations. Perhaps you will say next that you see nothing odd in my having received none."

"On the contrary," he retorted, with infinite coolness, "I do think it rather odd—nearly as odd as that you and my lady should have met so seldom lately, considering what great allies you have been, by all accounts."

Her color deepened, but this time not angrily.

"And whose fault is that?" she said, almost in a whisper. "If you don't remember how my time has been taken up for the last three weeks, I am not going to remind you; and yet I'm certain—quite certain—that Lena is not offended."

His face softened, though it was smiling still.

"That was rather an ungrateful speech of mine, I own. I dare say you're right, and that no offense has been taken. Very likely my lady thought the distance too great in this uncertain weather, or, likelier still, she never thought about it at all."

"Never thought about it!" Why, Lena had lain awake for hours debating the question whether, to save herself a little more pain, it was worth while to risk the rousing of Cissy's quick temper, and, perchance, her suspicions to boot, and, with shame and contrition, had given way to the temptation at last; for it was a temptation of no mean order—the certainty of such an evening as she would thus secure. She never dreamed of deriving any special advantage from Caryl's society, or of interchanging ten words to which the whole world might not listen; but the relief would be intense of watching him for a few hours not wholly engrossed by a comparative stranger. And it was so easily managed, too; for, doubtless, Hunsden lay on the extremest limits of a dinner-drive, and her husband, she knew, would be rather pleased than vexed by the omission of these guests. No wonder that she yielded, reviling her cowardice the while.

Mrs. Devereux guessed at nothing of all this; but the common-sense of which she had a fair share, though it usually lay in abeyance, revolted against the absurdity of that last excuse, and the slender thread of self-command snapped in twain.

"And you expect me to believe that?" she cried out, passionately. "Why don't you bribe me to be quiet with sugar-plums? I've always fancied that you and Lena knew more of each other than either of you liked to own, and now I am sure of it—quite sure."

The sugar-plum suggestion was by no means an inapt one; for Glynne was observing her just then with a lazy amusement, just as a man might watch the vagaries of a pretty, fractious child for whose good or evil training he is not responsible.

"No," he replied, after a short pause. "I dropped my expectations, great and small, years ago, or I should have been even worse off than I am. And life's not long enough for argument; but as soon as you're rational—I don't say reasonable—again you will see what nonsense you're talking. You're rather fond of quoting my past misdeeds. Now—take your own view of the question, and suppose half the stories true—is it likely that, if things were, or ever had been, as you suspect, I should have been here so often, or be here now, for that matter? The road from Erriswell to Templestowe is no longer or harder to find than that which leads to Hunsden. It's a mistake, *ma mie*, to remind me that, in common civility, I ought to have traveled the one rather oftener, and, in common prudence, the other rather seldomer."

There was no menace in his cold, steady eyes, but a kind of authority, before which hers drooped, evidently not for the first time. She cast down her arms at once.

"Don't let us quarrel," she pleaded. "Of course you're right about Monday; and I won't bear Lena any grudge, though we *have* dined and slept at Templestowe before this. Only don't speak so hardly; I'd rather you spoke harshly at any time. And—and—you're not angry—Caryl?"

Mention has before been made of the fatal facility with which this lady glided into the Christian names of her male acquaintances, and accepted the return of the compliment; but she seemed to pronounce this special one with a hesitation akin to shyness; and yet, how her lips lingered over it!

Too near, Cissy—much too near the crater now. The smoke ahead curls no longer in white playful waves, but rolls lurid with the reek of the nether fires; and the crust that your delicate feet are pressing is scarce thick enough to cover the scalding ooze.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

KERNEGUY had rightly presumed that his cousin's knowledge of Caryl Glynne had, till a year ago, been grounded only on flying rumors, not likely to dwell on her memory; and though they had talked it over since, Archie had not himself been able—perhaps he was not altogether willing—to enlighten her further on the subject; nor was it likely that she could have acquired much information elsewhere; nevertheless, she had since carefully built up her own conception of the man; and, if no deeper motive had been at work, would doubtless have looked forward to that Monday evening with a certain eagerness.

In its main elements it was a very ordinary dinner-party, including the usual squires and squiresses, a clerical pair, besides the Hubert Ashleighs, Swinton Swarbrick, and Jasper Knowsley, and a couple of the dragoons who had replaced Colville's detachment at Heslingford. Though Lady Marian was a guest now at Templestowe, she was still sufficiently at home to waive her precedence, and she followed her father-in-law into the dining-room, leaning on Mr. Malcolm's arm. She was surprised, and not ill pleased, to find the chair on her left filled by Caryl Glynne, who had been told off to Mrs. Ashleigh.

Though they are chiefly used abroad, you have probably seen those treacherous *lorgnettes* that, by an arrangement of side-glasses, enable you to scan the boxes on either hand at your pleasure while you are supposed to be intent on the stage in front. Marian could accomplish this optical stratagem without the aid of lenses; and before she appeared to glance in that direction she had so perused every line of Glynne's face that she could easily have sketched it afterward from memory. Indeed, she had no mean skill both with brush and pencil; and, purely from an artistic point of view, there was attraction for her in his rare perfection of feature, enhanced by its soft, silvery setting.

Born with a singularly even temperament, and in the seclusion of her maiden life exposed to few temptations, not even a passing fancy had ever broken Marian's rest up to the hour when, as a matter of policy, well weighed and duly debated, she accepted Philip Ashleigh. Since then, if she was not innocent of other offenses, she had not failed, even for one second, in her loyalty toward the husband of her choice. Such as he was, he sufficed her; and she would no more have dreamed of instituting in her own mind comparisons, moral or physical, to his disadvantage than she would of confuting him before the world, or ridiculing him when his back was turned. Nevertheless, looking thus furtively on this man's face, and listening, without checking her own converse, to his voice—in this, too, she was agreeably disappointed—she was fain to allow that such of her weaker sisters as had found both dangerous to their peace were not wholly despicable: no slight concession from one who, from philosophy rather than prudery, had small indulgence for feminine frailties. But this softening of her mood, if softening it were, neither diverted the course of Lady Marian's speculations, nor abated her vigilance. For a while, a very long while, there was nothing to reward it.

When Caryl greeted Lady Atherstone, both had seemed thoroughly at their ease; and now, though he fed in a slow, dainty, Oriental fashion, Glynne was evidently disposed to appreciate the efforts of the Templestowe *chef*, and did all that was required of him in the way of conversation. To be sure, this was not much; for Mrs. Hubert Ashleigh, being a garrulous dame, was usually quite content if she could secure an attentive listener. And all the while his eyes never once wandered toward the head of the table, where Lady Atherstone sat, looking serenely bored, as was no wonder, considering that she was flanked by Jasper Knowsley and Swinton Swarbrick, the first of whom was notoriously shy and taciturn, while the last favored his society with few remarks till his huge appetite was appeased. And still Marian was not discouraged; truly she would have been disappointed if she had detected in Lena any of the *minauderies*, or in Caryl any of the imprudences, by which underbred folk are wont to betray themselves. Indeed, she so far accepted the position that, finding her right-hand neighbor rather impracticable—Malcolm seemed strangely silent and preoccupied this evening—she sought entertainment on her left, and found it too. For, howsoever they might differ on other points, she and Caryl had at least one feeling in common—a genuine love of art. Discussing the Erriswell pictures, for most of which he was accountable, they soon made this discovery; and over this safe neutral ground they wandered so pleasantly hither and thither that Marian was almost sorry when the signal of departure was given; and afterward had to sustain, to her intense amusement, Mrs. Ashleigh's reproaches for having poached on the latter's conversational preserve.

The men closed up, of course, round Lord Atherstone when they were left to themselves; and the change brought Swinton Swarbrick next to the captain of heavy horse from Heslingford, whom he tackled at once on the subject nearest to his own heart.

"May I ask what you think of our hounds, Sir?" he began, with a grim civility, for he was far from satisfied with the keenness of the newcomers. "Though, to be sure, you've had no great opportunity for judging as yet."

Captain Clayton was a meek specimen of the plunger, and even in his bachelor days—he had lately made an imprudent though most charming marriage—had never been a mighty hunter; but this he cared not to confess, and colored rather guiltily, as he murmured something about "being hardly settled yet; but he hoped, as the season went on," etc.

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"Settled!" the other retorted. "It don't take long to settle a small stud; and I suppose your horses were in condition when they got here, or they ought to have been. Every body knows what sort of station Heslingford is. I've heard some of your fellows say it's almost too good for a detachment. Major Colville said so, for one; and he always thought himself very lucky to get it. Ah! that was something like a soldier. He was a great loss, I assure you—at least to most of us—though some didn't miss him half as much as he deserved."

He glanced sourly across the table at Caryl Glynne, who, at that moment, was intent on selecting the plumpest out of a dish of olives.

Jovial companion as he was, Swarbrick, as his best friends allowed, was somewhat too apt to wrangle, especially over the wine-cup, and was very pertinacious in his prejudices. More than mere prejudice was rankling in his broad breast. He had known Devereux from childhood, and had ever been among the hottest of Cissy's partisans. Perhaps he was more at home at Hunsden than at any other place in Loamshire; though for the last three weeks he had not set foot within those doors. It was, perhaps, natural that he should look with disfavor on the man who seemed likely to bring on that cheery if ill-ordered household such a sorrow as had not lighted on it yet. Finding the challenge of his angry eyes unanswered, he snorted and broke out again:

"And how do you like our country, Mr. Glynne? You've been out often enough to give an opinion, at all events."

If he had said once or twice too often, in so many words, the speaker's meaning would not have been more apparent; but Caryl only smiled lazily, and picked out another choice specimen, as he made answer:

"I like the country very well. I should like it rather better if the grass came a little oftener, and the fences a little seldomer. It takes some time to get used to being always in the air."

The other caught at the handle of offense, slight as it was, with an absurd eagerness.

"That's what all the swells say," he growled—"at least, all except the very straightest goers, like poor Colville, for instance. Why don't they stop in their own countries, then, if they're so hard to please?"

Jasper Knowsley shot a warning glance at his prime minister, and Lord Atherstone himself frowned.

"That's a curious way of arguing," he interposed—"first to press a man for his opinion, and then to quarrel with him for giving it. If strangers don't abuse our country at first, it's about as much as we can expect. I think there is much to be said in favor of our light plows; but it takes time to find out what a scent they carry. I really believe, though, we show fewer blank days than they do down in the grass. You'll please Swarbrick by allowing that much, Mr. Glynne!"

Though Caryl's courteous reply evidently did not quite appease the irate Swinton, it paved the way for harmless general talk, which went on till coffee was brought in.

Mr. Malcolm's countenance—grave throughout the evening—had grown graver yet while that passage of arms was impending. To him, at least, if to no other person present, the motive of Swarbrick's churlishness was clear. His notions on these subjects were quite sufficiently civilized, and he grudged no man or woman their amusement—in reason; but he had honest, old-fashioned ideas as to where the flirtation line ought to be drawn; and he had been tormented of late with serious doubts as to whether the limits had not been already overstepped, and whether Caryl's reformation was as complete as he had believed. These doubts, it now appeared, were not confined to his own bosom; and while he realized this the good Robin's brow waxed more overcast. His conceptions of hospitality were on the grand colonial scale, and he was disposed to allow the largest license to any sojourner within his gates. Nevertheless, he was not minded to aid or abet, ever so tacitly or remotely, an act of wrong-doing. While he pondered the general move was made; and he was fain to defer the sifting of these things to a more convenient season.

The great drawing-room at Templestowe was one of those square, uncompromising apartments that keep all their tenants more or less *en évidence;* and Glynne, lingering for a moment as he entered, took in the arrangement of the party assembled there at a glance. In a remote corner sat Lady Atherstone, apparently deep in discourse with Mrs. Ashleigh and the other parsoness, for she never lifted her eyes, or once looked toward the opening door; nevertheless, he made two or three steps in this direction before he checked himself, and turned toward a sofa occupied by Lady Marian and Mrs. Malcolm. They, too, were conversing rather earnestly; and as Caryl drew near the latter beckoned with her fan, as though impatient of his dilatory approach. It was plain enough from Emily's manner that her husband had not confided to her his misgivings, and that she had not yet begun to look on her cousin as even a possible delinquent.

"We've been discussing the dance question, Caryl," she began, "and you'll be glad to hear Lady Marian quite takes your view of it. She won't allow that there's any danger of our being considered 'forward' if we confine the invitations to those we know personally. Really, people have been so very kind that these will make up almost as many as the rooms will comfortably hold, and a crowd in the country is such a mistake."

"I *am* glad to hear it," he answered, with a courteous smile; "for I spoke with a certain amount of diffidence, you'll remember. Robin's scruples won't stand for a moment, I'm sure, before such an authority."

Lady Marian smiled in her turn quite cordially.

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"A poor authority, I'm afraid," she said; "but it's a disinterested opinion, at all events; for I gave up round dances when I married, to please Mr. Ashleigh, and square ones are no strong temptation; but I think it a capital idea, and the Loamshire demoiselles owe Mrs. Malcolm a civic crown, if only for the example's sake, and the pleasant variety to the set county balls. And the time suits admirably, especially as you've been thoughtful enough to provide a moon."

"My conscience is clear," Mrs. Malcolm observed, "and I believe I can answer for Robin's now; but before it's quite, quite settled I ought to consult Lady Atherstone. Don't you think so, Caryl?"

He raised his brows as though the question were superfluous.

"Clearly, if you have not done so already. She seems rather busy just now, but no doubt she'll be at leisure before the evening's over."

"There's nothing like settling these things at once," Marian said, decisively. "Mr. Glynne, I dare say you wouldn't mind asking Lady Atherstone to spare us just five minutes. There's no fear of offense being taken over there, for Alice Ashleigh's my cousin, you know, and Mrs. Cresswell's a very old friend."

Without a trace of discomposure or reluctance Caryl nodded assentingly; but as he lounged away to fulfill his mission Marian's gaze followed him more eagerly than ever.

Till he actually stood at her side Lena never checked her conversation, nor seemed aware of his approach; and this was in itself full of significance to Marian. The colloquial powers of either of the other occupants of that corner were by no means sufficient to account for such rapt attention on the part of their hostess; yet when at last she looked up into Caryl's face it was with a countenance serene as his own, and she answered his smile with one every whit as conventional.

Scarcely three sentences could have been interchanged when Lady Atherstone rose, evidently to comply with the message. As Caryl stood aside to give her room to pass, Marian was sure that his lips moved. Lena did not pause for an instant, or turn her head, or answer a word; but, for the first time that evening, a change swept across her face; it lasted not so long as a light breath on a mirror; yet it was enough—more than enough—for the patient watcher; and she exulted in her heart like the fowler who, ambushed near an eyry, has waited till limbs wax stiff and eyelids heavy for the coming of the eagle, and seeing afar off a dark speck in air, knows that, if he do but keep warily hidden, a very little more will bring the bold, bright-eyed quarry within rifle range.

What would she not have given to have overheard those few muttered syllables? And yet they were strangely simple ones—too simple, one would think, to set any woman's heart-strings a-quivering.

"It's rather hard work."

To any other ears the words might have carried no deeper meaning than that the speaker had been unreasonably bored with the after-dinner talk, or overborne earlier in the evening by the garrulity of Mrs. Ashleigh, within the scope of which he now risked himself again. To Lena's they carried—just this:

"I am growing weary of my part—that it was a part, and for whose sake it has been played, you have known, or ought to have known, all along—so weary that if you do not aid a little I may throw it up to-night."

That cipher language—it is very easy to read when one has mastered the key; only its secrets are sometimes as costly as those of necromantic lore, and are bought at the price of an immortal soul.

If Glynne had been the Tempter incarnate he could scarce have spoken those words more seasonably; nor would they have borne their fatal fruit more swiftly. They woke in Lena's breast an echo at once—the echo of a whisper that she had striven to silence sometimes, and sometimes listened to with a terrible eagerness—the whisper that murmured, "Despite all appearances he has never forgotten the old days nor me. I have only to beckon with my slender finger, or 'blink with my bonny brown eyes,' and he will come to be dealt with as shall seem to me good, let who will say nay." She might have been braver and wiser a year—ay, or a month—ago; but the intermittent fever of the last three weeks had sadly minished her strength; and she could not shut her heart now against the flirt of guilty happiness beating against its gates. It was wonderful that she could manage to preserve her outward composure; for this, at least, she did achieve.

Whether, if Caryl's lips had remained quite dumb, she would have hesitated to countenance the Erriswell festivities would be hard to say; as it was, she seconded Lady Marian's view of the case without reserve. Malcolm must have seemed churlish if he had maintained his scruples in the face of such authorities, especially when Lord Atherstone—smiling grimly at being consulted on such a question—cast the weight of his opinion into the same scale. So the dance—Emily entreated that it should not be called a ball—was decided upon then and there.

Glynne soon lounged back again, and mingled with the group round the sofa. Both then and afterward he frequently addressed Lady Atherstone, and she replied in due course; but Marian could have sworn that during the rest of the evening not a sign or word of intelligence passed between them.

Nevertheless, that astute person betook herself to her well-earned rest with the serene satisfaction of a skillful engineer who, after careful survey of the enemy's lines, can point to a weak place that may one day make void all other fences of the citadel.

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THE TREAD OF INVISIBLE FEET.

THEY were walking slowly, she leaning on his arm, on the little pier that ran out into the sea. Her little brother and sister were playing on the beach not far away. It was evening, and the sun had gone down, and Venus was just beginning to shine in her mild and silvery splendor over the quiet waves. This was a delicious, hardly known, little village by the sea in one of the Atlantic States. Trade had little to do with it; fashion had not found it out as yet. Perhaps some day it is destined to have its strand covered with bathing-machines, with young ladies in costumes that would have astonished the Nereids; perhaps there will be a band playing every evening on that pier where now our lovers are walking almost unseen of mortal eyes; perhaps there will be fashionable hotels, and six dollars a day for board; perhaps there will be splendid carriages and amazing teams; perhaps the correspondents of newspapers will devote half a column weekly to an account of the visitors and the doings at this spot under the general title of "Our Fashionable Watering-Places." Perhaps all this may happen. It is possible; it is even probable. But when the place becomes thus fashionable, dear reader, it will care nothing about you or me; and we, in revenge, will care just as little about it. At the time this story tells of, a very few years ago, it was a place as delightful in its seclusion as in its scenery—a place, certainly, where happy people might make love, but which as yet idlers from hot cities had not desecrated by turning into a flirtation promenade.

Elsie Roland, the girl now leaning on the arm of her lover as they walk up and down the pier, had been living for many years a secluded and happy life with her father and mother in this village by the sea. Some time ago Mr. Roland was an enterprising man in commerce, living in New York, and making money very fast; but he broke down in business and in health together, and having saved from the wreck of his fortune, after paying all his creditors, just enough to maintain himself and his children in a very poor and stinted sort of way, he found out this little village, and came and settled there. Either he had too much philosophy or too little spirit to tempt the chances of life any more. He yielded his broken sword to conquering Destiny; escaped with barely life from the wreck, he hung up his dripping garments as an offering to the sea-god, and tempted the winds and waves no more. Elsie Roland hardly remembered what people would have called the better days of the family. She lived a pure, poetical, delightful life, and even knew that she was happy.

Especially did she recognize the fact this evening as she paced the pier, and leaned upon her lover's arm. Let us look at them. She is a tall, handsome girl, with fair hair and blue eyes, and an expression at once thoughtful, simple, and noble. There is a certain peculiarity about the expression of intelligent and refined people, women especially, who live in secluded places deep in the country or by the sea. The serenity and stillness of nature herself seem to be reflected in their calm, confiding, contemplative eyes. They do nothing suddenly and by starts. They do not dart flashing glances at you, but look at you frankly and quietly, without hastening to let fall their eyelids or avert their eyes. Elsie Roland was of this class. Calm nature had set its solemn stamp on her; and you would have known at the first glance that she was not a town-bred girl. You had, on the other hand, only to turn your eyes upon her lover for one moment to see that he had bathed pretty freely in the rough sea of life, and in most of its moods. The first impression conveyed to you was one of striking disparity as to age. Elsie surely was under twenty years old, and this man seemed to be at least forty. He was rather tall, very dark, with wavy hair and beard, which were already showing the first faint dawn of gray; and his handsome face, with its broad forehead and delicate chin, was deeply lined. Much experience and struggle and passion surely, and suffering doubtless, must have gone to mark that face thus distinctly; for now, as you looked a second time, and more closely, there was something in the general contour of the man's face and figure which seemed to declare him younger than the first appearance gave him out, and to tell that that hair was prematurely losing its color, and that forehead was lined and seamed too soon. He looked into Elsie's face with an expression of deep affection and tenderness, and she gazed into his eyes with a regard of confidence and love unspeakable.

Christie Cleveland—such was the name of Elsie's lover—had been a seaman, a merchant-captain, a lieutenant in the navy, an explorer in the Rocky Mountains, a dealer in furs, a wanderer among the Indian hunting-grounds, a whaler in Greenland, a teacher of navigation, a professor in a mining college. He had lived many lives. He had somehow or other got into dealing with Mr. Roland at one time, and the latter owed him money—a considerable sum—which Cleveland did not come forward to claim at the time of the settlement. Mr. Roland put the money aside, and waited, and then advertised in the papers for the missing creditor; and at last Cleveland turned up quite carelessly and unexpectedly one day, not to demand the money, but to inquire how his old acquaintance was getting on. He seemed a little diffident about taking the money, and looked as if he would have liked to ask Mr. Roland to keep it a little longer. But he did not venture on this, being afraid of wounding the old man's feelings; so he lumped the bank-notes into a handful and crammed them into his pocket; and gradually and rather timidly contrived to make useful or handsome pres-

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ents to Mrs. Roland and the children, and so became by degrees a close and cordial friend of the family. They all grew to be warmly attached to him. As a companion he was very interesting; he had seen so much, experienced so much, and could talk so unpretentiously and so well. In short, he became a devoted lover of Elsie's, and she soon made no secret of her deep love for him; and her father and mother were delighted, and every thing on the horizon looked rosy and bright.

These two lovers, then, were walking on the pier this beautiful evening, and talking in low, grave, happy tones (I don't think lovers indulge much in loud bursts of laughter generally, do they?), when suddenly Cleveland came to a stand, and caught the hand that rested on his arm, and looked into Elsie's face with eyes that spoke of pain and wonder.

"Elsie," he said, "do you hear nothing—no sound now close behind us?"

"Nothing, dearest. Surely there is no sound near us except the talk of the children and the sound of the waves."

"Don't you hear any thing now—this very moment while I speak to you—like the sound of feet; of somebody walking round us? Do you really hear nothing of the kind, Elsie?"

"No, Christie dear, not a sound."

"Why, it grows louder and louder. Good God, how I hate to hear it!"

"Indeed, Christie, it is only something in your imagination."

"Yes," he said, in a low tone, and with a sigh which well suited the haggard look on his now pale face, "it must be so; there is nothing in it; and yet you can't think how it disturbs me."

"What is it like, love?"

"Like the sound of footsteps, Elsie—didn't I tell you so?" he said, with some sharpness in his tone. "Like the sound of somebody walking slowly round and round me. It's detestable—it's damnable! Oh, Elsie, my sweet, I beg your pardon for such words; but you know what a rough, uncouth, badly trained sort of fellow I am; and this cursed, nonsensical fancy of mine disturbs me in a queer way; and you won't mind me, dear child, will you?"

"No, oh no," replied Elsie, slowly, and with a tone of hesitation at first. "No, Christie, I don't mind *that*. But I don't like to see you disturbed by any thing. Indeed, I shall grow jealous of this fancy which distracts your attention from me. For you have had it before now, Mr. Christie Cleveland, have you not, Sir? Come, confess."

"Yes, Elsie," he said, and he shrugged his shoulders. "I don't want to conceal any thing from *you*. Twice it disturbed me before while I was with you; but I did not then think it worth talking about, and I didn't know that you observed any thing strange in my manner."

"Oh yes; I have quick eyes, dear, for all that concerns you. Shall I tell you when it was that you had this fancy before in my company?"

"If you can, Elsie."

"Indeed I can, for the very same expression came over your face then that was on it just now. The very first night my father brought you to our cottage, the very first moment when you and I spoke together, you started and looked round on all sides, and your face had just the expression it had an instant ago. Am I right, dear?"

"You are right, Elsie," he said, gloomily.

"The next time," the girl went on, lowering her tone, and looking on the ground, "was the evening here, when—you know—when you told me—"

"When I told you that I loved you, dear girl, better than all the world!" said Cleveland, shaking off in the excitement of the recollection all the gloom and pain of the moment—"when I told you the truth, my love, which I will say now again and again, if you will only listen to me. What do I care about such nonsensical whimsies as these imaginary footsteps! I am ashamed of myself, Elsie, and I don't know what you can think of me. Never mind—and forgive me, Elsie. You have chased away the ghost. I don't hear a sound of her confounded footsteps any more."

"*Her* footsteps, Christie? Is the ghost a woman, then?"

"Why, yes, dear—at least a light tread, you know; something like the tread of a woman, or a child, perhaps. I suppose all ghosts tread lightly, don't they? Besides, there is no mischief, they say, but there is a woman in it; and I suppose the same rule holds good with ghosts. But, man, woman, or fiend, it's gone now, Elsie; and, please, let us not waste our time by saying any more about it." And he began to talk rapidly and vehemently about their approaching marriage and their prospects; but in the midst of his talk he paused every now and then for a moment, and seemed as if he were listening nervously for some sound.

It was growing dark, and the lovers soon returned to the cottage, and Cleveland presently had to make his way to the house in the village where he had taken a bedroom; and so Elsie and he were separated. He was very tender and affectionate to her on their parting, and she returned his affection with frank, maidenly acknowledgment. And why, then, did she go up to her bedroom with a sad and scared face, and shed some silent, bitter tears?

Why did she do this? She herself probably could not have told the reason why in any distinct, intelligible words. She was a girl of education and sense, and she no more believed in ghosts than does Professor Huxley or Herbert Spencer. But there was something in the manner of her lover which surprised, puzzled, and pained her. Why was he scared by imaginary sounds? Why did he not speak more fully and freely to her? Had he not entire confidence in her? Why should he feel pain of any kind

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which she must not be permitted to assuage? Was there any secret meaning in all this which she must not yet know? and would that secret endure after their marriage?

Let me do Elsie Roland justice. No mean and miserable suspicion of the man she loved entered into her generous soul. Brought up not in city life, she had not learned the ignoble lessons of universal suspicion and distrust; and having given her heart to Christie Cleveland, she had given him her confidence and faith to a degree which would doubtless appear unspeakably ridiculous and preposterous in the eyes of a young lady from Fifth Avenue, New York, or Park Lane, London. But it was enough to bring tears to her eyes that there should be any source of disquietude to Cleveland which evidently might not be fully set forth and explained to her. And so, loving him and believing in him no less than ever, she felt that a heavy shadow, the first during their courtship, had flung itself ominously over her; and being, after all, only a girl, she could not repress her emotions, and she wept.

When next the lovers met, however, Cleveland made no allusion to the occurrence of that evening, and Elsie said nothing, and began gradually to think but little about it. Some happy days and weeks passed away, during which these two met evening after evening, and talked over their future and their love without any disturbing sight or sound to mar the sacredness of their association; and Elsie felt more closely drawn to Cleveland than ever.

At last came the evening when, the final arrangements being made, the day of the marriage was fixed, and it was to be in the following week; and the lovers left the house for a short ramble toward the sea.

From the moment they left the cottage Elsie saw with pain and alarm that Cleveland's face grew haggard and gloomy, and that his manner was *distrait*. At last he stopped suddenly on the strand and groaned out:

"By Heaven, Elsie, I can't bear it any longer! Human nerves could not stand it. This horrid visitation is sent to punish me, and to take me from you, or perhaps to save you, poor child, from me!"

Elsie looked up into his face with an expression of horrified wonder. A terrible doubt was working in her mind, and must have signified itself through her eyes; for Cleveland replied to it:

"No, Elsie; I am not going mad. I am quite sane—so much the worse for you and me! I am a scoundrel, Elsie, not a madman. I am not fit to marry you; and the angels have sent this visitation to preserve you. I thought first it was sent by devils to torment me."

"What is it, Christie? What do you mean? Why do you talk so? Do you think I could believe any thing bad of you? Not if all the ghosts came out of all the graves to swear against you! Not I, dearest; I know you better than any of your ghosts."

She was endeavoring to talk cheerily, poor girl, and thus to reassure him, and herself as well. But she was much alarmed and shocked, for all her confident words.

"Listen, Elsie. No man like me could care much about the visitation of a ghost, even were it a ghost, unless something within his own heart and conscience made his nerves weak. This wretched sound, which I fancy I hear just at this moment—only the sound of a girl's feet, child—is enough to make a pitiful coward of me; and I have not led a coward's life for the most part. No, Elsie, my love, you must not marry me, you must have nothing to do with me! I wish, for your sake, I had been down at the bottom of the sea before ever I saw your sweet, beautiful face—before ever I was tempted into forgetting the past by loving you, and thinking that you could love me! Good God! have I destroyed your life too?"

For Elsie turned so pale, and seemed so like to one about to fall in a swoon, that Cleveland had to catch her in his strong arms, and allow her to rest there a moment. But she quickly grew firm again, and spoke with something like coherence, if not composure:

"Christie, Christie dear, can you not speak to me frankly? Tell me what all this means. Let me judge. Am I not to be—was I not to be—your wife, and can you not trust me? Oh, I entreat you, tell me all! I am no child; and before you send me away from you I ought at least to know the reason why. You shall not break off in this way, for I love you, Christie!"

That seemed to the poor girl to give her a supreme, resistless right—to be the utterance of a command which might not be questioned. But Cleveland only looked at her with haggard face, and eyes that were almost void of meaning; and his lips trembled, and his whole aspect was that of one who is unmanned by supernatural terrors. It was a strange and a sad scene. The sea-shore, with its heavy, gray, slumberous waves coming lazily in; the sultry, dark clouds of a summer evening, when the air is overcharged with electric fluid, and a storm is near; the two lonely figures on the strand—the dark, pale, haggard man, and the imploring girl clinging to his arm.

Suddenly voices were heard, and two other forms appeared in the distance.

"Your father and mother, Elsie," Cleveland whispered. "For Heaven's sake do not say a word to them. Not now!—oh, not now!"

Recovering something of composure, with a strong effort, he gave Elsie his arm, and then walked slowly and silently to meet the Roland pair. Then Cleveland murmured some excuse about having to go into the village to keep an appointment, and he left Elsie with her parents. She watched him as he strode along the strand. His head was bent; once he stopped for an instant, and almost turned round; but he evidently would not allow himself to look back, and he presently disappeared.

That was a sad walk home for poor Elsie—

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the saddest she had ever had. But she would not submit, at the cost of any mental torture, to allow her father and mother, as yet, to know any thing of what had happened, or of her state of mind. Mr. Roland was a sweet-tempered, placid, feeble man, utterly useless in any crisis or hour of distress. Mrs. Roland was a plain, practical sort of woman—what people call a sensible woman—who could hardly sympathize with any but material and tangible sufferings. There was nothing yet which Elsie felt that she could possibly confide to her mother.

Oh, how tedious, tantalizing, torturing, that long evening was! how disturbing the noise of the children! how distracting their endless questions! how weary every thing seemed! how wearisome every body! How profound a relief poor Elsie felt when she could escape to her own room! All through that agonizing evening it had seemed to Elsie that life had left to her no higher hope, ambition, aspiration, than a wish to be once more in her own room alone.

At last raised to the height of this poor, sad ambition, she enjoys it by throwing herself on her bed, and pouring out plenteous, passionate tears. Suddenly she starts up—she had not undressed—and runs to the window. For she had just heard sung, in a low, veiled tone beneath, the air and some of the words of a song she loved, and which Cleveland used to sing to her in his full, sweet tenor. She knew it was Cleveland's voice which now sang in low, suppressed notes under her window.

Yes, he was there. The cottage was low, and he could almost touch her window. He sang to summon her. She flung up the window, whispering, "Oh, my dear Christie!" and leaned out.

"Elsie!"

"Love!"

"Child, don't call me by such a name until you know all. Yes, I have made up my mind, and I will tell you all. That is what I came now to say. Then you shall judge and sentence me. If you can endure me I shall believe that God, too, will forgive me. If you condemn me and cast me off, I shall only say that you are right and just. To-morrow you shall hear from me. Good-night, and God bless you!" He was gone.

Does it seem strange that Elsie drew back into her room with a sense of relief, almost a feeling of delight? Certainly she went to her rest hopeful and almost happy, for she could not and would not believe that her lover had done any thing which could render him forever unworthy of her. This innocent judge could not believe in utter guilt, and was already prepared to pardon.

Next morning brought, not Cleveland, but a long letter from him, written in his clear, manly hand—the hand of one to whom writing is no pleasure or light task, and who, when he says much with the pen, must be profoundly in earnest:

"This is a sad story, dear Elsie, but I must tell it. I shall feel the better for telling it, whatever comes; I shall be better able to bear the worst.

"Two years ago, Elsie, I was in one of the Pacific islands trading. A native girl was foolish enough to fall in love with me. She had been educated a little by some of the American missionaries, and she could talk English well. I liked her, too; I was fond of her in a sort of way; but I could not bring her with me and bind myself to her for life. I was glad when the time came for me to go away; and I am ashamed to say I did not tell her, fearing scenes. But she found it out, poor creature, and hid herself somehow on board the ship; and she came out when we were far away to sea, and ran to me. I was ashamed and sorry and angry; and I am afraid I spoke some sharp words to her. She looked me full in the face—I sha'n't soon forget that look—and then ran to the side and leaped right overboard. As I sprang to the bulwark I saw her face again rising out of the sea, and the eyes met mine again, and there was the same look in them—so full of disappointment and despair. The sun was just down, the sea was running high. I saw the poor thing's face just that moment, and never again.

"Of course I threw myself into the sea—not many better swimmers than I—and I did my best to find her and to save her; and they had the boats out in a moment. All to no purpose; we never saw a lock of her hair again above the waves. There was hard work enough for the fellows to pull me out of the water—I didn't want to be saved! But they dragged me out somehow.

"*Hers* were the footsteps that of evenings, just after sundown, haunted me when I was most happy with you. I don't—at least I didn't—believe in such things any more than you do. But say it is only my guilty conscience haunting me, and not a ghost, is not that enough, Elsie, to make me unworthy of you? For though I never wished to harm that girl—though I never thought she would take the thing to heart—I am her murderer all the same. She killed herself because of me.

"This is the story, Elsie. But for this I have not been a bad sort of fellow: ask any one who knew me. If you do not shudder at me and hate me, and shrink away at the thought of touching my hand—if you could still bid me hope, could tell me that some time, any time, I may be forgiven by you and by Heaven—then I shall feel my soul lightened of a fearful load, and I think perhaps, after all, I might yet make not such a bad husband. But if you are otherwise resolved, I shall bow my head and say that you are right, and that I am rightly punished, and I shall not repine; and I shall always think that but for my own crime you would have loved me.

"Elsie, take your own time, and think of it; and if you can still love me, send me one line, one word; say 'Come!' If not, send me back this letter of mine without a word, and I shall accept my sentence, and own that it is just.

"I am, either way, one who loves and blesses you,

"CHRISTIE CLEVELAND."

Many, many tears did Elsie Roland let fall over this letter. But sad though it was, it brought her deep relief. She consulted no adviser but her own soul and Heaven. Neither told her to reject the manly heart which had poured out its penitence and made its appeal to her.

She wrote to him at once:

"Come to me, dearest! This story is your secret and mine. No one else has any right to know it. Let it be my happy task to keep painful memories and haunting footsteps from you for the future."

And Elsie succeeded. Never more did Cleveland start at the sound of a ghostly tread. The love of his wife encompassed him, and the shadows of the past faded away.

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PORTRAITS AND MEMOIRS.

The Duke of Devonshire.—Sir Joseph Paxton.—Charles Dickens.—Mark Lemon.—Augustus Egg, R. A.—Robert Bell.—Douglas Jerrold, etc.

THERE are certain events and seasons when the overanxiety of the mind to write worthily concerning them almost puts what is understood by literary men as "good writing" out of the question. At such times men can not write as they think, or wish to think; they can only record, with more or less coherence, what they feel and remember. And this record, these memories, are often liable to be somewhat confused by the mist which is occasioned by inward tears, the mourning heart, the bewildered brain, the thoughts that "puzzle the will," and cause us to be dubious of our course, as of the realities of life. We read of certain men's deaths as so many "words" which do not represent any such actual facts; and when we seek to meet and measure and cope with the truth it makes us vaguely speculate upon the uncertainties of all the moving lives around us, as though they were so many representations of the "dance of death," in which we ourselves would shortly have to join.

And the latter thought may well glance through the brain, and return to renew the look of destiny with a more fixed regard, when it breaks upon the mind of one of the very few survivors of such a group as that of the once brilliant "Guild of Literature and Art" in London.

This Guild, which commenced with the highest prospects of success, was founded (though the idea had been originated years before by the writer of this paper) by Charles Dickens and Lord Lytton. The latter, at that time Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, proposed to give land upon one of his estates, in a locality suitable for the erection of a college, and to write a comedy, to be acted, with a view to raise a preliminary fund in aid of the object in question; and, in the first instances, the performers were to be celebrated authors and artists. All this was undertaken by Mr. Charles Dickens and the following—shall we say melancholy, list? It would be painful to put the record in a gloomy light. Neither would this be wise or necessary. Let us rather suppose the figures to gleam forth upon the richly painted windows of some beautiful old cathedral, with the organ softly and deeply breathing noble strains, as if from distant clouds, while the spectator beholds the bright images of those who will never more appear upon this earthly scene.

The artists who were engaged on Lord Lytton's comedy of "Not so Bad as we Seem; or, Many Sides to a Character," were Daniel Maclise, R. A., Clarkson Stanfield, R. A., John Leech, Augustus Egg, R. A., Mr. Topham, Mr. Frank Stone, and Mr. Tenniel. The authors were Charles Dickens, Mark Lemon, Dudley Costello, Robert Bell, Douglas Jerrold (all gone!), and Mr. John Forster, Mr. Charles Knight, and the writer of the present brief chronicle. (Mr. Wilkie Collins and two or three others were engaged in subsequent performances; but the above list comprises, I think, all those who appeared in the first instance, when the play was represented at Devonshire House.) The stage architect and machinist was Sir Joseph Paxton; and to his name among the "past and gone" we have to add that of our most kind and munificent patron, the late Duke of Devonshire. It will hence appear that the only survivors of those who inaugurated the "Guild" are Lord Lytton and the three authors previously indicated.

The Duke gave us the use of his large picture-gallery, to be fitted up with seats for the audience, and his library, adjoining, for the erection of the theatre. The latter room being larger than required for the stage and its scenery, the back portion of it was screened off for a "green-room." Sir Joseph Paxton was most assiduous and careful in the erection of the theatre and seats. There was a special box for the Queen. None of the valuable paintings in the picture-gallery (arranged for the auditorium) were removed, but all of them were faced with planks, and covered with crimson velvet draperies. In the erection of the theatre not a nail was allowed to be hammered into the floor or the walls, the lateral supports being by the pressure from end to end of padded beams, and the uprights or stanchions were fitted with iron feet, firmly fixed to the floor by copper screws. The lamps and their oil were well considered, so that the smoke should not be offensive or injurious—in fact, I think the oil was slightly scented—and there was a profusion of wax-candles. Sir Joseph Paxton also arranged all the ventilation in the most skillful manner; and, with some assistance from a theatrical machinist, he put up all the scenery, curtains, and flies. Mr. Dickens was unanimously dubbed general manager, and Mr. Mark Lemon stage-manager. We had a professional gentleman for prompter, as none of the amateurs could be intrusted with so technical, tactical, ticklish, and momentous a series of duties.

Never in the world of theatres was a better manager than Charles Dickens. Without, of course, questioning the superiority of Goethe (in the Weimar theatre) as a manager in all matters of high-class dramatic literature, one can not think he could have been so excellent in all general requirements, stage effects, and practical details of acting, and of theatrical business. Equally assiduous and unwearying as Dickens surely very few men ever were, or could possibly be. He appeared almost ubiquitous and sleepless. We had many (I really think thirteen) rehearsals, six or seven of them after every body knew his part letter-perfect.

Nothing could surpass the princely munificence of the Duke of Devonshire throughout this occasion, unless, indeed, it were his extreme kindness and delicate consideration for

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the feelings of all the authors and artists engaged in the matter. The gates of Devonshire House were thrown open to our dingy hackneys and cabriolets, with all the ceremony of porters and footmen, precisely as though our vehicles had been the usual classes of courtly equipage. A profuse and elegant cold collation, comprising every delicacy in and out of season, and the choicest wines, was always served for the "company," behind whose carved chairs the Duke's own footmen, in full livery ("uniform" would seem to be a more literal term, as they all wore double silver-bullion epaulets); and at most of these twelve or thirteen luxurious luncheons, or *déjeuners à la fourchettes*, his Grace sat down with us, apologizing for the state of his health, which limited him to a very spare indulgence. Some of these scenes would not have been out of place in "Lothair," had the author witnessed them.

The principal scenes were painted by Clarkson Stanfield, but some of them, I think, were the work of Maclise; indeed it appeared that Mr. Egg, as well as Topham and Tenniel, gave frequent assistance, as they were all continually on the stage during the touching up and arrangement of the scenery. Mr. Planché was consulted about the costumes, and it was agreed that the wigs and "make-up" of faces should be as good and characteristic as possible. One military "character," not considering himself sufficiently tall for the part, had a pair of thigh-boots made with cork heels four inches high.

Several amusing incidents occurred in the course of the rehearsals. The first (one can only speak of what one knows) was during the preparation of the scenic arrangements, some alteration in which was required. Sir Joseph Paxton gave his directions, and went away for a time. The hour for rehearsal had not yet come, and we were conning our parts in the green-room. Meanwhile a tall, elderly gentleman, very plainly dressed in a suit of what looked like rather rusty black, had got upon the stage, and was lurking among the wings—now in one place, now in another—with an amiable smile upon his countenance, denoting the interest he took in the proceedings. The heavy roller of a scene was now being hoisted, and the tall gentleman in rusty black became confused as to his whereabouts. "Now, Sir," exclaimed a voice, "do, for Heaven's sake, keep out of the way! Do you want to get your back broke?" The elderly gentleman apologized with a deprecating bow, and immediately retired. "Who was that?" somebody inquired, but nobody on the stage at that moment knew. It was the Duke. This direful *contre-temps* was speedily put to rights by the ready tact and proper feeling of our manager, and was the source of much amusement to the amiable nobleman, who warmly and humorously expressed his thanks for the timely warning. It was "set about" that the blunder had been committed by one of the stage-carpenters, but there was good reason to be afraid that it was one of *nous autres*.

Another incident, which will be regarded as rather odd and unique, may serve as material for some curious speculation as to the force of imagination, and also of the sympathy between our visual and olfactory organs. "Colonel Flint," of the Guards, a bully and duelist, described in the *dramatis personæ* as "a fire-eater," was to stand with his back to the red glowing chimney-piece in Will's Coffee-house. The period is that of George the First, when it was fashionable for the great bloods and bucks of the day to smoke long pipes, designated as "a yard of clay." With such a pipe Colonel Flint had duly provided himself for rehearsal; and, to make his stage business more perfect, soft-rolling clouds of smoke began to issue from the bowl, and float over the once famous coffee-room. In no time came the manager, speaking quickly: "My dear Horne, on *no* account attempt to smoke! The Queen detests tobacco, and would leave the box immediately!"

"But there's no tobacco in the pipe," replied the Colonel.

"Oh! come—nonsense!"

"Look here!" and the Colonel took out of his waistcoat pocket a handful of dried herbs. "I got these in Covent Garden Market this morning on the way to rehearsal."

"Well, we smelled tobacco the moment we came within sight of the stage," said Mr. Dickens. "The pipe must be foul."

"It is a brand-new pipe!"

Mark Lemon now came up, and protesting that he also had smelled tobacco, and that the pipe must have been an old one reburned to look clean, the offending clay was flung aside.

Before the next rehearsal, however, another pipe, warranted new and pure, was obtained, independent of which it was placed in the fire, and kept there at red-heat long enough to purify it ten times over, even had it been one of the unclean. Again the cloud began to unfold its volume over Will's Coffee-room; and this time Sir Joseph Paxton came running from the seat in the front, upon the stage, declaring that the Queen so detested the smell of tobacco that smoking must really not be attempted. Once again the Colonel protested the innocence of his pipe, in proof of which he produced a handful of dried thyme and rosemary from his waistcoat pocket. In vain. Sir Joseph insisted that he had smelled tobacco! They all smelled it! So this second yard of clay was sent to shivers.

But the Colonel had chanced to see a "Model of the Battle of Waterloo," exhibited some years before, in Leicester Square, in which the various miniature platoons of infantry, as well as the brigades of artillery, were supposed to be firing volleys, the clouds and wreaths of smoke being fragile fixtures. These capital imitations of clouds and wreaths of smoke were discovered, on very close examination, to be composed of extremely fine and thinly drawn-out webs of cotton, supported on rings and long twirls of almost invisible wire, and attached at

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one end to the mouths and muzzles of the miniature cannon and musketry. This model for a triumph in the art of smoking a pipe in the presence of a Queen who abhorred tobacco was now adopted by Colonel Flint, but held in reserve for the morning of the rehearsal for the full-dress rehearsal of the same night, when there would be a preliminary audience. He ventured to flatter himself that all these delicate considerations and assiduities would be much applauded and complimented both by the author and the management. Far from it. No sooner was the cloud of apparent smoke perceived to issue from the pipe than the manager, the stage-manager, and Sir Joseph Paxton hurried together to the too assiduous Guardsman, begging him on *no* account to persist in this smoking!—this smoke, or (on examining the smoke) this appearance of smoking. It would be most injudicious. Her Majesty would *think* she smelled tobacco, and that would be as bad as if her Majesty really smelled it. At the same time they added, collectively, that they themselves *had* smelled tobacco, no matter from what source or what cause. Of course there was an end of the matter, as we were all anxious to be harmonious; and the discomfited "fire-eater" of the comedy did the best he could to bully the company in Will's Coffee-room with his empty-bowled and immaculate yard of clay. These minute details, however, will serve to show the pains that were taken even with the slightest parts of this performance—pains that were worthy of this comédie Française. But with regard to the supposed tobacco-smoke, "there's more in that than meets the eye." For, query—did they not really get a faint whiff of tobacco, though no such thing had been there? By the force of imagination, it will, of course, be said. Yes; but not only by that, but by some subtile power of memory and association reproducing such an effect upon the senses. It is easy to smile; but who knows? With which adventurous but very pregnant problem we will leave the subject.

At the full-dress rehearsal the audience was composed exclusively of the relatives, friends, and acquaintances of the Duke of Devonshire, and of the authors and artists engaged in the performance. All went well, and the "first night" was announced. The tickets were five guineas each, and her Majesty sent a hundred guineas for her box. This night also—our all-important night—went off most satisfactorily. Only one little accident occurred. Every gentleman of the period, of any rank, wore a sword; the manager, therefore, intimated that as our stage was small, and would be nearly filled up with side tables and tables in front in the conspiracy scene in Will's Coffee-house, it would be prudent and important that the swords of the *dramatis personæ* should be most carefully considered in passing down the centre and round one of the tables in front. At this table sat the "Duke of Middlesex" (Mr. Frank Stone) and the "Earl of Loftus" (Mr. Dudley Costello) in a private and high-treasonous conversation. On the table were decanters, glasses, plates of fruit, etc. At the other table in front sat "Mr. David Fallen" (Mr. Augustus Egg), the half-starved Grub Street author and political pamphleteer, with some bread and cheese and a little mug of ale. The eventful moment came when "Mr. Shadowly Softhead" (Douglas Jerrold), Colonel Flint, and others, had to pass down the narrow space in the middle of the stage, to be presented to the "Duke of Middlesex;" and then, as there was not room enough to enable them to turn about and retire up the stage, they were to pass round the corner of that table, and make their exit at the right first entrance. This was done by all with safety and a reasonably good grace except one gentleman, who shall not be named; for as he rose from his courtly bowing advance, and passed round, the tip of his jutting-out sword went closely across the surface of the table and swept off the whole of the "properties" and realities. Decanter, glasses, plates, a pine-apple, a painted pound cake, and several fine wooden peaches, rolled pell-mell upon the stage, and, as usual, made for the foot-lights. A considerable "sensation" passed over the courtly audience, amidst which the Queen (to judge by the shaking of the handkerchief in front of the royal face) by no means remained unmoved. But Mr. Dickens, who, as "Lord Wilmot," happened to be close in front, with admirable promptitude and tact, instantly called, with a jaunty air of command, "Here, drawer, come and clear away this wreck!" as though the disaster had been a part of the business of the scene, while the others on the stage so well managed their by-play that many of the audience were in some doubt about the accident. When inquiry was instituted as to the culprit on this occasion, who had failed to carry his sword with due circumspection, as every one of the "Guild" protested his innocence of the awkward fact in question, it was presently discovered that the guilty individual was a supernumerary lord for that scene enacted by a gentleman who was one of the Duke's suit.

Two other amusing incidents occurred. A number of bedrooms had been placed at our disposal for dressing-rooms. A certain gentleman of the "company," who was disposed to be rather portly, had been somewhat too long over the buttoning of a long-flapped and stiffly embroidered waistcoat, and the call-boy had been sent up stairs a second time from the prompter below to inform him that the stage would immediately be "waiting" for him. Away ran the boy, and vanished round a corner. In his haste the "character" in question took a wrong turn, and coming upon a steep flight of stairs, down he hurried, and thence down another long flight, and presently found that he was close upon the kitchens. Up he rushed again, and scuttled along the gallery till he turned into a still longer gallery, well lighted, but vacant, and *hopeless*. Once more he made a turn, now wild with the thought of the stage being kept

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waiting, and seeing a tall, dark figure passing the further end, he rushed toward it—wigged, powdered, buckled, ruffled, perspiring, maddened, and gasping out, "Where, where's the stage?" He was *barely* able to recognize that his preserver was the Duke, who, with a most delighted and delightful urbanity, at once put him upon his right course. Another miscalculation of time occurred in consequence of Sir Joseph Paxton remarking in the green-room, just after the conclusion of the performance, that he had arranged the Queen's chair in the supper-room in a peculiar manner, with exotic and other rare flowers which had arrived that evening fresh from the Duke's gardens at Chatsworth. Colonel Flint, hearing this, requested permission to see the floral throne before her Majesty's entrance to the supper-room. "By all means," said Sir Joseph, "but you must be very quick." Away hurried the applicant, and was speedily in the supper-room, and made his way, his stage-costume notwithstanding, through a number of gentlemen-in-waiting, officers attired in a very different sort of uniform, footmen, etc., to their no small surprise and amusement.

At the top of the table, and furthest from the door, there was a richly-carved and cushioned chair, raised a few inches above all the other chairs. It had large padded arms of figured satin and velvet, and a high back that had a curved Gothic arch at the top. But very little of the chair could be clearly seen, and its outline was only indicated here and there. The whole of the back was devoted to a perfect cascade of roses, red and white, chiefly for their odor, mingled with magnolias, jasmine, honeysuckle, and tuberose; but the high arch and sides of the chair were overhung with festoons and long, dripping falls and tangles of the most lovely orchidaceous and other exotic plants, and by fine trickling tendrils and dangling lines, bearing little starry flowers, and very minute and curiously shaped leaves, leaflets, and tiny fairy buds, and some of the creepers displaying little flowers and leaves that resembled a sort of floral jewelry. At the top of the arched chair-back there was a large night-flowering cereus, of most delicious and recondite perfume. (No wonder Sir Joseph was so much alarmed at tobacco!) The predominating colors were snow-white and apple-green, with a little soft azure, and a few scarlet buds, and here and there a dark Tuscany rose or two, *for shadows*—the whole having been carefully selected and arranged by Sir Joseph as a suitable back-ground for the dress worn by her Majesty on this, we may fairly say, unprecedented occasion. An imitation of dew-drops was achieved to a degree of perfect illusion, by means of opals and glass, as it seemed—a piece of refined ingenuity which was about to undergo a closer inspection by Flint, when suddenly it was announced that the Queen was approaching the supper-room! Instantly the oblivious Colonel made a dash for the open door, but it was only to encounter the bowing backs and elegant coat-tails of gentlemen and lords in waiting, who were ushering in her Majesty. There was nothing for it but to spring aside, and range in line with the officers and gentlemen in attendance, and to "stand attention," as if on grand parade. He trusted, in the confusion of the moment, that his Guardsman's uniform of the time of George I., notwithstanding the polished thigh-boots and towering powdered wig, would not be observed by the Queen, with Prince Albert, the Duke, and suit attending her. Vain hope. However, with long, rapid strides, the instant her Majesty had passed, the anachronistic uniform made its exit at the rear of the line in which it had so unseasonably appeared *en militaire*.

Various other incidents, no doubt, transpired with respect to different individuals, but did not chance to come under the present writer's observation.

After the performance, and before leaving the box, her Majesty had sent to the manager to express her gratification, coupled with the remark: "They act very well indeed." This was duly announced to the company when assembled for supper, and received with great satisfaction, modest and otherwise; but Dickens went on, dryly adding: "But the Queen is very kind, and was sure to say *that*;" which very much straightened the complacent faces round the table, till they all laughed at each other. Nevertheless, a few more words may be said on the subject. They really *did* act well; some very well. When it is remembered the studious sort of men they all were, and the time, together with the great pains, bestowed in all respects, why not? The principal character, as matter of elocution, was that of "Hardman," and the gentleman personating this rising young statesman was unquestionably one of the best private readers of the day. Then, as to acting, most of the company were practiced amateurs long before this event, more especially Douglas Jerrold and Mark Lemon, who, in parts that suited them, were first-rate actors, almost equal to Dickens. The latter two were matchless in the after-piece, but the parts they played in the comedy were not in accordance with their peculiar talents. It has been said that Mr. Dickens, in private life, had very much the appearance of a sea-faring man. This is quite true; and his long daily walks about London and the environs, or at the sea-side, caused him to have a very sun-burnt, weather-beaten face. His full-length portrait might readily be mistaken for the captain of an East Indiaman, if truthfully painted. But the character and costume of "Lord Wilmot, a young man *at the head of the mode* more than a century ago," did not suit him, and was, in fact, against the grain of his nature. His bearing on the stage and the tone of his voice were too rigid, loud, and quarter-deck-like for such "rank and fashion;" and his make-up, with the three-cornered gold-laced cocked hat, black curled wig, huge sleeve-cuffs, long flapped waistcoat, knee-breeches,

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and great shoe-buckles, was not carried off with the proper air, so that he presented a figure that would have made a good portrait of a captain of a Dutch privateer after having taken a capital prize. When he shouted in praise of the wine of Burgundy, it far rather suggested fine kegs of Schiedam. It was in "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," which followed, that he was inimitable. The late Miss Mitford, being present at the performance of this some time afterward, pronounced certain parts of his acting in this piece as something wonderful. Neither can it be said that Mr. Mark Lemon was quite at home in his part in the comedy, viz., that of "Sir Geoffrey Thornside, a gentleman of good family and estate." He looked far more like a burly, wealthy Yorkshire brewer, who had retired upon something handsome. In the afterpiece he could hardly have been surpassed. Yet both the last-named parts in the comedy were fairly acted. Jerrold, also (a capital actor in certain parts), was hardly in his right element. The head and face of Jerrold were a good illustration of the saying that most people are like one or another of "our dumb fellow-creatures," for he certainly had a remarkable resemblance, in several respects, to a lion, chiefly from his very large, clear, round, undaunted, straightforward-looking eyes, the structure of the forehead, and his rough, unkempt, uplifted flourish of tawny hair. It was difficult to make such a face look like the foolish, half-scared country gentleman, "Mr. Shadowly Softhead;" but he enacted the part very well, notwithstanding. As a contrast to these, Mr. Frank Stone, the painter, presented a very grave, tall, stately full-length of the proud "Duke of Middlesex," whose dignity was astonished at his wife daring to take "such a liberty" as to give him a kiss; while the "Earl of Loftus" of Mr. Dudley Costello was even too elegant for a nobleman of the court of George I., and rather resembled a highly polished French marquis of the age of Louis Quatorze. The make-up of Mr. Egg as "David Fallen, Grub Street author," etc., was such as only a fine painter could well have effected. Intellectual and refined amidst his seedy clothing; resentful of his hard lot, yet saddened by disappointment and semi-starvation; his thoughts appearing to oscillate between independence of character, his political hiring, and his hungry family in their miserable attic—such a countenance was presented as the stage has seldom seen, and is very unlikely to see again, except at rare and exceptional intervals. The Irish landlord of Mr. Fallen, "Paddy O'Sullivan," was rendered to perfection by Mr. Robert Bell, whose gigantic stature of six feet four, "without his shoes," long frieze coat, little round hat, ragged red wig, and highly painted, smiling, rubicund visage (reminding one of the Sompnour in the "Canterbury Tales"), presented a picture that even surpassed the effect of the rich brogue in which he blurted out the few words allotted to him. The minor parts of this play were cut down at nearly all the final rehearsals, in order to give "more words" to some of the principal characters, and have been reduced to mere shreds in the acting copies since published.

Some account of the after-piece, entitled "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," written jointly by Mr. Dickens and Mr. Mark Lemon (but never published), together with the ball and supper given by the Duke on the occasion, and the subsequent performances of the "Guild" at Manchester, Liverpool, Bath, Bristol, and other great provincial towns, must, for a time, be deferred.

"SNOWED UP."

"OH, mother, such news!" cried Clara Tryon, her great gray eyes fairly black with excitement, as she rushed in with an open letter in her hand. "Eleanor Stanwood is to be married to Mr. Oakley next month, and have a grand wedding, and she wants me to be one of the bridemaids! Think of that! And I've been crazy all my life to be bridemaid to somebody, you know; it's such fun! And whom do you suppose she has chosen to be groomsman with me? It's Colonel Lenox!" Words are wholly inadequate to express the emphasis and rapture with which this last announcement was made.

Mrs. Tryon could hardly help smiling herself at the young girl's delight, and laid down her work, all interest to hear the letter, which she read aloud as far as, "I think you will be satisfied, Clara dear, with the selection I have made for you, and so will the superb Colonel, I know. Two other people, probably, won't be so well pleased—Maud Norton, who has been doing her best to make a conquest of the Colonel; I have really been afraid sometimes she would succeed; you know how bewitching she can be when she tries; and she looks just like a little French marquise this winter, in the lovely Paris toilettes she brought home; and, secondly, Cousin Tom, who is to stand up with Maud, and who would be in the seventh heaven if it were only you. It's no use blinking the fact, dear; he just worships the ground you tread on—"

Clara stopped short in her reading, and with a heightened color, when she came to this. Perhaps one reason was that "Aunt Mellen" had just come in, and was standing in the doorway, her sharp, worldly face taking every thing in, as usual.

She became very gracious and benign when Mrs. Tryon had told her the news. There was but little love lost between her niece and herself, and so the young lady would not read her the letter. "Quite a feather in your cap, Clara, to be one of Eleanor's bridemaids. They are very elegant people, the Stanwoods, and so, of course, this wedding, as it is to be so large, will be as splendid as money and taste—and they have both—can make it. I'm sorry, though, you are not to have Mr. Tom Stanwood to stand with; he is called one of the best matches in A——, and I do hope you

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won't be goose enough to refuse him in case he offers himself." And Mrs. Mellen threw back her velvet cloak with the air of a woman whose opinion was law.

Clara's flexible lips curled just a little, while her aunt went on, directing her remarks to Mrs. Tryon, who, having been sick in her room for several months, had not seen the young man, though his visits to New York had been numerous of late. "He is not only very rich (his father left him an immense fortune, you know), and of fine family—there is none better in the State—but perfectly correct in his habits, and steady—"

"Too cold-blooded to be any thing else!" said Clara, with an impatient shrug.

"Not brilliant in conversation, to be sure," continued the lady, loftily, not noticing the interruption, "but sensible enough."

"Now, Aunt Mellen," burst in Clara, "you know very well that he is the greatest bore in the world; never had an original idea in his life; and after you have talked over the last news with him conversation always comes to a dead stand-still, unless, of course, you get him on his travels in Europe. And I've tried that dodge with him—excuse the slang, aunt, it's so expressive sometimes—till I am tired to death of Paris and the Nile, and all the rest of it." Then she gave an amused little laugh, as she leaned back on the lounge. "You ought to see him, mother! Tall and slim as a telegraph pole! Drab hair, eyes, and complexion; no warmth or color about him, unless when he wears red! Now, if there is any thing I detest on a man, it's a red neck-tie, hair oiled and parted behind, ugh! and perfumery. Tom Stanwood is guilty of all three! I will say, though," she added, repentant, remembering all his generosity and devotion to her, "that he has as kind a heart as ever beat; and so I hope that some day he'll find a good, sweet, stupid little wife, who will adore him—and won't be me!" she ejaculated, mentally.

The winter before she had passed six delightful weeks in A——, visiting Eleanor Stanwood, "her most intimate friend," and she came home fully persuaded of two things—that there was in A—— a man who loved *her*, and a man whom *she* loved. Alas, that instead of being the same, they were beings as widely different as the poles. The man who loved her was plainly Tom Stanwood; the other was Colonel Lenox, who was all that poor Tom was not—handsome, cultivated, and elegant. During the war he was distinguished for his coolness and courage, and was the idol of his whole regiment; and now he was equally distinguished for his success at the bar; and if any thing else could be needed to render him irresistible in the eyes of women, there was the halo of romance shed round him by the vague rumor of a most impassioned, tragic love affair in his early youth, supposed to be the reason why, at thirty-five, and universally courted by mothers and daughters, he was still a bachelor. Just the sort of man, it is evident, that a young romantic girl would at once fall down and worship, which, accordingly, Clara did with all her heart. And *this* was the man who was to be the groomsman with her at the wedding, under whose special charge she was to be placed, her devoted cavalier for that one time at least. What wonder that the intervening weeks were passed in a state of feverish anticipation!

During her visit in A—— Colonel Lenox had been devoted to her at first because she was the guest of his friend, Judge Stanwood, afterward because she amused and interested him. There never was a girl more variable, more unequal; a peculiarity of hers which he had soon discovered. When pale, listless, and uninterested, she was hardly even pretty; in less than an hour afterward, perhaps, she would be so transformed and so beautiful that you would hardly believe it was the same—her usually quiet gray eyes fairly ablaze with excitement or emotion, the softest, loveliest pink coming and going in her cheeks, her whole face and figure illumined and glowing with life and spirit and every womanly charm. Then you did not wonder at the enthusiasm she excited at such times, or the power she had over those who knew her most. The best of it all was, and perhaps one secret of the charm, that it was wholly involuntary, for she was quite unconscious herself of this marvelous changeableness of hers. As for Colonel Lenox, he enjoyed playing on her as on an instrument, drawing her out, and quickening her intellect with his, till even he himself was astonished sometimes by her brilliancy, and then watching her with an artist's eye and admiration when he had roused and kindled her into beauty. Rather a dangerous pastime this, even for a blasé man like Colonel Lenox; while Tom Stanwood on these occasions hovered near, like a moth round a candle, in hopeless admiration, and sighing at his own inability to "make her look so splendid."

This wedding was to be, as Aunt Mellen—who, knowing but little French, was fond of introducing it into her conversation—described it, a most "rashashy" affair, and was to come off on Thursday, the 17th of January, at eight o'clock in the evening. The ceremony solemnized in church by the bishop; after that a grand reception at the Stanwoods', which could not fail of being brilliant with so superb a house entirely thrown open for guests, and with a host so well known for his elegant hospitality. The next morning, after a splendid wedding breakfast—of course, only for the family and the guests visiting in the house, of whom there were to be twenty or more—the bridal party were to leave for New York, then to take the steamer for Europe. Clara was to come by Wednesday noon, as that evening they were all to go over to the church to rehearse the ceremony, arrange their places, etc.—a matter of some moment, and no small amusement too.

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probably, with the six bridemaids and groomsmen, all so well acquainted, and ripe, of course, for any flirtations and diversion that should present themselves. Mrs. Stanwood had invited Clara to stay a few days after the wedding, but she had decided in her own mind that it would be decidedly more charming to return with Eleanor and her husband to New York on Friday morning. "The fact is," wrote Eleanor to her, "that I shall insist on mother's letting you off—you know you have promised her a visit in the summer—for Colonel Lenox and one or two others are going on with us, and we shall have such a merry party, with a drawing-room car all to ourselves, and be together till the steamer sails."

Tuesday night—she was to start early next morning—her dress came from the dressmaker's, and there was a general burst of admiration from all the family the moment it was unfolded. As they were none of them to see her in it at the wedding—only her uncle Charles was to go on with her, as her father had an important case in court, and her mother was an invalid who never went any where—they insisted on her arraying herself, that they might see just how she was going to look. It was a silk of the most melting, heavenly blue; and as Clara stood before the glass in it, while her mother put the flowers in her hair, and the dress-maker proudly spread out the train behind, that every one might see "what a splendid sweep it had," she could not help knowing that she had never worn any thing half so becoming in her life. Her hair looked sunnier in it, her eyes more brilliant in color, the low neck and short sleeves showed the round, white beauty of her girlish form, while excitement and pleasure had given her cheek the soft color of a blush rose. One thought was uppermost, and gave her an exquisite thrill of delight. Colonel Lenox had never seen her in full-dress; in her mind's eye now she saw the quick smile of admiration that would be sure to light up his handsome face when he should see her for the first time dressed like this. Surely, surely he could not resist her then!

The next morning when she woke up she could hardly believe that at last the day so long looked forward to, when she was to start for A——, had arrived; and she lay still a moment just to realize to herself the whole charm of the situation, and taste beforehand, by anticipation, every drop of this full cup of pleasure at her lips. She was dressing and humming gayly away to herself when a disappointment arrived, in the shape of a message from her uncle Charles, that he had been suddenly taken sick with pneumonia, and it would be impossible for him to go to A—— with her.

"Never mind," said Clara, determined to look on the bright side to-day. "I'm sorry; but it's only five hours' ride, and I don't have to change cars any where; so I don't dread the journey, and Jack can go to the dépôt with me to see me safely off."

Which her brother Jack did; and I suppose it is not necessary to inform any one intimately acquainted with boys of fourteen that he hurried her almost to death, and bustled and fussed more about buying her ticket, having her trunk checked, and finally getting her into the cars, than if she had been going to San Francisco by the overland route. And after all he went off with her traveling-bag and lunch! Clara laughed to see him racing back at full speed with it when it was just too late, and thought how they would tease him at home.

"I sha'n't need any thing to eat, so it's no matter," she said, cheerfully, to herself. Deluded girl! little did she dream that before another twenty-four hours she would, for hunger, be ready almost to weep at the remembrance of the tempting sandwiches and the freshly baked, delicious cake which her mother had put up for her in that very bag! In blissful ignorance of what was before her, she leaned contentedly back in her seat, and gave herself up to reading "Vanity Fair," wondering all the while how any one could take such a dreary view of this happy, beautiful world! The sky all the morning had looked dark and leaden, as if burdened with masses of snow, and they had hardly started before the quiet flakes began slowly to come down, then steadily to increase, till Clara made up her mind that "they were certainly in for a regular little snow-storm." This did not disturb her, for there was something soothing in the noiseless softness of the falling snow; so she watched it, and the houses and fences and trees flying past, dimly as through a white veil, till her eyes were almost dizzy; and so for relief she amused herself by taking a long, "exhaustive survey" of her fellow-passengers, but found nothing particularly interesting in them. Returning to "Vanity Fair," she became completely absorbed, till, after more than an hour, she was roused by a violent gust of snow driving against the glass, and looking up was amazed to see how furiously it was snowing. They had evidently ridden into the storm rather than away from it. The snow fell so thick and fast that it was blinding; one could hardly distinguish objects a few feet off, while the wind roared like a hurricane, taking the snow up and whirling it round—in some places piling it up in huge drifts, in others leaving the ground almost bare. The cars labored slowly, as if at any moment they might stop. She heard a man behind her exclaim to another:

"Mark my words, if this isn't going to be the biggest storm known for years!" which, sure enough, it was; for who does not remember the great snow-storm of 1867?

"I'll bet every thing we get blocked up, and don't get into A—— before midnight," said another.

Clara's face began to grow painfully worried, and, shutting up her book, she sat with her nose flattened anxiously against the window, trying to see out. Presently the train came to a full stop. The men hurried out to

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see what the trouble was, the wind and snow rushing in with a blinding swirl as they opened the door, and closed it with an expressive "whew!" After a while they all came back, and stood round the stove, stamping the snow off their boots, and talking loudly. Clara heard, "Never saw such a storm!—snow-plow perfectly useless, and frightful drifts ahead!—trying to shovel out, but it's no go!"

She began to think how dreadfully lonely and forlorn it was to be "an unprotected female," with no one even to tell her what the real danger was. How she wished for her father, Uncle Charles, Jack even, *any body* to look out for her a little in case they were snowed up, or there was a collision, or nobody knows what dreadful thing that would certainly happen! After a long time, however—diversified by various backings and fillings—the train actually started again with a jerk, and kept on bravely. Every body cheered up, and Clara smiled to think of the melancholy forebodings in which she had been indulging, and leaning her head comfortably back on the seat, gave herself up once more to happy thoughts of the morrow. One thing, however, she fully resolved upon, and that was to keep out of Mr. Tom Stanwood's way as much as possible; yes, even to snub him if necessary, or do any thing to ward off the declaration that she felt was coming, because, in reality, he had gone much farther than any one else had dreamed, and had been so fearfully near offering himself the very last time she saw him that, if she had not resorted to all sorts of ludicrous stratagems to prevent it, he would have done it then and there. She should have trouble with him at the Stanwoods', she was certain of that; but just as *sure* as he attempted to be "soft," or press her hand, or any thing of that kind, she would—do something terrible, probably, judging from her expression; but her meditations were broken off short by the cars suddenly becoming motionless. Then there was another commotion among the passengers, and more going out and coming in, with hats and coats powdered thick with snow, and collars turned up to the ears to keep out the biting wind.

"Now we are a fixture!" says one. "Drifts before and behind like mountains; one of the wheels off the engine, and telegraph wires broken; no communication possible with the next station. Have to stay here all night, and no one knows how much longer, till the storm is over!"

"Well, but we shall starve!" suggests a stout, red-faced man.

"Freeze, more likely!" mutters a thin one; "the wood can last but a few hours longer."

Every one now began to look distressed or anxious; a sickly looking woman in front, who had a terrible cough, drew a threadbare cloak more closely round her thin shoulders, with the expression of one who has heard her death-warrant; children hearing the words "freezing" and "starving," though hardly knowing what was amiss, set up a doleful cry, and their mothers gathered them up in their arms with sorrowful, loving faces. And poor Clara! with all her joyous visions vanished, how sharp was her sense of disappointment, how bitter the pain, as she began fully to realize the disaster! What! stay here for two or three days and nights, perhaps—for she had heard of such things happening to trains—with no one to care for her, or protect her from any insult of word or look which some of these rough-looking men might offer her—a young girl without escort—suffering, too, with cold and hunger, while her friends were feasting and dancing amidst brightness and warmth and music and flowers! Not see Eleanor, whom she loved so dearly, married! and lose all the enjoyment with Colonel Lenox, the very thought of which had been such an intoxication for weeks! Ah, but it was too cruel! and she drew in her breath almost with a sob, as she pushed open the window to judge for herself of the state of things. It was a wild, gloomy scene that she beheld as she peered through the blinding snow and gathering darkness—though it was but little past noon—a wide, dreary stretch of country, not a sign of habitation near, nothing to be seen but mountainous drifts of snow on every side, nothing to be heard but the melancholy wailing and shrieking of the wind. It was bitterly cold, and she closed the window with a shudder. At this moment she felt another gust from the opening door, and looking round saw that a little crowd of gentlemen was entering from the rear car. Judge of her astonishment and relief when she beheld among them— Guess who, my readers.

"Colonel Lenox," respond at once the young and romantic ones, still believing in such glorious possibilities.

Alas! no. But it was Tom Stanwood! You see, this is in the main a true story, and I am bound to tell things just as they really happen to most of us; so, of course, it wouldn't be "the superb Colonel," you know.

Tom saw her instantly, and sprang forward with a beaming face. "*You* here, Miss Tryon! Why, I understood that you were going on with your uncle last evening! I had to go to New York for a day on business, and hurried with all my might yesterday to get through, so that I might go on to A—— in the same train with you. I was tremendously cut up when I found I couldn't; and here you are, after all. I'll never scold about my bad luck again. Why, where's your uncle?"

Oh, the fickleness of woman nature! It was so delightful to poor Clara to see a gentleman she knew, and one so glad to take care of her, the instant sense of protection and relief was so refreshing in her loneliness and distress, that she forgot at once how disagreeable she had thought him such a little while before, and held out her hand and made room for him beside her with an eagerness and warmth that were almost gushing. Tom, for joy and surprise at

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this change since he last saw her, was quite carried away, and, as he brushed the snow off his long, light whiskers, and settled himself beside her, would not have given up his place in that cold, dirty car, on that hard, red-plush seat, for a bower of roses in the Garden of Eden. And no wonder he felt so, for Clara's distress had quite demoralized her in a way that is shocking when one remembers all her stern resolves; and apparently reckless as to consequences, she was so charmingly helpless and confiding and sweet, so altogether gracious, that the poor fellow's head was completely turned; so that he soon made up his mind that there never could be a more favorable time for pressing his suit, and resolved to improve it. In the mean time, however, there was not the least prospect of their reaching A—— before to-morrow, so there need be no hurry about it, and he might give himself up now to his present good fortune.

After a while, as they still remained stationary, and the afternoon wore slowly on, conversation began to flag as usual with Tom, who was neither suggestive nor equal to keeping up a topic after it was started. It is exhausting to be always starting new ones; and then he had a high, monotonous, uninteresting voice, that was wearisome to Clara, to whom a person's voice was far more than his face. All her old feelings began in spite of herself to come back. As she looked at him she kept thinking, If it only "*might* have been" Colonel Lenox sitting beside her, and talking in that low, clear, rich voice of his, *then* she wouldn't have cared if it had taken them a month to reach A——. Oh, why couldn't things have happened in that way just for once? The contrast was galling; so she said she was sleepy and tired, and, curling up in the corner, as far as possible away from Tom, she pretended to sleep, though her heart was in reality far too heavy for that. The hours dragged drearily on, and the night settled down on the snow-bound train with "a darkness that might be felt," the fury of the storm still increasing, and hurling the snow against the windows with a violence that seemed enough to burst them in. Within, two feeble lamps only made the darkness visible. By midnight the fires had gone out, and there was no more wood. The cold became terrible. Most of the passengers bore all in uncomplaining silence; but the children, of whom fortunately there were but few, kept up a low, mournful sobbing, not only with cold but hunger. Clara, just before Tom appeared, had insisted on wrapping up the sick woman, who coughed constantly, in her traveling shawl. She began to feel the need of it now keenly; she could not keep her teeth from chattering, and she shivered from head to foot. Before she knew what he was going to do, Tom had got up and taken off his over-coat, which he wrapped gently round her. When she looked up to thank him she met such a look of tenderness that she suddenly flushed up, being fairly frightened.

"Indeed, I don't need it," she said, sitting up. "I would rather you kept it for yourself."

"Miss Clara," said Tom, earnestly, "I would rather give up every thing I have in the world than see you suffer. You see that's because I —I—" his courage was beginning to fail him— "well then—I love you; that's the whole of it."

He had got started now, and nothing could have stopped him; so he kept on pouring forth protestations of devotion, while Clara listened to him in silence, with her hands squeezed tight together in her lap, a choking sensation in her throat, and a nervous dread under all lest he should raise his voice so that those near should hear him. She need not have feared, though, with the roaring of the wind, and the crying of a baby behind them. He finished, and watched her face anxiously for an answer. Clara could not utter a sound; not a word came to her lips; yet the longer she sat speechless, the more oppressive the silence grew. Oh, how she wished that she could get away! that the very snow would drift over her and hide her! *any thing* to escape answering, and giving this man the pain of knowing that his love was utterly wasted, that she had not one particle of affection to give in return for the wealth of it he had laid at her feet. She made a tremendous effort, and looked up at him; she saw the tears shining in his homely, honest eyes, and that broke her down.

"I do wish I could love you, but I do not in the least, and I never shall!"

Then she just laid her head down on the top of the seat before them, and cried under her veil.

There was something in the tone and manner, even more than in the words, that carried conviction to Tom's heart. He made one or two feeble attempts to obtain a more favorable answer, or to win permission to wait, and hope that at some future day she would feel differently toward him. But in vain. Clara knew herself too well to let him hope, only to be again disappointed; yet, though firm, she was not hard, but so womanly and tender, so truly grieved, so fully appreciative of the love which yet she could not accept, that poor Tom, though heart-broken, never in his life had loved her as he did now. Long as it seemed at the time, it did not take long in transpiring, and at the end of it our two travelers, to any one passing through the car, would have seemed to be conducting themselves in the most matter-of-fact manner possible. The young lady, probably a little tired, resting her head, with her veil down, against the side of the window; the gentleman, having kindly wrapped his coat round her feet, was sitting with his arms folded, and his hat a good deal tipped over his eyes, in a quiet brown study, or dozing perhaps. But what a storm of conflicting passions was going on under those calm exteriors!

The gray morning light began to dawn at last, revealing, within, the blue, forlorn faces of the shivering passengers, huddled up in their

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cloaks and shawls in vain attempts to keep warm, while, without, the storm still raged, and the pitiless snow kept on piling up its mountainous drifts around the motionless train, which was its helpless prisoner. The cold now in the car had become so great that they were actually in danger of freezing; so a little party—including Tom—ventured forth, determined to dig or shovel themselves out in some way, if only to get fence rails to supply the stoves. Gone a long time, they returned with a little wood, and the news that they had discovered a little house not far off, which some of them were endeavoring to reach, in order to bring back food. And *this* was the opening of the happy wedding-day to which Clara had so eagerly looked forward! Sitting there, cramped, cold, and faint, with a heavy heart every time she looked at Tom's sad, set face, it seemed to her as if she could not be the same girl who, twenty-four hours before, had sprung so gayly from her bed, feeling that life was a paradise just opening before her. It seemed as if all that were ages ago, and now she was going on, or rather standing still, in some dreadful nightmare that would never end.

"Of course there is no chance of our reaching A—— in time for the wedding," she said to Tom, trying to look cheerful.

"It's barely possible," he answered; "but if we don't, Maud Norton and Colonel Lenox can join and take our places, which will be no disappointment to her, but hard on the Colonel."

Clara was not so sure of that, and felt a jealous pang at the thought. It was a possibility she had not thought of before, and it redoubled her eagerness to reach A——. The foraging expedition returned rejoicing in the possession of a few eatables, which they distributed; and Clara, eating thankfully the little square of gingerbread that was her share, wished she could have been heroic, and refused it, but she was *so* hungry.

By noon it was evident that the storm had begun to abate, and there came also the joyful news that, after great labor, the conductor had succeeded in reaching a telegraph station, not so far off as they had feared, and had telegraphed for aid. After a while it arrived, in the shape of an engine and a snow-plow, which had broken out the drifts before them. At last they actually started, and were once more moving on their way, and the faces of all brightened at once.

"If we meet with no more obstructions," said Tom, "we may arrive at A—— by seven o'clock, in time for the wedding, after all."

Hope sprang up in Clara's breast; her eagerness to get on became intense, now that there was some chance of it. If it would have helped the car on any, she would gladly have got out and pushed it herself with her slender shoulders. She could not talk for watching the engine laboring heavily along through the snow. To be sure, she neither looked nor felt like a "blooming bridemaid," with great circles under her eyes, her head aching, and a violent sore throat coming on. No matter, she thought, excitement and a cup of strong coffee would make her all right if they might reach A—— in time, and it really seemed now as if they should. All at once they stopped short.

"Good Heavens! what can be the matter now?" exclaimed Tom, while Clara opened the window and looked out, in a fever of impatience. It was a tremendous drift, which it took them at least half an hour to get through.

"Well, if we reach A—— by half past seven," said Clara, determined to be hopeful, "we shall still have half an hour to dress in, and who wants more?"

Once more they were on their way, and once more they were brought to a dead stop, and another hour was gone before they were free. Clara and Tom looked at each other in despair, and gave it all up.

"I don't care now when we get there!" ejaculated Clara.

"Perhaps in time for the wedding breakfast to-morrow morning," answered Tom, with a melancholy laugh.

It was precisely ten o'clock when the train entered the dépôt at A——. It was evident they were not expected, for there was no one to meet our unlucky travelers, and it was with difficulty that they secured a carriage to themselves, so few were in waiting.

"The fact is," said the hackman, as he took their checks, "that all the carriages are in demand to-night for the great party at Judge Stanwood's; there was a big wedding in the church first."

The two looked at each other expressively, but without a word. Clara's traveling dress was soiled, her hair tumbled, even the feathers in her hat hanging limp and askew, and the hackman stared a little when Tom told him to drive them as quickly as possible to Judge Stanwood's. The house, which stood on a hill, looked splendidly when they drove up to it, illuminated as it was from top to bottom; long rows of carriages, coming and going, lined the street; through the lace curtains they could see the brilliant moving throng within; and the music, to which the guests were already dancing, was borne with tantalizing distinctness to their ears.

"Oh, how crowded it looks, and how merry!" exclaimed Clara, nervously. "Don't, for mercy's sake, let us drive up to the main entrance, and arrive in this plight in the midst of the guests in their satins and tarlatans."

"No; the hackman shall take us round to the side-door," answered Tom.

Which he did, but not to the one they intended. In her haste to get in somewhere before any should see her, Clara did not notice where they entered; and, the first thing she knew, they were standing together in a blaze of light, and right among the brilliant crowd, under the arched opening leading from the conservatory, where, with the groom, the bride was

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standing, resplendent in her shining satin and flowing veil, to receive her guests! It was the most conspicuous place in the rooms—the very one, too, where, under happier chances, she would have been standing with Colonel Lenox! The elegant dresses, the light and music and flowers, all mingled in one maze before Clara's dazzled, terrified eyes. She saw but one thing distinctly—Maud Norton, radiant and beautiful in her bridemaid dress, and Colonel Lenox beside her, looking into her eyes with an air of devotion, his brown, curling mustache almost touching her ear as he bent over and murmured something, at which she looked down and blushed. It flashed into Clara's mind what a contrast it was to be standing there, with Tom Stanwood, travel-stained, worn, and weary; then every thing began to swim around and grow black as she turned quickly to escape, and she would have fallen had not Mrs. Stanwood caught sight of her, and putting her kind, motherly arms around her, led her, with Tom's assistance, tenderly away. Clara had never fainted before in her life, but all she had gone through was too much for her; and when she opened her eyes, some minutes afterward, it was to find herself lying on the bed in the pretty chamber which had been reserved for her, Mrs. Stanwood bathing her head, and the bride herself, looking like a beautiful vision, stooping down to kiss her. She was so tired that she wished only for quiet; so, after a while, she persuaded them all to leave her. It was a sharp trial with her throbbing head to lie quietly in the darkened room, listening to the festivities of which she was deprived; and she was thankful when the music ceased, and the last carriage rolled away from the door. But it was no less hard when, next morning, on attempting to get up and dress, she found her throat swollen and sore, and every bone in her body aching so that she could hardly move. And it was also hard to have to take her breakfast in bed, and little comfort that it was so daintily, exquisitely served; and hear all the while from the dining-room below the laughter and murmur of the merry voices of the gay breakfast-party. After that she *would* get up and be dressed, and then was assisted across the hall to what Mrs. Stanwood called her "morning-room," because, as Eleanor said, "it wouldn't be quite so dismal for her there." It was a charming little room, with its great bow-window a bower of plants in bloom; birds in gilded cages singing in the morning sunshine; elegant nick-nacks for reading and writing, and great soft chairs. When she was comfortably arranged in one of them, looking pretty though pale in her white wrapper, a gay Afghan thrown over her lap, her little slippered feet resting on a soft crimson foot-stool, she held a little reception.

First the bride came in, all ready for her journey, in her quiet, handsome traveling suit; and sitting down by her on a low seat, and caressing her hand in her gentle, affectionate way, told her how they had all missed her at the wedding—the only thing that had happened to mar her perfect happiness—and how disappointed she and Mr. Oakley were that she was not able to go on with them this noon to New York; there would have been such a pleasant party of them, for Maud Norton was going and Colonel Lenox.

"I didn't know Maud was going," said Clara, quietly.

"Nor I till just now," answered Eleanor. "The fact is, I strongly suspect that they are engaged. She has made wonderful progress with him the last few weeks, and all the latter part of the reception last evening, instead of dancing, as usual, she was walking in the conservatory with the Colonel, in the most occupied, engaged way; and a little hint she dropped to me this morning makes me think it's all settled."

Clara kept perfectly still, not even an eyelash quivering, and Eleanor, stopping a moment to arrange the foot-stool more comfortably for her, went on in a lowered tone: "I'm sorry, because she isn't in the least equal to him; but then, that's always the way! Here am I, you know," a proud, happy smile coming into her face, "married to a man twenty times my superior! And, by-the-way, dear, do you know that every body will be gossiping next about you and Tom? Nothing certainly could have been more lover-like than his behavior last night. He wouldn't dress and come in to the reception, though he might as well as not, even if it was so late, just on account of your absence; so we all thought; and this morning he was so absent-minded and sad at the breakfast that it was quite laughable to see him. One would have supposed you were at the point of death with typhus fever, instead of laid up with a cold!"

Every word Eleanor said was like a stab to poor Clara, who began to revolve in her mind what she could do to prevent the real state of the case from being known, and so spare Tom's feelings at least so much, while the happy bride, unconscious of the pain she was inflicting, and attributing Clara's unwonted silence wholly to sore throat, continued her efforts at diverting her:

"Colonel Lenox specially seemed impressed at seeing you and Tom arrive together as you did. He expressed the kindest, most friendly anxiety about you all day yesterday. You are one of his favorites, you know—"

"Eleanor! Eleanor!" called Mrs. Stanwood just then from her room.

She sprang up quickly. "I must go now, darling; mother is waiting to see me; she said she couldn't bid me good-by down stairs with every body there." And so, with a warm embrace, they parted.

Then came Mr. Oakley, a grave, dignified man, to say good-by to her, and with him Colonel Lenox, who expressed his disappointment and regret at the storm, which had deprived them of her presence, and his sorrow for her illness, in such a sympathetic, charming way,

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that it would have made Clara's heart beat high with pleasure an hour ago; now she only kept saying to herself, "He is engaged to Maud Norton, and I—am 'one of his favorites!'"

Then Maud herself ran in, with a becoming little traveling hat on, and one or two others. And immediately after the carriages came, and they all got in and drove away. Mrs. Stanwood and Clara stood at the window up stairs together, watching them, till the carriage turned the corner and was out of sight. Then Clara leaned her head on the mother's shoulder, and they both cried, the one because her daughter was gone, the other because she was sure that all the charm and romance of life for her was fled forever. But God does not allow our young lives to be crushed so easily as that, and in spite of itself youth is elastic. So—though now she would not have believed it possible—it was hardly two years from this when, one dazzling winter's morning, Clara stood, a happy, lovely bride, at the side of Colonel Lenox's younger brother, Dr. Lenox, studying in Europe at the time of Mrs. Oakley's wedding, and as ignorant of Clara's existence as she was of his. He was a man less brilliant than his brother, but of deeper culture, and greater force of character; and as far as any earthly love *can* satisfy, she found her nature satisfied in his. So that when the Colonel, with his wife on his arm, came up to congratulate her, handsome and elegant as ever, her heart beat not one throb the quicker; and when some allusion was made to the unlucky snow-storm of two years before, she gave one of those genuinely merry, catching laughs which it does one good to hear, at the remembrance of all the dire mishaps that befell her then. As for the Colonel, he sighed to himself as he turned away with Maud, who wearied him always now, and no wonder, since there was really nothing of her that could have a lasting charm—like a glass of soda-water with its sparkle and effervescence all gone, utterly insipid. And he felt when he looked at Clara that she would be always fresh and interesting, because always developing and growing—a woman who could forever retain her husband as a lover with the ardor of pursuit, since she would be ever just beyond him, something not yet fully attained.

THE SHADOW OF CANDLEMAS NIGHT.

WHETHER I hang o'er wintry fields stretched stark
In cerements of white silence, whose repose
Is girt by forests that across the dark
Shoot, with a sudden sway from their bronze boughs,
The sifted silver of a thousand snows,
Making more awful quiet; or I rouse
Fierce polar summits to hurl back
The flying shafts of flinty foes
Couchant behind my trailing rack,
To hurl and flash in hasty ire,
With crusted mail and icy sheaths entire,
A storm of splendor underneath my blows;—
Oh, slowly up the windy way I beat;
The glory dips, the fires eclipse,
The angry sparkle makes retreat.
Ruby the cliffs that melt to fairest rose,
By sapphire heavens darkly kissed;
And cloven crags splinter from base to spire,
Beryl and amethyst,
At many a tempest-graven dint and hack,
Bickering and glancing to my slow attack,
Yet shrouded into phantoms as my track
Leaves the wide air a shadow.
Whether o'er these I sail, or where I list,
Whether o'er eager peak or waiting meadow,
Neither rebellion nor antagonist
Find I, that by my first breath blenched,
Through sullen flashes,
Falls not as utterly involved and quenched
And self-consumed to ashes,
Leaving the universe before me,
Till, boding ruin every where,
The sudden heralds of a foreign glory
Kindle the upper regions of the air;
And high through heaven over heaven hurled,
In golden showers the outer darkness staining,
I see, o'er the slant edges of the world,
The conquering sunbeams raining!

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AN EXAMINATION OF THE CLAIMS OF COLUMBUS.

[First Paper.]

NOTHING deserves the name of history that has not for its motto the old maxim, embodying at once all that is noblest as well in Christian as in pagan morality, *suum cuique* (to each his own). The historian must utterly refuse to be a partisan, an idolater, or a detractor.

Not seldom does the votary of Clio find it necessary, under the influence of this principle, to pronounce a sentence the reverse of that which may be the popular judgment; frequently, indeed, he is compelled to modify very considerably the *dicta* of generations. Some historic characters that have been depressed are invited by him to "come up higher;" while certain ones, to whom a fortunate reputation has conceded more than their merit, are remanded to inferior seats.

Notably is this the case with Christopher Columbus. His contemporaries seem not to have regarded him as by any means the great man of his day. True, at the conclusion of his first voyage he is received in Spain with every demonstration of admiration and gratitude. The inhabitants of the sea-port of Palos, from which, about seven months before, the little squadron had set sail, vie with each other in showing him honor. The shores are thronged with spectators anxious to welcome the adventurers. Ferdinand and Isabella are at this time at Barcelona. They direct that Columbus be escorted thither with all imaginable pomp. His journey is a royal progress. On reaching Barcelona he is received by the sovereigns as their coequal. They rise and stand as he draws near. The impulse of the subject is to kneel and kiss the royal hand. Ferdinand and the Queen invite him to occupy a seat prepared for him beneath the canopy which covers them.

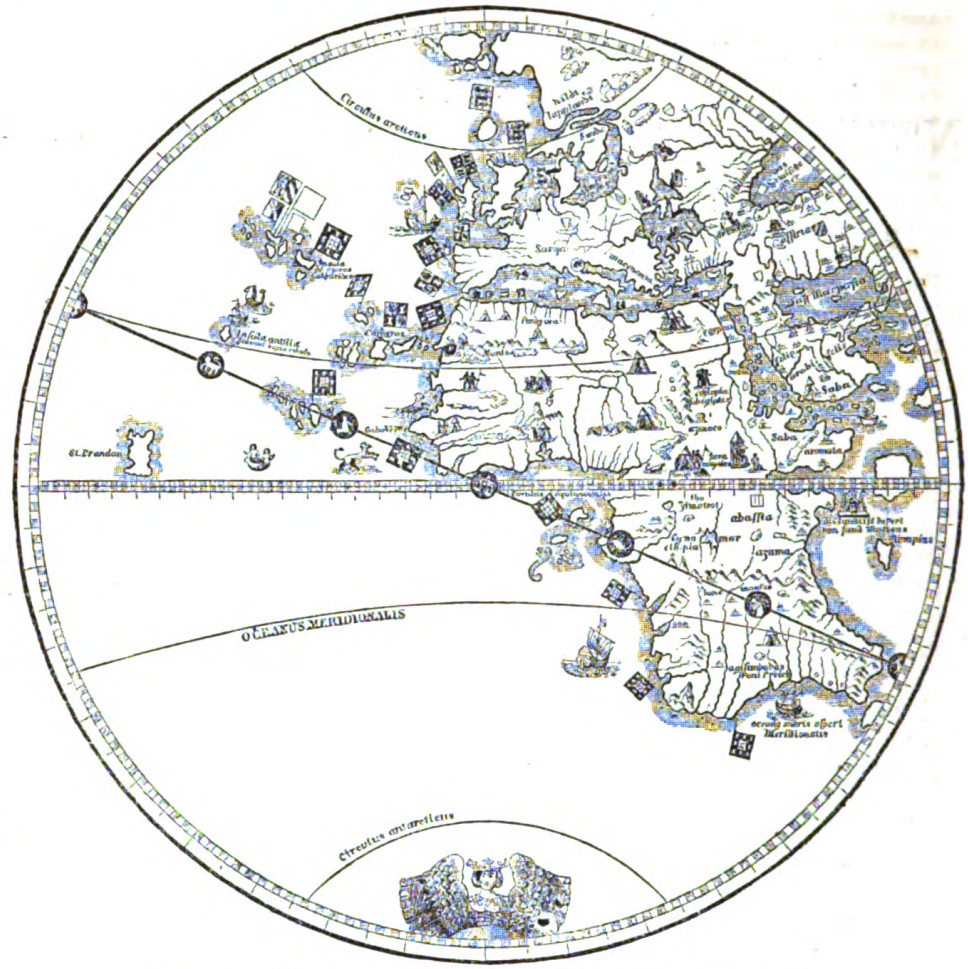
Seldom does the life of an individual at its different epochs present more striking contrasts than are offered now by that of Columbus. He who in time past had vainly petitioned his native Genoa to allow him to render her a proud competitor of her magnificent rival on the Adriatic—who had been forced to turn from the court of Lisbon hopeless of obtaining patronage there—in whose enterprise even Ferdinand would not venture as King of Aragon to take part—and who only through the daring boldness and generosity of Isabella had secured the equipment needful for the prosecution of his designs, is now regarded as the donor of an empire to his patron. The vagabond suppliant, once scoffed and scorned by wealthy republics and avaricious kingdoms, has attained to princely dignity. Not now, as many a time before, is he called upon to undergo a captious cross-examination as to the nature of his plans and the grounds of his gilded expectations. The mathematical societies and parliamentary commissions that have, as the story goes, pronounced his reasonings visionary are now ignobly stultified. Crowned heads are bowed in reverential attitude, while the more-than-monarch subject tells the story of his trials. Their spirits kindle with the glow of rapture when his final triumph is described, and they tread with him in imagination the pearly shore of the Orient world. Courtly cavaliers who oft, with lance in rest, have spurred their chargers against Moslem knights, now, breathless, listen to a tale of hardihood which thrills their hearts of steel. Granada's conquerors doff the helm before the conqueror of ocean's waves and storms; they own him brave among the steel-clad braves, whose soul has grappled with the terror-hosts that wage dread warfare in the spell-bound realms of mystery.

Nor does religion fail to recognize the importance of Columbus's work. Not when the crescent flag was taken from Granada's towering battlements, not when the Alhambra's marble courts were ringing with the tread of the red-cross victors of the Moor, and the shouts of the conqueror, echoing even to the glistening peaks of the snowy Sierra, drowned the faint "Allah kerim" (God's will be done) that mournfully rose from the vanquished, did adoration more exultant swell from the full-voiced choirs of Leon, or fill the stately aisles of Burgos and Seville. A solemn thanksgiving is rendered to Almighty God for the acquisition of Hispaniola and San Salvador.

No honor is too great, no compensation too large, for the triumphant mariner. The stipulations formerly made by him are renewed, and without hesitation ratified. In the moment of overwhelming success parsimony is forgotten. A second squadron is provided for him to renew his efforts and multiply his successes. Colonists are not wanting to join the expedition, and found an infant empire on the sea-girt isles.

But the sun that had risen amidst such splendor goes down in gloom. The triumph of Columbus is brief. His colonists do not find their gorgeous expectations realized. It is impossible for them to identify Hispaniola with Cipango or Ophir, and, justly or unjustly, they are filled with dissatisfaction toward their leader. Complaints are made. The viceroy is tried by royal authority. He is superseded in his office, and compelled to return an unwilling visitant to Spain. The glory is departed. Chains clank about the form that wore erewhile the robes of royalty; the quondam prince is a prisoner; and, although his captivity speedily ends, his powers and privileges are never regained. Ferdinand and Isabella feel justified in annulling the solemn compact made and renewed with him; and henceforth comparative obscurity falls to his lot, and mortification im-

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GLOBE OF MARTIN BEHAIM.—HEMISPHERE CONTAINING EUROPE AND AMERICA.

bitters his closing years. Only when he has ceased to be impressed with earthly honor does Ferdinand confer upon him an inexpensive distinction. By royal direction an inscription was placed in the cathedral of Seville,

"A Castilia y a Leon
Nuevo Mundo dio Colon."

(To Castile and Leon Columbus gave a new world.) Ferdinand, however, did not mean to imply by this expression any thing more than Columbus meant when *he* employed it, and what his idea was we shall presently see. Moreover the stately diction of monumental inscriptions is rich in poetry—frequently at variance with the real sentiments of the inscriber. Facts are our surest guides to historic truth, and it stares us in the face that while honors are conceded to contemporary navigators, Columbus is treated with neglect. It is beyond question that Ferdinand and Isabella, however captivated by the first reports which Columbus gave as to what he had done, did not subsequently regard his performances otherwise than as failures.

Following the example thus set by royalty, the Genoese have been so long in discovering his extraordinary merit that it is within less than a quarter of a century that they have erected a statue to his memory. Yet, on the other hand, Spain has been upbraided without measure for her vile ingratitude toward this "prince of navigators." We believe that some righteous indignants could be found by whom that ingratitude is regarded as the prime cause of Hesperia's 'parted glory. And the illustrious Humboldt goes so far as to assert that the name "America" is a monument of the *world's* ingratitude.

Others again are disposed to think, and we confess ourselves to be of the number, that neither the world at large nor Spain in particular has any reason to plead guilty in the matter; but that the judgment of his immediate contemporaries renders all his due to Christopher.

We have been led to this conclusion mainly by the perusal of a work of singular interest published at Nuremberg in 1853, and entitled, "The History of the Navigator Sir Martin Behaim, by Dr. Ghillany, Knight of the Royal Or-

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der of the Oaken Crown of the Netherlands, and City Librarian at Nuremberg." It should be said that the Doctor is not to be held responsible for the opinions now to be advanced in reference to Columbus. The purpose which he had in view was naturally to do honor to Behaim rather than to judge the Genoese navigator. But the facts which he has employed for this purpose seem to necessitate the conclusion here presented. They have, moreover, suggested further research, which has only served to corroborate that conclusion.

The letter-press of the learned author evinces very thorough investigation of the history of the period which his discussion brings under review, and his critical acumen is such as to have excited the admiration of Alexander von Humboldt. This illustrious scholar paid him the compliment of prefacing his volume by an essay of his own on the earliest maps of the New World. Additional value and interest are imparted to the work by the fac-similes given of certain ancient maps, etc., above all by those of the globe of Martin Behaim, constructed by him in 1492, and of a map drawn by Schöner in 1520. To these further allusion will be made. Copies of them accompany this article.

It should, of course, be borne in mind that the honor to be ascribed to Columbus, or to any navigator of his age, can be that only of rediscovery. It is well-known matter of history that Scandinavians were really the first to discover the continent of America. In 986 Eric, surnamed the Red, and Heriulf sailed from Iceland, which had received a colony from Norway as early as 874, and made the coast of Greenland. The success of these first adventurers induced numerous colonists to join them, and a considerable settlement was made on the west coast of Greenland. A memento of this Icelando-American population was discovered in 1824 by the missionary Kragh, in the shape of a stone inscribed with Runic characters, and bearing date 1135.

From Greenland the Scandinavian settlers not alone made voyages of discovery to the main land, but actually planted colonies on its shores. In the year 1006 a settlement was made in what the discoverers termed Vineland, a section which seems to be fairly identified with the country comprising portions of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Attacks of Indians, and the ravages of what was known as the "black death"—a disease that prevailed in Northern Europe from 1347 to 1351—seem to have swept off the colonists, and discouraged all further efforts on the part of Scandinavians to settle the country. Constant communication, however, had been kept up between Vineland and Greenland, Iceland and Norway, from the tenth until the middle of the fourteenth century.

All, therefore, that could be accomplished in the matter by the navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was to do over again the work already done by the sea-kings, Eric and his successors. The question then presents itself, was Columbus the European who, after these Scandinavian voyagers, first set foot on American shores? So far as the main land is concerned he has no claim to this distinction. On his first and second voyages he made all his North American discoveries, and won for himself the appellation, "Discoverer of the Island of Antilia," that is, Cuba. This is the title by which Vespucci distinguishes Columbus; and of Vespucci he himself says, in a letter addressed to his son, that "he has always manifested a desire to be of service to me." He even in the same letter expresses the hope that through the good offices of Vespucci at court he may obtain royal aid for the prosecution of his projects. Hence Vespucci can not be suspected of treating ungenerously the reputation of Columbus. Although his rival, he was also his friend.

If the reader will examine the copy of the globe of Martin Behaim, on page 426, he will, at first glance, consider that the claim of Columbus even to the title above mentioned must be set aside. In the geographical situation of Cuba, though not far enough to the westward, he will find an island called "Antilia." Recollecting that the globe bears date 1492, he will observe that "Antilia" is at least supposed to exist before Columbus has returned from his first voyage, and brought the tidings of its discovery by himself. An explanation of this will be of interest, as it is also of importance. Columbus is justly credited with having discovered "Antilia."

The island first appears upon a chart of the year 1425, which is preserved in the grand ducal library at Weimar. It is represented again on one of the maps of the atlas of Andrea Bianco, which belongs to the year 1436, and is to be found in the library of St. Mark, in Venice. Most interesting, however, is it to learn that it was introduced by Toscanelli into the map which he prepared at the request of the King of Portugal, and a copy of which, as will hereafter be noticed, he sent to Columbus. In the still extant letter which accompanied this map (now unfortunately lost) he estimates that it is to this island about "one-fifth of the distance from Portugal to China." We confess that we very reluctantly admit that Toscanelli or Behaim would have placed on their maps an island for the existence of which they had no real evidence; yet such seems, here at least, to have been the case.

Without giving any authority for the statement, Behaim informs us, in an inscription placed beside the island, that, "In the year 734, when all Spain was conquered by the heathen from Africa, the above island was settled by an archbishop from Oporto, accompanied by six other bishops, as well as other Christians, both men and women, who escaped from Spain by ship, with all their possessions; and that they built seven cities—whence the island was called the Island of Seven Cities." It has been con-

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GLOBE OF MARTIN BEHAIM.—HEMISPHERE CONTAINING ASIA.

jectured (not without some color of plausibility) that, while residing upon the island of Fayal, Behaim obtained information of the existence of "Antilia"—that possibly some mariner sailing from the Azores was carried to its shores by winds or currents, and had found his way back to tell the tale. Martin, however, himself gives no such authority for his account; and when he has authority he commonly adduces it. An ancient legend ran, that after the great victory gained by the Arabs over King Roderic, at Xeres de la Frontera, in 711, six Spanish bishops, under the leadership of the Archbishop of Oporto, with a number of other Christians, betook themselves across the Atlantic to some far-away western isle; and that upon its hospitable shores they founded seven cities, from which the island received its name.

Portuguese historians give the facts in the case. They tell us that such a migration did actually take place at or about the time specified; but that the refugees purposed going to the Canary Islands—which, however, they did not succeed in reaching.

Whether the historians do not leave us in mystery almost if not quite as great as that in which the geographer involves us is a question. Perhaps no really satisfactory explanation of the matter can be given. Humboldt, however, considers that Toscanelli and Behaim here allow themselves to be guided by the legend aforesaid. And certainly this idea receives large confirmation from the fact that Behaim has placed upon his map, not far from "Antilia," the purely imaginary island called by the name of "St. Brandan." This had its origin in the volcanic brain of some worthy Irish monk, who desired to glorify his compatriot by extending very indefinitely his missionary excursions. St. Brandan visited the Shetland Isles for the purpose of converting the natives. His ignorant but somewhat ingenious adulator had read in classic story of "the Islands of the Blest, where storm nor snow nor wintry blast annoys;" and identified the Shetlands with those hyperborean realms!

It is evident that, at least in the present state of our information, we have no reason, simply because of the appearance of "Antilia" upon the globe of Behaim, for refusing to Columbus

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the honor of having discovered Cuba and other neighboring islands.

In 1498 he made his third voyage, which resulted in his reaching the mouth of the Orinoco, of which, in a passage that amply illustrates the vagueness of his geographical conceptions, he says: "If this immense stream does not flow from the terrestrial paradise, it must take its rise in a land of boundless extent." The first portion of the main land of America on which Columbus landed thus appears to have been that section of South America to which he gave the Indian name Paria, but which is known to us as Venezuela.

On his fourth voyage, in 1502, he landed upon the shores of Honduras Bay, and the Mosquito Coast, thus reaching the coast of Central America. The result, however, neither of the third nor of the fourth voyage justifies the claim to have been the rediscoverer of the main land of the New World. This distinction belongs to another. As early as June of the year 1497, more, that is, than a full year before Columbus ever saw the main land, Sebastian Cabot had rediscovered the coast of Labrador, between the parallels of 56° and 58°; and in the summer of 1498, at the very time when Columbus was making his discovery of the South American coast, and actually four years before he ever sighted the coast of Central America, this navigator was occupied in sailing down the coast of North America from the latitude of Hudson Bay as far as the extreme point of Florida. Columbus never reached the coast of North America, properly so called, at all.

We are accustomed to hear much said about the propriety of calling America Columbia. If the principle be insisted upon that priority of discovery gives the right to men to call the lands after their names, then let us by all means invoke the aid of some nomenclator, mighty in philology, to coin for us a suitable derivative which shall do honor to the worthy Anglo-Venetian.

That Columbus was the originator of the idea that hitherto unknown lands were to be found by steadily sailing westward can not for a moment be maintained. The truth is that neither he nor any of his contemporaries ever expected to find unknown lands at all. The story of his arguing for the existence of a balancing continent is founded on a misconception of his language.

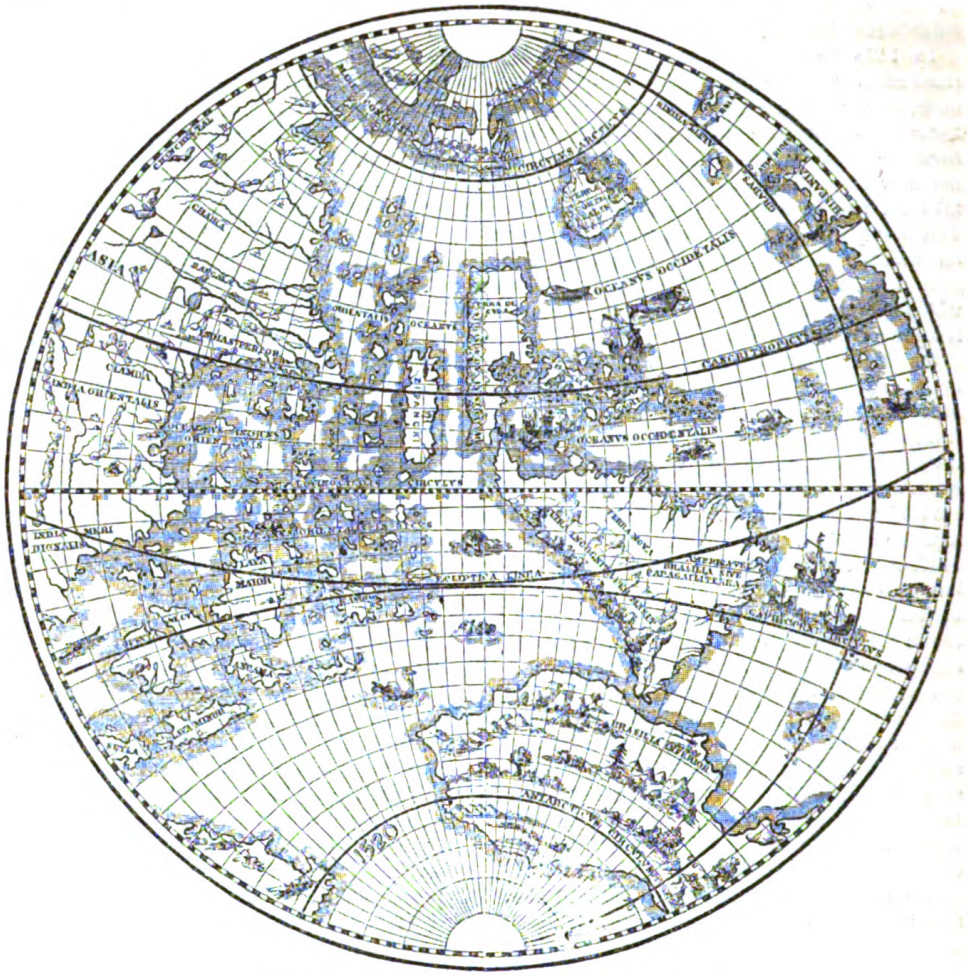
What he proposed to do is sufficiently obvious. The entire commercial world of his day, Venice alone excepted, was anxious to discover a passage by sea to India. During a space of two centuries the facts and fables recounted by Marco Polo had gained more or less credence in Europe, and the not unnatural desire to visit his distant "Cathay" (China), and that goodliest island of "Cipango" (Japan), where the soil literally sparkled with rubies and diamonds, pearls were as plentiful as pebbles, and gold was found in the form of mountains rather than nuggets, had not a little stimulated at once the lovers of adventure and of lucre. Whether young Christopher had perused the glowing pages of the Venetian voyager we are not informed. Yet it may be conjectured with the highest degree of probability that he had. At the close of his first voyage he affirmed that he had returned from "Cipango." In a letter written in 1504 he says: "I reached, on the 13th of May, the province of Mango, which is contiguous to that of Cathay. From Ciguara, in the country of Veragua, it is only ten days' journey to the Ganges." Reference to the map of Behaim will show that our navigator considered himself to have been, at the time specified, on the northern shores of China, somewhere near the district lying to the north of the tropic of Cancer, which is assigned to the "könig," or king, "Von Mangi." The mere fact that Columbus gives to the lands which he visits the names of countries described by Marco Polo is tolerably strong circumstantial evidence that he was in search of those regions.

If, however, the fables of travelers did not give color and character to his enterprise, there were facts of a very palpable and suggestive order which could not but operate powerfully upon his mind. No state had exercised more influence in European politics, for the space of a hundred and fifty years, than the diminutive republic of Venice. Her doges were emperors; they figure as the great interventionists of their day; her merchants were princes; her dwellings were palaces. Before the gorgeous portal of San Marco stood the bannerpoles that once had borne the standards of Cyprus, Candia, and Morea. When Mohammed II. was threatening Constantinople the last of the imperial race of Byzantium sent, in his emergency, embassadors to beg the aid of the city of waters. Venice was recognized as the sovereign of the seas. The annual mystic marriage of the Adriatic was far from being a meaningless ceremony. And the cause of this was no mystery. Venice had been for hundreds of years the entrepôt for the European trade with India. Upon the bosom of the Canal Giudeca rocked argosies fraught with the fine-spun produce of the looms of Cashmere, the glittering yield of Golconda's mines, the spices, perfumes, and dyes gathered on the banks of the sacred Ganges.

Even now the swarthy belle of many an Egyptian village bears unwitting testimony to the commercial supremacy once enjoyed by the Queen of the Adriatic. No more goodly ornament does she boast than the string of Venetian sequins which crowns her brow. The coin of the republic was the recognized standard of pecuniary value, the medium through which the hostility of the Ishmaelite was converted into commercial urbanity.

The kingdoms of Spain and Portugal were quite capable of appreciating the advantages derived by their more fortunately situated neighbor, from her direct intercourse with the East; and nothing was nearer to the heart of the sov-

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THE GLOBE OF JOHN SCHONER.—WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

ereigns of those countries than the discovery of some other mode of intercommunication for themselves than the Veneto-Alexandrian. For the sea-board nations of Western Europe this was the great commercial problem of the day. It suggested, it gave character, to all their geographical enterprise.

And it was the design of Columbus to solve this problem. So far was he from conceiving of any necessity for the existence of a balancing continent, hitherto unknown, that never, to the end of his days, did he even dream of the possibility of the existence of such a continent. He seems to have supposed—at least he strenuously, not to say indignantly, claims—that his achievement has been to reach the shores of India, and the regions described in Marco Polo's letters of gold. An extant letter written by him, in the year 1500, contains the assertion that "if any one does not give him credit for having discovered the *remaining parts of India*, it simply arises from personal hostility" toward him. In a letter addressed by him to Pope Alexander, in 1502, only four years before his death, he says, venturing largely upon the meagre geographical information of his Holiness: "I discovered fourteen hundred islands and three hundred and thirty-three leagues of the coast of Asia." Over these islands it becomes us to cast the decent veil of charity—unless, indeed, we allow ourselves to suppose that our worthy navigator always kept a reminiscence of Madeira in sight. But what of his statement regarding the 333 leagues of Asiatic coast? The claim to have made this discovery, aside from certain obvious moral inferences, which it not very feebly suggests, compels the conclusion that this, which, of course, he never did at all, was what he had always desired to do.

If any hesitation in accepting this conclusion exists, confirmation of its correctness is at hand. Columbus's voyages were evidently regarded by his contemporaries, and especially by his royal patrons, as failures.

In 1499 Vasco da Gama anchored his ships in the Tagus, and brought with him proofs which showed that he had successfully rounded the Cape of Good Hope and reached the harbor of Calcutta. Columbus, with all his declarations of having found the Ophir of sacred Scrip-

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ture, and the Cipango and Cathay of profane geographers, was never able to corroborate those declarations by unloading a single cargo of Oriental products on the wharves of Cadiz. This was not unnaturally felt to be a serious deficiency in his achievement. While Da Gama's arrival fills Portugal with transports of commercial delight, Spain is overwhelmed with chagrin. Columbus is again sent out on a cruise to see whether something can not yet be done which shall give satisfaction to himself and his employers. A new ground of hope has recently been presented. In 1500 Pedro Alvarez Cabral sailed from the Portuguese haven of Belem in command of a flotilla of thirteen ships, with the intention of making the seaward passage to India. The wary captain is anxious to avoid certain calms known to prevail in the Gulf of Guinea, and the southwesterly gales likely to be encountered between the capes of Palmas and Lopez. He therefore bears westward; the great equatorial current, which crosses in a westward and southwestward direction from Africa to South America, carries him farther and farther out of his course, and, co-operating with the southeast trades, finally lands him upon the shores of Brazil. That equatorial current was suggestive to the mind of our disappointed navigator. Such a body of water setting in a strong current westward implied of necessity a channel of escape. But the coast of the new continent was now known to extend very far to the south, very far to the north. There needs must be a strait through which the current aforesaid must pour its mighty waters. Through that same strait may not vessels effect a passage? may not the Indies still be reached by steadily sailing westward? Columbus is hopeful; and Ferdinand and Isabella, justly considering that his proposition is at least exceedingly plausible, consent to provide the means of testing its validity.

This fourth voyage proves unquestionably that whatever views Columbus and his friends might have entertained hitherto, it was now considered, when fleets of twenty ships are sailing from Portuguese harbors to the marts of India, when forts and factories are established for the carrying on of Portuguese traffic in Cochin, Cananore, and Mozambique, when squadrons of Portuguese vessels of war are stationed in Oriental waters for the protection of those establishments, that some important elements of success were lacking in what had heretofore been accomplished by Columbus. It was felt and admitted that his real object had not been attained. And what that object was is sufficiently proved by the fact that the voyage in question was undertaken for the express purpose of reaching India through the strait alluded to.

We do not desire to imply that any censure attaches to Columbus for not having divined the existence of the New World, as so many have held that he did; nor do we even consider it surprising that he did not, through his own and the voyages of others, become aware of its existence. He was by no means alone in his ignorance. If the reader will refer to the copy of Schöner's map, which accompanies this article, it will at once appear how unwilling the geographers of that day, even for a period long subsequent to the death of Columbus, were to admit that a veritable continent lay between Europe and India; or, what seems more likely, how really ignorant they were of the facts in the case. While a region of indefinite extent is represented under the name of "Brasilia Inferior," in the neighborhood of the south pole, solely, as it would seem, upon conjectural grounds—while the continent of South America is depicted with no inconsiderable regard to fact, that of North America appears under the insignificant form of a small rectangle, terminating abruptly at the 50th parallel of north latitude. Humboldt asserts that at the time when Schöner made his map, in 1520, abundance of written material existed from which far more accurate information could have been obtained. He charges the map-makers with obstinate ignorance. Whether, however, Schöner is to blame or not for his faulty representation of North America, his map affords conclusive evidence that as late as 1520 accurate knowledge as to the extent and configuration of North America was by no means generally diffused, even among those whose business it was to possess such knowledge. This conclusion follows in either event. If he were doing his best, as we prefer to believe he was, then it would indicate the extraordinary paucity of his information. If, for some inexplicable reason, he made a willful misrepresentation, then it would show that he felt it safe to presume upon the geographical ignorance of his contemporaries. Not the least censure belongs to Columbus for his misconceptions; we only desire to show that he was far from exhibiting that anticipatory sagacity so frequently claimed for him, by which he was enabled to divine the existence and situation of a new world.

If, then, this honor is to be denied to Columbus, and if he was simply led to undertake his voyage from the idea that India might be reached by steadily sailing westward, it becomes necessary to inquire to whom the world is indebted for this theory.

Here, as in so many other matters of which they are sometimes supposed to have been perfectly ignorant, our remote progenitors had anticipated modern sagacity, and by their far-reaching guesses furnished guidance for modern enterprise. Not a few among the scientific men of the old school had, to say the least, very strong suspicions that the idea in question was correct. Aristotle, 300 years before Christ, says that they who maintain that Spain and India are separated simply by the sea do not appear to entertain an incredible notion. Eratosthenes, one of the princes of Græco-Egyptian astronomers, about 200 years before Christ, makes the more definite statement that, "if the extent of the Atlantic Ocean did not pre-

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vent, it would be possible for us to sail from Spain to India along the same parallel."

Indeed, this idea, supposing no land to intervene, is only a necessary corollary to the fact that the earth is globular—and this fact was known to not a few ancient astronomers. Eratosthenes even attempted to ascertain the circumference of the earth by determining the length of a meridian. His determinations were unsatisfactory, owing to the inaccuracy of his instruments, and to the error which he committed, of supposing that Alexandria and Syene, between which places he measured, were exactly in the same meridian. The principle, however, upon which he conducted his investigations was correct. His method is the one that has been adopted by all the moderns who have attempted the same thing.

Nor had the idea, thus originated in the scientific conjectures of the Old World, passed entirely into oblivion. Three centuries before Columbus's day, Averroes, in Spain, had written his abridgment of the "Almagest" of Ptolemy; and within the fifteenth century a translation of the same work had been begun in Venice, by the celebrated mathematical professor, Purbach, and completed by his yet more famous pupil, Regiomontanus. The "Almagest" was an arranged collection of ancient astronomical observations and discoveries.

Now, no author was so much read and studied by the learned men of the Middle Ages as Averroes. His doctrines were those for or against which the schoolmen of Europe for ages exerted their metaphysical force or ferocity.

When Louis XI., in 1473, undertook to regulate the philosophical teaching of the schools in his kingdom, he made a decree that the doctrine of Aristotle and of his commentator, Averroes, "be read, taught, dogmatically enforced, learned, and reverenced." It is beyond all doubt that whatever Averroes either wrote or commented upon would be thoroughly well-known and discussed among persons who occupied themselves either in literary or scientific pursuits.

We are not, however, left to conjecture as to whether the words of the Stagirite and those of his illustrious commentator, which bore upon the subject under discussion, were or were not familiar to the learned. Columbus, in a letter from Hayti, bearing date 1498, and addressed to Queen Isabella, quotes these very redoubtable authorities. He cites the passage which has already been given, the tenor of which, it will be remembered, is that Spain and India are separated merely by the ocean. It need scarcely be said that Columbus could not have been the only one of his age who had discovered the passage alluded to. Indeed, Professor Ghillany makes the statement that, "without doubt, he was indebted for his knowledge of the opinion just cited, and of others of similar tenor, collected from ancient authors, to persons familiar with the classic productions of antiquity."

We have, however, even more interesting, if not more conclusive, evidence that the knowledge of the rotundity of the earth, and the idea of a western sea-passage to India, were by no means secrets from the learned men of the Middle Ages. The evidence we refer to is to be found in the valuable dissertation of Professor Ghillany, in which he brings to notice the scientific attainments and services of Martin Behaim.

The ancestors of Behaim had been driven from their native Bohemia (whence the family name), probably by religious intolerance. They were devoted to the pursuits of commerce. At the period of their migration, and for long years after that event, Nuremberg had no rival as an active centre of inland trade. She was to Northern Europe what Venice was to that portion of the continent which bordered on the Mediterranean—the dispensing reservoir of Oriental luxuries. In some degree, as a consequence of this commercial activity, the burghers seem to have imbibed the idea that it was scarcely possible for all men to think exactly alike, even on very important topics; and that hence it was not the whole duty of man to make his neighbor, by fair means or foul, the intellectual duplicate of himself. On change the orthodox and the heretic might speculate harmoniously upon the probabilities of trade; they might even share the risk and profit of an adventure together; indorsing one another would be a matter of daily occurrence; and the grave questions of practical honesty would take precedence of those which concerned theoretical exactness.

To Nuremberg, then, the reprobates of Bohemia wended their way, with the twofold object of gaining their own living and thinking their own thoughts. At the middle of the fifteenth century they figure as one of the patrician families of the city. In or about the year 1459 was born, however, one, Martin by name, who was destined altogether to eclipse the glory of his ancestors.

At the age of about seventeen he became a pupil of the famous Regiomontanus. Commercial pursuits induced him to settle in Portugal; and there he acquired at once a reputation for extraordinary mathematical ability and geographical knowledge.

In 1492 he paid a visit to his native city; and, on his departure, presented to its authorities a globe constructed by himself, as an appropriate emblem of their scientific and commercial tastes, and as an evidence of his own grateful recollection of the city whose institutions had given to him the earliest impulses in a career of prosperity and distinction.

This globe is still extant. It is about twenty inches in diameter. The sea was originally ultramarine in hue, the lands brown and green, the snowy mountain-tops white. Letters of gold and silver sheen, intermingled with those

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of red, white, and yellow colors, were employed by the worthy cosmographer in glorifying the surface with descriptive text, in which he set forth the most impressive facts that he was able to collect concerning the history and physical geography of every country, or the moral and spiritual condition of the inhabitants. Age and neglect have told their tale upon this work of art and labor of love, and the glory has departed. The colors of the letters have faded; the azure waves are dingy. For a long time it was kept in the Council Chambers of the city, where it seems not to have received the attention which it deserved. The Behaims have therefore taken it into their own keeping, and it is now treated with the "highest consideration." It is, moreover, gratifying to know that its memory is not likely to perish; for, though it exhibits to an alarming degree the symptoms of decrepitude, it will survive in a fac-simile which was prepared for the Academy of Paris in 1847.

It appears from an inscription which, in the original, surrounds the south pole, that Behaim adduces as the sources of his information the writings of Ptolemy, Pliny, Strabo, Marco Polo. In another inscription is added the name of Mandeville. The question is one of the greatest interest in connection with the point under discussion, how far did these worthies countenance the idea of a seaward passage to India?

Various items of missionary activity, endurance, and success appear among the inscriptions, and impart to the globe a profound ecclesiastical interest. Some of these are, no doubt, founded on fact; not a few on legendary fancy. Allusion has already been made to the notice which concerns the island of "Antilia," and to the highly imaginative record of St. Brandan's excursion to the "Islands of the Blest." In regard to the island of Zanzibar Martin borrows from Marco Polo some facts which, while of the greatest interest to the physiologist, serve also to illustrate in a very striking manner the intrepidity of the missionary, who, seated conveniently upon the apex of one of their mountains, encourages the idolaters below to unite with him in prayer. The people, we are assured, have four times the strength of Europeans, are glorified with "great, long ears, wide mouths, and appalling eyes, and hands four times the size" of those of ordinary mortals.

Pliny, copied and doubtless improved by Mandeville, lends a charm to the dry details of geographical fact by supplying our cosmographer with illustrations of the natural history of the globe. True, these are not always fac-similes; the species are different in some important particulars from those to be found in zoological collections; but, if not reliable, they are at least picturesque. Not far from the equator mermaids with golden tresses and azure eyes—of fatal, luring glance no doubt—are floating tranquilly upon the waters; in their immediate neighborhood appears a sea-lion (?), whose locomotive apparatus seems but poorly calculated to give his very terrestrial carcass support upon the briny surface; while not very far thence a sea-horse, half submerged, is endeavoring to effect a landing at Cape Verd, having doubtless descried in the distance a verdant appearance which gives him promise of abundant pasturage. A small craft heading for "Antilia" seems threatened with speedy demolition by a parti-colored sea-serpent; while another specimen of still more alarming mien is balancing himself upon the convolutions of his tail a little to the south of the "Circulus Equinoccialis," and preparing to engulf one of Martin's inscriptions.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that we have in all these details little else than fable. Nor does it require very great familiarity with the science of geography to perceive that much of the configuration of the various countries represented is wholly imaginary. Behaim does not indeed pretend to rival Columbus, who, according to his statement to the Pope, discovered 1400 islands; yet the number which he does introduce gives us, it must be confessed, far higher conceptions of his creative fancy than of his cosmographical exactness. We must, however, remember that there was a great deal of poetry (!) in the science of his day. The era of exact knowledge was, at the best, only beginning to dawn.

Still, notwithstanding the obvious inaccuracies of the globe of Behaim, there is no small credit due to him for its general correctness. It is interesting to note that he was in possession of the fact that Africa was circumnavigable. The period at which he constructed his globe was, it will be remembered, 1492- no less than five years before Vasco da Gama set sail on that ever-memorable voyage during which he effected the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope. Behaim had obtained his knowledge of this fact from ancient authorities. Herodotus informs us that Pharaoh Necho was "the first to demonstrate that Africa was surrounded by a sea as far as that portion of the continent where it unites with Asia." He gave directions to certain Phœnician navigators to pass out from the Red Sea, steer round Africa, and, entering the Mediterranean through the Pillars of Hercules (the Straits of Gibraltar), return to Egypt again. The mariners in question, says the historian, passed into the "southerly sea," landed late in the year upon the coast of Libya, sowed grain there, waited until harvest, and having thus provided themselves with necessary supplies, proceeded on their way, reaching Egypt after the lapse of two years.

According to the same historian, Xerxes intrusted one Sataspes with the conduct of an expedition which was designed to follow the same course as that of the Phœnicians employed by Pharaoh Necho. Sataspes, however, after having accomplished more than half of the voyage, became discouraged, and returned—a procedure which so irritated his royal master that he

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ordered him to be impaled. What a modern court-martial would have done under similar circumstances we can not say; but, setting aside the question of Persian justice, this, at least, is evident from the story, that no doubt whatever existed in the mind of Xerxes as to the possibility of circumnavigating Africa.

It is evident from these details that, in many respects, the globe of Behaim is remarkably exact. It is more particularly interesting, in the present connection, however, to observe that Marco Polo, and the other authorities consulted by Behaim, gave him very distinctly the impression that nothing larger than Cipango or Japan intervened between the western shores of Europe and the eastern coast of India. Bearing in mind the fact that the globe was being constructed in Nuremberg at the very time when Columbus was occupied in making his first voyage, and before his return from that voyage, we shall readily see how completely it contradicts the supposition that Columbus was in any sense the originator or exclusive possessor of the idea that a steady westward course would bring him to the native country of pearls, gold, and spicery.

It may possibly be urged that Behaim, during his residence in Portugal, may have been on familiar terms with Columbus, and may therefore have been indebted to him for his opinion on this matter. It seems beyond reasonable question that the two were acquainted. Had Behaim, however, been under any obligation to Columbus, we may be quite sure that he would have acknowledged it. In the inscriptions already alluded to he distinctly disavows any claim to originality in constructing his globe. He enumerates the authorities by whose statements he has been guided; and it can not fairly be doubted that the name of Columbus would have found place among them had it been entitled to such distinction.

Nor alone is there ample and convincing evidence that the savans of the fifteenth century were acquainted with the idea under discussion; we even have facts which indicate that to one of those savans Columbus was indebted for what is frequently termed "his plan."

Columbus makes his appearance with this plan at the court of Portugal not before 1480. True, he might have conceived of the idea long before; yet he did not reach Portugal at all, according to Humboldt, until 1477.

As early, however, as 1474 King Alphonso V. had given directions to the Canon Martinez to obtain from Toscanelli, a Florentine philosopher, exact information regarding the Western Passage. Bearing date June 25, 1474, is an extant letter of Toscanelli addressed to Martinez in which he says that, "although he has already frequently dwelt upon the advantages presented by the passage under consideration, still, since his majesty specially requests it, he will again give an accurate explanation of it." In order to render what he writes more clear, he sends therewith a map, upon which "he has drawn the coast of Ireland and that of Africa as far as Guinea, and indicated the course," starting from a point "opposite these coasts and bearing directly westward; he has also specified the islands and places where it will be practicable to effect a landing" (and take in stores?). "From this," he says, "it will be seen how far it will be necessary to keep from the north pole on the one side, and from the equator on the other; and also how great a distance it will be required to traverse ere one can reach those regions so productive and so rich in spices and precious stones." Columbus follows the royal precedent. He also writes a letter to Toscanelli. From the reply of the Italian savant we may form a tolerably accurate idea of its tenor. Toscanelli says: "I see that you cherish the desire to go to the country where the spices grow; and in reply to your letter I send you a copy of that which a few days ago I dispatched to a friend in the service of the King of Portugal, his highness having directed him to correspond with me on this subject." In another letter to Columbus he says: "I am persuaded that you must have seen from my previous letter that the undertaking is not so difficult as it is generally regarded; but that, on the contrary, the passage from the west coast of Europe to the Indies can be safely accomplished by taking the course which I have indicated to you."

It needs no second reading of these extracts to see that the so-called plan of Columbus was rather the plan of Toscanelli. The latter is regarded by the Portuguese monarch as early as 1474 as the proper authority to be consulted on this question.

We conclude, too, from the responses of Toscanelli to Columbus that the latter had applied to him for information. The tone of the writer is that of an instructor—of one who has originated an idea and is imparting it. It is not in the least the tone of one who has been informed of that idea by another.

The conclusion thus far reached is that even to the day of his death Columbus had no idea whatever of the existence of a new world (if he used these terms, he still meant nothing more by them than what he elsewhere describes as "the remaining parts of India"), and that, as a corollary to this, his voyage was undertaken for no such purpose as that of testing any theory of this nature. It seems to be proved, on the contrary, that Columbus simply desired to reach India by a westward passage, and that so little was he the author of this scheme that it had been originally suggested by hoary antiquity, was familiar to numbers of his contemporaries, and was actually explained, if not originally imparted, to him by the Italian Toscanelli.

What he did actually accomplish was to discover certain of the West India Islands, to which his own erroneous geographical notions and those of his contemporaries have given this misnomer. He reached, furthermore, the coast of South America before any other European,

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but not before Sebastian Cabot had visited the coast of North America.

We consider that to rank a man who proposed to reach India by a westward passage, and, by what may not unfairly be called a fortunate accident, happened to discover the island of Cuba, with such men as Adams and Le Verrier, who actually weighed and posited in space a world hitherto not only unseen but unconceived of, is to do these men gross injustice.

A parallel to the achievements of Columbus may justly be found in the performances of the alchemists who, seeking a process whereby every thing might be converted into gold, became, without the smallest particle of scientific sagacity or enthusiasm, but simply through good fortune, the discoverers of sulphuric acid, or, as they termed it, "oil of vitriol," and of nitric acid, which, with the purest ignorance of its real composition and character, they christened "aqua fortis" (strong water). So our worthy friend Columbus is in quest of a land where he may gather gold *ad libitum* and diamonds *quantum suff.* He has the good fortune to reach the island of Cuba—he deems that his feet have stood upon the pearly shores of Cipango. With absolute ignorance of the facts in the case he christens the Mosquito Coast and the shores of Venezuela, India and Cathay.

We propose to consider in a future article how far Columbus is entitled to the praise which has been awarded to him for the execution of the scheme which, so far as its conception is concerned, owed so little to his sagacity.

ANNE FURNESS.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Veronica," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"IT is not for me to betray confidence," said Mr. Lacer, coloring.

"Betray confidence! Surely not. But I have told you that my cousin expressly declared that he cared not a jot who knew of his goings and comings. You have betrayed nothing. It was from another source that I heard of Sam Cudberry's visits to the training-ground."

Mr. Lacer turned his head quickly, and looked at me very curiously. "Was it from your father you heard it?" he asked. But, although he had looked round quickly, he did not speak quickly. On the contrary, he uttered his question after a pause, and with apparent deliberation.

The words sent a pain to my heart. For they seemed to confirm one of my worst fears; namely, that my father was mixed up with whatever mysteries were going on at the training-ground of which Dodd had spoken. I had been able to solace myself, so long as this fear remained in my own breast, with counter hopes that I was wrong, that my father had not added *this* net to the tangle of troubles he had coiled around him. But directly I heard Mr. Lacer's words the hopes vanished altogether, and I wondered how I could ever have entertained them.

"Father knows all about it, then?" said I, sadly.

Mr. Lacer shrugged his shoulders, and gave a melancholy smile, as who should say, "Can you doubt it?"

Could it be my father, I wondered, who had been seen to accompany Sam, and to linger about the village? But no! My father's person was too well known throughout the neighborhood. All at once a light flashed into my mind. I stopped—we were walking in the garden—and said, with a sudden vehement impulse, "It is you! *You* go with Sam Cudberry to this place! Why do you do so? It is not right. It can come to no good."

He was quite amazed by my breathless vehemence, and was silent for a few moments. Then he asked me how I knew this, and said that he did not mean to deny it. I told him that I had *guessed* the truth at that moment; and that I wondered at my own dullness in not having done so long before.

He seemed a good deal troubled; and I was so also, now that the flush of excitement had begun to die away. What right had I to take Mr. Lacer to task for his conduct? I stammered out that I was full of anxiety and sorrow on my father's account, and that my heart was wrung by thinking of how much misery seemed to be in store for mother, and was beginning an excuse, when he stopped me.

"Yes, I know. Your father and mother! I know it all, Anne. Do not fear that I shall attribute your emotion to any interest in *me*. I know you too well for that."

He *had* partly read my thought, and I felt a little confused. But I made an effort to conquer the shy feeling, and told him that it would be ungrateful in me not to feel an interest in him after the friendship he had shown for my parents—and for me. Feeling that he was about to interrupt me again, I added, hurriedly, that naturally and of course my chief care was for my father and mother; and that I was greatly distressed to find my vague suspicions confirmed. "I am, of course, very ignorant of all these things," said I. "Less ignorant, though, than I would fain be, Heaven knows! But, of course, I can not help seeing that it is some speculation connected with the secret training of a race-horse which is luring my father on, and which prevents him from taking any energetic step to free himself from his embarrassments—from his *debts*," I added, changing the phrase; "for it is worse than useless to

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disguise the bitter truth, by wrapping it up in vague words. And see now what a misfortune this new infatuation is! If it had not been for that, I do believe my father might have been persuaded, some months ago, to give up Water-Eardley, and break free. Do you not believe that, too?"

"Y-yes; I—don't know."

"*I* believe it—am sure of it. And—oh, it all grows so clear!—father is constantly harping on September—clinging to September. In September that incomprehensible piece of luck is to happen that is to change every thing like a fairy's wand!—*Why, Horsingham races are in September!*"

Mr. Lacer turned away his head and made no answer.

"Oh," said I, clasping my hands, and pressing my fingers hard into the flesh, "what is it he has entered into? Can nothing be done to prevent his losing every thing—his good name, I mean; for I don't cheat myself with hopes of saving any thing else! I implore you to tell me the truth!"

"Anne, Anne, don't be so distressed!" he cried. The tears were running down my cheeks, and I was trembling from head to foot. "I can't bear to see you take it to heart like this. If I had known—if I had thought beforehand— For mercy's sake, don't cry and shake so. Your mother!—your mother may come to the window of her room at any moment. We are within sight from the house."

This suggestion enabled me to command myself better than any thing else could have done. I turned my face from the house, and tried to compose myself, and wiped my eyes with a hand that trembled still.

Gervase Lacer stood looking at me with a face full of pain and perplexity.

"You are so—so—innocent and unworldly," he murmured, still gazing at me with a kind of compassionate surprise. "These things happen so often—every day—and— But you and Mrs. Furness take it all so terribly to heart!"

"Is that wonderful? Do you expect us to be unmoved by ruin—and, what is worse, disgrace?"

"Ay, there it is! Disgrace! But you do not seriously think that there is any thing really wicked in training a horse to run a race, do you?"

"What is the use of speaking in that way? You well know what all this racing and betting and gambling has brought my father to! Is it no disgrace to be in debt, to incur fresh debts with no reasonable hope of paying them, to risk self-respect, peace of mind, the happiness of those that are dear to you, to plunge into crooked ways and stealthy schemes and false pretenses?"

His face flushed a deep red, and he frowned more angrily than I had ever seen him frown. I understood why. He had, by his own confession, entered to some extent into the "stealthy schemes" I spoke of. I did not doubt that he felt some self-reproach, which did not, however, make the reproaches of others more endurable.

"Look here, Miss Furness," he said, "I tell you plainly that you must keep a better guard over yourself, unless you want to do great mischief—irrevocable mischief—to your father."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that as the knowledge of the—" he hesitated so long for a word that I was about to speak, when he brought out the word "*scheme*," which I had used, and brought it out with some bitterness—"the knowledge of your father's scheme has partly reached you, you will do well to be dumb about it to others. Do not breathe a syllable in reference to it *to any one*. Try to forget it. That would be best of all. For any chance of success secrecy is essential. I suppose your righteous indignation will not go so far as to make you cry the matter aloud on the highway!"

"Why," said I, much pained, although I entirely believed that irritated temper alone made him speak thus, "I thought you fully shared my feeling on this subject; and yet you seem to be sneering at it now!"

His face softened, and the frown gradually cleared away from his brow; but he made two or three turns up and down the path before he spoke again. We had both mechanically resumed our walk from the garden to the shrubbery and back again, passing each time through a little wicket-gate that stood open.

"I do share your feeling to a great degree," he said. "I sympathize with you entirely. I would do any thing to spare Mrs. Furness pain. But—but—it is a little hard to be blamed for doing what I have done in friendship. To be blamed by *you*. It is not every one's blame I should care for. You know that; you must know it."

"Forgive me if I have done you injustice. But, since we are speaking thus plainly, let me ask you *why* you have mixed yourself up with this miserable affair? Why, instead of dissuading father from it, you seem to have joined him in it? And, above all, why, in a matter to which you tell me secrecy is essential, you have admitted Sam Cudberry to your confidence?"

After a little pause Mr. Lacer answered that if I would walk onward with him a little toward the river-side meadows he would reply to all my questions. "That is, if you will have patience to hear me out. I have great faith in your sense and courage, and I believe, after all, it will be best to trust you."

I agreed to his request, and we walked on beyond the shrubbery, and then he began to speak. At first he spoke hesitatingly, and with difficulty; but he warmed as he proceeded. He told me that father had set his heart on buying a race-horse from some famous stable. Flower had incited him to the purchase. Father's means not being sufficient for the purpose—even although he raised money, reckless of consequences, in every possible way—he had

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(again by Flower's advice) put the advertisement I had seen in the sporting paper. Some man had been found to join him—a Londoner, Mr. Lacer said he was. At this point, and not before, he (Gervase Lacer) had been told, under a promise of solemn secrecy, and offered a share in the benefits of the speculation. This of course, he said—answering my face, not my voice, for I said nothing—he had not accepted. I observed that he well knew what amount of *benefit* might be anticipated from such a scheme. And he answered frankly, yes, truly. It was not a very safe one. Not but that there *was* a chance—there was always a chance—of realizing a large sum. Of course, if there were *no* chance there would be an end of betting. Nothing was sure. Well, what was he to have done? To betray my father's trust, and make his wife and daughter wretched by telling them of things they were entirely powerless to prevent? He laid great stress on that. To break with my father, and leave him to his fate without a friend to speak to or confide in? He could not do it. He made no merit of this, he said. He was bound to the inmates of Water-Eardley by ties too strong for him to sever voluntarily. I might judge by my own feelings whether it were a pleasant task to carry such a secret about with him! This burden he had wished to spare me. He still wished to spare my mother from fruitless anxiety. As for my cousin's being taken into confidence, they had no choice. Sam Cudberry had spied and spied, scenting some mystery, and had kept a watch over his (Gervase Lacer's) movements, and had at last traced him to the training-ground, whither he had gone at my father's request, and on my father's errand. "And I wish," added Mr. Lacer, with hearty vehemence, "that the heir of Woolling had been up to his neck, if not a little deeper, in one of the Woolling horse-ponds, before he had thrust himself upon me!" There was no mistaking the genuine nature of Mr. Lacer's disgust and irritation with Sam as he said the words. "Or I wish," he added, a little more gently, "that he had been any one else's cousin. *That* would have sufficed to make our acquaintance of the briefest."

"And on the success of this horse my father has staked—"

"*Every thing.* You are so pale! Take my arm for a moment. I almost was afraid to tell you—and yet you wished it."

"I did wish it. It was best to tell me. Indeed it was. And when—when will this—when will our fate be decided? At the next Horsingham races?"

"Yes."

"They are near at hand. And my father has risked *every thing?*"

"Every thing that he could risk. Your mother's settlement is, of course, untouched."

"Nothing could dissuade him from this, even now at the eleventh hour? Is there no hope—no chance?"

"Impossible! What could he do? How do you suppose he is to get rid of the responsibilities? No, no, the horse *must* run! Why, he has been backing him heavily"—he checked himself. He had been speaking with impatience—almost with anger. Then he resumed, in an encouraging tone, "But you know it *may* turn out well! It may prove the road to fortune. I confess that although I see risk—of course there is risk, there must be—yet I am very far from despairing. Great strokes of luck *have* happened, and may happen again!"

I shook my head. This tone depressed me almost more than any other, although I knew it was kindly meant. What if the best that they could expect should befall, and a "great stroke of luck," as Mr. Lacer phrased it, were to make my father a winner? The result would be to lead him on to further ventures, and to confirm him forever as a frequenter of the "turf." How terrible that prospect was to me, and how unshakable was my conviction that it must prove a mere road to ruin, growing ever smoother and steeper, I have no words to say.

"Shall I tell you what I think in my heart?" said I to Mr. Lacer, when he had finished the speech intended to cheer me. "I think that, if we have a living faith in the wisdom of doing right, come what may, and if we believe what conscience tells us, my mother and I ought to pray, not for the success, but the failure of this speculation. It would be better to be ruined outright while there is something left to meet the just claims of creditors, and for father to be driven back from the course he has entered on, at *any* cost of present distress, than to go on, on, on, losing health and hope and honor, and finish in deeper ruin at last."

Mr. Lacer was quite startled, and almost shocked, at the suggestion.

"Pray for *failure!*" he cried. "Good Heavens! you don't know what you are saying!"

He went on to impress upon me the paramount necessity of caution and secrecy. He was sure, he said, quite sure, that I would not willingly be the means of destroying all chance of a fortunate result on the race-day by making any imprudent speeches. I did not know *how* much depended on it. I must be stanch and silent for *all* sakes.

I told him that he need not fear me. I would be silent. But I could not help observing how strange it seemed to me that all this mystery should be necessary. If the whole county knew the state of the case, what difference would it make? Such knowledge would not lame the horse, nor slacken his speed on the race-day?

"Pshaw! you talk like a baby. What difference would it make? Think of the betting! Think what odds we—your father—would be likely to get, if— But I beg your pardon for speaking hastily. You don't understand these things. Of course you can not. Only pray

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believe—take my word for it—that an imprudent syllable may ruin every thing."

"And how do you propose to secure Sam Cudberry's secrecy? What inducement do you think will avail with him?"

"A bribe," replied Mr. Lacer, deliberately.

"A—bribe?"

"Did you think your second cousin inaccessible to one? I am very frank, you see. Perhaps too frank. Yes; Mr. Sam Cudberry has been offered a bribe—a tangible bribe in coin of the realm; and for that consideration (the mention of it did not shock him, as it does you, I assure you) he promised to hold his tongue."

"What a web of falsehood and meanness and baseness!"

"It *is* bad enough," he answered, impulsively.

I have said that Gervase Lacer's emotions were easily excited. Now as he spoke the tears came into his eyes, and the color rose in his face. "It *is* bad enough, God knows. If I could clear myself from it all I would; upon my soul, I would! If I had known such good, pure-hearted creatures as you long ago— Don't think all evil of me, Anne."

He spoke very earnestly. I felt almost ashamed to hear his fervently expressed wish to extricate himself from this slough; for was it not my father who had led him into it? I gave him my hand. He took it in both his own, and, looking steadfastly at me, said, once more, "Don't think *all* evil of me, Anne. Beside your whiteness I show dark enough; but I am not all selfish. I keep back words that I am longing to utter. I press them back into my heart. My heart is very full, Anne Furness, because I will not risk adding to your anxieties just now; because I wish you to be free to speak to me as a friend at all events. Come," he added, after a short pause, abruptly relinquishing my hand and turning away—"come; they will be looking for us. Let us go back to the house."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A week or two later the Arkwrights fell into great trouble. One of the tradesmen who served them—a butcher—became very importunate for his money, and finally, they being unable to pay him at once, took out a summons against Mr. Arkwright. The poor clergyman made shift—Heaven knows by what scraping and sacrifices—to pay the money. But the misfortune did not end there. Other creditors, seeing the butcher's success, grew impatient and surly. Duns besieged the dark little house in Wood Street, and their shadows on the threshold made it darker than ever. Alice Kitchen was full of sympathy for the Arkwrights, and it was from her that I learned these facts. But she could not be so much at the clergyman's house as formerly, for she had consented to marry Dodd. The wedding was to take place in the autumn, and Alice was busy preparing her clothes. Besides, she was backward and forward between Horsingham and Brookfield a good deal in those days, seeing to the arrangement and furnishing of a couple of rooms for her father in the latter place; for, as soon as his daughter's marriage was settled, old Mr. Kitchen declared he would not remain in Horsingham, and he easily obtained the situation of foreman with Messrs. Hobson, of Brookfield. This arrangement was very displeasing to his son. Old Kitchen was an excellent workman, and had had an almost life-long experience of the coach-making business to which his son had succeeded. His absence would make a gap which would be difficult to fill up.

"Mat's just like a bear wi' a sore head," said Alice to me. Whereby she intended to express that he was in a very sulky and ill-tempered condition, and ready to growl at every one. "And it ain't misfortunes as sours his temper," she pursued. "If money could sweeten folks' dispositions, Mat ought to be like a lump of sugar-candy; but I reckon that lucky folks is sometimes like a spoiled bairn—more they have, more they want. When there's no real trouble they just cry for the moon. Father wants to be near me and Dodd. That's nat'ral enough, Miss Anne; not to speak of the good wages and lighter work as he'll have at Hobson's. And if Mat *has* to pay a strange foreman more'n he paid father, why he's rich enough to afford it. Rich! There's no end, it seems to me, to Mat's riches. It turns out as he's the owner of a lot o' houses as Grandfather Green bought cheap a very little before he died. Scarce a day goes by but what we hear of some fresh property belonging to Mat. I don't grudge it him, Miss Anne. No; really and truly I do not. After the first disappointment about grandfather's will I made up my mind as I wouldn't fret, and grow jealous and angry about it. As it is, you know, we are no worse off than we was before—which we should be if we'd taken to grizzling over what can't be mended. But I will say as it worrits me to hear Mat and Selina going on as if it was all their own merit as had got 'em the money. I know as Mat always had a pious turn; of course I don't mean to say to the contrary. But what's Selina got to be so set up about? looking around in chapel as proud as if her money could buy her a private road to salvation all to herself, like the right-o'-way through Woolling Park, as Sir George went to law about."

It was in vain to try to stem the flow of Alice's copious speech; but when she paused a moment of her own accord I tried to bring her back to the subject of the Arkwrights' troubles.

"Ah, dear me, yes, poor bodies!" exclaimed Alice, starting off again with exactly the same cheerful volubility. "Poor Mrs. Arkwright came to me last Wednesday, and, says she, 'You'll be surprised to see me out of my own home at this hour, Alice'—and for the matter o' that, so I should ha' been to see her out

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o' doors at a'most any hour, unless it was at market—' but,' she says, 'we're in great straits, and maybe you can help us; and I'm sure you will if you can,' she says. And then she told me as their quarter's rent was due that day fortnight, and couldn't I persuade their landlord to give 'em a little grace? '*Me* persuade!' I says. 'Why, my dear good soul, who is your landlord, as you think I can persuade him?' 'Don't you know?' says she, looking at me with that suspicious kind of a shine in her big black eyes—you know the look I mean, Miss Anne. 'No,' says I, 'I don't know, unless it may be old Ashby; for half Wood Street did belong to him once upon a time.' 'No,' said Mrs. Arkwright, very quietly, 'our landlord isn't old Ashby now. Our landlord is Mr. Matthew Kitchen.' 'My brother Mat?' says I. 'Niver in this world, sure.' But it's true, Miss Anne. The Arkwrights' house is one of them as Grandfather Green bought, and it's Mat's property as certain as the day. But, eh, dear me, Miss Anne, *I* haven't any power to persuade Mat. It's no good *my* speaking."

"You might try, Alice," said I, "for Mr. Arkwright's sake."

"Well, I did try," returned Alice, bringing out the statement a little unwillingly, I thought. "But Mat cut me as short as short could be. I tell you he's been out of humor with me and father lately to that degree as if I was to say the moon *wasn't* made of green cheese he'd be ready to declare he knew for certain as it *was*."

"But you don't think that your brother will really be very hard on the Arkwrights, Alice, do you?"

"Oh n-no; I don't exactly expect as Mat will be—*very* hard on 'em. I hope not, I'm sure," she answered, doubtfully. "Of course you know property's property and rent's rent. A landlord has a right to get his due, same as every body else. But I—I don't suppose Mat 'll be—*very* hard on 'em. The way would be," added Alice, after an unusually long pause for her—"the best way and best chance would be for some one to say a good word for them to Selina. Mat don't refuse her any thing scarcely. It's a curious thing, as I've often noticed, Miss Anne, the more a woman thinks of herself the more a man 'll think of her too. I think sometimes as men are with their wives some way like a many mothers are with their bairns—the fractionest gets the most cockered up."

I was truly concerned for the Arkwrights. Not the less so that I had very little belief in the forbearance or charity of Matthew Kitchen. I had made up my mind to go and see Mrs. Arkwright. I had hesitated a little before doing so, because I was not sure whether her jealous sensitiveness might not make her averse to receive any visit that could be construed into an intrusion on their private troubles. But I had finally resolved to go to her, when my intention was frustrated by the very unexpected appearance of Mrs. Arkwright herself at Water-Eardley.

On entering my mother's little sitting-room one day about noon, bringing from the garden some flowers which mother loved, to fill a vase with, I found Mrs. Arkwright sitting grim and stiff by the window, and my mother opposite to her, looking greatly disturbed. Mrs. Arkwright was yellower than ever, and had grown very thin. There were dark rings round her large bright eyes, and her strong black brows were gathered into a fixed frown, which, however, expressed painful anxiety rather than anger. She was very, very shabby, and seemed to have lost the exquisite neatness which formerly had, in a measure, graced her poor apparel. The hot summer sunshine streamed in pitilessly upon her rusty shawl and scanty gown and discolored straw bonnet. She was very dusty too, and looked fagged and jaded. But she sat bolt upright in her chair, with her hands clasped before her, in an attitude that singularly expressed the eager, energetic nature of the woman, and her pitiless, stern disdain for the smallest self-indulgence.

She had come, she said, after barely acknowledging my greeting with the preoccupied air of one who is impatient of having his attention diverted from some point of absorbing interest, to ask my mother a favor.

"I am sure," said mother, casting a glance almost of dismay upon me, "that my will is good to serve you, Mrs. Arkwright; but I very much fear that very few people can have less power of doing so than I."

Seeing that mother, as it were, appealed to me to come to her assistance, and that Mrs. Arkwright had turned her eager eyes on my face, as though she were desirous of making me a party to the conference, I ventured to ask what favor it was she sought of my mother, knowing Mrs. Arkwright well enough to feel sure that she would prefer even abrupt directness to any more politely circuitous forms of speech.

"I want Mrs. Furness to go and plead our cause with our landlord's wife," she returned.

"But I—I—don't know her," stammered forth my mother, timidly.

"Yes, you do."

"Mrs. Arkwright means Selina, mother, Matthew Kitchen's wife."

"Ah, *you* know who our landlord's wife is!" exclaimed Mrs. Arkwright, sharply, and as though she had detected some attempt at deception.

I explained that I had only recently heard the fact, speaking as gently as I could. I was too genuinely sorry for Mrs. Arkwright to think of taking offense at her manner.

"Mr. Arkwright only requires a little time," she said, speaking still in the same sharp, dry manner, although, every now and then, the tears welled up into her eyes, and her mouth twitched. "We have had a good many difficulties to contend with lately. The children fell ill. It is

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true, the doctor cost us nothing—your father is a good man, Mrs. Furness—but illness is always costly in one way or another. Then, some little time ago, Mr. Arkwright raised a small sum of money to pay off the last that remained of some old college debts. He got so tired and wearied with squeezing the money out, drop by drop—it was such a never-ending work—that he thought it would be best to borrow the sum here, and owe it all in one lump; and the man that lent it was a Horsingham person, and Mr. Arkwright thought he would be more patient, seeing that we were living in the place, and he was safe to be paid, principal and interest, in the end. Perhaps it was a mistake; but if you ever have had to carry a weight for a long time, you will know that it eases you to shift it from one hand to another, though the burden remains just as heavy as before."

"Yes; I can understand that," said my mother, with a little sigh.

"In short, all this threw us behindhand, and we are not ready with the rent, and we want Mr. Kitchen to give us time. It's only a question of two or three months," said Mrs. Arkwright, abruptly. She had been softening somewhat, when, on my mother's little word and sigh of sympathy, she suddenly resumed her dry, hard manner. It was ungracious, certainly. But it awoke in me unspeakable pity. As I looked at her the thought came into my head how, if this woman had been a pilgrim in old times, she would have struggled and staggered on, with bleeding feet and close-shut lips, over sharp pebbles and barbed thorns, and never have relieved her bursting heart by a word or a moan of complaint. There was stern stuff in this prosaic-looking English curate's wife, and a spark of sombre fire that had been haply transmitted to her from some fierce Norseman through a long line of yeoman ancestors.

Mother rather shrank back into herself on seeing Mrs. Arkwright's unflinching eyes fixed on her. She did not know Mrs. Arkwright so well as I did, and it was natural that she should feel herself to be in some sort rebuffed by the latter's sternness.

"I should think there is no doubt that Matthew Kitchen will not distress your husband, Mrs. Arkwright," said mother, timidly.

"No doubt? Why do you suppose I am disquieting myself, then? It is not my fancy, I assure you. I am not a fanciful woman."

Mrs. Arkwright had her fancies too. But conceiving, like many other people, that fancy was necessarily an airy, idle, leisurely sort of faculty, she disdainfully disclaimed it. Ah! Mrs. Arkwright, was there no fancy in your jealous preservation of that poor necklace, treasured side by side with the old faded love-letters?

"But—what can I do?" said my mother.

Mrs. Arkwright repressed an impatient shrug, and pulled her shawl over her shoulders to conceal the movement. She put a strong constraint upon herself to explain distinctly that Alice had told her to apply to Mrs. Matthew Kitchen; that she (Mrs. Arkwright) had reason to believe that her landlord's wife looked on her with personal disfavor; that she had heard Mrs. Matthew boast with much complacency of having been "called upon" by the ladies of Water-Eardley manor; and that it seemed to herself and to Alice highly probable that mother's intercession might avail to influence Selina to influence her husband.

"I don't ask you to go on purpose to the woman's house, Mrs. Furness," she said, in conclusion; "but when you see her—she will come here, I suppose, won't she, to return your visit?"

Mother winced a little, and said perhaps; she didn't know; she supposed so.

"Well, *if* she comes, will you say a word for us?" said Mrs. Arkwright, rising.

Mother promised to do so, but in a hesitating manner which I was sorry for, as I feared the curate's wife would misinterpret it. I well knew it to arise from mingled feelings, none of which were other than kindly and sympathizing toward the Arkwrights.

It was impossible to persuade Mrs. Arkwright to eat or drink. She set off again to Horsingham, along the dusty road and under the blazing sun, with a grim sort of resolution in her face, but with a step which all her courage could not make buoyant, and care was expressed in every line and movement of her weary figure.

"Poor Mrs. Arkwright!" I said, looking after her as she disappeared down the garden path.

"Yes; I am very sorry for her, dear. But, Anne, is she not a little hard and grim?" said mother.

"She cases herself in that artificial shell—perhaps just because she is *not* really hard, mother."

"But, my child, she need not case herself in any shell with me. I am not so fierce or unfeeling, surely!"

"No, mother dear. But when people's feelings have been harshly and roughly handled in their passage through the world, it may be they become so sore and sensitive that even the soft touch of pity hurts them."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THERE were several motives at work to make Mat Kitchen hard on Mr. Arkwright. The latter was a gentleman. He was in his power very completely; for Mr. Arkwright not only owed three quarters' rent, but he also owed the balance of the sum lent at interest by old Green. Matthew was now, as his grandfather's heir, Mr. Arkwright's creditor. Then, whereas Mrs. Arkwright had been very easy of access to Alice's friendly offices and rough, cheery good-nature, she had shown herself stiff and stubborn as a rock toward Selina, whose new bonnet alone (as she herself indignantly observed) was worth every article of Mrs. Arkwright's clothing put together, and appraised at a liberal valuation!

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Selina had great influence over her husband. There was no doubt in the world about it. Many people were surprised at this, as thinking Mat Kitchen an unlikely subject to be much swayed by affection. I was surprised at it too in those days. But on looking back, I believe I understand it all well enough. It was not solely by his affection that Mat was led to indulge his wife's wishes, and share her prejudices on so many points. He *was* fond of her in his way. He would have been "fond"—if I may use the word in such a connection—of a china dinner-service, or a gilt mirror-frame, or a dog, or a horse, that belonged to *him*. His sense of ownership imparted a great degree of exaggeration to his estimate of all that was his. And then Selina was the echo of his own low nature. Had she tried to turn him from cant to sincerity, from avarice to liberality, from self-assertion to humility, from the sullen, gloomy code he called religion to charity and sweetness and compassion, her *influence* would have had an unpromising task of it.

Selina came to Water-Eardley in due course. But mother's little attempt to speak for the Arkwrights met with small encouragement. I had feared that it would be so; and I carefully abstained from putting in a word on their behalf, knowing myself to be no favorite with Selina, and thinking that my advocacy would be likely rather to injure than advance the cause.

Selina never interfered with Mr. Kitchen's business, she said. Mr. Kitchen was a just man, and his character was well known to stand high in Horsingham—higher it might be than some that thought themselves above him. Mr. Kitchen was obviously a special favorite of Providence. He prospered in almost all his doings. But he had his trials, sent, Selina opined, for the express purpose of causing his virtue and godliness to shine out before all men. For Mr. Kitchen never made complaints of nobody (the redundant negative was Selina's own), nor yet went about whining and whimpering that he was badly used. Mr. Kitchen didn't owe a farthing in the world. When pay-day came he was ready for it, be it for rent, or taxes, or subscription to the chapel. Selina wondered that some folks wasn't ashamed of going on as they *did* go on with such a bright example before them.

"I am sure," said mother, with a little timid attempt at being complimentary and diplomatic, "that Mr. Kitchen is very punctual, and—and honest indeed. But, you see, this poor gentleman's, Mr. Arkwright's, case is not exactly the same as your husband's. He has a large family and small means, and he is still embarrassed by old debts contracted in his college days. Mr. Kitchen, who is so prudent and sensible in money-matters, had no such clog on him in his start in life."

"College, indeed!" exclaimed Selina, with stolid contempt. "Matthew thanks the Lord, and so do I, as *he* was never brought up in one of them heathen places. See what comes of it. Mr. Arkwright's got a head full of stuck-up notions, and a pocket full of nothing at all!"

"Precisely the reverse of Mr. Matthew Kitchen's case," said I.

Mother looked at me deprecatingly, but Selina accepted my words as being entirely complimentary to her husband, and replied, deliberately, "I should hope it *is* the reverse, Anne, of Mr. Kitchen. If Mrs. Arkwright boasts about colleges, I'd have her to know that we should be able to send that boy of ours to any college in the land—if we liked to have him brought up on ungodly books, and hear popish services, and join in the revels of the wicked; for Matthew tells me that the colleges are hot-beds of iniquity—and that's more than she'll manage to do for *her* little lad, I'm pretty certain!"

The baseness of the woman's exultation sickened me. Mother tried to say another word or two, but Selina coolly cut her short.

"Now, Mrs. Furness," said she, settling her shawl about her as if to go, but not rising from her chair until she had finished her speech (and as she sat there with her feet on a cushion, her back well supported, and her whole attitude expressive of a deliberate care for her own comfort, as an object of almost paramount importance, I thought of the widely contrasted figure of the poor clergyman's wife who had occupied that place so short a time previous)—"now, Mrs. Furness, I'll tell you what it is. It's meant very kind, I don't make any doubt, your speaking up for the parson; but if you want to do them a service you'd better talk to your own husband than to me or to mine. And you needn't look so surprised, for I dare say you understand me, and if you don't, Anne does. Matthew is a prosperous man, but he has his trials, as I said. He has a deal of money owing to him, has Matthew. He has advanced, and advanced, time and again, and he don't much know when he's to see the color of his money back again. If some of Matthew's debtors would pay up, why, he might be able to give others a little more time. You just get Mr. Furness to square accounts with Mr. Kitchen a bit. And it may be as Mr. Kitchen 'll be kind and charitable enough to have patience with the parson. But Mr. Kitchen he has his own payments to make. His men don't work for nothing, and there's expenses as well as profits in his business. And his own father a-going to desert him, as it 'll cost Matthew I don't know what and all for a new foreman from London. And his sister a-taking up with a publican as has no more religion than a pint pot!"

It was thus that Selina spoke of her old sweet-heart and fellow-servant, Dodd.

And then she took her departure, not ruffled, or heated, or in any outward way disturbed. Her most malignant and unfeeling speeches were invariably uttered with elephantine imperturbability; and she was wont to boast that it was impossible to "put her out," for she had always had a "wonderful good temper."

She left disturbed feeling enough behind her,

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though. Mother was bitterly distressed by her parting speech, and I had little or no consolation to offer her.

As the time of the autumn races drew near, and the usual signs which preceded that busy period began to be seen in Horsingham, father's feverish restlessness rose from day to day until it reached a pitch when he scarcely had any more command of himself than an insane person. Indeed, at times I was visited by painful darting apprehensions for his reason. Gervase Lacer, too, showed traces of intense anxiety. He and father made frequent absences together now. Sam Cudberry came to Water-Eardley, and was regaled with food and drink, but he complained of its being "infernal dull" there now.

And he dropped vague words to the effect that had he known Lacer was going to leave the army he (Sam) would never have bestowed so much of his patronage and society on him as he had done; for since Lacer had become a civilian he had grown awfully slow company, and had no longer the opportunity of presenting Sam Cudberry, Junior, of Woolling, to any choice military gentleman who might have been able to value his society as it deserved. Sam was, in a word, growing sulky. Heaven knows I studied his humors, and watched his moods with breathless attention. I felt like one at sea, to whom the pilot has confided that the ship is drifting among shoals and quicksands, but who knows only this vague danger, and is ignorant of any chart or guide to show whether the vessel's progress be toward hope or despair. How much Sam Cudberry could do toward ruining my father I knew not. Whether or not he would be capable of betraying that which he had accepted a bribe to keep secret I felt no degree of certainty. "And then, after all," thought I, "it *must* mainly depend on the horse's running whether father wins or loses!"

Mother had not ceased to cherish her plan of going away from Water-Eardley, nor to work for it as far as possible. She found an unexpected ally in Uncle Cudberry. He was in the habit of going into Horsingham occasionally on market-day; and consequently heard some gossip about the state of affairs at Water-Eardley. Mr. Cudberry did not say a word of this in the bosom of his home circle. He was not communicative by nature; and he knew well that no power on earth could have insured his daughters' discretion as to another person's secret, and he knew, too, that there were manifold reasons which rendered it undesirable that rumors of my father's being about to leave the neighborhood should get abroad in Horsingham before the time was ripe. But he went to see my grandfather, and talked matters over with him, and then came and told my mother (much to her surprise) that he had done so.

The result was that he highly approved of the plan my mother was so anxious to forward. In answer to a timid hint of hers Uncle Cudberry said, dryly, "No, no, no; we won't let George fancy he's following any body's way but his own. Mustn't let him think as the reins are being took out of his hand. Let me alone for that. *I* sha'n't say a word to him, you may depend."

"George *quite* approves the plan," returned my mother, coloring. "We have talked it over together. I hope you don't imagine that I would for an instant think of—of—deceiving George, do you?"

"Well, I reckon that all you womenkind are pretty well alike for that; only some does it for evil, and some for good," Mr. Cudberry made answer, in his slow, impassible way. But, after a minute, he added, with that glimmering remembrance of having once been a gentleman which my mother alone seemed to possess the spell to awaken, "Any way, George has reason to be proud—and the family has reason to be proud—of the new member he brought into it when he married you, Mrs. George."

And he made mother the strangest stiff little bow—a bow that gave one the idea of being made across a pompous fence of cravat, starched and voluminous; and yet a wisp of frayed black silk was all that encompassed Uncle Cudberry's lean throat at the moment.

I suppose he had left off making bows in the days of the Regency, and the disused courtesy conjured up a reminiscence of the disused garments also, as all well-authenticated ghosts are wont to appear in their habit as they lived.

"The family!" Uncle Cudberry had, in his own peculiar way, almost as great an idea of the family importance as had his daughters; and despite his fitful visitings of politeness toward my mother, he did not scruple to let her understand that his chief reason for urging his nephew's departure was his wish to avoid a public crash of ruin, which could not fail to be disgraceful to "the family."

I was watchful to discover, if possible, whether Uncle Cudberry had any suspicion of the new venture my father had embarked in, and which was so soon to be tried. Apparently he had none; for, on my mother's meeting his arguments against further procrastination with the constant reply, "After September—George has promised to take some decided step directly September is over," he as constantly protested against the unreasonableness of delay, and concluded with the demand, "Why? What in the world for? When September's done, why not go on to the end of October? Why not go on the twelve months through, at that rate?"

To which my mother had no answer to make. Her spirits fluctuated a good deal. She would be sometimes despondent, sometimes hopeful. These latter moods of hers—when she would sit and hold my hand, or stroke my hair, planning what we should do in the new life, and how we must study to make father forget his troubles, like a feverish dream, and to bring him back to his old fond kindness by our patience and tenderness and duty—these moods, I say, depressed me more than her sad ones. I felt so guilty

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with the weight of my secret knowledge of the risk that was to be run, and the stake that was to be played for, at the dreadful autumn races. And they drew near swiftly: they were close at hand.

We did not see my grandfather often, as I have said. Donald came sometimes. My father had met him, and had received him with cold indifference, but still not in such a manner as to preclude Donald's visiting the house. In truth, father at this time was too intensely preoccupied with one subject to exhibit strong feeling on any other whatsoever. He ate his meals with the little leather note-book on the table beside him, or a "sporting" newspaper in his hand. Nothing roused him, nothing touched him, but the one absorbing topic. It was pitiful to behold: all his old, frank, manly manner was gone. We never heard his ringing hearty laugh, or saw him come bursting into the house from a long tramp in the fields, bringing with him a healthy atmosphere of fresh air and good-humor. Those things were past. I remembered them sometimes *incredulously*, as one thinks of the June sunshine in dark December.

One afternoon Donald came to Water-Eardley, and asked for me. "Will you mind putting your hat on and taking a turn in the water-side meadows, Anne?" he said. "I want to speak to you."

Donald had not altogether lost his old boyish shyness. Often, in talking to me, he would be as constrained as though we were strangers; and would fall into fits of awkward silence, which I, with my more glib woman's tongue, had perforce to break, though often I was shy enough too, Heaven knows! But on this occasion Donald forgot to be shy. His manner was full of suppressed eagerness, and his eyes grew bright and blue as the sky over our heads as he took his way with me toward the river-side meadows, smiling to himself every minute. Roger Bacon, grandfather's Skye terrier, had accompanied Donald, and followed us into the fields with a self-denying air, panting very much, lolling his tongue out, blinking up at us now with one bright eye, now with the other, from under his slate-colored mane, and saying, very plainly, "Oh dear me, dear me, dear me! What a deal of business I have on hand! Not a moment to repose myself in the shade, nor even to take a hasty lap of water. But duty is duty, and I *must* look after these young creatures. Quite impossible they should get on for ten minutes without me."

"What is it, Donald?" said I, when we had got on to the sward of the meadows. "Is it good?"

"Very good! At least I hope it is. Look here, Anne. I didn't want to startle Mrs. Furness, or—or—put her out; so I thought that if you would read that, and say what you think, and then tell your mother in your own way—"

He put a letter into my hand. It was from Colonel Fisher, that comrade and far-away cousin of Captain Ayrlie, to whose Scotch home Donald had gone when he left Mortlands in his school-boy days. I learned from the letter that Donald had written to this gentleman to interest himself in finding a situation for my father. Colonel Fisher stated that, after losing some time, and with a little trouble, he had heard of something which might suit "Dr. Hewson's son-in-law." (This circumstance of his being Dr. Hewson's son-in-law was obviously and naturally the sole reason why Donald's friends cared to interest themselves for my father.) A stranger had recently purchased a Highland estate in Colonel Fisher's neighborhood. The said stranger knew nothing of farming or the rearing of cattle—Colonel Fisher spoke of him as "some cockney tailor or other"—and would be glad to meet with a competent person to manage his estate. The scenery was beautiful, the situation healthy, and the salary would be sufficiently liberal, to any one coming with such ample testimonies to his skill and experience as Mr. George Furness.

"Is it good, Anne?" asked Donald, watching my face.

"Good!" I exclaimed, between crying and laughing. "Oh, Donald!" I put out my hand, which he took and held in a close clasp.

"I'm very glad," he said, simply. "Mr. Furness won't mind the man's being a cockney tailor, will he?"

I shook my head, and cast my eyes once more over the letter which I held in my disengaged hand.

"Besides, that's only the Colonel's form of speech. He has a rooted idea that every body from the south of the Tweed is a cockney, and that every cockney is a tailor! But I don't think that need distress us, eh?"

I laughed and shook my head once more. And as I shook it a big tear fell on the paper in my hand. Roger Bacon, who had sat himself down in an attitude of vigilant waiting as soon as we had stopped to talk, rose up, walked round me, raised himself on his hind-legs, and snuffed uneasily at the letter I held. Apparently being satisfied that it contained nothing of a dangerous or disquieting nature which could account for my emotion, he gave a stifled *woof*, as though to express his regret at finding me so weak-minded, and sat down again.

"You have quite a color in your face, Anne," said Donald, speaking in a very low voice, although there was certainly no need for his doing so. "How dear it is to see the roses there again! Do you know you have been looking so pale and wan all these months?"

I thought of another pale, wan face, into which this news would bring light and color.

"Oh, let me go and tell mother!" I exclaimed, hastily wiping the tears from my eyes—still with the hand which held the letter, for Donald kept possession of the other. He did not speak, but looked up at me in a strange, wistful way, and then dropped his eyes again. Roger Bacon got up once more, perceiving in some occult

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way that there was an intention of moving from the spot, and stood on three legs, with the fourth poised in a pawing attitude, looking back at us as who should say, "Now *are* you coming? Here I am kept in a state of nervous tension by my conscientious anxiety to do my duty, and see you safe back to the house."

It flashed on me that I had not said a word of thanks to Donald. Was he waiting for that? I did not in my heart of hearts think that he *was* asking or expecting to be thanked at that instant. But an inscrutable, subtile instinct, a strange, wayward movement of the mind, made me choose to assume that it was so.

"I have not thanked you a bit for your goodness, Donald. In my selfish delight I did not say a word of *your* part in this. But you know I feel it very deeply, and so will mother. Thank you a thousand times! Indeed I am very grateful."

He released my hand.

"I don't want you to be grateful," he said, and began to walk slowly toward the house. Roger Bacon darted off before us like an arrow from a bow, stopped with astonishing suddenness, looked back, hesitated, finally returned, gazed up into Donald's face, hastily licked his hand as it hung down by his side, and walked soberly back with us, keeping close at Donald's heels all the time.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was the day before my birthday, and within a week of the day of the great race. Horsingham was full already. On the morrow the business of the great autumn meeting was to begin. The high-road was thronged with the usual motley crowd of foot-passengers and vehicles. Mother and I kept within doors, and when, toward evening, we threw wide open the windows of her little sitting-room, we congratulated ourselves on the circumstance of their looking across the garden, and beyond that to the meadows, and being away from the dust and noise of the high-road.

We had been talking of Colonel Fisher's letter. Mother had broached the subject some days ago to my father; and he had received it, she said, very well on the whole. The distance from Horsingham, and the fact that he would be utterly unknown in the Highlands, had seemed to please him. If he would but bestir himself at once. If he would but write to Scotland, and make a direct application for the post, without further loss of time. But it was in vain to hope it. Nothing would induce him to take any step in the matter until after the September races; and too great importunity on the subject might irritate him into throwing over the plan altogether. I was secretly disquieted by the fear that he did not seriously contemplate making the application at all—that he clung on desperately to the anticipation of some marvelous stroke of "luck," which should absolve him from the necessity of making any such sacrifice. But mother cherished a trembling hope that he was in earnest, and it was not for me to chill it.

"Mr. Sam Cudberry and Miss Cudberry of Woolling," announced the maid, opening the door wide; and in walked Sam and Tilly. The latter was rustling and bustling with even more than her usual fussiness. Sam slouched behind her, with a mien compounded of sheepishness, sulkiness, and self-assertion.

We were greatly surprised to see them together. But Tilly forestalled any expression of surprise on our part by exclaiming at once, "Now I suppose you *are* astonished! Did you ever? The idea of Sam and me making calls together! Though there's no reason whatever why he should not be glad and proud to escort his sisters *any where* and at *any time*."

Mother bade them welcome, and asked Tilly to remove her bonnet, and remain to have some tea, which would be ready presently.

"Oh, la, yes! We've *come* to tea!" screamed Tilly, with a burst of ear-piercing hilarity. But she resisted all efforts to induce her to take off her bonnet. It was adorned with as many of the pink hollyhocks she had worn at Christmas as could be placed upon it, and, surmounting Tilly's diminutive person, gave her a curious top-heavy appearance, which was increased by her stiff manner of holding her head and throat, in the attitude of a juggler balancing a pole.

"And so Cousin George is not at home?" said she, glancing sharply round. "*I'o-o-or* George! What a pity!"

Sam made a grimace at me over his sister's shoulder, and pointed with his thumb in her direction two or three times. But I was unable to comprehend the drift of this pantomime, save that it expressed disgust and annoyance. There was something unusual in the demeanor of both brother and sister. When Sam proposed to me to take a stroll round the garden before tea, Tilly instantly announced her intention of accompanying us. And when Tilly began a discussion about some embroidery patterns with my mother, Sam placed himself close to them, and listened as eagerly as though button-hole and satin stitch had been the occupation of his life.

We went into the garden—Tilly, Sam, and I—and sauntered about the paths, looking at the bright formal flower-beds. I asked after Aunt and Uncle Cudberry, and Henny and Clemmy, and having received satisfactory replies to my questions, began to be somewhat at a loss what to say next. Suddenly, when Tilly was stooping to examine and criticise a dahlia, Sam twitched my sleeve and whispered rapidly, "I say, Miss Cudberry's twigged the whole business."

Before I could recover from my surprise and perplexity Tilly raised her head, and Sam appeared absorbed in the manufacture of a cigarette.

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"You're *not* going to smoke, Sam Cudberry," screamed his sister, growing very red and angry.

She had a horror, real or affected, of tobacco smoke; and it was one of the numerous by-laws and regulations of the Cudberry family that no one was to light pipe or cigar in Miss Matilda's presence.

"Only a cigarette," said Sam, rolling and twisting the tobacco in its paper case. "You can't mind it in the open air!"

"But I do mind it, and I don't allow it," returned his sister, waspishly. And after a moment she said she should go back to the house and have a chat with Mrs. George; and accordingly set off thither.

"Very well," cried Sam, calling after her. "All right! Fair play's a jewel. I shall just finish my cigarette, and you can have your say about the embroidery. Understand!"

Tilly made no other response than tossing her head and shrugging her shoulders. She disappeared into the house, and Sam and I were left alone together.

"See here, we must look sharp, you know," said he, speaking very quickly. "I ain't a-going to give Tilly many minutes in there along with your mother. This is the state of the game. Tilly, by prying and poking and listening and watching, has found out about the private training-ground, and that Lacer and your father and me are in it somehow or other. Not that *I'm* in deeper than I can step out again, high and dry. Never fear! But she knows my governor would blow up sky-high if he got an inkling of the matter; so that gives her a bit of a hold on me, don't you see? She talks about disinheriting and cutting off with a shilling; but that's all my eye. The governor don't choose Woolling to belong to any but a Cudberry, and I'm the only heir male; so *that's* right enough; but he has the whip-hand so long as he's above-ground, and he might bother me a good bit about a few little money-matters, and make things unpleasant. So it won't suit my book for Tilly to blab. Now, of course, it can't be expected that I should sacrifice myself, can it? So I've made a kind of—a kind of a—"

"Bargain," I suggested.

"Well, yes—a bargain with Tilly to hold her tongue. There's nothing I hate more than a row where I ain't pretty sure to come out of it comfortable. I've acted uncommonly honorable by Lacer. But Tilly was too sharp for us. There was no help for it."

"*Will* Tilly be silent?" I inquired, anxiously. In truth, I was very ignorant as to what amount of evil she could do to my father's schemes at this late hour; nor was that my chief anxiety, I confess. The thought startled me that she might blurt out the whole matter to my mother.

"Well, if she don't keep mum, the bargain's off. But ten to one she'll begin slanging Lacer to your mother. You won't mind that, you know, now I've explained how it is."

"In Heaven's name, why has she been so keen to find out this business? What can it matter to her? How does it interest her?"

"Oh, she hates Lacer like—like the deuce!"

"But *why?* For what reason on earth?"

"Lord, Anne, what a flat you are in some things! Why, don't you see? she had made up her mind to catch him for herself, and he wouldn't be caught. And—and she's as jealous of you as old boots. And you know, after all, the fellow didn't act quite correct at our hop. That wasn't the way to treat Miss Cudberry of Woolling, hang it all! I don't want to hurt your feelings, Anne; but, between you and me, Lacer's devilish stuck up. And I believe it's true, what Tilly says, that his father does keep a tavern. But that ain't the worst. I've heard some rum things— However, a nod's as good as a wink. Don't you go and get bamboozled. Think of the family!"

By this time we were close upon the house, which I entered in a state of miserable bewilderment. My efforts at self-possession were not assisted by Sam's final whisper, as he threw away the last remnant of his cigarette, "I say, don't look so blue! Don't let Tilly twig that I've been saying any thing."

"And so Cousin George is away? Po-o-or George; I'm so sorry!" said Tilly, when we were all seated round the tea-table. A glance at mother's face had assured me that, as yet, Tilly had not said any thing to alarm her.

"Yes; George is gone—on business—to some place beyond Brookfield. It may be that they will go on to W——; and if so we shall not see George home to-night."

"*They* may go on!" said Tilly, so sharply that mother absolutely winced before making answer—

"Mr. Lacer is with George."

This was the opportunity Tilly had waited for. She forthwith availed herself of it to vituperate Mr. Lacer with all her power. She *wondered* that Cousin George could associate with such a fellow. She was *astonished* that Mrs. George consented to endure him in her house. She could not have believed that even the giddiness and vanity of *extreme* youth would have induced Anne to be flattered by the attentions of such a low person! And so on, with deafening loudness and volubility.

Mother remained aghast. She had had a specimen of Tilly's dislike to Mr. Lacer on a former occasion. But that had fallen far short of the present tirade, whose effect was enhanced by many nods and grimaces, and dark hints of unimagined horrors which Tilly *could* reveal were she so minded. It had scarcely needed Sam's warning to keep me silent. Any attempt on my part to cope with Tilly's eloquence or to rebut her statements could have but resulted in a mere chaos of sound and fury, which it made me shudder to think of. Sam had neither the power nor the inclination to interfere with his sister's speech. At first he glanced at me apprehensively, but, finding that

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I remained silent, he became quite at ease, and devoured slice after slice of a cake that stood before him on the table, with as much coolness as though he were deaf or Tilly dumb. So the latter had it all her own way. But the absence of opposition did not soothe her. Higher and higher rose her voice, and more and more poignant became her epithets. She had reached a very whirlwind of passion, when, without any preliminary warning—for Tilly's tones effectually quenched all minor noises—the subject of her violent abuse stood among us.

My father and Mr. Lacer, and a third man whom I had never seen before, were in the room. There was a momentary silence. Then a general shaking of hands, and every body began speaking at once. I do not believe that either of the three newly arrived men had gleaned any idea of what Tilly had been talking of.

"Oh, George dear, I'm so glad!" exclaimed my mother, taking father's hand, and almost clinging to it. Tilly's eloquence had wholly bewildered and half frightened her. As for me, I felt as one feels who suddenly gains the shelter of a roof after having been tormented by a blustering wind.

"You didn't expect me, did you? We found Mr. Whiffles, and so had no need to go on to W——. My dear Lucy, this is Mr. Whiffles," said father.

The stranger shook hands with my mother, and made her a bow. He was, I thought, a very odd-looking man. He was short and rather stout, with a very red, smooth face, closely shaven, and of one uniform tint from forehead to chin. He had very straight, thin hair, smoothly plastered down on his head. He was dressed in a jaunty short coat with a great number and variety of pockets, very tight-fitting fawn-colored trowsers, a waistcoat of the same stuff, with immense mother-of-pearl buttons, rather high shirt-collar, a bright blue neckerchief, with a great gold pin stuck in it, representing a horseshoe whereof the nails were rubies, a thick watch-chain festooned ostentatiously across his chest, and a stiff, tall, white hat. He had remarkably tight orange-colored gloves, beneath which several rings on his fingers bulged out conspicuously. When he spoke and said to mother, "Proud to know you, ma'am," I found he had a very hoarse voice. And when, on being presented to me, he said, in short sentences, "Glad to see you looking so well. You're looking remarkably well, Miss Furness. I really never saw you looking better in all my life!"—(which was less flattering to my present appearance than it might have been had he ever set eyes on me before that moment)—I made the further discovery that Mr. Whiffles had a queer nervous habit of giving his head a little shake—like the action of a person expressing a decisive negative—after each sentence, and then twitching his chin into its place again between his shirt-collars with two or three sharp jerks. I had no idea who he was, but I was experienced enough in the aspect of such people to feel convinced that he was in some way connected with the turf.

These observations were, of course, made much more rapidly than they are written. It all passed very quickly. Some word of introduction between Mr. Whiffles and Tilly was muttered out by my father. Sam he appeared to know, and acknowledged his presence by a little flapping action of his hand in the air, at the same time smiling and half closing his eyes.

In the confusion of finding places at the tea-table for the new-comers, I did not observe whether Tilly's reception of Mr. Whiffles were gracious or ungracious. But as soon as all were seated I perceived that, whatever might be her demeanor to the stranger, toward Mr. Lacer it was one of unconcealed hostility. She happened to be seated opposite to him, and took great pains to look over his head, and to exhibit elaborate unconsciousness of his existence, checkered by occasional tossings of her head, and disdainful snortings leveled in his direction. I had expected to see her rise and go away on the arrival of her enemy. But curiosity, and a determination to keep a watch on Sam, caused her to remain.

It was a strangely assorted party. Father was in a fit of feverish high spirits, and talked a good deal. He laughed, too, at intervals. But it was not the laugh of old days. Ah, no! He kept a sort of watch on Mr. Whiffles, at first, whenever that person spoke to mother or me, as though a little doubtful of his behavior. I concluded that father had never seen Mr. Whiffles in the society of ladies before. Gervase Lacer was more taciturn than usual, and his manner was constrained and ill at ease—which, indeed, I did not wonder at. Heaven knows I was ill at ease enough myself! And yet I had an acute perception of the ludicrousness of many elements in the scene which amounted to pain. I could have broken out into ungoverned laughter, which would undoubtedly have ended in tears; or into copious weeping, which would have been likely enough to result in convulsive laughter. However, I did neither, but sat still, and nearly silent, beside my mother, with a face which I dare say appeared coldly composed.

During tea Mr. Whiffles addressed his conversation almost exclusively to us women. Nothing more plaintively admiring—so to speak—than Mr. Whiffles's manner, nothing more Arcadian than the tastes and sentiment Mr. Whiffles professed, can be imagined. He put his hand on his heart every time he declared that upon his word and honor there was nothing, you know, so delightfully soothing as the country, really! The country was the sweetest thing. The birds and the flowers and all that was so uncommonly delicious. Mingled with the society of ladies, what could a man

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wish for more? There was something soothing about the *mooing* of the cows, he considered. It made a man reflect upon the days of his childhood, you know. It did, upon his word and honor, really. And Mr. Whiffles's head was shaken, as though in mute involuntary protest, at the end of every sentence. It might have been objected to his style of conversation that it was monotonous, for he said the same things over and over again. And whenever his powers of entertainment appeared to flag for a moment he had recourse to assuring us three (mother, Tilly, and myself), with almost tearful fervor, that he had never in the whole course of his life seen us looking so uncommonly and remarkably well as we were looking at that moment.

But when the tea-things were cleared away, and my father ordered the spirit-bottles to be brought, and each of the men mixed for himself a tumblerful of whatsoever liquor he chose, Mr. Whiffles, drawing his chair up near to my father's, launched into a more masculine strain of talk, to which we women could but listen submissively. Mr. Whiffles, however, changed the matter only, and in nowise the manner of his speech. It was still characterized by plaintiveness and monotony. There was nothing loud, boisterous, or rollicking about Mr. Whiffles.

It was painful to me, and might have been curious to any disinterested looker-on, to see my father hanging on this man's words, and drinking in his opinions, with an eagerness and deference which he would not now have shown for the highest wisdom that could have been uttered to him.

"She's a very sweet thing is Cock-a-hoop," said Mr. Whiffles, with melancholy tenderness, as he drank his brandy-and-water in a series of gulps. "I don't say any thing, mind you, about her present form. That ain't what it ought to be, nor yet what it *might* be. But she's a game disposition. That's what I look at in a race-'oss. It wouldn't surprise *me* if she was to carry the money for the Two-Year-Old Stakes, mind you!"

"Aha! Indeed?" said my father, raising his eyebrows, and nodding twice or thrice.

"Well, Mr. Furness, there's no telling. The prophets and the backers were very sweet on her stable-companion, Coriolanus, and they were hignominiously defeated, as you well know. But, mind you, *I don't say they were wrong.* What *he* wanted was form. But he exhibited form last season, Sir, such as to justify every confidence his friends could put in him. And what *she* wants is form likewise. But she's a very sweet thing indeed, is Cock-a-hoop; and a gamer disposition, I'm free to confess, I should be troubled to point out among the two-year-olds."

"What do you think of Purity?" asked Mr. Lacer, leaning forward with his elbows on the table.

Mr. Whiffles gave a gentle sigh, followed by two or three convulsive twitches of the head, before he answered, with a sad smile, "Why, Captain Lacer, I suppose I think pretty well what every body that knows any thing of the turf *does* think of Purity. There's been a very industrious dodge to get him into the quotations lately. But it is seen through, Sir, and the speculators have peppered him unmercifully. No, no, Captain Lacer. My advice to any gentleman about to make a book would be, 'Have nothing to say to Purity on any terms, for he never has been a stayer, and he never will be,' and there don't exist the course in Great Britain and Ireland that he'd have a chance on!"

Mr. Whiffles went on in this strain for more than an hour, refreshing himself at intervals with brandy-and-water. No sage instructing his disciples in the precepts of virtue and wisdom could have shown more gravity and mild decorum of manner than did Mr. Whiffles, who appeared, indeed, almost oppressed by the responsibilities of his high office of preacher and teacher.

Tilly Cudberry, meanwhile, sitting apart with mother and me, kept up a running commentary on Mr. Whiffles's utterances, chiefly by means of broken ejaculations, as thus: "Ha! Indeed, Sir? Very pretty! This is the sort of society you've come down to, Miss Cudberry of Woolling, is it? Poor George! These are *Mr. Lacer's* comrades and associates! That's nice sort of grammar to hear at your own first cousin's table, upon my word!" And so forth. But she also contrived to convey to mother that short-comings in the construction and pronunciation of the English language were by no means among the chief of her objections to Mr. Whiffles. Despite her bargain with her brother, Tilly could not resist the pleasure of dropping hints as to her own knowledge of certain mysterious transactions in which Mr. Lacer and Mr. Whiffles were engaged. And before she went away she advanced her lips near to mother's ear, and blurted out in something as near a whisper as her voice could compass:

"He's a most *dangerous* man! Horse-dealer! Did keep livery-stables. Now turned turf-agent and *tipster*, I believe. Has been acting as *private trainer!* What do you think of that?"

And what with the hurry and inarticulateness of her speech, and the unintelligibility to mother of the terms she used, Tilly left my mother with a mere vague, terrified impression on her mind, which was more painful than almost any explicit statement of the truth could have been.

Mr. Lacer and Mr. Whiffles presently withdrew together. They were going to lodge in Horsingham, so as to be ready for the morrow's races. Father said he would stroll part of the way with them, as it was a fine night. Mr. Whiffles took his leave, protesting to the last that he had experienced the purest joy at finding us looking so extraordinary well.

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The voices of the three men had scarcely died away in the distance before mother turned to me with a pale, haggard face, and said:

"What is this, Anne, that Tilly Cudberry says about Mr. Lacer and about that man? You know something. I watched your face. And I saw Sam and Gervase Lacer exchange looks of intelligence also. Is there any fresh trouble? Don't try to deceive me, child. No good can come of that!"

Before we slept that night I had made a full confession to mother of all I had learned from Mr. Lacer.

MADAME SIMPLE'S INVESTMENTS.

Prologue.

IN the year 186– there were at Paris, as well as in the departments, a hundred lotteries for charitable purposes.

Monsieur and Madame Simple, retired herbalists, enjoyed, on a third-floor in the Rue Chalot, about three thousand francs a year, of which they scarcely spent two-thirds. They rose at nine, breakfasted, went to the Jardin des Plantes to look at the bears, the monkeys, and the two colossal elephants; returned to dinner at five, played a game at piquet, and went to bed when the drums beat the retreat. How was it possible for them to spend more?

On Sundays they passed the day at Belleville, where they had hired a square patch of garden, in the middle of which rose a sort of cabin, christened by them with the title of "country house." Their friends and messmates consisted of a pug-dog named Pyrame, who was Madame's spoiled child; a cat called Minette, especially petted by Monsieur; and a family of turtle-doves, a source to both of the most delightful recollections, particularly when the cock entertained the hen with his interminable series of salutations. In short, their life was a succession of cloudless days, varied every year with two or three important events, such as the happy hatching of a pair of little turtles, or the imprudent propensity which Minette manifested to hunt after nocturnal adventures in early spring. The Simples, therefore, were as happy as it was possible for people to be, when Madame took it into her head to lay out the joint savings of her husband and herself in the purchase of a ticket in each lottery. Madame Simple, who was now and then tickled by dreams of luxury and grandeur, was not sorry to sow the seed of emotions in the somewhat too uniform furrow of her existence.

Madame Simple's hopes were not disappointed. Her husband announced to her thirty-three times that they had won the principal prize in each lottery, thereby affording her thirty-three different emotions, which varied, according to the importance of the sum, from trembling to convulsion, from exclamation to fainting. The result was that the good works of the lady brought Monsieur and Madame Simple the trifle of one million two hundred and fifty thousand francs.

Scene I.

The clock struck nine. Monsieur Simple sat up in his bed and rubbed his eyes.

"Wake up, goody!"

"I am not asleep," replied Madame Simple, with importance; "I am reflecting."

"Let us make haste and dress. We shall be too late to see the monkeys let out."

"You well deserve to bear the name which you have given me, Monsieur Simple! When people have sixty thousand francs a year they do not amuse themselves with such nonsense as monkeys. We will go shopping this morning along the Boulevards, as far as the Madeleine. I must have a thousand francs' worth of lace."

"To open a shop with, goody dear?"

"To trim a satin mantelet, Monsieur Simple."

"That will indeed be a fine mantelet, then."

"I mean we shall have plenty of other smart things too. Do you fancy we are to live any longer in this stupid, humdrum way, in a sort of public barrack, where twenty lodgers elbow each other on the staircase?"

"Nobody has ever elbowed me," returns Simple.

"But that might happen. In short, I have long and maturely meditated upon our new position, as well as on the changes which it ought to cause in our existence. My plans are arranged."

"But, goody—"

"I must remark, once for all, Monsieur, that there is nothing so vulgar as for married people to call each other goody, totsy, duck, or—"

"By Jove! I do it out of affection."

"But when people have sixty thousand francs a year, they show their affection in a more genteel form of words."

"Very likely, my honey; but habits to which one has been accustomed for thirty years are not shaken off in half an hour."

"Certainly you will not do it in a hurry, if you are as long about it as you are in dressing."

"I am ready now, darling duck!"

"Make haste and get your breakfast. I want to be off."

Madame Simple was an extremely expeditious person. Her plan was no sooner conceived than executed; and the happy couple were soon installed, as if by enchantment, in a grand hôtel in the Chaussée d'Antin. Four servants in splendid livery loitered about the door; a *calèche* and a *coupé* stood in the coach-house, and four magnificent horses pawed the floor of the stable. M. Simple regarded all these fine things with an air of complete astonishment. He wandered from one room to another—walked on the tips of his toes, as if he had been in a sick man's chamber. He wiped off with his sleeve any dust of snuff which he might happen to let fall upon the furniture;

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and his wife had the greatest possible difficulty in making him understand that he need not take off his hat when he spoke to his servants.

Scene II.

M. Simple wished to get up. Following the instructions his wife had given him, he pulled a bell-rope which hung at his bed's head. At the end of five minutes, as nobody came, he pulled at the rope for the second time. At last Jean, the *valet de chambre*, showed himself, puffing as if he had put himself out of breath by coming in such an extraordinary hurry; so that M. Simple, instead of making any remark about his negligence, internally pitied the fate of poor servants who are compelled to throw themselves into a perspiration to satisfy the impatient demands of their masters.

Jean took a good quarter of an hour to collect and arrange the requisites for M. Simple's toilet. He employed a second quarter of an hour in shaving him and brushing his hair, a third in pulling on his boots, a fourth in tying his cravat, and a fifth in assisting him with his waistcoat and coat. M. Simple had the pleasure of spending an hour and a half in an operation which formerly occupied him only twenty minutes to complete. But, in recompense for that, his pantaloons girded him so tightly that he could scarcely breathe; his cravat made him feel as if he were in the pillory; and his corns, imprisoned in tight-fitting boots, gave him horrible pain. Nevertheless, on perceiving unexpectedly his own image reflected in a mirror, he had the self-command to subdue all outward indication of the tortures he suffered, and to make himself a respectable bow, believing the figure to be some stranger of distinction who had come to visit him.

Scene III.

Dinner-time arrived, and M. Simple sat down to table.

"Dear! dear! What can this be, ducky?" he said, as he tasted some soup which was perfectly unknown to him in regard to color, taste, and smell.

"It is crawfish soup, delicately seasoned."

"Delicately poisoned, you mean, my darling. Now that we are rich, there is no reason why we should not have a hotch-potch every day, with a chicken in it too."

Madame Simple raised her eyebrows in horror.

"A hotch-potch! The idea of requiring a cook who has served in Milord Plumpudding's kitchen to make a hotch-potch!"

"Ah! Our cook has—"

"People who have a cook who has cooked for Milord Plumpudding ought not to dine like everyday folks."

"What a pity! I should have been very well satisfied with a hotch-potch."

At the second course M. Simple opened his eyes in astonishment, and let his hands fall upon his lap in complete despair.

"Take something, my dear; help yourself to something," said Madame Simple.

"Quite impossible, goody! I have not room for a morsel more. I have already done honor to two dishes."

"Our ordinary private little dinners will consist of six. We can not have less, now that we are worth—"

"Of course; six be the number, my love, since our position requires it; but you will allow me to observe that there is no compulsion to eat of every one of them."

"That is to say, you would cause Milord Plumpudding's cook the vexation of supposing that his ragouts had failed, and that you are dissatisfied with his exertions!"

"Do you think it would have that effect upon Milord Plumpudding's cook?"

"Only imagine yourself in his place!"

"That is all I require," thought Monsieur Simple. "I am quite sure he does not feel obliged to taste of every mess he makes."

During the night M. Simple was exceedingly unwell. "Whatever my wife may say," he muttered to himself, "hotch-potch would not have disagreed with me in this way."

Scene IV.

"Dear, did you observe how certain persons smiled yesterday when they heard our name mentioned?"

"I confess I paid no attention to them."

"Even our very servants, whenever they have to pronounce it, find it difficult to keep a serious countenance."

"Our servants are ridiculous servants, then."

"No; 'tis our name that is ridiculous!"

"My father's name!"

"Your father had not sixty thousand francs a year!"

"He was an honest gardener, glad enough to get six days' journey-work every week at the handsome rate of three francs a day."

"To be sure; to be sure! People don't talk of these things, except when they are alone, and that as little as possible, for fear of contracting the habit of doing so. I said at the time that it was a matter of necessity for us to change our name."

"Renounce my father's name!" cries M. Simple, crimson with indignation.

"Pray who asks you to renounce it? Continue Simple as long as you like; only be so in more fashionable style. Do you fancy, for instance, that it would be any affront to your father's memory to have us announced, when we enter a drawing-room, as Monsieur and Madame Simplecour?"

"I should have no objection, my darling duck; but you have thought upon quite a grand alteration. If you had had the modesty to propose Simplebourg I might have said something to it!"

"Oh no! That sounds too Germanified! I am a Frenchwoman. France forever! I stick to Simplecour!"

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"And I to Simplebourg!"

The discussion was long, and ended in a compromise. It was agreed that henceforth Monsieur and Madame Simple should bear the name of Monsieur and Madame De Simplenville.

Scene V.

"By Jove!" said M. De Simplenville to himself one day, "as my wife is gone out alone this morning, I have a great mind to devote a couple of hours to my friend Bonnardin. The dear fellow may very likely think that I scorn his acquaintance now that I am become a millionaire. I will pay him a visit to show him he is mistaken, and will go in my carriage to flatter his vanity. I remember that when I was a herbalist I was very proud of seeing a carriage stop at my door. Jean!"

"Monsieur!"

"Tell Pierre I want the carriage."

"Impossible, Monsieur; Madame has taken the *calèche*, and it is Pierre who drives her."

"Then tell Joseph to let me have the *coupé* in half an hour."

"Monsieur forgets that Frelinka was in harness yesterday and caught cold, and that the veterinary surgeon has ordered her not to go out for a week."

"Oh! then I will make my call on foot."

But while proceeding on his way M. De Simplenville discovered that certain habits are contracted with marvelous facility; and that in point of fact to do without a carriage is much easier for the man who has no such conveyance in the world than for him who believes that he has two at his service. While he was amusing himself with this disconsolate reflection a shower of mud from the wheels of a passing *calèche* bespattered him from head to foot.

"Stupid ass!" he shouted, with upraised cane to give the insolent driver a good drubbing. But he refrained from striking. He recognized Pierre upon the box; and to spoil a livery that had been paid for out of his own pocket—M. De Simplenville was incapable of such an action!

"At least, totsy," he said to Madame De Simplenville, who put her head out of the carriage window—"at least open the door and give me a lift home."

"Extremely sorry, my dear, to be obliged to refuse."

"But if I walk through the streets in this state I shall soon have a rabble shouting after me!"

"But you do not mean, I suppose, to seat yourself inside a *calèche* lined with white satin in such a condition as that! Go, my dear, and dry yourself in the sunshine."

Pierre touched his horses with his whip, and the carriage was off at full speed. M. De Simplenville contrived to get taken up in a hackney cabriolet, which was not so nice about its lining. During his ride he had plenty of time to reflect on the pleasure of having a carriage of his own.

Scene VI.

Dinner was over. M. De Simplenville was delighted to be once more alone with his wife, as in old times, which had seldom been the case since he came to his fortune; so he said to her, rubbing his hands, "Suppose we have a game of piquet, darling dear?"

"You are crazy, love! this is opera night."

"Again?"

"When people hire a quarter of a box by the year, and pay a couple of thousand francs for it, they do not stop at home to play piquet."

"This, for instance, is one chapter of our budget which I should have great pleasure in striking out with my pen."

"A pretty idea!"

"Certainly, because I don't like music."

"And am I particularly fond of it?"

"Well, what then?"

"But I pretend to be fond of it, Monsieur. It is one of the exigencies of our position."

M. De Simplenville resigned himself to his fate. During the first act he drummed with his fingers upon his knees. At the second act his head fell gently on his breast. At the third he snored like a trumpeter after a long day's service.

"Wake up, dear!" exclaimed his wife, clapping him on the back. "This is the second time that the conductor has looked at us and frowned."

"Tierce to the king!" answered M. De Simplenville, without opening his eyes. The unhappy man was enjoying in imagination the pleasure which he was forbidden to taste in reality.

Scene VII.

One day Madame De Simplenville said to her husband, "My dear, you will accompany me this morning!"

"To go and see the monkeys?" and M. De Simplenville's countenance brightened up at the very thought. The lady regarded him with a haughty look, which said, as plain as possible, "Poor, dear man! he has been Simple so long as to continue Simple all his days."

"No, dear," she answered—"no, it is not the monkeys that we are to see. I am going to introduce you to-day into a world where you ought to have figured long ago."

"I don't know what world you are talking about; but it is all one to me if it is an amusing one."

"It is not a question of amusement, Monsieur," returned Madame De Simplenville, with some severity. "It is a question of philanthropy."

"The name does not sound very entertaining."

"No more is the thing. It is not for the sake of selfish amusement that we are made the depositaries of a large fortune, but to render ourselves useful to mankind at large. Now," continued the lady, adjusting her bonnet, "I do

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not know whether it has ever struck you that you are utterly good for nothing in a philanthropical sense, and are of no earthly service to any living creature."

"I confess that this fact had completely escaped my observation."

"Well, people whose authority in such matters is incontestable have already made the discovery for you; and they had only to indicate the circumstance to me to make me resolve immediately that your nullity and insignificance should forthwith cease."

"My nullity and insignificance!" echoed Monsieur De Simplenville.

"Here is your diploma as a member of the Society for the Mutual Safeguard of the Respective Rights of Man and Animals. This morning the installations take place. We will be present on that occasion."

M. De Simplenville went as he was bid. The meeting was a protracted one. The founder and president spoke two hours and a half, giving the history of all sorts of societies, past, present, and future, without saying a single word about that which had caused them to assemble. At last the discussion began, and the speakers went into the heart of the question. Then came a rolling fire of propositions, considerations, observations, recriminations, exhortations, and explanations of the most honorable intentions. One member proposed the following question:

"Considering the unceremonious way in which man is attacked, torn, slashed, bitten, eaten up alive, masticated, swallowed, and digested by the wolf, the tiger, the hyena, and the boa-constrictor, is it not a piece of folly for man to claim any rights on the part of these animals?"

Another member replied "That it would be perfectly unjust to make an entire class of creatures responsible for the misdeeds of a few individuals; that it is absolutely necessary to acknowledge a distinction between the panther and the canary-bird; and that, consequently, it would be proper to divide all animals into two categories, of which one only was worthy to receive the solicitude of the society."

The votes were taken, and it was unanimously resolved that Boa, Hyena, Tiger, Wolf, and Company had forever lost all claim to the protection of man. An exception was proposed in favor of the lion, Androcles's adventure having demonstrated that the king of animals is susceptible of gratitude.

Among other philobestial arrangements, the meeting voted the following:

"1st. Man having the incontrovertible right to hunt the rabbit, and the rabbit the no less incontrovertible right to live, a prize medal shall be awarded to the sportsman who, in the course of a season, shall have fired the greatest number of shots and killed the smallest number of rabbits.

"2dly. Since one of the chief duties of the society consists in propagating, by their own proper example, the principles which they profess touching the respect due to animals, they pledge themselves, individually, to sentence themselves to fines graduated according to the gravity of the case—so much for forgetting to feed their dog at the regular hour; so much for stepping on pussy's toes, and double the sum if it happens to be her tail, etc., etc., etc.

"3dly. Seeing that, without pigs, a state of nonentity is the ultimate condition and fate of all bacon, ham, black-pudding, and sausages—seeing the important part which those various eatables play in human alimentation—the society, desirous of reconciling the interests of pork-butchers with the rights of a not less interesting animal, offer a prize of five hundred francs to the author of the best treatise on the art of killing pigs without making them squeal."

"What is your opinion, my love, of these respectable gentlemen whose eloquence you have just been listening to?" was Madame De Simplenville's question to her husband as soon as the meeting had dissolved.

"My opinion, goody, is that the monkeys are a great deal more amusing."

Scene VIII.

Notwithstanding M. De Simplenville's irreverent opinions, he was obliged to practice all the duties and participate in all the rights of a member of the Philobestial Society. And since goody, who had been seized with the crotchet that her husband should remain a nobody no longer, was not a woman to take half measures, before long there was not a benevolent, industrial, or learned society to which he did not belong in some shape or other. In this way M. De Simplenville soon found himself at once president of the Society of Utilitarian Botanists, instituted for the amelioration of the monster cabbage, the elephantine beet-root, and the prodigious carrot; secretary to a joint-stock company who had secured the right to work the patent of an invention which consisted in doubling the superficial area of land by raising artificial mounds all over its surface; reporter to a society for the propagation of sound literature, whose object was the exclusive publication and distribution of the works of its members, all writers of equal ability and industry; archivist to an animals' humane society, established for the purpose of snatching from the waves, and nursing tenderly in a hospital, every mangy dog, epileptic cat, or other creature liable to a watery grave at the barbarous orders of a brutal and egotistical master; and lastly, questor of a temperance society, founded for the suppression of drunkenness, the test required of aspirants for membership consisting in swallowing four bottles of Burgundy and an equal number of glasses of gin without manifesting the slightest unsteadiness of mind or body!

But all the while that Madame De Simplenville was in ecstasy at seeing her husband hold so high a position—if not in society, at least in

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societies—the poor man himself fell into a deplorable state. What with presiding over the meetings, the keeping of the registers, the summing up of the reports, and the classification of documents, his time was filled to such a degree that he had not a moment to collect his thoughts. He was reduced to the state of an automaton. Nevertheless, an observer might have remarked that he occasionally ground his teeth and looked desperately fierce when he heard people about him say, "What a lucky fellow is M. De Simplenville! What a capital thing it is to have a large fortune!" The truth is, that he often muttered to himself, "What the deuce was I thinking about when I let my wife put into those horrid lotteries!"

Scene IX.

One day M. De Simplenville said to Madame, "I am harassed, worn out, morally as well as physically, and I feel that I want to be sent out to grass, exactly like an old broken-down cab-horse! Ah, if I could only go into the country!"

"Good Heavens! I ought to have thought of that," exclaimed Madame De Simplenville. "The idea never entered my head, and it is Easter week already—the fashionable time for ruralizing. But it is impossible to bear every thing in mind."

She soon made the discovery and the acquisition of a country seat on the banks of the Marne, flanked by four pepper-box turrets, and known as the Château de la Jobardière, which gave her the right of henceforth styling herself Madame De Simplenville de la Jobardière. A gleam of joy illumined M. De Simplenville's wobegone countenance.

"I shall get a little rest at last," he said, stretching himself in delight on the cushions of the carriage which bore him to his new domain.

But alas! he must have been made of very primitive materials if he fancied that people with sixty thousand francs a year go into the country to breathe the fresh morning air, to loll on the cool grass in the noontide shade, to live at their ease, and go to bed early—in a word, to rest themselves. As to Madame De Simplenville de la Jobardière, she was richly endowed with every instinct of gentility, and understood the principles of country life quite as well as she did the routine of life in town. Her husband, as usual, was obliged to conform. As soon as they got to the château there was a round of calls to make on all the neighbors, to entreat them to come and augment by their presence the pleasure they anticipated from their country residence. Nor must we omit to mention that similar invitations had been given to all their Paris acquaintances. In a very short time the Château de la Jobardière became the general rendezvous for girls looking out for husbands, young men sharp after well-portioned damsels, the male and female relations of each, with multitudinous crowds of parasites, who, with a small income of their own, manage to taste at other people's houses all the enjoyments which wealth can procure.

In the midst of such a rabble as this it is not to be supposed that M. De Simplenville de la Jobardière was allowed the repose he so greatly needed. In the morning he had to gather and arrange bouquets for all the dowagers and old maids. When out for a walk these ladies begged him to take charge of their hats and shawls, converting him into a sort of walking clothes-press. Every day he had regularly to travel four or five leagues to inform a husband that he would have to do without his wife for a week; to beg a mother's permission to rob her of her daughter; to act the sheriff's officer, and apprehend and bring back, living or dead, the fashionable man of the neighborhood, without whose presence every fishing-party would end without a bite, every picnic would be spoiled by a shower, every dinner would turn out as dull and silent as a funeral entertainment. It may perhaps be asked what the servants were doing at the Château de la Jobardière. Their number, though far too great in town, was utterly insufficient in the country. They had to wait upon twenty, thirty, and forty people at once. Every service which they were unable to perform fell to the lot of M. De Simplenville de la Jobardière. He was, consequently, the head servant of his own establishment, and by far the hardest worked of any. Chance did sometimes leave him a few moments of liberty, which he was obliged to devote to keeping guard in the park, the garden, or the orchard, in order to exercise a little restraint on his numerous visitors, who treated flower-beds, borders, and ripening fruits with no more pity than a swarm of locusts. "What could I be thinking of, gracious goodness, when I let my wife put into those horrid lotteries!" was the unceasing exclamation uttered from morning till night by M. De Simplenville de la Jobardière.

One day—one fatal day—it rained. The company were assembled in the drawing-room, and were devising the means of battling with the *ennui* which bad weather brings in country quarters. Some one proposed private theatricals. A shout of delight welcomed the motion. The very next day they went to work. To M. De Simplenville de la Jobardière was assigned the task of erecting the theatre, planning the decorations, arranging the seats and the mode of lighting. He had parts to copy in round-hand text, to save the eyesight of the various actors. He was chosen arbitrator and umpire in the endless disputes which Thalia is sure to inspire in little theatres as well as in great ones. And, besides that, he had to study a long, stupid part, which it was unanimously decided he alone was capable of filling.

It was too much! For some time past the measure had been full; nothing could now hinder the vessel from overflowing. The feather was about to break the camel's back, already overweighted.

In the middle of a dark night, during which

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he saw dancing before his eyes a medley of bonnets, hats, shawls, benches, curtains, side-scenes, and lamps, all performing a sort of witch-like dance, M. De Simplenville de la Jobardière suddenly jumped out of bed, stole out of the château with nothing on but his dressing-gown and his cotton night-cap, crossed the park, made straight for the open country, with his arms folded, his head resting upon his breast, walking on with that solemn pace which budding tragedians delight to imitate. After devoting a considerable time to this gymnastic but, under the circumstances, unhealthy exercise, he reached the foot of a lofty mountain. Then he climbed from rock to rock, constantly maintaining the same pace and attitude. Arrived at the summit he found himself on the edge of a precipice whose depth it was impossible for eye to fathom. Monsieur De Simplenville de la Jobardière halted for a moment, turned his head, glanced a look of bitter scorn at the world behind him, and, with a loud yell, cast himself headlong into the abyss!

At eight o'clock next morning the sunshine was playing on the white curtains of her bed, when Madame Simple sat up and gazed about her. "Old ducky darling!" said she, impatiently.

Monsieur Simple stretched out first one arm and then the other.

"Wake up, my pet; make haste and wake, else we shall be too late to see the monkeys let out."

M. Simple rubbed his eyes, looked first at his wife, then at the bed, and then all around his chamber. Every thing was in its usual state; the pair of turtles cooing in their cage, Pyrame grunting at his mistress's feet, and Minette carelessly stretched upon her own stomach. He then pronounced the voluptuous "Ah!" which a man utters when he feels his bosom relieved of a heavy weight. M. Simple discovered that he had been the victim of a frightful nightmare!

"Oh yes, goody," he said, jumping into his pantaloons; "let us go and see the monkeys; and this evening we will play our game of piquet. Happiness," continued Monsieur Simple, dipping his hands into the wash-bowl—"happiness lies in peace and contentment, and not in the plagues and worries of wealth. Preserve me from such another dream!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

MR. JOSEPH ADDISON was very fond of writing slyly about the ladies of his time; but he could never lift himself out of a kindly patronizing tone of half-amused contempt. In the *Spectator* his tone is always that of banter, and he never spoke so hearty and manly a word of admiration of women as Steele, while in the *Free Holder* he describes with lively satire the forces which they might bring to bear upon practical questions of politics. But it is always badinage. They are to wear certain significant ribbons; they are to put patches in a certain way; they are to flirt their fans expressively; they are to smile and frown. In a word, they are to be pretty little puppets, and Mr. Joseph Addison and the other lords of creation will look encouragingly at their gambols and antics, and will be as much entertained by the sport as if women were kittens playing with spools and strings. It is not difficult to imagine the *Spectator* Addison, with his bland face and his tranquil temperament, sitting with his pipe in the coffee-house which served him for a club, and humorously fancying, as he clouded himself with smoke, that there might also be a club of women—an assembly of Clorindas and Lucillas—who should as gravely sit and deliberate upon the form of a beau-knot as the men eagerly discussed the campaigns of Marlborough upon the Continent. It is easy to see the complacent look with which he would glance around the circle, and smile at his own grotesque suggestion.

But if Mr. Joseph Addison had been caught strolling upon Beacon Hill, in the city of Boston, within a few weeks, and during the lovely December weather which made the banks of the Charles a climate enchanted—looking, perhaps, as he gravely descended toward the mill-dam, at the statue of Mr. Everett, and wondering in what act of pugilism he was represented as engaged, or pondering upon the effigy of the Good Samaritan, the genius of peace and love, and hard by that of General Washington, the god of patriotic war—if Mr. Addison, thus strolling and meditating, had been caught and conveyed to a neighboring street, and, entering by a modest door, a voice had whispered to him, "Lo! now, the club of women of which you humorously dreamed!" he would have ascended the stairs with that old air of amused expectation of finding the assembly in loud and animated gossip, or warmly contending over the color of a ribbon or the fashion of a feather. And, indeed, if instead of Mr. Addison it had been many a gentleman, or even lady, by whose noble house he had sauntered in the stately street, the expectation and the amused contempt, as he ascended the stairs, would not have differed from those of the *Spectator*.

The surprise would have been the same, also, if, instead of a cooing as of doves or a wrangling as of daws, Mr. Addison had beheld a quiet company of well-dressed women sitting very close together, so that the rooms were crowded, and he had seen behind a table in one corner a man of a massive frame and serious face, who had a manuscript before him, from which he was about to read. There might have been scarcely half a dozen men among the throng of women, but the courtesy of the sex, which Mr. Addison so politely despised, would have secured that gentleman a seat, and then, as his humor was, he would probably have surveyed the scene more leisurely. He would have remarked

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that the rooms were the drawing-rooms upon the second-floor of an old-fashioned house, separated by folding-doors, which were, of course, wide open. He would have seen a few engraved portraits upon the wall. Mrs. Lucretia Mott perhaps, and Mr. Emerson, and Robert Collyer, to whose portrait the serious face of the man behind the table had a striking resemblance. He would have remarked also that all the furniture of the room was removed except chairs, that the windows were not curtained, and, indeed, that every thing was very plain and simple, not suggesting that the chief business of the usual assembly there was the discussion of shoe-heels or chignons.

Presently he would have observed that a lady, who sat by the table with the man who so strongly resembled the portrait of Robert Collyer, tapped gently for silence. Then, rising and holding the manuscript, the same man begins to read about Yorkshire, in England; its broad moors; its solitary hills; its grim, smoky atmosphere, cleft sometimes with gleams of perfect heaven's blue; its sturdy people, whose life was a long toil, but a people hearty, honest, rough, and with a constant humor; shrewd sometimes beyond even the Yankee shrewdness; speaking a dialect of their own, yet a dialect changing and differing often within a dozen miles. And high up on the cold shoulder of the hills that circled round and walled the vales was the wretched, solitary village of Haworth, where Charlotte Brontë lived and died. In the very Yorkshire brogue which he described, the speaker, to whom we imagine Mr. Addison courteously attentive—with that remarkable resemblance to the portrait of Robert Collyer upon the mantel by his side—tells scores of Yorkshire stories illustrating the Yorkshire character and life. He speaks of the religious condition of the region, of the rectors—some of whose figures linger yet in Charlotte Brontë's books—who spake not to the condition of the people; and then of the great Methodist epoch, which broke over the Yorkshire country like a light of joy and healing; and of Thomas Grimshaw, a preacher whose name is a Yorkshire household tradition tenderly cherished. He describes the home of the Brontës, and the delicate and subtile accuracy with which the scenery and the spirit of the scenery, the life and the very tone and character of the life in Yorkshire, are reproduced in "Jane Eyre." As the Swiss boy in foreign countries hears and sees in the "Ranz des Vaches" the very home of his heart, so in that magical book the Yorkshireman is again in Yorkshire, breathing that welcome smoke, wet with the endless drip of rain, sobered by the solemn rampart of dusky hills.

It is all picture and poem. If Mr. Joseph Addison had sat and listened, he would have written a note, to be delivered to Dick Steele over a pint of wine at the nearest tavern, that he had just heard something that would irradiate a score of *Spectators* from a man who had discovered a strange and fascinating region in England called Yorkshire. But if Mr. Addison had added that he had heard it read to a club of women at their rooms, Mr. Dick Steele would have hastily finished his pint, and, sending word to his dearest Prue that he would join her in half a bottle's time, would have hastened around to the club, and, showing his pleasant face at the door, would have exclaimed, "My humble duty to you, ladies, and, of course, Lady Elizabeth Hastings is among you?" And if Daniel Defoe, the butcher's son of Cripplegate, had stolen up stairs by the side of Steele, and had surveyed the scene and reflected for a moment upon it, he would have repeated his own words, a strain which no gentleman of that time ever reached: "I can not think God made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves. A woman well-bred and well-taught, furnished with the additional accompaniments of knowledge and behavior, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments; she is all softness and sweetness, love, wit, and delight."

When the reading was over the *Spectator* would have noted that there was pleasant conversation for a time, and then a simple lunch, after which the guests and members dropped off one by one. Mr. Addison, of course, was peculiarly a clubable man. It is no untruth to say that Button's coffee-house was probably a much more agreeable place to him than Holland House, and that his pipe was as good company to a man of his humor as his noble wife. But would he have found any thing to satirize in the Woman's Club where he had spent an hour? Might it not have occurred to him that if only my lady could have the advantage of a friendly club like this, she might be a trifle mellower? And if he had repaired from the club to a delightful dinner, where maids and matrons, fresh as the rose-buds which overhung their plates, had said to him with smiling curiosity, and with the same tone of amused contempt which he recalled in his own musings, "Mr. Addison, have you really been to the Women's Club, and what *do* they do there?" might he not have smilingly and truthfully replied, as his neighbor placed a rose-bud in his button-hole, "Dear ladies, they do just what you are doing here—they enjoy themselves."

Then, if they lightly answered that the very feast at which they sat would not be so fine if it were exclusively of men or exclusively of women, would he not have swiftly said, "So say I, ladies; let us have a club of men and women both?" And they, believing him to be still bantering, would have retorted, "What fun and what folly!" But how those lovely young heads would have bent and listened, and how those soft eyes would have opened wide, if he had said: "Yet, ladies, how is it funnier or more foolish that I should this morning have sat with women, listening to a poem and eating scalloped oysters, than that I should sit with them this evening smelling roses and eating duck? That was fun, as you gently say, and so in the same way is this. But if that were foolish, what must this be? I see that Miss Urania yonder shakes her head, and is of opinion that the club is not exactly feminine. Now, ladies, I am a mere *Spectator*, and, as you know, extremely old-fashioned; but really it seems to me that women, quietly clad, listening to the most charming essay, and chatting over a simple lunch, are not less feminine—if I know what you mean—than women superbly arrayed, bare-necked and bare-armed, gossiping over a brilliant table, tasting paté and sipping Chablis. Ladies, dear ladies," we can fancy him earnestly saying, "we need no authority to assure us that this is pleasant, and you will not admit it to

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be unfeminine. How can I agree that the other was so? or how, Miss Urania of the starry eyes —how can you prove it to be so?"

It is plain that the excellent Mr. Addison, so politely contemptuous of the sex as he generally appears in his little essays, would have been entirely converted by the spectacle he had seen; and probably when he had spoken so earnestly at the beautiful table most of the smiling, shining women around him would have been silent, and some would have raised their white shoulders, wondering that a man and a gentleman could be so strangely deluded, so forgetful of what feminine delicacy requires; and perhaps Miss Urania would have whispered to him, "But, Mr. Addison, if men are to have their clubs, and women their clubs, and both are to be separate, what is to become of the family and the household?" Of course the regenerated Mr. Addison would have replied, "But, Miss Urania, why should society permit the husband a disregard of the home which it denies to the wife? When you, dear young lady, graciously deign next May to make Apollo happy, it seems to me that both equally undertake the cares and the duties of your new relation. The ordinary occupations of life will naturally separate you during much of the day. Your engagements will be much in the house, his much away from it. Will you now show me why, as the cares of the household increase, it should be perfectly proper and manly for him to retire to a luxurious house in which he may indolently smoke and drink, and play billiards and cards, while it is plainly improper and unwomanly for you to go to a pleasant house where you may chat and embroider, or listen to poetry or look at pictures?

"Your eyes most justly ask me, dear Miss Urania, who is to care for the children if the mother goes to a club? Let me then ask you, in answer, who takes care of Mrs. Mnemosyne's nine children when she comes to dine with us at this lovely feast, or when she dances till dawn at the Mongolian embassador's ball—and why the argument is not as conclusive against a ball as it is against a club? and, again, if the necessary care of the family keeps the mother at home, whether it is not the most miserable selfishness, and therefore utterly unmanly, for the father to leave her in the lurch, and skip off to amuse himself with other husbands and fathers? Ah! Miss Urania, if the rule of your home is to be that you are to consult Apollo's whims, and he is to indulge his own, then I do not care to hear what is feminine from a woman who does not respect herself. Do not let me hear at this brilliant table, and from you, of all women in the world, the sentiments of the harem."

So might Mr. Joseph Addison have said had he been caught strolling about Beacon Hill in Boston, and been taken to a woman's club, and had heard there a charming poem about a woman, and had been obliged to confess that, while he lived, his own sentiments toward the sex were very much those of the sultan, but that he had been converted, and had begun at the most sumptuous of dinners with women to admit that a club of women was not necessarily absurd.

The Easy Chair was lately taken to a distant part of the country, and on the journey it received a very earnest note from a mother, in which she said: "I confess that my mother's heart is more anxious for my boys than for my girls. I have often said there is more trouble from inefficient wives and mothers than from intemperate, dissolute husbands." She said, further, that when a young man "comes courting" he can not wholly conceal himself, and the father and mother and sisters and brothers, or some of them, will be sure to discover what he really is, and, as it were, will smoke out the sly little faults which try, like mice, to scamper out of sight. But what can the young man know, she asks, of the young woman? He sees her clad in the glamour of his love and imagination. She is always the same fair, smooth, complaisant queen; but whether she can do a queen's work or a Cinderella's he can never know. And this thoughtful mother justly reasons that her own duty is to make her daughter, so far as she can, courteous, efficient, industrious, methodical; to remember that marriage is not to be regarded as the sole end which it is failure and misery not to reach; and so to educate her girls that, married or unmarried, they may be intelligent, useful, and unselfish women.

Certainly nothing could be more sensible—and unusual, thought the Easy Chair, as it read these words, and fell into meditation as it whirled along. Presently the train stopped, and the Chair was taken into a house, and was rolled straight into a family circle which had never seen it, and which it had never seen. The father was grave and silent; the mother was sweet and friendly; and a young man, the son, quite old enough to go courtin', was sitting at a table with the evening paper. When his mother spoke to him he answered curtly, scarcely raising his head—and so uncourteous, so bearish was he, that the Easy Chair could willingly have lifted him by the nape of his neck and put him out of the window into the garden. And this same boor would by-and-by "slick himself up" and step out to Dorinda Jane's, and his dulcet words would seem to flow in honey from his tongue, and even Philadelphia butter fail to melt in his mouth. When his sister came into the room and asked a question, the young gentleman nodded his head indifferently in reply, without raising his eyes from the paper. And what, said the Easy Chair to itself —what makes this vile, boorish, disagreeable manner, which clouds and chills this home, if it be not a sense of familiarity and a feeling that good manners, like fine clothes, are for strangers and for state occasions?

Instantly the Chair saw the wisdom of the mother who had written to it, and who had learned that the essential point to be sought in the education of her girls and boys was intelligence, skill, and domestic courtesy. If the Easy Chair had been a magician, it would have caused the print upon that evening paper which the young man held to disappear, and its whole surface to blaze with the words, Familiarity breeds contempt. Probably that youth loved his mother, and if savage men or beasts had offered her harm, he would have valiantly defended her. But that is an animal instinct. And how many people there are who seem to be satisfied with a kind of animal household, so that the impression is of a pasture or a pen rather than of a human house! The family go about silent, or nodding, scolding, and snarling, and apparently without

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the least thought that they are to restrain any emotion, or the indulgence of any whim. Old clothes, shabby dressing-gowns, slippers, petulance, and selfishness are quite good enough for the home. But if the same persons are to go out to call, or to dine, or to a ball, nothing is too pretty to wear, nothing too sweet to say, no politeness too fine to display.

Now, you young fellow at the table reading the evening paper, and nodding in a surly way to your mother and sister, take a test. If your clothes breathed a delicious fragrance—say of heliotrope or roses—but would do so only when you were at home, or only when you went abroad, which would you choose? Would you smell sweet at home, or when you went away from home? Would you have a perpetual climate of rare odors in your own house, or elsewhere? Of course you would have it at home for your own comfort and enjoyment, you curmudgeon, if for nothing else. But what is domestic courtesy but the breath of heliotropes and roses at home? It is as much for your own pleasure that you should be pleasant as it is for that of others. The happiest household in the world is that in which the wishes of this thoughtful mother are made the laws of conduct, and where courtesy is new every morning and fresh every evening, like the celestial benedictions.

How many of us, brethren and sisters, make home the rag-bag of ill-humors and caprices, and wretched moods of every kind, while we carefully hide them from the stranger! When the guest arrives we slide a chair over the rent in the carpet, and slip a tidy over the worn edge of the sofa-cushion, and lay a prettily bound book over the ink stain upon the parlor table-cloth; and so at his coming the flying hair is smoothed, and the sullen look is gilded with a smile, and the sour tone is suddenly wonderfully sweet. Shriveled old Autumn blooms in a moment into rosy Spring. And how, as this mother writes—how is a youth to know that this house, where every thing seems to smile, is not always as warm and sunny as he finds it? Yet this young woman, so neatly dressed, so quietly mannered, so fascinating to the young man, may be the most "inefficient" of human beings. Still he can never know it until it is too late. He can not put it to the proof. He takes the divinity upon trust. All that he knows is that she is a woman, and that he loves. And whether he thinks that household intelligence and thrift and endless courtesy come by nature, like Dogberry's reading and writing, or whether he assumes that, having a mother, his peerless princess has been carefully taught all the duties of a queen, or whether, as is most probable, he knows only that he loves, the duty of the parent is still the same.

"My mother's heart is more anxious for my boys than for my girls," says this mother. Does she mean that the fair young women who smile in parlors and drive in wagons and whirl in the waltz are sirens only, singing and sighing and alluring youths to matrimony, and that there will be a long and sad disillusion? It is the parent's part—is it not?—to take care that what seems so fair *is* so fair. And this is what this mother means who writes to the Easy Chair. "I love," she says in substance, "my daughter, and perhaps one day she may be married. But whether she be married or not, she must always live her life. If some time she loves and is loved, and I have done my duty by giving her the fruit of my experience, I know that the idol which she is to her lover will fulfill all the duties of wife to the husband. And I also know that if the is only an idol, under whose glittering form there is no real, efficient woman, my daughter will be wrecked and wretched in her own home. So with my son: if I have permitted him to grow up careless and self-indulgent in his home; if I have not required of him the same fine courtesy, the same thoughtful refinement of manner, toward me and his sisters and the whole house; if I have suffered him to forget that the closer and more constant his relations with others are, the more indispensable is the highest politeness—I know that the adorer of to-day will become the despot of to-morrow, and that the home to which he brings his bride will not be the temple which every home should be."

But domestic courtesy is not all. "Do not," says this mother, "let girls and boys suppose that marriage is all that is worth living for." Boys, indeed, are not so taught, but are not girls? They are, and who shall wonder? Is it not their own fault? For the mothers were taught so, and they teach the old lesson to their children. Women accept the incense, content to be the idols of a day. They acquiesce in the fate that makes them dolls. Their attitude toward men is that of pleading. They are presently mothers, and they deck their daughters to please other women's sons. Why should the mother be surprised that the surfeited son is presently displeased and humorsome, and fonder of the club than of the fireside; and that the daughter, fatally and solely taught to please, proudly smiles and pines with Spartan hardihood? The mother who writes to the Easy Chair would teach her children that marriage is not the only aim; but, so teaching, she would revolutionize the whole conviction and practice of society. She would teach her children domestic courtesy. But very much more goes to that result than she believes. Can a sultan be truly courteous in the seraglio? In the answer to the question lies the reason why she trembles to think of the inefficient wife who may be waiting for her son.

For courtesy is the finest flower of respect. The gentleman whom Charles Lamb describes as handing the old apple-woman over the barrel with chivalric grace either had or imitated that respect for humanity which the gentleman feels, and which makes his manners. If you can teach that young man, who sits with his evening paper and grunts to his mother and sister, a profound and real respect for human nature, you have planted the seed of true courtesy. Otherwise you may veneer him with politeness, which is certainly better than his habitual domestic bearishness; but it will be a very superficial ornament, and it will certainly give way before the hard friction of life. The mother who writes to the Easy Chair was appalled by the letter of the young husband which we published a month or two since, and which stated his unhappiness with a wife who was ignorant and untidy and thriftless, and from whom he was actually asking whether he might not rightfully part rather than see his children ruined. Yet had that wife been carefully trained not merely to dress prettily and

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to attract a husband, but to be faithful, industrious, intelligent, efficient, whether she ever married or not, her life would have been serene and her husband happy, because he would have been compelled to respect. By discipline, indeed, and by hard discipline, the husband might have shown the courtesy of pity for weakness where respect was utterly wanting. Margaret Fuller, in her "Summer on the Lakes," incidentally mentions a sensitive and accomplished man married to a woman who could not be respected, but whom he treated with constant politeness. That, too, is like Charles Lamb's gentleman. It is the respect for humanity, however obscured.

But to the ordeal of the household who can come too well prepared? And what parent, what human being who has learned by experience, but would gladly equip every child with the most perfect equipment? No, Dorinda Jane, to whom the youth, crusty at home, will presently come sweetly smiling, it is not the flowing hair, and the graceful dress, and the bloom upon the cheek, and the soft lustre of the eye, that will make home happy. No, nor is it his horses and plate, and the luxury and ease he promises. If he is harsh and short and crabbed, what if he has fifty thousand a year? If you are careless and ignorant and helpless, the victim instead of ruler of your house, what if your eyes are black and your cheeks a dim carnation? And you, dear Sir and Madam, who permit that boor to sit surly at the table, and to growl in monosyllables at home, you who suffer that fair-faced girl to grow up utterly unequal to the duties to which she will be called, you are responsible. This mother feels it, and writes to the Easy Chair. Let the Easy Chair echo her feeling to a thousand parental hearts. Respect is the root of courtesy. But a selfish boor can not be respected by a woman, nor a pretty doll by a man.

What a millennial state it will be when all the gentlemen and ladies who speak in public, and advocate favorite systems and theories, speak courteously of their opponents! When two gentlemen differ in private, it is usually with politeness and good-humor. One does not say to the other that all who hold his opinions are thieves and murderers, and the other does not reply that all who disagree with him are liars and scoundrels and bribed assassins. Upon the whole, there is nothing sharper in many of the most biting satires than in the daily reports of meetings and speeches. The *Eatanswill Gazette* is a study from nature, and Hogarth's pictures are mere history. Of course, when men seriously differ upon the most vital points, they will not talk gingerly in debate. But they need not "make mouths" at each other, nor "call names." Yet much of the most immediately popular and effective oratory is the most stinging personal criticism. The orator holds up his opponent, or more truly his victim, to contempt. He covers him with obloquy. He leaves him stuck all over with arrows of scorn. The man who differs from the orator is left quartered at the public cross-roads.

This is a system of execution, however, which is strongly defended by the executioner. One of the most accomplished headsmen of this kind once told the Easy Chair the reason of his practice. For the Easy Chair, with what doubtless seemed to the high sheriff unpardonable weakness, suggested that nothing was really gained by what it was pleased to call blackguarding an opponent. Speak as severely as you may, you need not resort to personal abuse; because, however effective at the moment, there is such a secret sense of justice in human nature that abuse is instantly felt to be the sign of weakness, and invective the mere mustard of oratory which a healthy taste rejects. But the high sheriff, delicately trying the edge of his blade, answered that the Easy Chair evidently did not understand the situation. When, said he, I wish to move men upon some moral question, to spur them to some moral action, I may properly denounce its immoral opposite. For instance, if I wish to urge the virtue of punctuality upon young men who have been trained all their lives to admire Samuel Slug, who is always late, I know, to begin with, that the most resistless tradition of the town makes unpunctuality respectable, and that in vain the youth profess approval of punctuality if they also reverence the very incarnation of unpunctuality. So what do I do? I describe as sharply as I can the abomination of this negligence. But I observe that my young hearers are languid and inclined to sleep. So I say, "Young gentlemen, I have shown you what this vice is, and Samuel Slug is its chief illustration."

Of course there is a terrible awaking. The high sheriff is accused of personality, of publicly insulting the very genius of respectability. But he insists that he has not only driven his nail, but that he has clenched it. He contends that those young persons will from that moment relax their admiration for Mr. Slug, and unpunctuality, ceasing to be respectable, will be corrected. But if we all followed the practice of the high sheriff, what would become of us? If, when the preacher's sermon is upon lying, he should say, "I mean Timothy Jenkins, sitting down there under the organ loft," and if, when he denounces avarice and worse vices, he adds, "It is the miser, Deacon Grab, whom I have in mind," there would be dire consternation. The palpable injustice is that although Grab may be miserly, he has other feelings and qualities which are good. But when he is presented to contemplation as a miser only, that fact overbears all the rest, and he becomes merely odious.

But there is another kind of oratorical looseness and feeble fury of speech which is even more common; that is, the profuse sneering at other views, as if they were not only utterly baseless, but consciously corrupt. Here are two gentlemen sitting quietly at table, and discussing the route of a railroad to the North Pole. Shall the ocean be tunneled, or shall the track be laid on ice? It is a fair question. There are good arguments, drawn from great natural laws, and from the actual situation. What is abstractly better, and what is actually expedient, are points that may be carefully and intelligently discussed. And so they are. And the two gentlemen take different sides, and urge the proper arguments. The advocate of the tunnel shows why that is the better plan, and the friend of the surface route offers what seem to him conclusive reasons. The tunneler does not declare that his opponent is a bloated mass of corruption, nor does his adversary insist contemptuously that the tunneler has been bribed to support an immeasurable swindle.

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If they did so, each would probably put the other out of the house, and certainly they would not be likely to be very cordial friends thereafter.

What, then, is the reason that the tunneler, parting from his friend, proceeds to a public meeting called to consider the subject of a railroad to the North Pole, and, ascending the platform, vehemently declares that the project of laying a track over the ice is not only repugnant to reason and common-sense—not only are babies of eighteen months competent to detect its shrieking folly—but it is a vast swindle, and its advocates are knavish rascals? Meanwhile the friend of the ice track goes to his meeting, and sneers at the inexpressible absurdity of tunneling the ocean. They'd better tunnel their wits who advocate it, exclaims he. They are a horde of grasping gormandizers of other people's money. They are a herd of antediluvian asses, who try to pass off thistles as clover. And so he perorates as passionately as his friend, each calling the other swindler and fool. And what effect is produced upon the public mind? First, disgust and indifference, and then a consciousness that the advocates have each so covered the cause with vituperation that it will be a weary work to dig down to the pith of the matter. Every body would like to understand the reasons upon both sides if they could, but calling people fools and knaves is not argument, and the whole subject is demoralized.

The college professors of rhetoric used to say that expletives weaken. Now the sharpest criticism possible is not an expletive, and the most faithful description of official weakness or personal falsity is not to be deprecated. Nobody wants pudgy orators nor sloppy evasions. But what is more superlatively ridiculous than to say that a man who hopes that Germany will prevail in the French war has been bought by King William, except to say that his neighbor, who hopes for France, is an atheist and a communist? Can not a friend of France see that a man may properly and for many sound reasons prefer the German ascendency in Europe? and must a friend of France necessarily be an "agrarian?" When a protectionist proclaims that free-traders are bought with British gold, every sensible man begins to be persuaded that if that is the argument of protection, it is a system utterly without reason, until he hears the free-trader shouting that protectionists are swindlers—that is, intentional knaves—upon which he begins to think that it is a pity the argument could not be conducted as among gentlemen, and not among bullies.

THE weather of the early winter was so remarkably beautiful, and it is so doubtful whether the historian who prepares the Historical Record for this Magazine will not prefer to treat of the French and German war and of the Black Sea question rather than of December-blowing roses and green lawns at Christmas, that the Easy Chair will here make a note of the long, lovely series of soft, bright days at the end of 1870, and wish the same, as the best possible compliment of the season, to the readers of these pages in 1970. The summer was so intensely hot—so unprecedentedly hot and dry—that every body was sure that there would be a winter of fabulous rigor, and indeed there is opportunity enough yet, as the Easy Chair acknowledges. Even during the Indian summer, which was this year almost lost in the uniform gentle weather, like a clear stream in an equally clear lake, there were awful stories told of the conduct of the beavers. They were building such houses, and laying on such wardrobes, that we should be lucky if the sea itself did not freeze, and if May-day could find any sign of the earth above the snow. The Easy Chair heard of Lowell as quoting, in one of his delightful Harvard lectures, a line from an old French poem describing the trees in the spring as longing to blossom; but the news from the weather-wise was such that it was doubtful whether the poor trees would ever come nearer to fruit than longing to blossom after such a winter as was in store for us.

That argument of the beavers, indeed, is an old friend. It always appears soon after the first frost in the autumn, and threatens the most frigid future. It is presented with an air of finality which is extremely discouraging; for when a man kindly says, in reply to your expression of hope or trust of an open weather, "Yes, it would be very agreeable; but you know that the fur is making upon the beavers uncommonly thick, and their houses are unusually strong," what can you retort? To question that significant fact is to accuse the accuracy of your observations in natural history. And the remark is always made with a provoking implication of the most perfect familiarity upon all sides with the habits of the beaver, as if we all came down to breakfast in the morning and began the day by looking at the thermometer and inspecting the progress of the beavers in laying on fur and piling up mud and sticks. The Easy Chair secretly believes that the whole story is an invention. Who sees the beavers? Who knows any thing about the comparative thickness or thinness of the fur? Does the respected reader keep beavers? Does his neighbor? Is there a large family of them in the immediate neighborhood? How does the fur compare with that of last year? If we were speaking of rabbits, ah! then indeed—but beavers! Let us be humbly thankful for them as blessings; but as for regarding them as arguments bearing upon the weather, let us smile and pass on.

The Easy Chair wishes that it could assure its reader of a hundred years hence that in these winter days, when the Western World has been so softly basking in the sun, mankind were equally gentle, and that the millennium was plainly at hand. But to read the newspapers of to-day is much like reading the history of a century ago. There are wars and rumors of wars. It is not the Emperor and Louis, nor the allies and the French republic, but it is Germany and France again who are fighting, and foolish, wanton France is terribly paying the piper for the dance she has danced for many a thoughtless year. And Russia and England are looking politely firm and a little defiant across the Continent; and Turkey is mentioned respectfully, as if it were not a mere dummy in the game of Europe; and Austria, pale with the thought of Sadowa, speaks with the uneasy consciousness that what she says is not of great importance. Farther to the south the kingdom of Italy occupies Rome, and the Pope protests, as if it were a bitter hardship to reduce the realm of a king with so light a sceptre, who has made his do-

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main to blossom with intelligence, progress, and civilization. And England and a certain country over the sea, to the west, stand with arms a-kimbo, and Jonathan says to John, "How are you, *Alabama?*"

Indeed, dear next-century reader, we who are in possession of the world to-day are very much what the ghosts before us were, and what you and your companions will be. But we all lift the old world a little. We all leave it a little better than we find it. And that we may leave it so to you, dear unborn reader, and that you may remember us kindly for it, is the New-Year's wish to you of this ghost that shall be.

Editor's Literary Record.

IS political life more exacting in America than in England? Or is there something in English politics which attracts men of literary tastes and culture, who are repelled by the scramble for the spoils which constitutes so large a part of American politics? Whatever the reasom may be, literature and politics certainly go hand in hand in Great Britain. From the humblest clerkship in Downing Street to the premier himself, or, to reverse the scale, from Disraeli to Charles Lamb, there is scarcely a political class that is not represented in literature. Disraeli's novels will live long after his crooked and sinuous policy is forgotten; and Mr. Gladstone has rendered a far more efficient service to English literature by his exceedingly graceful and often eloquent pen than he is likely to render to English politics by his somewhat weak and hesitating diplomacy. Last month we found among the Christmas tales for children none better, none quite so good, indeed, as "Puss-Cat Mew," which a member of the House of Commons has somehow found time to write; and of all English books of the present year there is none which promises to fill a more important place than the *Speaker's Commentary*. Of course we can not undertake to speak of it critically, since it has not yet, at this writing, appeared. We can only note it as an interesting piece of literary history, that a man who occupies in England a place analogous to that of the Speaker of our own House of Representatives should have the predilections which should lead him to conceive of a popular commentary on the Scriptures for English readers, the scholarship to undertake in a general way the supervision of it, the knowledge of men to lead him to select the writers and editors, and the time and energy to push the enterprise through, and so to father it as to give to the published book his own name. Of English books of the month not republished here, this work, which it will take one or two years to complete, is doubtless the most important.—Sir Henry Bulwer's *Life of Lord Palmerston*, imported by J. B. Lippincott and Co., is not likely to have a very extensive reading in this country, its interest being almost wholly local. —Dr. Thin's volume on the Tien-tsin massacre is the only other one of special interest to American readers. Much has been written about China and the Chinese, but very little is yet understood. Dr. Thin was long a resident at Shanghai, but as a physician, and personally disinterested in the Chinese trade. He has brought out very clearly, what most superficial observers fail to see, that there is a wide difference between Chinamen and Chinese mandarins. The former are ignorant and superstitious, but personally inclined to be inoffensive. The latter are scheming, ambitious, intolerant, malignant. They constitute the Ring that governs China. They are the power that inspires and directs the mob. No treaties with an emperor, whose sceptre is a shadow, no civilizing influences brought to bear upon the people, who are in a condition of abject because superstitious bondage, can prevent the recurrence, on a yet more terrible scale, of the Tien-tsin massacres. The mandarins, wily and unscrupulous, must be held responsible, and punished even somewhat arbitrarily, for crimes which they certainly could prevent, and which there is more than a suspicion they have incited. So, in effect, writes Dr. Thin, and certainly his book is worthy of a more careful perusal than it is likely to get in this country before we throw our cap in air again, in the sanguine faith that China is redeemed and civilized by a treaty signed by an emperor who is powerless to maintain it.

The month which follows Christmas is always a dull one in the book trade. It is as if literature had exhausted herself in adorning the Christmas-tree with literary fruit, and stopped to rest and recuperate. Of the pile of books that lie on our table there is scarcely one that will outlive the year, or deserves more than a passing mention. *Zell's Cyclopedia* (T. Ellwood Zell) is indeed an exception; but that handsome and useful volume has been patiently waiting until its companion should join it, and so the completed work could be introduced to the reader at once. This we can now do, for the second volume will probably be ready about the time these pages are printed. As a book of reference "Zell's Cyclopedia" stands midway between a dictionary and a cyclopedia. Unlike the former, it contains proper names, comprising articles on biographical, historical, and geographical subjects. Unlike the latter, it is a verbal dictionary, containing not only articles on important things, but definitions of verbs, adjectives, and other words as well. It is unlike the dictionary in that it describes as well as defines. It is unlike the cyclopedia in that it gives, except in purely biographical or historical articles, very little else than a description. We turn to "Digestion." Webster tells us that it is the "conversion of food into chyme;" and when we turn to chyme to find out what that is, we are left not much wiser than before by the information that it is "the pulp formed by the food after it has been for some time in the stomach." Zell describes the process which Webster only defines, and aids his description by a diagram; while Chambers, in a more elaborate article, gives some account of the experiments and researches which are connected with the subject.

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This brief comparison will, perhaps, give our readers a better idea of the book than a description could do. It may be defined in a single sentence as "a describing dictionary." It should be added that the articles on natural science appear to be particularly full, and the whole work is thoroughly fresh and modern. The book is a novelty in literature, but a successful one. It lies on our library table by the side of Webster; and when neither the synonym nor the etymology of a word is wanted, proves frequently more serviceable than either the dictionary, which is too brief, or the many volumed cyclopedia, which is too voluminous.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

SOME volumes which bloomed on our Christmas-tree too late for our Christmas Number are here asking a word of introduction from us. PAUL KONEWKA furnishes two or three volumes in silhouette. The best, though not the most pretentious, which has come under our eye is *Evening Amusement* (Roberts Brothers), a book for the little folks. It is a new wonder to us how this artist contrives to infuse not only so much meaning, but so much grace and beauty in these black outlines. His *Faust* (Roberts Brothers) is not so good, not at all equal to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" of last year. We miss the ease and naturalness which characterized the illustrations of that fairy drama. Mephistopheles is the conventional Mephistopheles of common art, and the last figure of Margaret is unpleasantly "stagey."—The *Lays of the Holy Land* (Robert Carter and Brothers) is a handsomely illustrated collection of poems by various authors, the themes of which are drawn from the lands of the Bible or their history. We have been for some time familiar with it in its English dress, and we judge this American edition to be only an importation, not a reprint. We can very cordially commend it, both for its poetry and its pictures.—*Tony and Puss* (Roberts Brothers) is for very small children, being twenty-four pictures with half a dozen lines or so to each picture. It is, however, a connected story, and is very well done, the French, from which the book is translated, doing this sort of thing with immeasurably more grace and tact than their awkward cousins across the water, who ordinarily make rather a stiff figure in attempting to amuse or instruct the little folks—*i. e.*, the very little folks.

NOVELS.

HARPERS add several volumes, some new, one at least old, to their Library of Select Novels. Of these Mrs. EILOART'S story, with its odd but significant title, *From Thistles—Grapes?* is the best. Real life is full of dramas, ay, of tragedies, and an exciting novel is not always an unnatural one. Mrs. Eiloart has succeeded in making one both natural and exciting. The characters are self-consistent throughout, though Dr. Langton, "the villain" of the story, is hardly a probable, certainly not a common one. The plot is well wrought; the thwarted love and sad death of poor Grace Rosslyn tinge the whole story with a true pathos; and the closing scene, in which Dr. Langton finds that Dick Girling is his own illegitimate son, but too late to save him from the gallows, to which he has himself consigned him, is depicted with very great power.—*Which is the Heroine?* hardly affords an answer to its own question. There is not a great deal of heroism in either Ida or Margery, but in the former enough perhaps to point a moral, and make the story something better than commonplace.—Certainly commonplace is not an accusation which can be brought against *The Vivian Romance*. MORTIMER COLLINS appears to have undertaken to write a story like nothing ever conceived before, and we are bound to say he has succeeded. In the compass of 150 pages he treats us to a murder, a suicide, a robbery, an abduction, and coffee and pistols for two, and so successfully that an old novel-reader, not easily ensnared by any romance, assures us that it beguiled him into reading it through at a sitting. It is a book to gallop through at a mad pace; and if it affords nothing to pick up by the way, neither does it give you time to dally, were the side attractions ever so numerous.—*In Duty Bound* would have made several very good stories, but it does not make one good novel. The threads are well spun, but they are not well woven into a single strand. The reader is so much distracted by the fortunes of the different characters, with divergent lives, that he ceases to be interested in any one of them.

We have from different houses three or four American novels, first of which in fame, perhaps in merit, is SYLVESTER JUDD'S *Margaret* (Roberts Brothers). We do not propose to add anything to the stormy and controversial criticism which its first publication twenty-five years ago excited. American it certainly is. A fair, impartial portrait of American society it certainly is not. Quaint, queer, original, minutely accurate in its descriptions, but often false in sentiment and philosophy, and crude and uncouth in expression, it well deserves a permanent place in American literature; but we should be sorry to believe it, with all its glaring defects of both thought and manner, to be "the most thoroughly American book ever written."—The scene of *Valerie Aylmer* (D. Appleton and Co.) is laid in the South. It is a story of—we were going to say love, but, to be accurate, we must needs substitute flirtation. The writer is quite destitute of invention, and builds her novel out of incidents which have been the common property of novelists ever since writing romances became a profession; but she makes good use of her scant materials, and by a certain vivacity and sprightliness saves her story from the stupidity which otherwise would inevitably attach to it. Her Southern and Roman Catholic sympathies are unmistakable.—A powerful novel, well conceived and well wrought, is *With Fate Against Him* (Sheldon and Co.), by AMANDA M. DOUGLASS; a story that flows like a rough stream over rugged rocks; of life full of trial and turbulence; with few characters, yet none that are weak or borrowed from other models; with no moralizing, yet with a certain underlying moral wrought into the fabric of the story, as morals are truly wrought into the dramas of actual life; a story that is inherently a tragedy, though it ends in marriage at the last; and whose chiefest defect is this, that across its stormy scenes there scarcely falls a single rift of cheery humor, of gladsome hope, or even of bright faith in God. We long for some clear contrast to the iron creed of John Hurst,

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some experience of peaceful trust to set off against the dark passion-life of Victor.—BAYARD TAYLOR has not improved as a novelist since he wrote "Hannah Thurston." *Joseph and His Friend* (G. P. Putnam and Son) has neither the interest which attaches to an exciting melodrama, nor that which belongs to a photographic reproduction of real life. There is an oil speculation; a little of American politics, with an attempt to portray an American politician; some religious philosophy, or irreligious, it is hard to tell which; and a little love woven in, as though the author imagined that was necessary, and could not be safely omitted, though he really knew very little about it. But we doubt whether even the oil speculation ever developed a Mr. Blessing; and as to Rev. Mr. Chaffinch, no mortal man ever met him except on the stage or in novels. Shall we never have done with this impossible, conventional, machine minister? The only thing original or notable in the novel is the attempt to portray "the truth and tenderness of man's love for man as of man's love for woman;" and this is but imperfectly dramatized. — *Who Was She?* (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger), a story of American life in the West of twenty-five or thirty years ago, is tolerably well told, and the descriptions of farm life are sufficiently truthful to indicate that the authoress is familiar with the scenes she depicts. But the characters are not harmoniously developed, and this fact gives an air of unreality to the whole, which constitutes an almost fatal defect.—We cordially commend the good intentions of the authoress of *Every Day* (Noyes, Holmes, and Co.); but the soundness of her moralizing does not avail to save her story from the charge of being irredeemably vapid.

POETRY.

JEAN INGELOW's last volume of poems receives its name, *Monitions of the Unseen* (Roberts Brothers), from the first and most considerable piece in the book. We have read nothing from her pen which we like better. It is a simple story of a faithful, overworked, disheartened curate taught to look up and out, and see that his work, which seems all useless, is not to be measured by its seen results, but by effects he can but imperfectly imagine, much less fully perceive; and the issue of the vision, in which some glimpses of the unseen world are vouchsafed to him, is the resolution,

> "I will trust in Him,
> That He can hold His own; and I will take
> His will above the work He sendeth me,
> To be my chiefest good."

It is the old, old story—old as the days of Abraham, of Joseph, of Moses, and of the prophets—of the contrast between the visible and the invisible, yet wrought out in a form that is fresh, if not absolutely new, and with a poetic expression which is not always rhythmical, is indeed often awkward and involved, and yet, withal, possesses beauties which perhaps shine the brighter for the blemishes to which they are so closely mated. It is a poem which will bear not only re-reading, but much meditation; at least by all wearied, and sometimes discouraged, Christian workers.—It may be a question with some readers whether Jean Ingelow's poems repay study. They certainly require it. *The Episodes and Lyric Pieces* of ROBERT KELLY WEEKS (Leypoldt and Holt) neither require nor repay it. They are pleasant fancies; not buds, but full-blown flowers that give you all their beauty at the first glance; the songs of a bird that carols his lay, charms you for the moment, and is off and forgotten; yet pleasant songs for all that.—There is no end of collections of sacred poetry. Of them all we have rarely fallen upon one that seemed to us so exceptionally excellent in its selection, and in the unity which saves a collection from being a scrap-book, as *Light at Even-tide* (Lee and Shepard), a compilation of religious hymns and poems for meditative reading, chiefly, if not all, of a character intended to illumine the last hours or to prepare for them.—A new edition of *Bonar's Poems* (Robert Carter and Brothers) adds a third volume to the two previously published. It is neatly and yet economically issued.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

DR. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON is a most indefatigible worker. Besides being pastor of a large city parish, preaching every Sabbath to a cultured and critical congregation, acting until very recently as a member of half a dozen benevolent and religious societies, being almost the sole representative of his denomination in the great metropolis, delivering from one to half a dozen addresses—literary, popular, and scientific—before various societies, and steadily working in his leisure time on the study of Egyptology with an assiduity which has made him the best Egyptologist in the country, he yet finds time to publish almost every week an article in some periodical on a current topic, and to issue about once in two years a new book. His last volume, *The Theology of Christ* (Charles Scribner and Co.), is, to our thinking, his best. The object of it is, first, to show that Christ has a theology; and second, to deduce it from the sayings of Jesus, and from those alone. It is hardly necessary to say that he conducts his readers, though by paths somewhat novel, to conclusions as old as the days of Augustine; and yet we count it among one of the best features of the book that it makes little or nothing of theological controversies, and uses Scriptural rather than technical and theological terms.

The Messrs. BAGSTER, whose services in aiding in the interpretation of the Bible are appreciated by every biblical scholar, add to their stock of dictionaries an *Analytical Greek Lexicon* (John Wiley and Son), prepared on the same plan as their previously published Hebrew Lexicon. It contains an alphabetical arrangement of every occurring inflection of every word contained in the Greek New Testament Scriptures, with a grammatical analysis of each word, and lexicographical illustrations of the meanings. There are very few clerical scholars who have not more than once been compelled to spend half an hour, but ill-spared from other duties, in hunting up a Greek root. If a friend had been by to give a hint, the almost wasted time might have been saved. Such a friend is the "Analytical Greek Lexicon." It is, to describe it in a sentence, the grammar of the Greek Testament simplified. As a dictionary it is not so full as Robinson's; as a concordance it can not supersede and does not rival the "Englishman's Greek Concordance;" but as a companion volume it stands next to them, and once used, would, to

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most students of the New Testament, prove nearly or quite as indispensable.

Of the Beecher family Thomas K. stands next in original genius to Henry Ward, being quite as original, though far more erratic, than his more famous brother. It required a genius to conceive the idea of saying in one pulpit all the good things that could be said of other churches. This THOMAS K. BEECHER, in his church at Elmira, did, thinking the world had rather a surfeit of religious criticism; and one denomination after another taking up his eulogies, and printing them as his testimony to their possession of the whole truth of God, he has been compelled to print them all together, as he does in a little volume entitled *Our Seven Churches* (J. B. Ford and Co.). It is not as valuable a book as a fair, full, and impartially critical account of the various sects would be, but it is a novelty in theology, a very cheerful and entertaining little volume, and one calculated to put the reader in the best possible mood with all his ecclesiastical neighbors.

SCIENCE.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY'S volume, *Lay Sermons, Essays, and Reviews* (D. Appleton and Co.), contains nothing absolutely new; but it presents the reader, in a convenient form, fifteen papers which, in addresses and periodicals, have already been presented to the public, and some of which have excited no little comment and provoked no little criticism. Of all writers on science there is none, perhaps, more bold and original in thought, more perspicuous in style, more felicitous in expression, and more practical in result, than Professor Huxley. We do not think he is always consistent. We dissent most heartily from some of his positions. We do not think he always understands himself; certainly he does not always make his readers understand him. His prefatory letter affords a curious illustration of this. He utters a naïve confession of surprise that his essay "On the Physical Basis of Life," which was intended to contain "a protest from the philosophical side against what is called materialism," should have been accounted materialistic. Sent thus back to the essay, we have read it in the light of this extraordinary explanation, with the profound conviction that if it was intended as in any sense a "protest against materialism," it is indeed what he calls it, an "unlucky lay sermon." If he does not teach materialism, he makes no concealment of the fact that he considers material nature as the basis of all knowledge. "The educational tree," says he elsewhere, "seems to me to have its roots in the air and its branches in the ground; and I confess I should very much like to turn it upside down, so that its roots should be solidly embedded among the facts of nature, and draw thence sound nutriment for the foliage and fruit of literature and art." This sentence may be regarded as the key-note of his philosophy, which approaches more nearly that of David Hume than that of Comte, and may be summed up in the one sentence, We do not look upon the things which are unseen and eternal, but upon the things which are seen and temporal. We do not accept Mr. Huxley as a very safe guide in philosophy, and he is only a partialist in science; but he is an independent thinker; he does not select from other men's thoughts, but contributes to the common stock something from his own; and no well-read man, no one who wishes to be acquainted with the progress of modern thought, can afford to be ignorant of his teaching. If one wishes to get a glimpse of the philosophy of the radical school of Great Britain on a great many points, given in a short compass, he can not do better than read Professor Huxley's "Lay Sermons."

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK'S *Origin of Civilization and Primitive Condition of Man* (D. Appleton and Co.) is rather valuable for the facts which it contains than for the order in which they are classified—or rather the disorder in which they are thrown together—or the philosophy which they are called on to attest. The author's object appears to be to show that man has gradually developed into his present condition from a savage state; that barbarism was the primitive condition of mankind; that the real garden was a wilderness, and the true Adam a brutal savage. To sustain this conclusion, which, in our judgment, impinges equally upon science, history, and religion, he has gathered a great quantity of facts concerning man in a savage state. It is this collection of facts which gives the book its sole value, for they are of equal interest to those who accept and those who deny his conclusions. Their perusal should certainly be sufficient to convince the most sentimental admirer of primitive life, the bitterest hater of the conventionalism of modern civilization, of the folly alike of his affection and of his aversion. The mind of the savage has the weakness but not the simplicity of that of a child. It "is weak and easily confused; conversation wearies him." He is almost, yes, sometimes entirely, without natural affection. "In the interior of Borneo they [savages] are found living absolutely in a state of nature..... Children and parents separate, and think no more of each other." He is almost oblivious of distinctions between right and wrong, at least indifferent to them. "What!" said a savage to Burton; "shall I starve while my sister has children whom I can sell?" Races absolutely without religion are rare; but races whose religion is more debasing than impiety are common. Their deities are invariably evil, not good; worshiped because of fear, not for love's sake; are "approached by dances, not by prayers." Even the intellectual absurdity of the rudest forms of idolatry they are unable to appreciate. "We make and break our gods daily," said a negro to Bosman. Their social life is on a level with their religious conceptions; slavery is almost universal; the condition of woman is every where that of servitude—cruel, crushing, and complete. Marriage is consummated by the mere capture of the woman. And as to conventionalism, fashion is nowhere so odious and tyrannical a task-master as among the savages, who, almost without exception, are enslaved by customs and fantastic notions, most of which are in the last degree brutal and degrading. Such are some of the outlines which the author gives us of savage life and character. As a book of curious and interesting facts his work is both entertaining and instructive. As a contribution to philosophy, as a discussion of the problem of the origin of the race, it is crude, fragmentary, and unsatisfactory.

C. Scribner and Co. add to their illustrated Library of Wonders two volumes, one on *Strength and Skill*, which contains in a small compass a

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good deal of information on athletic games and sports of all ages; the other on *Balloon Ascents*—a subject invested with some special interest by the use which Paris has lately been making of balloons. Like the rest of the series they are anecdotal, fragmentary, readable; valuable rather as entertaining books than as complete treatises on their respective topics.

Lockyer's Astronomy (D. Appleton and Co.) contains some specially valuable features. A lucid explanation of the spectroscope and its uses, a very clear view of our own position in relation to the stars in the account of the "shape of our universe," and a very clear statement of the rate of proper motion in the heavenly bodies, some of them at least, our own sun among the number, we note as examples of its excellences. The illustrations are genuine helps to an understanding of the text. We note one or two inaccuracies, of expression probably rather than of thought, and count as a singular and unfortunate omission the failure to tell us by whom the book was prepared for the American public.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Roberts Brothers continue their republication of Arthur Helps's works. *Essays Written in the Intervals of Business* is one of his earliest volumes, and is not one of his best. *Companions of my Solitude*, on the other hand, is one of his very best, a veritable companion in solitude, cheery yet thoughtful, suggesting much to the reader, yet not exacting much study of him: a book of easy yet fruitful reading.—It is impossible to describe Charles Dudley Warner's pleasant gossipings about *My Summer in a Garden* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.) better than by quoting a sentence from the introductory letter which Henry Ward Beecher contributes to the volume: "Now, truly, one may not learn from this little book either divinity or horticulture; but if he gets a pure happiness from the simple stores of Nature, he will gain from our friend's garden what Adam lost in his, and what neither philosophy nor divinity has always been able to restore."—The only results of the otherwise fruitless effort of the Western Union Telegraph Company to establish an overland route to Europe *via* Behring Straits were three volumes of travel through regions hitherto unknown. Messrs. Whymper and Dall have told us something of their experiences in Alaska. Mr. George Kennan, in *Tent Life in Siberia* (G. P. Putnam and Son), carries us across the straits to a land yet less known. His book is not so well written as Mr. Whymper's, nor so scientific and exhaustive as Mr. Dall's, but it is quite as entertaining as the first, and much more agreeable than the second. The author has a keen sense of the ludicrous, which imparts to the story of his adventures a flavor of humor that adds greatly to its zest.—We see nothing in Taine's *Art in the Netherlands* (Leypoldt and Holt) to lead us to alter the opinion which we have hitherto expressed of the great French critic—great, undoubtedly, if you only remember that he is French, and judges of all things by the outside, rarely or never by their moral meaning.—German thought has made great progress in the world since 1847, when Frederick Hedge's *Prose Writers of Germany* first made its appearance in America. Its influence is no longer confined to scholars. It pervades the pulpit and the press; nor less affects those who think they despise than those who avowedly admire it. We are glad to see a new issue of this volume from the press of Porter and Coates, and do not hesitate to commend it as the very best medium through which any one, not a German scholar, can get a general and comprehensive, though, of course, fragmentary and superficial, acquaintance with German literature and German *literati*.—*On the Trail of the War* (Harpers) is composed of a series of gossipy and sometimes graphic papers on the European war, by Alexander J. Shand, the occasional correspondent of the London *Times*. It contains nothing material which the reader of the daily press has not seen in a different form, but contains it in a shape convenient for a second reading.—*Days in Northern India*, by Norman MacLeod, D.D., is a light, sketchy book of travel, but written with feeling, and, at times, with a good deal of terse and vigorous eloquence. Dr. MacLeod relates only what he himself saw and experienced during a hurried journey through the Bengal Presidency, except as he turns aside to give some account of the scenes in the Sepoy rebellion, which have made Allahabad, Cawnpore, and Lucknow historic names. In dealing with these scenes he writes with a moderation of feeling which does not lessen, but rather enhances, his vigor of expression.—The *Student's Mythology*, by C. A. White (N. J. Widdleton), without pretending to any special erudition, tells the story of the age of fable accurately and perspicuously. To the mythologies of Greece and Rome are added a summary of the mythologies of other nations, with a chapter on the classic poets and brief notices of ancient writers. It supplies a real want in school literature, which has hitherto lacked a wholly unexceptionable text-book on the subject; and it has stood the crucial test of experiment, having been used for three years in a manuscript form in a young ladies' seminary before being given to the public.—Since the days of "Alice in Wonderland" we have found no book so well done in its peculiar sphere as *John Whopper the News-boy* (Roberts Brothers). Fully as wonderful in its way of telling an utter impossibility for a truth as are the sketches by Edward Everett Hale, so that it interests old boys and girls, the story is yet so simply told as to make it very popular also with the children. Its local hits ought to give it special popularity at "the hub."—The most valuable feature in *Model Suburban Architecture* (A. J. Bicknell and Co.) is its collection of elevations embodying suggestions of pleasing but inexpensive exteriors for country and village residences. But it exhibits great sameness in its styles of roof; it lacks the number of floor plans that might be justly expected from a book of its size; in those which it gives there is a larger proportion of small sleeping-rooms than any modern architect should venture to suggest; it is almost wholly deficient in such important details as height of ceilings, size of cellars, and facilities for ventilation of attic space over chambers; it gives no estimates of cost; and as a whole it unpleasantly suggests an architect's advertisement.

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Editor's Scientific Record.

RATE OF NERVOUS EXCITATION.

PROFESSOR HELMHOLTZ announces, as the result of some recent experiments made by M. Baxt, that the rate at which excitation is propagated along the motor nerves in man varies between thirty and ninety yards per second, and that the rapidity is greater in summer than in winter. By the artificial cooling or warming of the arm the accelerating influence of temperature has been fully ascertained, and it has consequently been determined that the interval of time between an impulse of the voluntary power and the corresponding movement of the muscle is greater in winter than in summer.

SUPPOSED NATURAL ORIGIN OF SOME FOREST FIRES.

The great frequency of fires during summer in the pine forests of Germany and France, under circumstances where there was no suspicion of accidental or willful incendiarism, has suggested to Mr. Schrader the idea that these may possibly be in a measure spontaneous. In most of these forests the resin is collected in large quantity from punctures made in the bark, and an exudation of the same substance may take place whenever the bark is accidentally cracked. Mr. Schrader suggests that the tear-shaped drops of resin, in running from the tree, may form lenses, through which the rays of the sun may be concentrated, and act upon the inflammable surroundings, and thereby set fire to them. In many cases, possibly, a vapor of escaping turpentine may also, by its combustibility, cause the fire to spread with greater rapidity.

MAN IN THE TERTIARY PERIOD.

In a work on the geology of France, published in 1868, the author, M. Raulin, took strong ground against the authenticity of certain asserted flint implements found in the fresh-water limestone (lower miocene) of Beauce, and which had been claimed to indicate the existence of man in France during the tertiary period. This gentleman now, in a recent communication, takes pains to retract his skepticism as previously expressed, in consequence of the careful examination to which he has lately submitted both these specimens and the locality where they occur. He now considers the fact as established indisputably that the genus *homo*, or man, did really exist at the time mentioned, and that we may assume as proved that it extended through at least five successive faunas, viz.: the limestone of Beauce, or the lower miocene, the Falun, the Touraine, the pliocene or diluvium, and the modern epoch. While, however, entirely satisfied of the human origin of these early remains, he by no means assents to the idea that they belonged to the present species of man, but thinks that the existence of these remains, through such a range of formations, proves unquestionably that their makers must have possessed characteristics in structure of special peculiarity; and since the genus rhinoceros occurs in these same five successive faunas, represented in each by distinct and successive species, which, whether evolved one from the other, or the subject of as many distinct creations, yet exhibited strongly marked differences, he suspects that the species of the genus man in all probability also varied in like manner. M. Raulin expressly desires that his remarks on this subject may not be taken as asserting a belief in the transformation of these different species of man, one from another, or as to the descent of the older species from a common stock with that of the primitive monkey; but he thinks that, as we have no means of judging the characteristics of the tertiary man excepting by the rude implements he has left, should his remains ever be discovered, the present suggestions on his part will be thoroughly substantiated.

CULTIVATION OF CINCHONA-TREE IN ALGIERS.

We have already referred to the attempts of the British government to cultivate the cinchona plant in its colonies, and we now learn that a similar experiment has been made by the French in Algiers with equally satisfactory results. The plants were reared in a hot-house in France, and the soil kept uniformly and moderately damp—this appearing to be one of the conditions essential to success. As the heat of the sun became more powerful the development was more rapid, especially in those plants nearest the glass. About the end of June the plants were transferred to the open air, and remained exposed to the sun until the end of September, when they were taken to Algeria, where they are said to be now doing well.

CURE OF CHRONIC SOMNAMBULISM.

A foreign medical journal mentions two instances in which chronic somnambulism was cured by administering bromide of potassium, the dose given in one instance varying from thirty to one hundred grains per day; and in the other case fifteen grains were given both morning and evening. The attacks in each case gradually became less and less frequent, and in a short time entirely ceased.

GERMAN EXPLORATIONS IN GREENLAND.

Our readers will remember that the German exploring expedition which went out in 1869 for the purpose of Arctic discovery has lately returned home, the sailing vessel of the expedition having been wrecked on the east coast of Greenland, her entire crew, however, being saved. The steamer returned in good condition. Enough of the results of the expedition have been published to furnish the means of judging, to some extent, of the advantages secured, which are thought to be of great interest; not the least being the acquisition of a foothold of property in the north, possession having been taken of a previously unoccupied portion of the coast of Greenland, extending for about thirty German miles, or from latitude 75° to latitude 77°. An apology is made for the absence of any considerable amount of actual discovery, on account of the excessive rigor of the winds, this being very much greater than that experienced in the neighboring regions during the previous explorations on the part of English vessels. The portion of Greenland explored by this expedition is

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characterized by a very deep fiord, the head of which was not reached in a distance of over eighty miles; and it was thought to be not impossible that it extended all the way across to the water on the opposite side.

The most interesting feature of the land, however, was the occurrence of extensive meadows, starred with flowers, with butterflies and bees playing about them, and having large herds grazing near by of reindeer and musk-oxen. The lowest temperature experienced was about −58° Fahr., this occurring on the 21st of February, 1870. The wind was found to be of extraordinary severity, Robinson's anemometer indicating a rate of velocity of sixty-seven miles in the hour, which, it was believed, would render sledging-parties entirely impracticable. The auroral light, to the surprise of the beholders, who expected to see it in the west or southwest, was actually in the southeast.

Among the geological discoveries were beds of brown coal, and numerous fossil remains. Deep-sea soundings were made, and collections taken from a depth of 1500 fathoms. One important conclusion arrived at by the expedition was that small vessels were suited for polar exploration, and that it would be madness to attempt, as is proposed by the French, the use of a thousand-ton ship. Steamers, too, were believed to be the only form of vessels suited for research on the eastern coast of Greenland, any thing like reaching the coast in a sailing vessel being entirely out of the question.

DEEP-SEA SOUNDINGS IN THE ADRIATIC.

As a result of some recent deep-sea explorations in the Adriatic, Dr. Schmid announces that at depths of from 50 to 630 fathoms he found but little trace of animal life, excepting the foraminifera, a fact which he attributes to the absence of the great natural currents, to which the variety of animal life in the depths of the Atlantic appears to be due. Of *Bathybius*, however, as Professor Huxley calls a peculiar amorphous animal matter, found at great depths, an enormous quantity was brought up by every cast of the net below fifty fathoms. These are always accompanied by coccoliths, one of the constituents of the ancient chalk.

USE OF SULPHATE OF BARYTA IN WHITEWASHING.

Sulphate of baryta, or the so-called "fixed white," is strongly recommended as a substitute for lime in whitewashing. For this purpose an ounce of glue is to be softened for some hours in cold water, and afterward heated in a water bath with a quart of water, until completely dissolved. At the same time six or eight pounds of fixed white are to be stirred up with warm water in another vessel to a kind of milk, and the two poured together, and applied warm with a whitewash-brush or otherwise.

EMBOSSING WOOD.

In the increasing taste for ornamenting furniture and other articles with carvings of wood, many devices have been adopted for facilitating the work, and reproducing readily and with absolute accuracy many copies of certain patterns. The finest work is, of course, that executed by the hands of the accomplished artist, since proper play is allowed to his taste in modifying and varying the design, but the expense of such work is consequently very great. To attain a similar end in a cheaper manner various mechanical devices have been employed, with more or less success, among others the practice of heating iron or copper moulds, and branding the wood so as to obtain the general pattern, and afterward cleaning off the rough surface, has been used to a considerable extent. A German author calls attention to a hitherto but little used method of preparing carvings by means of pressure combined with heat and moisture, and is of the opinion that in time this is destined to replace almost all other modes. He gives three different variations in which this result is accomplished. In one instance the wood is pressed in the line of its fibre in cold or slightly warmed patterns, until the desired relief is obtained. In the second method a metal pattern is pressed very powerfully against any surface, the projecting portions planed or rasped over, and the previously impressed portions brought up again by wetting them in water. Finally, as a third method, thin plates of wood are steamed, or otherwise softened, and pressed between two corresponding dies. The second method our author considers of not much importance, since it requires a great deal of finishing off with the graver. The first is used to good advantage; but it is the third which he considers worthy of especial attention, since almost any form of wood can be prepared in this manner, and the effect is very superior. The operation should be performed with heated dies, not, however, brought to such a temperature as to burn the wood. A few drops of water placed on the dies causes a steam, which greatly facilitates the moulding of the wood. Resinous woods are not as serviceable as other kinds. Shavings of wood can also be used to advantage in these dies, by glueing them together in successive layers, each one having its fibres running perpendicular to the next. In this way a mass is obtained of great tenacity, and capable of being used in places exposed to moisture, as in wainscoting.

The so-called casting in wood may be considered as a branch of the same art. This consists in taking wooden raspings, or fine saw-dust, especially from the pear-tree, linden, and mahogany, and mixing with some sort of cementing material, especially glue and tannin. These are pressed between the moulds just referred to, and are capable of a great variety of forms.

PALE YELLOW FOR SIGNALS.

It is stated, as the result of recent experiments, that pale yellow is to be preferred to all other colors for signal lights, as being the tint most quickly and readily recognized at a distance.

EXPLORATION OF EASTERN ASIA.

Von Heuglin, the well-known explorer in Africa, has lately been turning his attention to Arctic researches, and during the past summer, in company with Count Zeil, left Hamburg on the 13th of June, and Tromsöe, in Norway, on the 3d of July, for the purpose of examining the unknown region of Eastern Spitzbergen. With a small boat of only thirty-one tons, and manned by seven Norwegian sailors, they reached the eastern coast of Spitzbergen, determined the position of Gillis Land, and extended greatly our

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knowledge of the region from 77° to 79° north latitude. They passed through the Walter Thymer Straits, which were at one time supposed to be impassable, and made collections of various kinds, including rocks and fossils, among which was a saurian eighteen feet in length.

TEMPERATURE OF THE SUN.

Dr. Zöllner, whose graphic pictures of the phenomena of the solar atmosphere are well-known to many of our readers, has lately discussed anew the question of the temperature and physical condition of the sun. Assuming that the prominences which present the appearance of eruptions are really produced by the action of explosive forces projecting vast quantities of glowing hydrogen into the chromosphere, he applies the principles of thermo-dynamics to determine the heat and pressure in different portions of the sun's mass and atmosphere. He obtains as a probable minimum value for the temperature of the chromosphere, 49,850° Fahr.; and for the temperature of the interior region, whence the hydrogen is erupted, 123,150° Fahr. Assuming the atmospheric pressure at the base of the chromosphere to be about equal to seven inches of the mercurial barometer, he finds the pressure at the level of the nuclei of the spots to be about 184,000 atmospheres, and the pressure in the inner region before named no less than 4,070,000 atmospheres.

REDUCTION OF NATIVE SULPHIDES.

Native sulphides of metals often occur of much value in a metallurgical point of view, but which can not be reduced, in consequence of the great scarcity of fuel. Dr. Kopp, in a recent paper, mentions the results of a series of experiments upon such substances, for the purpose of ascertaining whether certain cheap and abundant chemical reagents can be made to act upon the minerals in question (without at the same time affecting their gangue), so as to bring them into a condition fit for being readily converted into metals. The reagents named as suitable for the purpose in question are common salt, chloride of iron, and hydrochloric acid. In this paper it is stated that the most economical method of extracting the small quantity of copper present in previously burned pyrites consists in first exposing the burned substance to heat and moisture, and then pouring over the material a solution of common salt. A small addition of hydrochloric acid is useful, and the copper in this way becomes converted into a soluble chloride.

THE MICROSCOPE IN GEOLOGY.

The microscope has rendered its aid to an immense number of branches of physical investigation in turn, and quite lately its value to the geologist has been shown by the researches of Mr. David Forbes and others. Mr. Allport in a recent communication gives, as the result of many hundreds of sections of rocks and minerals, the assurance, first, that the mineral constituents of the melaphyres and other fine-grained igneous rocks may be determined thereby with certainty—a result which has not been attained by any other method of examination. Second, that the mineral constituents of the true volcanic rocks and of the old melaphyres are generally the same. Third, that the old rocks have almost invariably undergone a considerable amount of alteration, and that this change alone constitutes the difference now existing between them and the recent volcanic basalts.

ALKALINITY OF CARBONATE OF LIME.

According to Mr. Skey, of the Geological Survey of New Zealand, carbonate of lime is alkaline rather than neutral, as shown by the fact that when prepared by igniting pure oxalate of lime in a close crucible, at a dull red heat, it gives an intense alkaline reaction with reddened litmus paper, after moistening with water, or after re-ignition with pure carbonate of ammonia; carbonate of lime, prepared directly from chloride of calcium and bicarbonate of soda, giving the same reaction with test paper. Other experiments are specified, all tending to substantiate the same general proposition.

PROTECTION AGAINST SEA-SICKNESS.

Mr. Bessemer, the well-known inventor of the process for manufacturing steel bearing his name, has lately been engaged in completing his plan, already announced, of securing a comfortable passage at sea, in the most stormy weather, by constructing a cabin, the floor of which, under all circumstances, remains horizontal, no matter what motion may be given to the vessel. This cabin is circular in shape, and hung on gimbals at the centre, the point of suspension in the ship being so chosen that the cabin, as a whole, shall have as little vertical motion as possible. A vessel is now being constructed to test the plan, and if the actual experiment result satisfactorily, it is believed that sea-sickness will be practically unknown during a voyage in a cabin of the new arrangement.

VISION OF THE YOUNG MOLE.

It is a fact well known to naturalists that in many cases where a full-grown animal is marked by the absence of certain organs or appendages found in the majority of its class, they exist in a normal condition in the fetal stage. This is shown in the occurrence of teeth in the jaws of the young whale (which are totally wanting after birth), the incisor teeth of the fetal rodent, the existence of eyes on both sides of the head in the young flounder, etc. A new instance of this general principle has been recently announced in regard to the European mole, the adult of which is usually considered to be blind. The fetal mole, however, according to Mr. Lee, in a late paper, is endowed with organs of vision, which at the time of birth are of considerable perfection, but in advancing age certain changes take place in the base of the skull, which terminate in the destruction of the most important structures on which the enjoyment of the sense of sight depends.

ALUMINIUM FOR SMALL WEIGHTS.

Dr. Phipson recommends very warmly the employment of aluminium in the manufacture of very small weights. The advantages, as set forth by him, are their immunity from the inconvenience attaching to the use of brass weights in a chemical laboratory, in retaining their brilliancy untarnished, and in not losing their value by oxidation. The much greater bulk occupied by a given weight, as compared with brass or other metal, enables one to handle them much

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more readily, and a considerably smaller weight can be used, without inconvenience, than has been generally thought practicable in such cases. A set used by Dr. Phipson contains fourteen weights, from half a gramme to one and a half milligrammes, the latter (less than the one-fortieth of a grain) not being very easily handled when made of any other metal.

BOILING POINT OF UNMISCIBLE LIQUIDS.

Mr. Kundt announces in Poggendorff's "Annalen" that where two liquids having different boiling points are brought together, that do not combine with each other, as, for example, water and benzole, water and oil of cloves, water and sulphide of carbon, etc., they will boil at a lower temperature than when the more volatile of these liquids is brought to ebullition by itself. This fact may be placed side by side with that lately published, that a liquid having a boiling point higher than that of water can be brought to boil by steam applied through pipes in a suitable manner.

HAUGHTON ON ANIMAL MECHANICS.

Professor Haughton, of Dublin, announces for immediate publication his long-expected work on animal mechanics. The author is well known as a comparative anatomist, as well as an excellent mathematician, two qualifications necessary for the successful treatment of the subject. The *Athenæum* is of the opinion that there has been no writer on animal mechanics since the time of Barrelli, in the seventeenth century, so competent to discuss the subject as Dr. Haughton; the brothers Weber, of Giessen, who have also written on the subject, one of them an anatomist and the other a mathematician, scarcely meeting the requirements in the case.

WORK ON EUROPEAN MOLLUSCA.

Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, well known for his book on British shells, and for his connection with the recent deep-sea dredgings of the British Commission, announces a work on the mollusca of the European seas. This will, it is hoped, furnish especially the means for a satisfactory comparison of the fauna of that part of the world with that of the Atlantic coast of North America, a field which has been explored with so much thoroughness by Dr. Stimpson, Professor Verrill, Count Pourtalès, and other living American naturalists.

SIMPLE WASHING AND IRONING MACHINES.

An English contemporary describes a simple apparatus, to be used in washing, that certainly has the merit of great simplicity. It consists of a neat hand frame, about nine inches long by five inches wide, weighing about one and a half pounds, and having one plain and two corrugated rollers, or one corrugated and two plain rollers, between which are about three dozen patent knuckle rubbers. The clothes being well soaked in a tub or machine, are spread upon the side of the tub, or upon a washing-board, and the machine drawn quickly over them until the dirt is washed out. The clothes are then taken out of water, and the operation repeated, by which means they are pressed dry, and made ready for hanging out. No hand-rubbing is needed, and it is stated that any one can use it. There is said to be no noise made in the operation, nor any strain or violence to the linen. Another article of similar utility is a simple contrivance, consisting of an under-frame about sixteen inches long, having two plain rollers, to be used on a board or table as a smoothing and mangling apparatus.

FITTING CANDLES INTO SOCKETS.

Many of our readers have experienced the inconvenience of using candles, which, being too small for the sockets of the candlestick, are liable to drop out at an unpropitious moment, or else, being too large, it becomes difficult, if not impossible, to insert them so as to be securely fastened. As a question of important domestic economy, a recent German writer condescends to show how this trouble may be avoided. He remarks that the only certain mode of effecting the adhesion of the candle to the candlestick is by melting the one into the other. For this purpose, if the socket be too large, the candle is to be lighted and held in an inverted position over the socket sufficiently long to cause a considerable amount of melted material to drip into it, whereupon the basal end of the candle is to be inserted and held until the melted portion is cooled. The connection of the two will then be so great that the whole may be lifted with perfect security by the candle as well as by the candlestick. Should the socket be too narrow, the lower end of the candle is to be held over another burning candle, and the part melted off allowed to drop into the socket as before, until sufficiently reduced in size, when it is to be set into the melted liquid as in the former case. Candles thus treated can be allowed to burn down completely in their sockets without involving any danger from burning paper or other material used as a wrapping.

CERIUM A TEST FOR STRYCHNINE.

The oxide of cerium is recommended as a valuable test of strychnine, since when concentrated sulphuric acid is poured over strychnine, and oxide of cerium added to the mixture, a beautiful blue color makes its appearance, a similar result also taking place when the bichromate of potash is used instead of cerium. The combination first mentioned, however, with the same intensity of color, is much more durable, so that when the chrome reaction has long since disappeared, that produced by the cerium is persistent and easily recognized. The blue tint passes gradually into a cherry red, and then remains unaltered for several days. It is stated that the one-hundred-thousandth of a grain of strychnine can be readily recognized by this test. Other vegetable alkaloids give a totally different reaction with cerium, and can not, therefore, be confounded with the strychnine.

SECRET WRITING.

In former times secret correspondence was conducted by writing with milk, diluted sulphuric acid, or a solution of cobalt, which, colorless under ordinary circumstances, becomes visible by heating the paper. At the present time, however, a very different class of fluids is used, especially the dilute saline solutions, which are known to the receiver of the letter alone. Without being specially skilled in chemistry, the re

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ceiver needs only to know the particular solution in which the paper has been moistened to have it in his power to bring the invisible characters to light. Thus, should the letter be written with a solution of sugar of lead, one of sulphide of potassium will have the desired effect. Or, if nitrate of silver be used, the paper must be dipped in a solution of ammonia. In either case a black letter is the result. Any colorless solution, however, which, when mixed with another equally colorless, produces a colored deposit, may be employed for this purpose. The number of substances, therefore, available is very great, in the many possible combinations of the kind. The whole subject has recently received renewed attention in Germany and England since the introduction of the "correspondence cards," as it is hoped to secure the privacy of an ordinary letter by writing upon them with sympathetic ink.

FIXING PENCIL OR CRAYON DRAWINGS.

A convenient method of fixing pencil or crayon drawings consists in moistening the opposite side of the sheet with a solution of bleached shellac in alcohol, care being taken not to have the solution either too concentrated or too thin, but such as will flow readily on the paper, making it transparent when moist, and leaving no spots behind on evaporation. In this way the drawings will, it is said, become permanently fixed, and may afterward be painted in water-colors so as to produce a very excellent effect.

FERTILIZATION OF THE FLOWERS OF RHODEA.

The structure of the flowers of *Rhodea Japonica* is such that fertilization can only take place when the calyx has been gnawed through in some way during the period of blooming. This is accomplished, usually, by snails, which habitually infest the plant. These creep out along the spathes and gnaw the calyx without injuring the ovary. The mutual relationship between this plant and snails is so close that the cultivation of the one has even been suggested as a means of securing the destruction of the other in a garden; since wherever planted it is sure to be sought out by the snails, which accumulate in quantities upon it, and are readily captured.

SUGAR-CUTTING MACHINE.

We can all remember when ordinary loaf-sugar was broken up at home, frequently by means of a knife and a flat-iron, or less frequently, perhaps, by means of a chisel and hammer or mallet. After a time the operation was performed either at the manufactory or by the grocer, as a means of alleviating the labors of the housekeeper; although it was not until after a considerable interval that the sugar, thus treated, was furnished in cubical blocks of uniform size, as we now see it. Various forms of apparatus have been suggested, from time to time, for accomplishing this result, the principal object being to secure an equal division, and at the same time cause as little waste of the material as possible. An improved form of apparatus has recently been devised, in which the loaves are first cut longitudinally into seven plates, and then into various broad and narrow strips, and ultimately into many cubical blocks of any desired dimensions, so that a given number—forty, fifty, or sixty, or more—shall weigh exactly a pound. The same machine sorts out the perfect cubes from those that are imperfect, and sifts the sugar filings into a receiver, and grinds up all the imperfect blocks into grained sugar of any desired degree of fineness, the whole being accomplished in the course of a few minutes.

SUBSTITUTION OF STRONTIAN, ETC., FOR LIME IN BONE.

According to some investigations of M. Papillon, recently presented to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, it has been ascertained that a certain percentage of strontian, magnesia, or alumina may be substituted for the lime normally present in bone, without affecting essentially its condition. The experiments were tried upon pigeons and other animals, by supplying them with water mixed with the different salts of potash and soda, and with grain incrusted by a fine paste of one or other of the ingredients in question. While no particular influence seemed to be exercised upon the animal by this novel regimen, on its being killed and the bones subjected to a chemical examination, the particular substance experimented with was found to enter in very considerable quantity into the ash.

POISON OF THE SCORPION.

Quite a diversity of opinion has prevailed among observers in regard to the true character of the poison of the scorpion, and the danger from wounds inflicted by it, this, perhaps, dependent to a great degree upon the difference in the species examined. By some its bite is thought to be more fatal than that of the venomous serpents; but, on the other hand, there are not wanting those who ridicule the idea of any dangerous consequences. In a recent paper, by Jousset, the subject is critically investigated, and the results of experiments upon three species are presented. One of these, the common scorpion of Europe, is dismissed by him as being entirely insignificant, on account of its small size, which scarcely exceeds an inch in length. A second species, the *Scorpio occitanus*, is more than twice the length of the first-mentioned, and its bite proved to be in many cases very serious, although not fatal. A third species, however, the African scorpion, which sometimes attains a length of from four to six inches, our author found not unfrequently to produce a mortal wound. As is well known, the venomous apparatus of the scorpion is situated in the end of the tail, and consists of a blackish, recurved point, pierced near its tip by two small slits, which allow the venom to pass into the wound when inflicted. But even with the most venomous species the result is not an instantaneous death in the case of the larger vertebrates, a certain length of time being required to allow the physiological effect of the poison to develop itself. The venom is a colorless and limpid liquid, acid, soluble in water, but little so in alcohol, insoluble in ether, and of a density a little greater than that of water. A microscopical examination shows it to be a perfectly transparent liquid, with a few epithelial cells and fine granules.

When we consider the small quantity of poison which a scorpion can emit, scarcely the three-hundredth part of a grain, and bear in mind

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that this may cause death in a large dog, we may well admit that the animal is in reality much more poisonous than even the rattlesnake, of whose venom a much larger amount is usually injected into the wound.

Our author, after narrating an extensive series of experiments, made principally upon the frog, came to the conclusion that the venom, in its poisonous influence, acts directly upon the red globules of the blood, and in no other way, causing them to lose their individuality and to become agglutinated together, so as to constitute masses, which obstruct the entrance to the capillaries, and thus stop the circulation, ultimately producing death. This is generally unaccompanied by any inflammation, the skin in the frog assuming a violet tint, and seeming as if injected. The particular member infected generally becomes completely rigid.

RIGIDITY OF THE JAWS IN DROWNING PERSONS NOT A SIGN OF DEATH.

A recent writer assures us that the rigidity of the jaws in a person taken out of the water after long immersion, instead of being a sign of death, is really an indication that life is still present, as it disappears only when life is actually extinct. This, of course, is not to be confounded with the stiffening of the entire body after death, but refers entirely to the local symptom. We are, therefore, advised, under the circumstances indicated, not to lose hope, but to continue to make use of all the methods that present themselves as appropriate for the restoration of suspended animation, whether by the injection of air into the lungs, or by other means.

CHLORALUM.

The hydrated chloride of aluminium has recently been recommended very warmly by Professor Gamgee, under the name of chloralum, as an antiseptic and disinfectant, being, as stated by him, as potent as chloride of zinc or carbolic acid, and at the same time non-poisonous, and free from any unpleasant smell whatever. At present it is somewhat expensive in its preparation, although, if it be really all that is claimed, some method will doubtless be devised for manufacturing it at a cheap rate. It may be prepared by mixing solutions of sulphate of alumina and chloride of calcium, both of them cheap commercial products. In this operation sulphate of lime is precipitated, while the hydrochloride remains dissolved. This may be evaporated at a gentle heat, crystals forming on cooling.

MBOUNDOU POISON.

Mr. Du Chaillu, in the account of his travels, gives some interesting particulars in regard to the use, by the natives, of what he calls the ordeal root of Goumbe, or the mboundou of the natives. A recent report upon this plant to the Paris Academy informs us that it is a new species of the strychnine group, differing somewhat from the true strychnine, as shown by experiments prosecuted upon frogs, in not causing rigidity. When a very weak dose is injected under the skin of a frog, the poison simply produces constraint in the limbs, or a sort of paralysis, which prevents it from leaping easily, and forces it to crawl. With a larger dose similarly introduced, tetanic convulsions are brought on when the animal is touched, or when the table on which it lies is struck by the hand. Unlike the action of woorari, the power of muscular contraction is not impaired when the operator excites the nerves.

GENERATION OF HEAT BY FUNGI.

The statement of Dutrochet, that a considerable amount of heat is generated by fungi during the process of growth, as well as of decomposition, has recently been substantiated by Mr. Smith, who found it to be greater in the species of *Boletus æneus* than in any other plant excepting the *Arum*. In one instance where several specimens of *Boletus* were packed in a box, it was found that the temperature of the air was raised from seventy to seventy-five degrees, an increase readily apparent to the hand.

ICE FROM THE TOSSELLI MACHINE.

Reference has already been made to the result of certain experiments upon the comparative durability of natural and artificial ice, resulting, somewhat to the surprise of most persons, in favor of the latter. Monsieur Tosselli, of Paris, now assures us that by his new method of congelation, in which the ice is obtained in a condition of stratification, a large block weighing about forty-five pounds, prepared in about eighteen minutes, on the 30th day of June, was forwarded, with very little care in packing, to Algiers, where it arrived at noon on the 5th of July, and had only lost half of its weight in that time—a resistance to melting many times greater than that of the ice from the Tellier machine, which had proved to be the most desirable in previous experiments.

NET-WORK OF COAGULATED BLOOD.

An Australian microscopist corroborates the statement of Neumann that the net-work formed by coagulation in human blood can be distinguished under the microscope from that of the blood of other animals. If a small drop be placed on a microscope slide and carefully watched, at a temperature of fifty-five to sixty degrees, it will be found to be broken up into a small pattern network, while that of other animals, such as the calf, pig, etc., requires a longer time for coagulation and fills a larger pattern; each species tested, however, having its own peculiar design, readily recognized under the microscope.

THE DELHI BOIL.

Intestinal worms, or entozoa, are, as is well known, frequent guests of the animal body, not even excepting that of man, and take up their abode, uninvited indeed, but none the less persistently, in almost every part of the system, whether in the intestines, the viscera, the eyeball, the brain, the muscles, or the skin. A newly discovered form of its intrusion appears to occur in what is called the Delhi boil, an affection which prevails in India, especially where impure water is used for ablution. The dogs drinking this water have these boils on the nose, while human beings are affected at the points where the skin is rubbed in the act of washing. A microscopical examination of the boil is said to show the presence of eggs of an intestinal worm belonging to the group of *Distomata*, of which the sheep-fluke is a well-known representative. These appear to penetrate the skin and produce the ulcer in question.

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DISTINGUISHING REAL FROM APPARENT DEATH.

A new mode of distinguishing between real and apparent death has been recently submitted to the consideration of the Academy of Medicine, in Paris. It consists in the insertion of a bright steel needle into the body; and it is said that when life is present the needle soon becomes tarnished by oxidation; while, on the other hand, if death has taken place, the needle will retain its brightness for half an hour or more. According to Dr. Laborde, the author of the communication, oxidation, with its attendant electrical phenomena, indicates that death is only apparent, and the entire absence of oxidation is a sign of real death.

ANCIENT PHŒNICIAN SUN-DIAL.

Some considerable interest has lately been excited by the exhibition, before the Academy of Sciences of Paris, of a fragment of an ancient sun-dial, obtained during the French campaign in Syria in 1860 by M. Renan. This gentleman, then forming part of the scientific mission connected with the army, caused excavations to be made in different localities in ancient Phœnicia, and among the objects of more or less interest brought to light in this way was the fragment in question. It presented certain mathematical peculiarities which are too technical to be introduced here; but its entire arrangement was quite scientific, and it has been restored and completed so as to show very distinctly the plan. The epoch of its construction is believed to be subsequent to that of the great Geometers of Alexandria, without whose labors and discoveries it could not have been worked off; and it is probable that it is to be included among the works of the Greco-Egyptian renaissance.

MODE OF ADMINISTERING CHLORAL.

According to M. Limousin, of Paris, some of the difficulties which attend the application and use of hydrate of chloral may be avoided by taking advantage of its property of becoming liquid at a temperature of about 112°, placing it at this heat in capsules or pill covers, where it readily solidifies in cooling. In this way the medicine may be kept in a state of purity, and for any length of time, divided into doses of definite extent, according to the necessities of the case. It is a serious question, however, whether, introduced into the stomach in its concentrated condition, it is not liable to produce dangerous action upon the mucous membrane. The inventor of the process is decided as to its harmless character; but some of his colleagues have protested against employing it in practice before careful experiments as to the point in question.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes December 21. The third session of the Forty-first Congress commenced December 5.

The President communicated to both Houses the usual annual Message, of which the following is a brief synopsis: We have been blessed with a year of prosperity and increased domestic harmony. A free exercise of the elective franchise has, however, been denied to citizens, in exceptional cases, in some of the States lately in rebellion. Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas have been restored to representation in Congress. Georgia alone is excluded, and she will probably take her place at the beginning of 1871.

Soon after the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war the United States had given her protection to North Germans domiciled in France. The same protection had been extended to the citizens of other nations. Recognition had been promptly tendered to the French republic; but the government had declined to mediate between the hostile powers. A proclamation had been issued defining the duties of the United States as a neutral, and the corresponding obligations of her citizens, followed by other proclamations as circumstances demanded.

Since the close of the last session the condition of the Cuban insurrection has not materially changed. In an early stage of the contest the authorities of Spain inaugurated a system of arbitrary arrests, of close confinement, and of military trial and execution of persons suspected of complicity with the insurgents, and of summary embargo of their properties, and sequestration of their revenues by executive warrant. Such proceedings, so far as they affected the persons or property of citizens of the United States, were in violation of the provisions of the treaty of 1795 between the United States and Spain. Representations of injuries resulting to several persons claiming to be citizens of the United States, by reason of such violations, were made to the Spanish government. From April, 1869, to June last, the Spanish minister at Washington had been clothed with a limited power to aid in redressing such wrongs. That power was found to be withdrawn, "in view," as it was said, "of the favorable situation in which the island of Cuba" then "was;" which, however, did not lead to a revocation or suspension of the extraordinary and arbitrary functions exercised by the executive power in Cuba; and we were obliged to make our complaints at Madrid. In the negotiations thus opened, and still pending there, the United States only claimed that for the future the rights secured to their citizens by treaty should be respected in Cuba, and that as to the past a joint tribunal should be established in the United States with full jurisdiction over all such claims. Before such an impartial tribunal each claimant would be required to prove his case. On the other hand, Spain would be at liberty to traverse every material fact, and thus complete equity would be done. A case which at one time threatened seriously to affect the relations between the United States and Spain has already been disposed of in this way. The claim of the owners of the *Colonel Lloyd Aspinwall*, for the illegal seizure and detention of that ves-

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sel, was referred to arbitration by mutual consent, and has resulted in an award to the United States for the owners of the sum of $19,702 50 in gold. Another and long-pending claim of like nature, that of the whale-ship *Canada*, has been disposed of by friendly arbitrament during the present year. It was referred, by the joint consent of Brazil and the United States, to the decision of Sir Edward Thornton, her Britannic Majesty's minister at Washington, who kindly undertook the laborious task of examining the voluminous mass of correspondence and testimony submitted by the two governments, and awarded to the United States the sum of $100,740 09 in gold, which has since been paid by the imperial government.

On the 29th of October last a peace-conference under the auspices of the United States was opened between Spain and the allied South American republics, attended by the ministers of Spain, Peru, Chili, and Ecuador, and presided over by our Secretary of State. In consequence of the absence of a minister from Bolivia, the conference was postponed. The time is not far distant when the European political connection with this continent will cease. Our policy should be shaped in view of this so as to ally the commercial interests of the Spanish-American states more closely with our own, and thus give the United States all the pre-eminence and advantage which Mr. Monroe, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Clay contemplated when they proposed to join in the Congress of Panama.

The treaty for the annexation of San Domingo failed to receive the requisite two-thirds vote of the Senate in the last session. The moment it is known that the United States has entirely abandoned this project a free port will be negotiated for by European nations in the Bay of Samana. A large commercial city will spring up, to which we will be tributary, without receiving corresponding benefits, and then will be seen the folly of our rejecting so great a prize. The government of San Domingo has voluntarily sought this annexation. It is a weak power, numbering probably less than one hundred and twenty thousand souls, and yet possessing one of the richest territories under the sun, capable of supporting a population of ten millions of people in luxury. The people of San Domingo are not capable of maintaining themselves in their present condition, and must look for outside support. They yearn for the protection of our free institutions and laws, our progress and civilization. Shall we refuse them? The acquisition of San Domingo is desirable because of its geographical position. It commands the entrance to the Caribbean Sea and the Isthmus transit of commerce. It possesses the richest soil, best and most capacious harbors, most salubrious climate, and the most valuable products of the forest, mine, and soil of any of the West India Islands. Its possession by us will in a few years build up a coastwise commerce of immense magnitude, which will go far toward restoring to us our lost merchant marine. It will give to us those articles which we consume so largely and do not produce, thus equalizing our exports and imports. In case of foreign war it will give us command of all the islands referred to, and thus prevent an enemy from ever again possessing himself of a rendezvous upon our very coast. At present our coast trade between the States bordering on the Atlantic and those bordering on the Gulf of Mexico is cut in two by the Bahamas and the Antilles. Twice we must, as it were, pass through foreign countries to get by sea from Georgia to the west coast of California.

It is to be regretted that our representations in regard to the injurious effects, especially upon the revenue of the United States, of the policy of the Mexican government, in exempting from impost duties a large tract of its territory on our borders, have not only been fruitless, but that it is even proposed in that country to extend the limits within which the privilege adverted to has hitherto been enjoyed.

The massacres of French and Russian residents at Tien-tsin, under circumstances of great barbarity, were supposed by some to have been premeditated, and to indicate a purpose among the populace to exterminate foreigners in the Chinese empire. The evidence fails to establish such a supposition, but shows a complicity between the local authorities and the mob. The government at Pekin, however, seems to have been disposed to fulfill its treaty obligations, so far as it was able to do so.

The ratifications of the naturalization convention between Great Britain and the United States have also been exchanged during the recess; and thus a long-standing dispute between the two governments has been settled in accordance with the principles always contended for by the United States.

No conclusion has been reached for the adjustment of the claims against Great Britain growing out of the course adopted by that government during the rebellion. The cabinet of London, so far as its views have been expressed, does not appear to be willing to concede that her Majesty's government was guilty of any negligence, or did or permitted any act during the war of which the United States has just cause of complaint. Our firm and unalterable convictions are directly the reverse. It is recommended, therefore, that Congress authorize the appointment of a commission to take proof of the amounts and the ownership of these several claims, on notice to the representative of her Majesty at Washington, and that authority be given for the settlement of these claims by the United States, so that the government shall have the ownership of the private claims, as well as the responsible control of all the demands against Great Britain.

The course pursued by the Canadian authorities toward the fishermen of the United States during the past season has not been marked by a friendly feeling. By the first article of the convention of 1818, between Great Britain and the United States, it was agreed that the inhabitants of the United States should have forever, in common with British subjects, the right of taking fish in certain waters therein defined. In the waters not included in the limits named in the convention (within three miles of parts of the British coast) it has been the custom for many years to give to intruding fishermen of the United States a reasonable warning of their violation of the technical rights of Great Britain. The imperial government is understood to have delegated the whole or a share of its jurisdiction or control of these in-shore fishing-grounds to the colo-

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nial authority known as the Dominion of Canada, and this semi-independent but irresponsible agent has exercised its delegated powers in an unfriendly way. Vessels have been seized without notice or warning, in violation of the custom previously prevailing, and have been taken into the colonial ports, their voyages broken up, and the vessels condemned.

A like unfriendly disposition has been manifested on the part of Canada in the maintenance of a claim of right to exclude the citizens of the United States from the navigation of the St. Lawrence. This river constitutes a natural outlet to the ocean for eight States, with an aggregate population of about 17,600,000 inhabitants, with an aggregate tonnage of 661,367 tons upon the waters which discharge into it. The foreign commerce of our ports on these waters is open to British competition, and the major part of it is done in British bottoms. If the American seamen be excluded from this natural avenue to the ocean, the monopoly of the direct commerce of the lake ports with the Atlantic would be in foreign hands, their vessels on transatlantic voyages having an access to our lake ports which would be denied to American vessels on similar voyages. To state such a proposition is to refute its justice.

Our depressed commerce is a subject to which special attention was called at the last session, and it was then suggested that we would have to look more to the countries south of us and to China and Japan for its revival. Our representatives to all these governments have exerted their influence to encourage trade between the United States and the countries to which they are accredited. But the fact exists that the carrying is done almost entirely in foreign bottoms, and while this state of affairs exists we can not control our due share of the commerce of the world. That between the Pacific States and China and Japan is about all the carrying trade now conducted in American vessels. A liberal policy is recommended toward that line of American steamers; one that will insure its success, and even increased usefulness. The cost of building iron vessels, the only ones that can compete with foreign ships in the carrying trade, is so much greater in the United States than in foreign countries that without some assistance from the government they can not be successfully built here. There will be several propositions laid before Congress in the course of the present session looking to a remedy for this evil. Even if it should be at some cost to the national treasury, it is hoped that such encouragement will be given as will secure American shipping on the high seas and American ship-building at home.

It is recommended to transfer from the Department of State to the Department of the Interior all powers and duties in relation to Territories; also the transfer from the Interior to the War Department the Pension Bureau, so far as it regulates the payment of soldiers' pensions, and to the Navy Department the payment of naval pensions.

The estimates for the expenses of the government for the next fiscal year are $18,244,346 01 less than for the current one, but exceed the appropriations for the present year, for the same items, $8,972,127 56. In this estimate, however, is included $22,338,278 87 for public works heretofore begun under Congressional provision, and of which only so much is asked as Congress may choose to give. The appropriation for the same works for the present fiscal year was $11,984,518 08.

The average value of gold, as compared with national currency, for the whole of the year 1869 was about 134, and for eleven months of 1870 the same relative value has been about 115.

The tax collected from the people has been reduced more than eighty million dollars per annum.

The naval appropriations made for the last and current years were evidently intended by Congress, and are sufficient, only to keep the navy on its present footing, by the repairing and refitting of our old ships. This policy must, of course, gradually but surely destroy the navy, and it is in itself far from economical.

It can hardly be wise statesmanship in a government which represents a country with over five thousand miles of coast line on both oceans, exclusive of Alaska, and containing forty millions of progressive people, with relations of every nature with almost every foreign country, to rest with such inadequate means of enforcing any foreign policy, either of protection or redress.

The civil service reform is advocated. It should go beyond the mere fixing of the tenure of office of clerks and employés who do not require "the advice and consent of the Senate" to make their appointments complete. It should govern not the tenure, but the manner of making all appointments. There is no duty which so much embarrasses the executive and heads of departments as that of appointments; nor is there any such arduous and thankless labor imposed on Senators and Representatives as that of finding places for constituents. The present system does not secure the best men, and often not even fit men, for public place.

Reform in the management of Indian affairs has received the special attention of the administration from its inauguration to the present day. The experiment of making it a missionary work was tried with a few agencies, given to the denomination of Friends, and has been found to work most advantageously. All agencies and superintendencies not so disposed of were given to officers of the army.

During the last fiscal year 8,095,413 acres of public land were disposed of. Of this quantity 3,698,910.05 acres were taken under the homestead law, and 2,159,515.81 sold for cash. The remainder was located with military warrants, college or Indian scrip, or applied in satisfaction of grants to railroads, or for other public uses. The entries under the homestead law during the last year covered 961,545 acres more than those during the preceding year. The opinion that the public lands should be regarded chiefly as a source of revenue is no longer maintained. The rapid settlement and successful cultivation of them are now justly considered of more importance to our well-being than is the fund which the sale of them would produce.

In addition to the swamp and overflowed lands granted to the States in which they are situated, the lands taken under the agricultural college acts and for internal improvement purposes, under the act of September, 1841, and the acts supplemental thereto, there had been conveyed, up to the close of the last fiscal year, by patent or

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other equivalent evidence of title, to States and corporations, 27,836,257.63 acres for railways, canals, and wagon-roads. It is estimated that an additional quantity of 174,735,523 acres is still due under grants for like uses.

During the year ending September 30, 1870, there were filed in the Patent-Office 19,411 applications for patents, 3374 caveats, and 160 applications for the extension of patents; 13,622 patents, including reissues and designs, were issued, 110 extended, and 1089 allowed, but not issued by reason of the non-payment of the final fees. The receipts of the office during the fiscal year were $136,304 29 in excess of its expenditures.

The work of the Census Bureau has been energetically prosecuted. The preliminary report, containing much information of special value and interest, will be ready for delivery during the present session.

During the last fiscal year the sum paid to pensioners, including the cost of disbursement, was $27,780,811 11, and 1758 bounty land warrants were issued. At its close 198,686 names were on the pension rolls.

Among the bills and resolutions introduced in Congress the following are worthy of mention:

In the Senate: a bill to authorize the election of a delegate from the Indian Territory; a bill to prevent assessments on government employés for political or other purposes—the penalty for violation to be dismissal from office and a fine not exceeding $1000; a bill to abolish the ranks of admiral and vice-admiral in the navy, after vacancies occur in the same, and to reduce the number of rear-admirals to three and of commodores to six, by omission to fill vacancies hereafter occurring; a resolution in favor of the removal of political disabilities; a resolution authorizing the President to appoint a commission to visit San Domingo to gather information relating to the island, and report the same to the President; resolutions (which were adopted) instituting searching investigations into the cost of collecting the customs revenue of the country, and the amount of money received and paid out at the several custom-houses.

In the House: bills for the revival of navigation and the commercial interests of the country (one of these provides for the removal of all duties on materials used in building vessels for the foreign trade, and two others provide for the American registry of foreign vessels); a bill to abolish the franking privilege; a bill (which was passed) for the abolition of the ranks of admiral and vice-admiral in the navy; a resolution authorizing the appointment of a commission to inquire into the expediency of negotiating for the acquisition of San Domingo; a resolution (adopted) advocating the abolition of the present revenue system as soon as consistent with the credit of the government; an amendment (which was passed 103 to 65) to the postal laws, abolishing the franking privilege; a bill to admit to American registry ships over two thousand tons burden, wherever built, and to admit free of duty shipbuilding materials for ships of over two thousand tons—the latter to be admitted to the coasting-trade, but not the former.

In both Houses bills have been introduced providing for the abolition of the income tax.

The postal expenditures during the last fiscal year were $25,436,698; the revenue amounted to $21,467,315, leaving a deficiency of $3,969,383.

On the 15th the Lower House of the North Carolina Legislature formally impeached Governor Holden.

The Indian Council at Ocmulgee, Indian Territory, was assembled on December 11. The chief subject of debate was a scheme to organize a Territorial government embracing all the tribes. The plan is in conformity with all the laws of Congress since 1866, and contemplates the protection of the weak tribes against the strong, and is only to be executed with the consent of all.

EUROPE.

Out of the conflicting reports that have come to us during the month we gather a narrative very unfavorable to France. Near the close of November a combined effort was made for the liberation of Paris by General Trochu from within the city, and by the armies of the North and of the Loire. The Army of the North utterly failed in its movement, and was compelled to retreat. The Prussians occupied Amiens November 29. The same day General Ducrot, with an army (made up from Trochu's command) estimated at 100,000 strong, under cover of the forts southeast of Paris, crossed the river Marne and attacked the Prussians near L'Hay, and at Bonnueil, Champigny, and Villiers. The French obtained a temporary success, taking the positions attacked; but these were subsequently recovered by the Prussians, and General Ducrot recrossed the Marne. The Army of the Loire, under General De Paladines, also attacked the Prussians south of Paris, but the movement was badly managed, the French commander allowing his army to be beaten in detail. Prince Frederick Charles reported 1000 French left dead on the battle-field, 4000 wounded, and 1600 prisoners. The German loss he reported as 1000. The Prussians followed up their victory, driving Paladines to the left bank of the Loire, and capturing Orleans after a severe battle near that place, in which the French lost seventy-seven cannon, 10,000 prisoners, and four gun-boats. The Prussian loss, from the 2d to the 4th, was 3200. During the same period the French lost 2000 killed and 1400 prisoners. King William, on the 13th, reported that after four days' fighting the French had retired to Blois and Tours, after severe loss. This movement led to the removal of the French government from Tours to Bordeaux.

Thionville was captured by the Prussians November 24, and Phalsbourg December 13.

The North German Parliament was opened November 24.

Count Von Bismarck, early in December, informed the Grand Duke of Luxembourg that he felt no longer bound to respect the neutrality of the Grand Duchy. His reason was that the Grand Duchy had forbidden the transit of wounded Germans through its territory, had suffered the revictualing of Thionville, and had omitted to stop French fugitives.

On the 19th the King of Bavaria announced the concurrence of all the German princes and the Hanse Towns in bestowing upon King William of Prussia the imperial crown as Frederick William I., Emperor of Germany.

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Editor's Drawer.

A LITTLE hilarity was enjoyed a few days ago at the Supreme Court, where Judge Brady was holding chambers.

A prominent member of the bar, having occasion to make a motion, said:

"Your Honor, I have a motion to make in a case where I have a little responsibility at stake."

"Proceed," responded the Judge.

"Perhaps I should have said, that I make the motion for the purpose of *relieving* myself from *a little responsibility.*"

"But," promptly replied the Judge, "why come *here* for that purpose when you must be familiar with the fact that there is *a foundling hospital up town!*"

The point was quickly taken, and for a moment Court, counsel, bar, and audience "wreathed themselves in smiles," as it were.

THE ingenious Yankee is endeavoring to inveigle the unsuspecting Briton, as we perceive by the following advertisement in a London paper:

TO SHORT PERSONS.—Any one (Male or Female) wishing to increase in Height and Symmetry of Figure, by means of a remarkable physiological discovery, may send a stamped directed envelope to Captain F. STAFFORD (U. S.), Church Terrace, Kentish Town, London, N.W.

In professing to have found out how to add a cubit, or some portion of the cubit, to the stature, in spite of the Bible, Captain F. Stafford (U. S.) has certainly made a very remarkable physiological discovery; but why limit the advantages of it to short persons? Has he discovered something which will make short persons grow, but have no effect on tall persons? Why don't Captain F. S. (U. S.) propose to make a general average—grow them up all to about the same height?

AN officer in the Treasury at Washington thus communicates:

At the commencement of our recent "little dispute" I was residing in Washington, and witnessed, with others, the hasty return of most of our army from the first battle of Bull Run.

All was excitement, and, for a few hours, complete demoralization. Every man had an awful tale to tell, and he told it. Among others was this, given by a colored teamster belonging to a Virginia regiment, to a large crowd in Willard's Hotel:

"De fust ting we know'd we see de sogers comin', and I should tink dar war millions on millions—de cap'n ob de regiment sing'd out 'drap down dar! drap down dar!' but Lor'! 'twa'n't no use; de bung-shells come and took dar heads clear off! Dis chile tink him dead for suah, and in de confusement Massa Gibbon's mules got loose wid six niggers on 'em, and run smack and smoove into Massa Linkum's lines and *captured ourselves!*"

MOST of us have witnessed at funerals scenes that were any thing but funereal. A lady in Elmira mentions a touching instance of the proprieties in a good woman of that place at the funeral of her husband. Just before the sexton was about to screw down the coffin-lid the anguished widow came forward and said, "Wait a minute; let me dust George off!" and, taking a cloth, coolly dusted off the face of the defunct, and then dusted off the coffin; after which, as an old ballad hath it:

> The corpse with care were borne away,
> To mingle with its na-tive clay,
> -gle with its na-tive clay.

THE result of taking a genial view of things generally, as it affects longevity, has a pleasant example in one Captain Morris, whose name is mentioned in a volume received by the last steamer. Many years since the Captain retired to a villa presented to him by his old friend the Duke of Norfolk. Here he "drank the pure pleasures of the rural life" long after many a bright light of his own time had flickered out, and become almost forgotten. He died in his ninety-third year. The good man presented a rare combination of mirth and prudence, such as human conduct seldom offers for imitation. He retained his *gaieté de cœur* to the last; so that with equal truth and spirit he remonstrated:

> When life charms my heart, must I kindly be told
> I'm too gay and too happy for one that's so old?

UNWORTHY men will occasionally find their way into the ministry of every denomination. As a rule, however, their misdeeds are generally discovered. The following instance of impertinent clerical officiousness, promptly rebuked, comes to us from a Kansas correspondent:

Old Dr. —— is a Kentuckian, fond of a cigar and a little game of cards. In his employ was a young man who, though professedly a Methodist, had so far backslidden as to play a little sometimes. The two were sitting in the house one rainy day having a game of euchre. The Rev. Mr. ——, the resident Methodist minister, dropped in, and after glancing at the doctor's hand passed around behind the young man, took a seat, and quietly watched the game. The young man was about to play a certain card, when the minister whispered to him:

"Don't play that; if you do you'll be euchred, sure."

Whereupon the doctor, waxing irate, said:

"See here, Mr. ——, I ain't playing this game against the whole Methodist Conference. If the Conference wants to put up a V, I'll play them a rub."

This reverend brother was soon discovered to be a "mistake," and was deposed from the ministry.

AN enterprising and fair-dealing business man in Augusta, Maine, was lately met at the door of his grocery by an honest-looking Frenchman, an entire stranger to him, who asked credit for a barrel of flour. "I can pay half ze cash down and ze bal-ance next Saturday, sure." The merchant without hesitation turned to one of his clerks and, with a kindly smile upon the would-be owner of the barrel of flour, said: "This good man wants to get trusted for a barrel of flour; he'll pay half down and the rest next Saturday. I'll *risk* him; he's *good as gold;* open

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a *fresh* barrel, weigh out half, deliver it in good shape at his house, put the barrel away safely, and take it down *next* Saturday when he pays the balance; *never* refuse to trust an honest-looking man for *bread.*" It was done; the money paid, and the French gentleman departed rejoicing in an abundance of flour and unlimited (?) credit.

A READY, though perhaps for the moment an unpleasant, mode of payment for live stock comes to the Drawer from Buffalo:

A farmer residing in Erie County sold a pair of steers to an Indian named John Smoke, residing on the Indian Reservation near Buffalo, who was to pay for them if they suited. After waiting what he thought was time enough, he went to Smoke and said, "Now, John, it's time those steers were paid for; you must either pay me now, return them, or *take an infernal licking.*"

The Indian, with characteristic stolidity of countenance, replied, after thinking a moment: "Y-e-s—I guess *that's* best way to settle it!"

WHEN one writes invitations to dinner one should be careful of one's phraseology. We hear of an instance where a giver of nice dinners appended to his invitation the cautionary postscript: "Come at seven, go at eleven." But one of the invited desiring to have what is sometimes described as a "bender," and noticing rather a wide space between the "go," and the "at," carefully inserted between them the little monosyllable *it.* Coming in in high spirits our young friend expressed thanks to the host for the jolly sort of invitation he had received. On the host's attention being directed to it he perceived, to his astonishment, that it read, "Come at seven, *go it* at eleven!" It is understood that at the hour named they went it.

SOME years ago there was stationed in Canaan, New Hampshire, a somewhat eccentric Methodist preacher, known as "Happy John"—a zealous, devout man, who had one little failing: when preaching he took no note of time, and would frequently break off the thread of his discourse to allude to any thing that at the moment might particularly attract his attention. On one occasion, when walking up and down the aisles between the services, exhorting, he noticed one of the leading members of the congregation quietly seated in a pew cleaning his nails with a penknife. The sight was annoying to "Happy John," who frequently cast his eyes toward the brother. At last, unable to endure it longer, he called out from across the house: "Brother Johnson, *for goodness sake put up that knife, and attend to these souls!*"

THE anecdote of Judge Chase, of Vermont—in the October number of the Drawer—deciding that the Supreme Court of that State was not in session to determine the ownership of a turkey, reminds a Maine correspondent of a charge of Judge Redington, formerly Judge of the District Court of Maine, who, after the evidence had been given and speeches made in a long and tedious case, where the amount in controversy was a mere trifle, charged the jury in the following unique and laconic manner: "Gentlemen of the jury, I don't know what you think of this case, and I don't care. Mr. Sheriff, take charge of the jury."

AN English commercial traveler, in his journeyings through that country, having a fancy for visiting church-yards and quaint old churches, has jotted down and put into a neat little volume a few of the curious epitaphs that have fallen under his notice. We quote six or seven:

In Chichester Cathedral yard, on a child aged fifteen months:

> He woke, and took life's cup to sip;
> Too bitter 'twas to drain;
> He meekly put it from his lip,
> And went to sleep again.

In Aston church-yard, Birmingham, sacred to the memory of John Dowler:

> My Sledge and Hammer lie reclined,
> My Bellows too have lost their Wind;
> My Fire's extinct, my Forge decayed,
> And in the Dust my Vice is laid;
> My Coal is spent, my Iron's gone,
> My Nails are drove, my Work is done.

In Illington church-yard, Warwickshire, in memory of William Treen:

> Poorly Lived, and Poorly Dyed,
> Poorly Buried, and no one Cryed.

In New Haven church-yard, Sussex, to the memory of Thomas Tipper:

> READER with kind regard this GRAVE survey,
> Nor heedless pass where TIPPER'S ashes lay;
> Honest he was, ingenuous, blunt, and kind,
> And dared do what few dared do, speak his mind.
> PHILOSOPHY and History well he knew,
> Was versed in PHYSICK and in Surgery too;
> The best old STINGO he both brewed and sold,
> Nor did one knavish act to get his Gold;
> He played through Life a varied, comic part,
> And knew immortal HUDIBRAS by heart.
> READER, in real truth, such was the Man:
> Be better, wiser, laugh more, if you can.

In Highgate cemetery, London, the private sleeping-chamber of Richard Hislop, Islington:

> Life's like a Winter's Day,
> Some only Breakfast and away;
> Others to Dinner stay, and are full fed;
> The oldest one but Sups and goes to Bed:
> Wretched is he that lingers out the day—
> He that goes the soonest has the least to pay.

In Bridport church-yard, Dorset, on a child aged five years:

> A highly favored probationer,
> Accepted without being exercised.

In Basingstoke cemetery, Hants, in memory of Anthony Curtis:

> This world's a City full of crooked streets,
> And death the Market-place where all men meets;
> If life was Merchandise that men could buy,
> The rich would live and none but poor would die.

In Milbrook church-yard, near Southampton, on Eliza Newman, died 1772:

> Like a tender Rose Tree was my spouse to me;
> Her offspring Pluckt, too long deprived of life is she;
> *Three went before,* Her Life went with the Six,
> *I stay with the* 8 Our sorrows for to mix,
> Till Christ our only hope Our Joys doth Fix.

A GENTLEMAN in Alabama writes the Drawer that recently, in his town, a young man was being examined by the trustees of the township for the position of school-teacher. One of these officials asked the question:

"Mr. E——, do you teach that the world is round, or flat?"

"Why, Sir," replied the aspirant, "some peo-

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ple believe one thing, and some another; and I'll teach round or flat, *just as the parents please.*"

In the same town, not long ago, some boys, not so small either, were reading the "Address to the Wild-Goose," where occur these lines:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

One of the boys was asked: "Who is meant by 'He who guides from zone to zone?'"

"I don't know, Sir," was the reply, "unless it means the old gander."

Weighing the baby is a little matter in the way of family statistics that is one of the first things attended to after baby comes. The way, or weigh, in which a recent baby was weighed is thus stated to the Drawer by a functionary in our city post-office:

Down went the scales with sudden thump;
And all who came to see the fun
Declared, as weight on weight was piled,
That baby surely weighed a ton!

The father looks immensely proud,
His heart gives most paternal bounces;
When nurse the *slight* mistake explains—
He'd used as weights, not pounds, but ounces!

This coming-into-the-world poetry may be balanced by the following copy of a will recently admitted to probate in one of the interior counties of this State:

Unto my beloved wife—
All my worldly goods I have in store
I give my beloved wife and hers for evermore;
I give all truly, I no limit fix;
This is my will; she my executrix.

The following from the Green Bay *Gazette* shows how entirely compatible the cultivation of the poetic muse is with the sundering of the tenderest relations of wedded life:

NOTICE.

Whereas my pet, my pretty toy,
My wife, my Lizzie J.,
Has left my bed and my employ
With other men to stray,
I, therefore, take this to forewarn
You not to trust her with a straw,
For I will never pay her corn
Unless compelled by law.

Henry Kanute.

Big Suamico, Oconto Co., Wis., *Oct.* 13, 1870.

Doctor John Burnham, formerly a resident of the eastern part of Maine, was a man of high standing, and held several offices of trust under the National and State administrations. Besides attending to the duties of his profession as a practicing physician, he sometimes "improved his gift" as a preacher. Originally a Baptist, he afterward embraced the doctrine of universal salvation. In relating the story of his conversion, on a certain occasion, he said he resisted the assent of his heart to the truth of the doctrines of Universalism for a long time after he saw light, because he was "unwilling to give up the idea that there *ought to be* a hell for the Stickneys down in Orland."

The Right Rev. Dr. Clarkson, Episcopal Missionary Bishop of the Northwest, writes to his friend the Rev. Dr. Twing, "from the beautiful land," which means "*Dakota*," that during his late visitation to that Territory he found himself announced in one locality as "The *Venerable* Bishop Clarkson" (which was pleasant for so young a man as Bishop C.), and that in another he was greeted with the following notice: "Elder Clarkson, of the Episcopal Society, will preach in the school-house this evening, and administer the *Apostate Right of Conformation.*"

"God," says St. Pierre, in his "Harmonies of Nature," "has placed upon earth two gates that lead to heaven; He has set them at the two extremities of life—one at the entrance, the other at the issue. The first is that of innocence; the second, that of repentance."

There is published in London a little paper called *The Matrimonial News*, a copy of which, dated October 29, 1870, is before us. It is curious as showing how people in England, moving in respectable society, resort to the short and easy mode of "popping" through the columns of the press, rather than to the old mode of a few years of old-fashioned courtship. We copy a few of these advertisements:

A Gentleman holding the rank of Major in the Indian Army, having an income of £1200 per annum, wishes to meet with a lady, aged from 25 to 30, who would not object to go to India in a few months. She must be a lady by birth and education, musical, of an affectionate disposition, who could appreciate a kind husband, with private means, which would be settled on herself. As this is a *bonâ fide* advertisement, every inquiry will be accorded to the family solicitor.

A Young merchant in Manchester, aged 24, and having a comfortable income, wants to settle; he would like a young lady about 20, fair and nice-looking; must be of good family, and well educated.

Manchester man of 24, and comfortable income, advertising for a wife! The thing looks impossible; yet there it is, with no appearance about it of invention or design to swindle. Here is another of the most business-like kind:

A Gentleman, aged about 50, and having an income of about £500 a year, would like to correspond with some lady of suitable age and position.

And another, in which the advertiser positively belongs to the class most "run after" by marriageable young women in the whole country, is a man who has only to pick and choose among the embroidered slippers sent to him:

A Clergyman, aged 28, with a nice living, good residence, and well connected, wishes to marry, and would like to correspond with a young lady under 30 years of age, and having some private property of her own.

A Clergyman, tall, dark, handsome, aged about 30, whose present income is £150, would like to correspond with a lovable lady, from 20 to 35 years of age, with some means in her own right. He would like to exchange cartes with 747 or 491.

Or take this:

A Gentleman, aged 36, with a good business, and a nice private property, would like to correspond with some nice young lady under 30, with a view to marriage.

Or this:

A Clergyman of the Established Church, aged 26, tall and good-looking, but with only £100 per annum, wishes to marry, and would like to correspond with a young lady of good family, pleasing appearance, and some means.

Or this:

A Young Lady, aged 25, well connected, accomplished, and of good appearance, would correspond with a gentleman having means to maintain a

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wife. She has no property, but is of an affectionate disposition, and would devote herself to the interests of a kind husband.

A Young Lady, under 25, of good family and education, amiable, cheerful, warm-hearted, and lovable, would like to correspond with some gentleman with comfortable means, willing to marry a lady on the basis of love only. She has no money.

Age is sometimes mentioned, but looks scarcely ever, the only exception being the occasional remark that the advertiser would prefer a tall man. The lady always mentions her means, if she has any; almost invariably states that she is "loving," or "amiable," or "domesticated;" and invariably gives some notion, correct or incorrect, of her caste—a point on which the men are equally frank, and which is evidently regarded on both sides as of the first importance, the one on which any deception would at once terminate negotiations.

Just one hundred years ago Thomas Chatterton, "the marvelous boy," destroyed himself, though only eighteen years of age. He was the youngest as he was the cleverest Bohemian of his time. He wrote a political essay for the *North Briton*, Wilkes's journal; but, though accepted, the essay was not printed, in consequence of the death of the Lord Mayor, Chatterton's patron. The youthful patriot thus calculated the results of the suppression of his essay, which had begun by a splendid flourish about "a spirited people freeing themselves from insupportable slavery:"

Lost, by the Lord Mayor's death, in this essay		£1 11 6
Gained in elegies	£2 2 0	
Do. in essays	3 3 0	
		5 5 0
Am glad he is dead, by		£3 13 6

At the last meeting of the British Association, in Liverpool, the following humorous catalogue of the "ologies" was written and circulated among the scientific luminaries present. The Drawer, we believe, now reproduces it for the first time in this country:

We're going to begin with an ample Apology;
You'll end, we are sure, by a hearty Doxology,
If, all undeterred by our strange Phraseology,
You choose to sit down to a dose of Tautology.

So now for our Catalogue: first comes Anthology—
A bouquet of flowers, a budget of rhymes;
That's pleasant—not so the next, called Anthropology,
The science of man in all ages and climes.

Then comes a most useful pursuit, Arachnology;
They're bipeds, the spiders who weave the worst webs;
But when one is asked to go in for Astrology,
And Zadkiel! one's courage most rapidly ebbs.

The next on our roster is old Archæology,
A science that's lately been much in repute;
One can't say as much for Electro-biology,
Which nowadays no one seems ever to brult.

But none can afford to make light of Chronology,
Though ladies are apt to be dark upon dates;
We most of us make rather light of Conchology,
Except when the oyster-shell gapes on our plates.

The Devil's deposed, they say, and Demonology
Would certainly seem to have gone to the De'il;
Some savans, like Hooker, still swallow Dendrology,
But tree-names are somewhat too tough for my meal.

The parsons are great on Ecclesiology,
And prate about proper pyramidal piles;
Few travelers care to neglect Entomology,
Their wakefulness often its study beguiles.

'Twould take you a lifetime to learn Etymology,
And dabblers get into most marvelous scrapes;
And Huxley would tell you as much of Ethnology—
Who really believes we are cousins of apes?

Dean Buckland it was who first started Geology,
And traced the rock pedigrees, fixing their ranks;
And Frank has of late taken up Ichthyology—
The salmon already have voted him thanks.

Von Humboldt has fairly exhausted Kosmology,
But Nature's a quite inexhaustible mine;
Napoleon has full-filled a new Martyrology,
Imbrued with the purest blue-blood of the Rhine.

We all of us thought we were deep in Mythology,
Till Cox and Max Müller both deepened its well:
Our sons may learn something of Metcorology—
The weather our prophets all fail to foretell.

The study of life is bound up with Necrology,
And we shall have one day to enter its lists,
And furnish some specimens for Osteology,
The science of Bones, on which Owen exists.

At breakfast we're seldom averse to Oology,
Or lunch, when the plovers are pleased to lay eggs;
But then one would bar embryonic Ontology,
Preferring fowls full-grown with breast, wings, and legs!

For oh! we decidedly like Ornithology,
And chiefly the study of grouse on the wing;
We'd leave it to doctors to study Pathology—
The study of pain is a troublesome thing.

We all of us need a small dose of Philology,
If caring to make the best use of our tongues;
A careful attention to strict Phraseology
Involves a most notable saving of lungs.

The study of heads has been christened Phrenology,
Professors would call it the science of brain;
But take my advice and avoid Pneumatology,
For spirits are apt to treat brains with disdain.

For much the same reason we'd banish Psychology—
What savant could give an account of his soul?
And if we could only abolish Theology,
The parsons alone would be hard to console!

If ever you happened to study Splanchnology,
You'd know what it is theologians lack—
Inquisitors never complain of Tautology,
So long as rank heretics roar on the rack.

And now is the time to strike up your Doxology,
For we would no longer detain you, my friend;
On Sundays we all have a turn for Zoology,
So here is our Catalogue come to an end.

We have, from a Georgia correspondent, the following, of a gentleman of Irish descent, a member of the Legislature, who, being seriously ill, sent for a lawyer to draw his will. After devising his estate, he said: "I want it distinctly understood that I except from the will my favorite mule, 'Jack,' and 'the old forked-tree field.'"

The lawyer, as he was about to depart, asked, "But what are you going to *do* with 'Jack' and 'the old forked-tree field?'"

The moribund legislator slowly replied, "I kind o' thought I'd just keep them for myself."

Last year a negro, arrested for an infamous crime, was taken out of the jail of Murray County, Georgia, and hung by the mob. While looking at the body as it swung, a limb of the law opened a letter from his morning's mail. It was from one of the politicians of the county, urging him to appear for the defense of the negro. "No," he muttered to a friend, after reading him the letter; "we can't practice in the court where *that* fellow has gone."

This from St. Albans, Vermont:

When Jefferson was Vice-President the Vermont Legislature had a Scotchman for chaplain.

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He used every day to pray for the President, but not for Jefferson. Some member said to him one day that if he did not mention the Vice-President it would be attributed to politics.

"Indeed," said he, "I did not know there was such a mon."

The member explained to him, and the next morning he prayed that the Lord would bless the President, and continued, "and the Vice-President too, O Lord, hitherto to us unknown."

In a superb work recently published in London, entitled "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland," we find the following anecdote, which we do not remember to have hitherto seen in print:

Sir Anthony Hart, one of the ablest, kindliest, purest men who ever presided upon the Irish Chancery Bench, had before him on one occasion Daniel O'Connell, who, in the case in which he was engaged, suggested to the Lord Chancellor that it would be more profitable for his client if certain trust-money was invested in landed security, which the deed allowed, instead of government funds, then very low. The Chancellor replied that "he would be glad to increase the interest for Mr. O'Connell's clients if he saw the security was good, but, from all he could learn, the lands of Ireland were more covered with chancery suits than with corn."

An attorney in court rejoined, in an undertone, "True, Sir Anthony, and *here* are the reapers."

In the same volume we find the remark of an engineer officer, made just before Father Mathew's crusade against drinking, "that he did not believe in spontaneous combustion, for, if it existed, the people of Ireland would be off in a blaze."

Another, from the same source:

Plunkett (afterward Lord Chancellor) had that keen insight into character which made him promptly alive to the shrewd sense and caustic humor of the peasantry of the counties embraced by the circuit. A witness who was very ready with his answers on the direct examination was very obtuse when Plunkett commenced to cross-examine him. On Plunkett taunting him with his change of manner, the witness said "he couldn't help it; the questions put him in a *doldrum*."

"A doldrum!" repeated the Judge, Lord Avonmore, Chief Baron; "what is that? I never heard the word before."

"Oh, my lord," said Plunkett, "it is an affection common enough. It is a confusion of the head, proceeding from a corruption of the heart."

Another:

As the English decisions always governed the Irish courts, the arrival of the latest reports was always eagerly looked for, more especially before the year 1820, when reports of cases argued and determined in the courts of law and equity in Ireland may be said to have regularly commenced.

"Are you sure, Mr. Plunkett," inquired Lord Chancellor Manners, "that what you have stated is the law?"

"It unquestionably was the law half an hour ago," replied Plunkett, looking at his watch; "but, as the packet is now due, I'll not be positive."

Sometimes a bit of fine writing comes to us from the far interior, like the following, for example, from the Fort Scott *Telegram:*

"Death, with fleshless knuckles, rapped at the door of Mrs. J. N. B——'s soul; and obedient to the inexorable call, the spirit of that loved woman floated up to its Creator, leaving her beloved husband, children, and friends to mourn over the mortal casket."

Along the fence of St. Paul's Chapel, in Vesey Street, whence that "business" was removed when the fence around City Hall Park was taken down, may be purchased, for a few cents, any number of sentimental and other songs. By way of showing what's current in the same line abroad, we quote a verse or so from a few of the street songs just now popular in London. The first is of a melancholy character, and begins thus:

I'm a flower cut down in the bloom of my youth,
And all through a damsel who spoke not the truth.

The poem goes on to say that this lady was seen turning a mangle. The gentleman offered to assist her, which she allowed. He turned the mangle until he was tired, and then fell on his knees and declared his passion. As an accepted lover he went every day to turn the mangle, and he was happy until he heard that another person performed that function in his absence. The new lover was a marquis:

After that she appeared to quite change in her manner,
She sold her old mangle and bought a planner.
Now I couldn't turn that, and, ah me! one day
I found her house closed, and my love gone away.

In the next column is a still more doleful ditty:

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn;
Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn,
Betrayed by a maid in her teens.

The rival in this case was a performer on the trapeze, who smiled on the lady as he hung by his nose in the air, and was answered by a smile from her. The opposition of parents was unavailing. The new lover employed his gymnastic skill to carry off the lady from an upper chamber; but in this case falsehood received due punishment, for in the husband of her choice she found a master:

He taught her gymnastics and dressed her in tights,
To help him to live at his ease;
And made her assume a masculine name,
And now she goes on the trapeze.

But it is poor comfort to a jilted lover to see a faithless girl unhappy. We begin to think that the course of true love never does run smooth. In the next column is the story of False Nelly of Bethnal Green:

For six months her I did court,
And every thing I bought,
For we were to be married on the first of May;
But a flash cove named Frank
Told her he'd got quids in the bank,
And with this leary boy she ran away.

We suppose that a specimen of this poetry of the blighted heart is inserted in every column of a sheet in order to prevent readers getting into too good spirits. We find, however, many songs which deal not in sentiment, but sound

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practical advice, and usually bear some familiar proverb for a title:

John Adams he courted the lively Miss Jones,
But never asked when she would wed;
The consequence was, as is often the case,
That some one else asked in his stead.

It is remarkable that man is almost always the victim in these tragedies. But here, by way of change, is a ballad of a love-sick maiden:

I had a martial lover, one who noble looked and grand,
A trombone player in the Horse Guards' Sunday morning band.

With poetical disregard of history, the song states that the handsome bandsman of the Guards was sent with his regiment to New Zealand:

And whether he got tomahawked or naturally died,
Got eat up by the natives wild or took a tattooed bride,
I can not tell; but I know well, while sleeping all alone,
I dream of Peter Pipeclay playing tunes on his trombone.

Here and there we find a song which tells of other than merely sentimental sorrows; this, for instance, which describes the sufferings of the artisans of London:

Provisions are high, men's wages are low,
And all kinds of trade is at a stand;
When in want of a meal to their uncle's they go,
Is the case with the poor working-man.

If that is not rhyme, it is truth. The conclusion of this poem is not more applicable to the poor of London than to the poor of New York, especially at this season:

The star in the east 'twas once shining bright,
And plenty of work all around;
The ship-building trade is in a sad plight,
In the work-houses tradesmen are found.

Starvation is slaying far more than the sword;
It's made widows and orphans you'll own.
If the wealthy give money for charity abroad,
The poor should be thought of at home.

The Rev. Dr. Hall, of this city, tells the story of a Scotchman who sang most piously the hymn,

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small,

and all through the singing was fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the contribution-box.

Squire F—— is a farmer of Ulster County. He had in his employ at one time an Irishman, who, by reason of his freshness from the sod, was unacquainted with some of our modes of expression. The Squire had a yoke of fine oxen, and one day told Mike, who was working them, to "bait" them, and then come in to dinner. Dinner was about half finished when Mike entered, his face betraying unusual exertion. The Squire didn't notice this, but happened to think of the oxen. "Mike," said he, "did you bait the oxen?"

"'Dade," replied he, "an' I bate one of them till he lay down, he did; an' I just thought I'd be after gettin' me dinner, an' I would go out an' bate the ither one!"

The "bating" of the other one was abated.

Here is a little story of a little three-year-old girl. Take it for what it is worth. Opposite the house of her parents lives a worthy gentleman named Ordway. Not long ago the grandchild of Mr. Ordway died at his house, and the little girl, Maud, desired to attend the funeral, which was allowed her. When she returned from the funeral service her mother asked her, "Well, Maud, what did they do?"

She replied, "Why, ma, dey sung, 'I would not live at Ordway's;' and I wouldn't, needer—would you?—'cause people dies over there."

The beautiful hymn, "I would not live alway," was sung during the service.

During the last term of the United States District Court held at Jefferson City, Missouri, there was pending an indictment against one Wilkins for forgery. There were four counts in the indictment, to the last of which the defendant's counsel filed a demurrer. The United States district-attorney admitted the defect, and, when the demurrer was called, remarked to the Court that he desired to *ignore* that count, and the clerk was directed to make the entry. Next morning the record was read in this way:

The United States } *against* J. Wilkins.

Now at this day comes the district-attorney, and enters an *ignoramus* to the fourth count, etc.

That is the Missouri form.

At the same term of court an action was set for hearing wherein an assignee of a bankrupt had brought suit to recover from one Brush certain personal property bought by him of the bankrupt in violation of the bankrupt law. Mr. B—— was employed by Brush to defend him, and as preliminary found it material to prove a delivery of the property. None was actually delivered except a large mirror, and Mr. B—— expected to make this such a *symbolical* delivery as would save his case, and so posted his client. Upon the trial Mr. Brush was asked by the attorney of the assignee if he had bought the goods of the bankrupt. He replied that he had.

"Were they delivered to you?"

"Oh yes; there was a *diabolical* delivery of them—he gave me one of the mirrors!"

The Court held that a diabolical was not a legal bolical delivery, and so ruled.

Possibly some of our brethren of the bench or bar may see in the following a new application of a legal principle. A great judicial authority has said that "the reason of the law is the life of the law." Such being the undoubted fact, the second reason given in the subjoined decision makes the law of the case very lively indeed:

Not long since a man named Allen was employed, in the State of Nevada, in the management of a pack-train of mules belonging to a woman named Mrs. Blake. He sold the mules, got the cash, and made good time to San Francisco. The lady followed, and, after some delay and difficulty, found him. He then offered to refund the money *on condition that she would marry him.* Mrs. B., of course, rejected the proposition, and caused Allen to be arrested for embezzlement. He was indicted. On the trial the assistant-district-attorney made his opening to the jury, briefly setting forth the above facts. The judge, however, stated that the facts charged, if proven, would not constitute a crime

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under the statute, inasmuch as there was no secrecy in Allen's act, *and he was willing to surrender the money on certain conditions!* He thereupon ordered the prisoner to be discharged.

PROBABLY we shall keep on having stories told about our late unpleasantness until the funny men who fought in it have gone the way of all soldiers. One of the latest that comes to the Drawer is of old Uncle Bob Watson, who resided during the war in Kentucky. Guerrillas of both armies kept it so warm around his neighborhood that it was dangerous to belong to either side. Watson had tried to be on both sides, and consequently had suffered from both. All guerrillas dressed pretty much alike, and he was therefore dreadfully bothered how to act. At last he was overtaken by a party whom he couldn't make out, when the following dialogue took place:

"Sir, are you a Union man?"

"No, Sir," responded Uncle Bob.

"Are you a rebel, then?"

"No, Sir, I'm not a rebel either."

"Then what are you?"

"Well, Sir," hesitated Uncle Bob, "to tell you the truth, I'm—nothing; and but deuced little of that."

WE are indebted to one of the leading commercial houses of Georgia for the following copy of an order received from a well-to-do planter in Florida, who seems to know well enough what he wants, but whose style is somewhat mixed and irregular:

To Messrs. ——:

Please send me 5 lb. maccaroni, ½ bbl. brown sugar, ½ bbl. Irish potatoes, 2 boxes Ely's pink-edge gun-wads No. 11, 1 bag No. 6 shot, 5 galls Robertson Co. whiskey (like the *first* sent), and 10 galls cheap whiskey for the negroes. Send me also 2 woolen under-shirts for a lady quite thick, 1 hoop-skirt for a lady of some em bom point, and 1 for a girl of 13.

P. S. Send two sacks salt, a copy of Lewis's Sermons, and the New Testament and Psalms bound together, a neat copy of this with large print, and be particular about the Robertson Co. whiskey.

The articles enumerated in the last paragraph remind one of two of Lord Byron's lines:

> There's nought so much the spirit cheers
> As rum and true religion.

FROM Camp Hualpia, Northern Arizona, a military man writes: "Your magazine is eagerly read out here by us soldiers, even at the price ($1 00) charged by the news-vendors. The Drawer is always looked at first by all, and greatly enjoyed." Our friend then adds the following:

"At the non-com's table in our company mess-house a lively discussion took place a few days ago, on the belief in the existence of an Omnipresent Being and a future state. Various theories were ventilated, but the most original and complimentary (to the nationality named) was given by our quartermaster-sergeant, who remarked, rather oracularly: 'Every *species* has *some* idea of a superior power—*even the Bavarians!*'"

A STORY is told of Alexander H. Stephens to this effect:

In the political canvass of 1856 he was accompanied by a shaggy dog, named Rio, that became as well known as himself. In Columbia County he met a General H. R. Wright in debate, and worsted him. To postpone the defeat Wright cried out:

"I demand a list of your appointments, Sir! I'll get my documents, and meet you at every place, Sir! Yes, Sir, I *dog* you all over this district!"

Stephens pointed to the sleeping Rio by his side, and said:

"Then I'll send Rio home. One *dog* at a time is enough!"

Wright sat down.

THIS is not bad, from a clergyman, who, being confined to his bed by illness, was called on by a brother minister. Says our sick friend, "Well, brother, what did you preach about last Sunday?"

"Well, one sermon was on making sermons, and the other on churches."

"Oh, I see," grunted the invalid, "composition and decomposition."

LITTLE Harry, a four-year-old, was standing on the front steps, when an Italian organ-grinder, with a monkey, stopped and began to play. Harry's mother gave him a penny, which he threw on the walk. The monkey picked it up and put it into his master's hat. Harry clapped his hands with delight, and said, "Ma, ma, don't you think! the monkey picked up the penny an' gave it to *his fader!*"

A few days after, while looking out of the back window, he saw a little playmate in the adjoining yard, when he exclaimed, "*Oh, Helen Day, your white neck does charm me!*" Don't you think the mother will have to look pretty sharp after that lad when he gets a few years older?

IN the way of juvenile composition we have had nothing of late more amusing than the inclosed, from a mature youngster of seven to his sister in Washington. It comes to us with high official indorsement:

November 7, 1870.

DEAR SISTER,—I have learned how to shoot and I went gunning last Saturday, and killed a roben and shot at a rabbit. The other day I went gunning and killed a plover. The goose is better and it can drink without throwing his hed back. I have to write a composition every Friday. Mary said that she was making a shirt for herself.

Mary tried on her shirt and it was to wide,
It was wid enought for old Ben the ox

FROM HARRY W.

CERTAIN sages, learned and twistical,
By reasoning not one whit sophistical,
Have proved what's wonderful, to wit:
That parts of matter may be split,
And split again, ad infinitum;
And diagrams that much delight 'em,
By Mr. Martin, make it out
Beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Matter thus splitable, I ween
With half an eye it may be seen
That *spirit*, being much diviner,
Must be proportionably finer;
Nor is this merely postulatum—
'Tis proved by facts, and thus I state 'em.

Dame Nature once, in mood of merriment,
Performed the following droll experiment:
She took a most diminished sprite,
Smaller than microscopic mite;
And then, by dint of her divinity,
Divided it one whole infinity;
Then culled the very smallest particle,
And shaped the Democratic article—
That little, impish, dirty dole
That serves for Tony Thompson's soul.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCL.—MARCH, 1871.—Vol. XLII.

THE AMERICAN BARON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE CRYPTOGRAM," ETC.



THE MEETING.

CHAPTER V.

THE BEGINNING OF BLUNDERS.

DACRES paused now, and lighting a fresh cigar, smoked away at it in silence, with long and solemn and regular puffs. Hawbury watched him for some time, with a look of dreamy curiosity and lazy interest. Then he rose, and dawdled about the room for a few minutes. Then he lighted a cigar, and finally, resuming his seat, he said:

"By Jove!"

Dacres puffed on.

"I'm beginning to think," said Hawbury, "that your first statement is correct. You are shot, my boy—hit hard—and all that; and now I should like to ask you one question."

"Ask away."

"What are you going to do about it? Do you intend to pursue the acquaintance?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"What do you intend to do next?"

"Next? Why, call on her, and inquire after her health."

"Very good."

"Well, have you any thing to say against that?"

"Certainly not. Only it surprises me a little."

"Why?"

"Because I never thought of Scone Dacres as a marrying man, and can't altogether grapple with the idea."

"I don't see why a fellow shouldn't marry if he wants to," said Dacres. "What's the matter with me that I shouldn't get married as well as lots of fellows?"

"No reason in the world, my dear boy. Marry as many wives as you choose. My remark referred merely to my own idea of you, and not to any thing actually innate in your character. So don't get huffy at a fellow."

Some further conversation followed, and Dacres finally took his departure, full of thoughts about his new acquaintance, and racking his brains to devise some way of securing access to her.

On the following evening he made his appearance once more at Hawbury's rooms.

"Well, old man, what's up? Any thing more about the child-angel?"

"Well, a little. I've found out her name."

"Ah! What is it?"

"Fay. Her name is Minnie Fay."

"Minnie Fay. I never heard of the name before. Who are her people?"

"She is traveling with Lady Dalrymple."

"The Dowager, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Who are the other ladies?"

"Well, I don't exactly remember."

"Didn't you find out?"

"Yes; I heard all their names, but I've forgotten. I know one of them is the child-angel's sister, and the other is her cousin. The one I saw with her was probably the sister."

"What, the one named Ethel?"

"Yes."

"Ethel—Ethel Fay. H'm," said Hawbury, in a tone of disappointment. "I knew it would be so. There are so many Ethels about."

"What's that?"

"Oh, nothing. I once knew a girl named Ethel, and— Well, I had a faint idea that it

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would be odd if this should be the one. But there's no such chance."

"Oh, the name Ethel is common enough."

"Well, and didn't you find out any thing about her people?"

"Whose—Ethel's?"

"Your child-angel's people."

"No. What do I care about her people? They might be Jews or Patagonians for all I care."

"Still I should think your interest in her would make you ask."

"Oh no; my interest refers to herself, not to her relatives. Her sister Ethel is certainly a deuced pretty girl, though."

"Sconey, my boy, I'm afraid you're getting demoralized. Why, I remember the time when you regarded the whole female race with a lofty scorn and a profound indifference that was a perpetual rebuke to more inflammable natures. But now what a change! Here you are, with a finely developed eye for female beauty, actually reveling in dreams of child-angels and their sisters. By Jove!"

"Nonsense," said Dacres.

"Well, drive on, and tell all about it. You've seen her, of course?"

"Oh yes."

"Did you call?"

"Yes; she was not at home. I went away with a snubbed and subdued feeling, and rode along near the Villa Reale, when suddenly I met the carriage with Lady Dalrymple and the child-angel. She knew me at once, and gave a little start. Then she looked awfully embarrassed. Then she turned to Lady Dalrymple; and by the time I had got up the carriage had stopped, and the ladies both looked at me and bowed. I went up, and they both held out their hands. Lady Dalrymple then made some remarks expressive of gratitude, while the child-angel sat and fastened her wonderful eyes on me, and threw at me such a pleading, touching, entreating, piteous, grateful, beseeching look, that I fairly collapsed.

"When Lady Dalrymple stopped, she turned to her and said:

" 'And oh, aunty darling, did you *ever* hear of any thing like it? It was *so* brave. Wasn't it an awfully plucky thing to do, now? And I was really inside the crater! I'm sure *I* never could have done such a thing—no, not even for my *own papa!* Oh, how I do *wish* I could do something to show how *awfully* grateful I am! And, aunty darling, I do *wish* you'd tell me what to do.'

"All this quite turned my head, and I couldn't say any thing; but sat on my saddle, devouring the little thing with my eyes, and drinking in the wonderful look which she threw at me. At last the carriage started, and the ladies, with a pleasant smile, drove on. I think I stood still there for about five minutes, until I was nearly run down by one of those beastly Neapolitan calèches loaded with twenty or thirty natives."

"See here, old man, what a confoundedly good memory you have! You remember no end of a lot of things, and give all her speeches verbatim. What a capital newspaper reporter you'd make!"

"Oh, it's only *her* words, you know. She quickens my memory, and makes a different man of me."

"By Jove!"

"Yes, old chap, a different man altogether."

"So I say, by Jove! Head turned, eyes distorted, heart generally upset, circulation brought up to fever point, peace of mind gone, and a general mania in the place of the old self-reliance and content."

"Not content, old boy; I never had much of that."

"Well, we won't argue, will we? But as to the child-angel—what next? You'll call again?"

"Of course."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"Strike while the iron is hot, hey? Well, old man, I'll stand by you. Still I wish you could find out who her people are, just to satisfy a legitimate curiosity."

"Well, I don't know the Fays, but Lady Dalrymple is her aunt; and I know, too, that she is a niece of Sir Gilbert Biggs."

"What!" cried Hawbury, starting. "Who? Sir what?"

"Sir Gilbert Biggs."

"Sir Gilbert Biggs?"

"Yes."

"Sir Gilbert Biggs! By Jove! Are you sure you are right? Come, now. Isn't there some mistake?"

"Not a bit of a mistake; she's a niece of Sir Gilbert. I remember that, because the name is a familiar one."

"Familiar!" repeated Hawbury; "I should think so. By Jove!"

Hawbury here relapsed into silence, and sat with a frown on his face, and a puzzled expression. At times he would mutter such words as, "Deuced odd!" "Confounded queer!" "What a lot!" "By Jove!" while Dacres looked at him in some surprise.

"Look here, old fellow!" said he at last. "Will you have the kindness to inform me what there is in the little fact I just mentioned to upset a man of your size, age, fighting weight, and general coolness of blood?"

"Well, there is a deuced odd coincidence about it, that's all."

"Coincidence with what?"

"Well, I'll tell some other time. It's a sore subject, old fellow. Another time, my boy. I'll only mention now that it's the cause of my present absence from England. There's a bother that I don't care to encounter, and Sir Gilbert Biggs's nieces are at the bottom of it."

"You don't mean this one, I hope?" cried Dacres, in some alarm.

"Heaven forbid! By Jove! No. I hope not."

"No, I hope not, by Jove!" echoed the other.

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"Well, old man," said Hawbury, after a fit of silence, "I suppose you'll push matters on now, hard and fast, and launch yourself into matrimony?"

"Well—I—suppose—so," said Dacres, hesitatingly.

"You *suppose* so. Of course you will. Don't I know you, old chap? Impetuous, tenacious of purpose, iron will, one idea, and all that sort of thing. Of course you will; and you'll be married in a month."

"Well," said Dacres, in the same hesitating way, "not so soon as that, I'm afraid."

"Why not?"

"Why, I have to get the lady first."

"The lady; oh, she seems to be willing enough, judging from your description. Her pleading look at you. Why, man, there was love at first sight. Then tumbling down the crater of a volcano, and getting fished out. Why, man, what woman could resist a claim like that, especially when it is enforced by a man like Scone Dacres? And, by Jove! Sconey, allow me to inform you that I've always considered you a most infernally handsome man; and what's more, my opinion is worth something, by Jove!"

Hereupon Hawbury stretched his head and shoulders back, and pulled away with each hand at his long yellow pendent whiskers. Then he yawned. And then he slowly ejaculated,

"By Jove!"

"Well," said Dacres, thoughtfully, "there is something in what you say; and, to tell the truth, I think there's not a bad chance for me, so far as the lady herself is concerned; but the difficulty is not in that quarter."

"Not in that quarter! Why, where the mischief else could there be any difficulty, man?"

Dacres was silent.

"You're eager enough?"

Dacres nodded his head sadly.

"Eager! why, eager isn't the word. You're mad, man—mad as a March hare! So go in and win."

Dacres said nothing.

"You're rich, not over old, handsome, well born, well bred, and have saved the lady's life by extricating her from the crater of a volcano. She seems too young and childlike to have had any other affairs. She's probably just out of school; not been into society; not come out; just the girl. Confound these girls, I say, that have gone through engagements with other fellows!"

"Oh, as to that," said Dacres, "this little thing is just like a child, and in her very simplicity does not know what love is. Engagement! By Jove, I don't believe she knows the meaning of the word! She's perfectly fresh, artless, simple, and guileless. I don't believe she ever heard a word of sentiment or tenderness from any man in her life."

"Very likely; so where's the difficulty?"

"Well, to tell the truth, the difficulty is in my own affairs."

"Your affairs! Odd, too. What's up? I didn't know any thing had happened. That's too infernal bad, too."

"Oh, it's nothing of that sort; money's all right; no swindle. It's an affair of another character altogether."

"Oh!"

"And one, too, that makes me think that—" He hesitated.

"That what?"

"That I'd better start for Australia."

"Australia!"

"Yes."

"What's the meaning of that?"

"Why," said Dacres, gloomily, "it means giving up the child-angel, and trying to forget her—if I ever can."

"Forget her! What's the meaning of all this? Why, man, five minutes ago you were all on fire about her, and now you talk quietly about giving her up! I'm all adrift."

"Well, it's a mixed up matter."

"What is?"

"My affair."

"Your affair; something that has happened?"

"Yes. It's a sore matter, and I don't care to speak about it just now."

"Oh!"

"And it's the real cause why I don't go back to England."

"The mischief it is! Why, Dacres, I'll be hanged if you're not using the very words I myself used a few minutes ago."

"Am I?" said Dacres, gloomily.

"You certainly are; and that makes me think that our affairs are in a similar complication."

"Oh no; mine is very peculiar."

"Well, there's one thing I should like to ask, and you needn't answer unless you like."

"Well?"

"Doesn't your difficulty arise from some confounded woman or other?"

"Well—yes."

"By Jove, I knew it! And, old fellow, I'm in the same situation."

"Oh ho! So you're driven away from England by a woman?"



"BY JOVE, I KNEW IT!"

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"Exactly."

Dacres sighed heavily.

"Yours can't be as bad as mine," said he, with a dismal look. "Mine is the worst scrape that ever you heard of. And look at me now, with the child-angel all ready to take me, and me not able to be taken. Confound the abominable complications of an accursed civilization, I say!"

"And I say, Amen!" said Hawbury.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIERY TRIAL.

"See here, old chap," said Hawbury, "I'm going to make a clean breast of it."

"Of what?"

"Of my affair."

"That's right," said Dacres, dolefully. "I should like of all things to hear it."

"You see I wouldn't tell you, only you yourself turn out to be in a similar situation, and so what I have to say may prove of use to you. At any rate you may give me some useful suggestion.

"Very well, then," continued Hawbury—"to begin. You may remember that I told you when we met here where I had been passing the time since I saw you last."

Dacres nodded assent.

"Well, about two years ago I was in Canada. I went there for sport, and plunged at once into the wilderness. And let me tell you it's a very pretty country for hunting. Lots of game—fish, flesh, and fowl—from the cariboo down to the smallest trout that you would care to hook. Glorious country; magnificent forests waiting for the lumberman; air that acts on you like wine, or even better; rivers and lakes in all directions; no end of sport and all that sort of thing, you know. Have you ever been in Canada?"

"Only traveled through."

"Well, the next time you feel inclined for high art sport we'll go together, and have no end of fun—that is, if you're not married and done for, which, of course, you will be. No matter. I was saying that I was in a fine country. I spent a couple of months there with two or three Indians, and at length started for Ottawa on my way home. The Indians put me on the right path, after which I dismissed them, and set out alone with my gun and fishing-rod.

"The first day was all very well, and I slept well enough the first night; but on the morning of the second day I found the air full of smoke. However, I did not give much thought to that, for there had been a smoky look about the sky for a week, and the woods are always burning there, I believe, in one place or another. I kept on, and shot enough for food, and thus the second day passed. That evening the air was quite suffocating, and it was as hot as an oven. I struggled through the night, I don't know how; and then on the third day made another start. This third day was abominable. The atmosphere was beastly hot; the sky was a dull yellow, and the birds seemed to have all disappeared. As I went on it grew worse, but I found it was not because the fires were in front of me. On the contrary, they were behind me, and were driving on so that they were gradually approaching nearer. I could do my thirty miles a day even in that rough country, but the fires could do more. At last I came into a track that was a little wider than the first one. As I went on I met cattle which appeared stupefied. Showers of dust were in the air; the atmosphere was worse than ever, and I never had such difficulty in my life in walking along. I had to throw away my rifle and fishing-rod, and was just thinking of pitching my clothes after them, when suddenly I turned a bend in the path and met a young girl full in the face.

"By Jove, I swear I never was so astounded in my life. I hurried up to her, and just began to ask where I was, when she interrupted me with a question of the same kind. By-the-way, I forgot to say that she was on horseback. The poor devil of a horse seemed to have had a deuced hard time of it too, for he was trembling from head to foot, though whether that arose from fatigue or fright I don't know. Perhaps it was both.

"Well, the girl was evidently very much alarmed. She was awfully pale; she was a monstrous pretty girl too—the prettiest by all odds I ever saw, and that's saying a good deal. By Jove! Well, it turned out that she had been stopping in the back country for a month, at a house somewhere up the river, with her father. Her father had gone down to Ottawa a week before, and was expected back on this day. She had come out to meet him, and had lost her way. She had been out for hours, and was completely bewildered. She was also frightened at the fires, which now seemed to be all around us. This she told me in a few words, and asked if I knew where the river was.

"Of course I knew no more than she did, and it needed only a few words from me to show her that I was as much in the dark as she was. I began to question her, however, as to this river, for it struck me that in the present state of affairs a river would not be a bad thing to have near one. In answer to my question she said that she had come upon this road from the woods on the left, and therefore it was evident that the river lay in that direction.

"I assured her that I would do whatever lay in my power; and with that I walked on in the direction in which I had been going, while she rode by my side. Some further questions as to the situation of the house where she had been staying showed me that it was on the banks of the river about fifty miles above Ottawa. By my own calculations I was about that distance away. It seemed to me, then, that she had got lost in the woods, and had wandered thus over

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some trail to the path where she had met me. Every thing served to show me that the river lay to the left, and so I resolved to turn in at the first path which I reached.

"At length, after about two miles, we came to a path which went into the woods. My companion was sure that this was the very one by which she had come out, and this confirmed the impression which the sight of it had given me. I thought it certainly must lead toward the river. So we turned into this path. I went first, and she followed, and so we went for about a couple of miles further.

"All this time the heat had been getting worse and worse. The air was more smoky than ever; my mouth was parched and dry. I breathed with difficulty, and could scarcely drag one leg after another. The lady was almost as much exhausted as I was, and suffered acutely, as I could easily see, though she uttered not a word of complaint. Her horse also suffered terribly, and did not seem able to bear her weight much longer. The poor brute trembled and staggered, and once or twice stopped, so that it was difficult to start him again. The road had gone in a winding way, but was not so crooked as I expected. I afterward found that she had gone by other paths until she had found herself in thick woods, and then on trying to retrace her way she had strayed into this path. If she had turned to the left on first reaching it, instead of to the right, the fate of each of us would have been different. Our meeting was no doubt the salvation of both.

"There was a wooded eminence in front, which we had been steadily approaching for some time. At last we reached the top, and here a scene burst upon us which was rather startling. The hill was high enough to command an extensive view, and the first thing that we saw was a vast extent of woods and water and smoke. By-and-by we were able to distinguish each. The water was the river, which could be seen for miles. Up the river toward the left the smoke arose in great volumes, covering every thing; while in front of us, and immediately between us and the river, there was a line of smoke which showed that the fires had penetrated there and had intercepted us.

"We stood still in bewilderment. I looked all around. To go back was as bad as to go forward, for there, also, a line of smoke arose which showed the progress of the flames. To the right there was less smoke; but in that direction there was only a wilderness, through which we could not hope to pass for any distance. The only hope was the river. If we could traverse the flames in that direction, so as to reach the water, we would be safe. In a few words I communicated my decision to my companion. She said nothing, but bowed her head in acquiescence.

"Without delaying any longer we resumed our walk. After about a mile we found ourselves compelled once more to halt. The view here was worse than ever. The path was now as wide as an ordinary road, and grew wider still as it went on. It was evidently used to haul logs down to the river, and as it approached the bank it grew steadily wider; but between us and the river the woods were all burning. The first rush of the fire was over, and now we looked forward and saw a vast array of columns—the trunks of burned trees—some blackened and charred, others glowing red. The ground below was also glowing red, with blackened spaces here and there.

"Still the burned tract was but a strip, and there lay our hope. The fire, by some strange means, had passed on a track not wider than a hundred yards, and this was what had to be traversed by us. The question was, whether we could pass through that or not. The same question came to both of us, and neither of us said a word. But before I could ask the lady about it, her horse became frightened at the flames. I advised her to dismount, for I knew that the poor brute could never be forced through those fires. She did so, and the horse, with a horrible snort, turned and galloped wildly away.

"I now looked around once more, and saw that there was no escape except in front. The flames were encircling us, and a vast cloud of smoke surrounded us every where, rising far up and rolling overhead. Cinders fell in immense showers, and the fine ashes, with which the air was filled, choked us and got into our eyes.

"'There is only one chance,' said I; 'and that is to make a dash for the river. Can you do it?'

"'I'll try,' she said.

"'We'll have to go through the fires.'

"She nodded.

"'Well, then,' I said, 'do as I say. Take off your sacque and wrap it around your head and shoulders.'

"She took off her sacque at this. It was a loose robe of merino or alpaca, or something of that sort, and very well suited for what I wanted. I wrapped it round her so as to protect her face, head, and shoulders; and taking off my coat I did the same.

"'Now,' said I, 'hold your breath as well as you can. You may keep your eyes shut. Give me your hand—I'll lead you.'

"Taking her hand I led her forward at a rapid pace. Once she fell, but she quickly recovered herself, and soon we reached the edge of the flames.

"I tell you what it is, my boy, the heat was terrific, and the sight was more so. The river was not more than a hundred yards away, but between us and it there lay what seemed as bad as the burning fiery furnace of Messrs. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. If I were now standing there, I don't think I could face it. But then I was with the girl; I had to save her. Fire was behind us, racing after us; water lay in front. Once there and we were safe. It was not a time to dawdle or hesitate, I can assure you.

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THE FIERY TRIAL.

"'Now,' said I, 'run for your life!'

"Grasping her hand more firmly, I started off with her at the full run. The place was terrible, and grew worse at every step. The road here was about fifty feet wide. On each side was the burning forest, with a row of burned trees like fiery columns, and the moss and underbrush still glowing beneath. To pass through that was a thing that it don't do to look back upon. The air was intolerable. I wrapped my coat tighter over my head; my arms were thus exposed, and I felt the heat on my hands. But that was nothing to the torments that I endured from trying to breathe. Besides this, the enormous effort of keeping up a run made breathing all the more difficult. A feeling of despair came over me. Already we had gone half the distance, but at that moment the space seemed lengthened out interminably, and I looked in horror at the rest of the way, with a feeling of the utter impossibility of traversing it.

"Suddenly the lady fell headlong. I stopped and raised her up. My coat fell off; I felt the fiery air all round my face and head. I called and screamed to the lady as I tried to raise her up; but she said nothing. She was as lifeless as a stone.

"Well, my boy, I thought it was all up with me; but I, at least, could stand, though I did not think that I could take another breath. As for the lady, there was no help for it; so I grasped her with all my strength, still keeping her head covered as well as I could, and slung her over my shoulders. Then away I ran. I don't remember much after that. I must have lost my senses then, and, what is more, I must have accomplished the rest of the journey in that semi-unconscious state.

"What I do remember is this—a wild plunge into the water; and the delicious coolness that I felt all around restored me, and I at once comprehended all. The lady was by my side; the shock and the cool water had restored her also. She was standing up to her shoulders just where she had fallen, and was panting and sobbing. I spoke a few words of good cheer, and then looked around for some place of refuge. Just where we stood there was nothing but fire and desolation, and it was necessary to go further away. Well, some distance out, about half-way across the river, I saw a little island, with rocky sides, and trees on the top. It looked safe and cool and inviting. I determined to try to get there. Some deals were in the water by the bank, which had probably floated down from some saw-mill. I took half a dozen of these, flung two or three more on top of them, and then told the lady my plan. It was to float out to the island by means of this raft. I offered to put her on it and let her float; but she refused, preferring to be in the water.

"The river was pretty wide here, and the water was shallow, so that we were able to wade for a long distance, pushing the raft before us. At length it became deep, and then the lady held on while I floated and tried to direct the raft toward the island. I had managed while wading to guide the raft up the stream, so that when we got into deep water the current carried us toward the island. At length we reached it without much difficulty, and then, utterly worn out, I fell down on the grass, and either fainted away or fell asleep.

"When I revived I had several very queer sensations. The first thing that I noticed was that I hadn't any whiskers."

"What! no whiskers?"

"No—all gone; and my eyebrows and mustache, and every wisp of hair from my head."

"See here, old fellow, do you mean to say that you've only taken one year to grow those infernally long whiskers that you have now?"

"It's a fact, my boy!"

"I wouldn't have believed it; but some fellows can do such extraordinary things. But drive on."

"Well, the next thing I noticed was that it was as smoky as ever. Then I jumped up and looked around. I felt quite dry, though it

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seemed as if I had just come from the river. As I jumped up and turned I saw my friend. She looked much better than she had. Her clothes also were quite dry. She greeted me with a mournful smile, and rose up from the trunk of a tree where she had been sitting, and made inquiries after my health with the most earnest and tender sympathy.

"I told her I was all right, laughed about my hair, and inquired very anxiously how she was. She assured me that she was as well as ever. Some conversation followed; and then, to my amazement, I found that I had slept for an immense time, or had been unconscious, whichever it was, and that the adventure had taken place on the preceding day. It was now about the middle of the next day. You may imagine how confounded I was at that.

"The air was still abominably close and smoky; so I looked about the island, and found a huge crevice in the rocks, which was almost a cave. It was close by the water, and was far cooler than outside. In fact, it was rather comfortable than otherwise. Here we took refuge, and talked over our situation. As far as we could see, the whole country was burned up. A vast cloud of smoke hung over all. One comfort was that the glow had ceased on the river-bank, and only a blackened forest now remained, with giant trees arising, all blasted. We found that our stay would be a protracted one.

"The first thing that I thought of was food. Fortunately I had my hooks and lines; so I cut a pole, and fastening my line to it, I succeeded in catching a few fish.

"We lived there for two days on fish in that manner. The lady was sad and anxious. I tried to cheer her up. Her chief trouble was the fear that her father was lost. In the course of our conversations I found out that her name was Ethel Orne."

"Ethel Orne?"

"Yes."

"Don't think I ever heard the name before. Orne? No, I'm sure I haven't. It isn't Horn?"

"No; Orne—O R N E. Oh, there's no trouble about that.

"Well, I rather enjoyed this island life, but



"ALL GONE; MY EYEBROWS, AND MUSTACHE, AND EVERY WISP OF HAIR FROM MY HEAD."

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she was awfully melancholy; so I hit upon a plan for getting away. I went to the shore and collected a lot of the deals that I mentioned, and made a very decent sort of raft. I found a pole to guide it with, cut a lot of brush for Ethel, and then we started, and floated down the river. We didn't have any accidents. The only bother was that she was too confoundedly anxious about me, and wouldn't let me work. We went ashore every evening. We caught fish enough to eat. We were afloat three days, and, naturally enough, became very well acquainted."

Hawbury stopped, and sighed.

"I tell you what it is, Dacres," said he, "there never lived a nobler, more generous, and at the same time a braver soul than Ethel Orne. She never said a word about gratitude and all that, but there was a certain quiet look of devotion about her that gives me a deuced queer feeling now when I think of it all."

"And I dare say— But no matter."

"What?"

"Well, I was only going to remark that, under the circumstances, there might have been a good deal of quiet devotion about you."

Hawbury made no reply, but sat silent for a time.

"Well, go on, man; don't keep me in suspense."

"Let me see—where was I? Oh! floating on the raft. Well, we floated that way, as I said, for three days, and at the end of that time we reached a settlement. Here we found a steamer, and went on further, and finally reached Ottawa. Here she went to the house of a friend. I called on her as soon as possible, and found her in fearful anxiety. She had learned that her father had gone up with a Mr. Willoughby, and neither had been heard from.

"Startled at this intelligence, I instituted a search myself. I could not find out any thing, but only that there was good reason to believe that both of the unhappy gentlemen had perished. On returning to the house to call on Ethel, about a week after, I found that she had received full confirmation of this dreadful intelligence, and had gone to Montreal. It seems that Willoughby's wife was a relative of Ethel's, and she had gone to stay with her. I longed to see her, but of course I could not intrude upon her in her grief; and so I wrote to her, expressing all the condolence I could. I told her that I was going to Europe, but would return in the following year. I couldn't say any more than that, you know. It wasn't a time for sentiment, of course.

"Well, I received a short note in reply. She said she would look forward to seeing me again with pleasure, and all that; and that she could never forget the days we had spent together.

"So off I went, and in the following year I returned. But on reaching Montreal, what was my disgust, on calling at Mrs. Willoughby's, to find that she had given up her house, sold her furniture, and left the city. No one knew any thing about her, and they said that she had only come to the city a few months before her bereavement, and after that had never made any acquaintances. Some said she had gone to the United States; others thought she had gone to Quebec; others to England; but no one knew any thing more."

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING REVELATION.

"It seems to me, Hawbury," said Dacres, after a period of thoughtful silence—"it seems to me that when you talk of people having their heads turned, you yourself comprehend the full meaning of that sensation?"

"Somewhat."

"You knocked under at once, of course, to your Ethel?"

"Yes."

"And feel the same way toward her yet?"

"Yes."

"Hit hard?"

"Yes; and that's what I'm coming to. The fact is, my whole business in life for the last year has been to find her out."

"You haven't dawdled so much, then, as people suppose?"

"No; that's all very well to throw people off a fellow's scent; but you know me well enough, Dacres; and we didn't dawdle much in South America, did we?"

"That's true, my boy; but as to this lady, what is it that makes it so hard for you to find her? In the first place, is she an American?"

"Oh no."

"Why not?"

"Oh, accent, manner, tone, idiom, and a hundred other things. Why, of course, you know as well as I that an American lady is as different from an English as a French or a German lady is. They may be all equally ladies, but each nation has its own peculiarities."

"Is she Canadian?"

"Possibly. It is not always easy to tell a Canadian lady from an English. They imitate us out there a good deal. I could tell in the majority of cases, but there are many who can not be distinguished from us very easily. And Ethel may be one."

"Why mayn't she be English?"

"She may be. It's impossible to perceive any difference."

"Have you ever made any inquiries about her in England?"

"No; I've not been in England much, and from the way she talked to me I concluded that her home was in Canada."

"Was her father an Englishman?"

"I really don't know."

"Couldn't you find out?"

"No. You see he had but recently moved to Montreal, like Willoughby; and I could not find any people who were acquainted with him."

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"He may have been English all the time."

"Yes."

"And she too."

"By Jove!"

"And she may be in England now."

Hawbury started to his feet, and stared in silence at his friend for several minutes.

"By Jove!" he cried, "if I thought that, I swear I'd start for home this evening, and hunt about every where for the representatives of the Orne family. But no—surely it can't be possible."

"Were you in London last season?"

"No."

"Well, how do you know but that she was there?"

"By Jove!"

"And the belle of the season, too?"

"She would be if she were there, by Jove!"

"Yes, if there wasn't another present that I wot of."

"Well, we won't argue about that; besides, I haven't come to the point yet."

"The point?"

"Yes, the real reason why I'm here, when I'm wanted home."

"The real reason? Why, haven't you been telling it to me all along?"

"Well, no; I haven't got to the point yet."

"Drive on, then, old man."

"Well, you know," continued Hawbury, "after hunting all through Canada I gave up in despair, and concluded that Ethel was lost to me, at least for the present. That was only about six or seven months ago. So I went home, and spent a month in a shooting-box on the Highlands; then I went to Ireland to visit a friend; and then to London. While there I got a long letter from my mother. The good soul was convinced that I was wasting my life; she urged me to settle down, and finally informed me that she had selected a wife for me. Now I want you to understand, old boy, that I fully appreciated my mother's motives. She was quite right, I dare say, about my wasting my life; quite right, too, about the benefit of settling down; and she was also very kind to take all the trouble of selecting a wife off my hands. Under other circumstances I dare say I should have thought the matter over, and perhaps I should have been induced even to go so far as to survey the lady from a distance, and argue the point with my mother pro and con. But the fact is, the thing was distasteful, and wouldn't bear thinking about, much less arguing. I was too lazy to go and explain the matter, and writing was not my forte. Besides, I didn't want to thwart my mother in her plans, or hurt her feelings; and so the long and the short of it is, I solved the difficulty and cut the knot by crossing quietly over to Norway. I wrote a short note to my mother, making no allusion to her project, and since then I've been gradually working my way down to the bottom of the map of Europe, and here I am."

"You didn't see the lady, then?"

"No."

"Who was she?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know the lady?"

"No."

"Odd, too! Haven't you any idea? Surely her name was mentioned?"

"No; my mother wrote in a roundabout style, so as to feel her way. She knew me, and feared that I might take a prejudice against the lady. No doubt I should have done so. She only alluded to her in a general way."

"A general way?"

"Yes; that is, you know, she mentioned the fact that the lady was a niece of Sir Gilbert Biggs."

"What?" cried Dacres, with a start.

"A niece of Sir Gilbert Biggs," repeated Hawbury.

"A niece—of—Sir Gilbert Biggs?" said Dacres, slowly. "Good Lord!"

"Yes; and what of that?"

"Very much. Don't you know that Minnie Fay is a niece of Sir Gilbert Biggs?"

"By Jove! So she is. I remember being startled when you told me that, and for a moment an odd fancy came to me. I wondered whether your child-angel might not be the identical being about whom my poor dear mother went into such raptures. Good Lord! what a joke! By Jove!"

"A joke!" growled Dacres. "I don't see any joke in it. I remember when you said that Biggs's nieces were at the bottom of your troubles, I asked whether it might be this one."

"So you did, old chap; and I replied that I hoped not. So you need not shake your gory locks at me, my boy."

"But I don't like the looks of it."

"Neither do I."

"Yes, but you see it looks as though she had been already set apart for you especially."

"And pray, old man, what difference can that make, when I don't set myself apart for any thing of the kind?"

Dacres sat in silence with a gloomy frown over his brow.

"Besides, are you aware, my boy, of the solemn fact that Biggs's nieces are legion?" said Hawbury. "The man himself is an infernal old bloke; and as to his nieces—heavens and earth!—old! old as Methuselah; and as to this one, she must be a grandniece—a second generation. She's not a true, full-blooded niece. Now the lady I refer to was one of the original Biggs's nieces. There's no mistake whatever about that, for I have it in black and white, under my mother's own hand."

"Oh, she would select the best of them for you."

"No, she wouldn't. How do you know that?"

"There's no doubt about that."

"It depends upon what you mean by the best. The one *you* call the best might not seem so to *her*, and so on. Now I dare say she's picked out for me a great, raw-boned, red-

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headed niece, with a nose like a horse. And she expects me to marry a woman like that! with a pace like a horse! Good Lord!"

And Hawbury leaned back, lost in the immensity of that one overwhelming idea.

"Besides," said he, standing up, "I don't care if she was the angel Gabriel. I don't want any of Biggs's nieces. I won't have them. By Jove! And am I to be entrapped into a plan like that? I want Ethel. And what's more, I will have her, or go without. The child-angel may be the very identical one that my mother selected, and if you assert that she is, I'll be hanged if I'll argue the point. I only say this, that it doesn't alter my position in the slightest degree. I don't want her. I won't have her. I don't want to see her. I don't care if the whole of Biggs's nieces, in solemn conclave, with old Biggs at their head, had formally discussed the whole matter, and finally resolved unanimously that she should be mine. Good Lord! man, don't you understand how it is? What the mischief do I care about any body? Do you think I went through that fiery furnace for nothing? And what do you suppose that life on the island meant? Is all that nothing? Did you ever live on an island with the child-angel? Did you ever make a raft for her and fly? Did you ever float down a river current between banks burned black by raging fires, feeding her, soothing her, comforting her, and all the while feeling in a general fever about her? You hauled her out of a crater, did you? By Jove! And what of that? Why, that furnace that I pulled Ethel out of was worse than a hundred of your craters. And yet, after all that, you think that I could be swayed by the miserable schemes of a lot of Biggs's nieces! And you scowl at a fellow, and get huffy and jealous. By Jove!"

After this speech, which was delivered with unusual animation, Hawbury lighted a cigar, which he puffed at most energetically.

"All right, old boy," said Dacres. "A fellow's apt to judge others by himself, you know. Don't make any more set speeches, though. I begin to understand your position. Besides, after all—"

Dacres paused, and the dark frown that was on his brow grew still darker.

"After all what?" asked Hawbury, who now began to perceive that another feeling besides jealousy was the cause of his friend's gloomy melancholy.

"Well, after all, you know, old fellow, I fear I'll have to give her up."

"Give her up?"

"Yes."

"That's what you said before, and you mentioned Australia, and that rot."

"The more I think of it," said Dacres, dismally, and regarding the opposite wall with a steady yet mournful stare—"the more I think of it, the more I see that there's no such happiness in store for me."



"CONFOUND SUCH A MAN! I SAY."

"Pooh, man, what is it all about? This is the secret that you spoke about, I suppose?"

"Yes; and it's enough to put a barrier between me and her. Was I jealous? Did I seem huffy? What an idiot I must have been! Why, old man, I can't do any thing or say any thing."

"The man's mad," said Hawbury, addressing himself to a carved tobacco-box on the table.

"Mad? Yes, I was mad enough in ever letting myself be overpowered by this bright dream. Here have I been giving myself up to a phantom—an empty illusion—and now it's all over. My eyes are open."

"You may as well open my eyes too; for I'll be hanged if I can see my way through this!"

"Strange! strange! strange!" continued Dacres, in a kind of soliloquy, not noticing Hawbury's words. "How a man will sometimes forget realities, and give himself up to dreams! It was my dream of the child-angel that so turned my brain. I must see her no more."

"Very well, old boy!" said Hawbury. "Now speak Chinese a little for variety. I'll understand you quite as well. I will, by Jove!"

"And then, for a fellow that's had an experience like mine—before and since," continued Dacres, still speaking in the tone of one who was meditating aloud—"to allow such an idea even for a moment to take shape in his brain! What an utter, unmitigated, unmanageable, and unimprovable idiot, ass, dolt, and blockhead! Confound such a man! I say, confound him!"

And as Dacres said this he brought his fist down upon the table near him with such an energetic crash that a wine-flask was sent spinning on the floor, where its ruby contents splashed out in a pool, intermingled with fragments of glass.

Dacres was startled by the crash, and looked at it for a while in silence. Then he raised his head and looked at his friend. Hawbury en-

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countered his glance without any expression. He merely sat and smoked and passed his fingers through his pendent whiskers.

"Excuse me," said Dacres, abruptly.

"Certainly, my dear boy, a thousand times; only I hope you will allow me to remark that your style is altogether a new one, and during the whole course of our acquaintance I do not remember seeing it before. You have a melodramatic way that is overpowering. Still I don't see why you should swear at yourself in a place like Naples, where there are so many other things to swear at. It's a waste of human energy, and I don't understand it. We usedn't to indulge in soliloquies in South America, used we?"

"No, by Jove! And look here, old chap, you'll overlook this little outburst, won't you? In South America I was always cool, and you did the hard swearing, my boy. I'll be cool again; and what's more, I'll get back to South America again as soon as I can. Once on the pampas, and I'll be a man again. I tell you what it is, I'll start to-morrow. What do you say? Come."

"Oh no," said Hawbury, coolly; "I can't do that. I have business, you know."

"Business?"

"Oh yes, you know—Ethel, you know."

"By Jove! so you have. That alters the matter."

"But in any case I wouldn't go, nor would you. I still am quite unable to understand you. Why you should grow desperate, and swear at yourself, and then propose South America, is quite beyond me. Above all, I don't yet see any reason why you should give up your child-angel. You were all raptures but a short time since. Why are you so cold now?"

"I'll tell you," said Dacres.

"So you said ever so long ago."

"It's a sore subject, and difficult to speak about."

"Well, old man, I'm sorry for you; and don't speak about it at all if it gives you pain."

"Oh, I'll make a clean breast of it. You've told your affair, and I'll tell mine. I dare say I'll feel all the better for it."

"Drive on, then, old man."

Dacres rose, took a couple of glasses of beer in quick succession, then resumed his seat, then picked out a cigar from the box with unusual fastidiousness, then drew a match, then lighted the cigar, then sent out a dozen heavy volumes of smoke, which encircled him so completely that he became quite concealed from Hawbury's view. But even this cloud did not seem sufficient to correspond with the gloom of his soul. Other clouds rolled forth, and still others, until all their congregated folds encircled him, and in the midst there was a dim vision of a big head, whose stiff, high, curling, crisp hair, and massive brow, and dense beard, seemed like some living manifestation of cloud-compelling Jove.

For some time there was silence, and Hawbury said nothing, but waited for his friend to speak.

At last a voice was heard—deep, solemn,



"HAWBURY SANK BACK IN HIS SEAT, OVERWHELMED."

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awful, portentous, ominous, sorrow-laden, weird, mysterious, prophetic, obscure, gloomy, doleful, dismal, and apocalyptic.

"*Hawbury!*"

"Well, old man?"

"HAWBURY!"

"All right."

"Are you listening?"

"Certainly."

"*Well—I'm—married!*"

Hawbury sprang to his feet as though he had been shot.

"What!" he cried.

"*I'm married!*"

"You're what? Married? *You! married!* Scone Dacres! not you—not *married?*"

"*I'm married!*"

"Good Lord!"

"*I'm married!*"

Hawbury sank back in his seat, overwhelmed by the force of this sudden and tremendous revelation. For some time there was a deep silence. Both were smoking. The clouds rolled forth from the lips of each, and curled over their heads, and twined in voluminous folds, and gathered over them in dark, impenetrable masses. Even so rested the clouds of doubt, of darkness, and of gloom over the soul of each, and those which were visible to the eye seemed to typify, symbolize, characterize, and body forth the darker clouds that overshadowed the mind.

"*I'm married!*" repeated Dacres, who now seemed to have become like Poe's raven, and all his words one melancholy burden bore.

"You were not married when I was last with you?" said Hawbury at last, in the tone of one who was recovering from a fainting fit.

"Yes, I was."

"Not in South America?"

"Yes, in South America."

"Married?"

"Yes, married."

"By Jove!"

"Yes; and what's more, I've been married for ten years."

"Ten years! Good Lord!"

"It's true."

"Why, how old could you have been when you got married?"

"A miserable, ignorant, inexperienced dolt, idiot, and brat of a boy."

"By Jove!"

"Well, the secret's out; and now, if you care to hear, I will tell you all about it."

"I'm dying to hear, dear boy; so go on."

And at this Scone Dacres began his story.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MAD WIFE.

"I'LL tell you all about it," said Scone Dacres; "but don't laugh, for matters like these are not to be trifled with, and I may take offense."

"Oh, bother, as if I ever laugh at any thing serious! By Jove! no. You don't know me, old chap."

"All right, then. Well, to begin. This wife that I speak of happened to me very suddenly. I was only a boy, just out of Oxford, and just into my fortune. I was on my way to Paris—my first visit—and was full of no end of projects for enjoyment. I went from Dover, and in the steamer there was the most infernally pretty girl. Black, mischievous eyes, with the devil's light in them; hair curly, crispy, frisky, luxuriant, all tossing over her head and shoulders, and an awfully enticing manner. A portly old bloke was with her—her father, I afterward learned. Somehow my hat blew off. She laughed. I laughed. Our eyes met. I made a merry remark. She laughed again; and there we were, introduced. She gave me a little felt hat of her own. I fastened it on in triumph with a bit of string, and wore it all the rest of the way.

"Well, you understand it all. Of course, by the time we got to Calais, I was head over heels in love, and so was she, for that matter. The old man was a jolly old John Bull of a man. I don't believe he had the slightest approach to any designs on me. He didn't know any thing about me, so how could he? He was jolly, and when we got to Calais he was convivial. I attached myself to the two, and had a glorious time. Before three days I had exchanged vows of eternal fidelity with the lady, and all that, and had gained her consent to marry me on reaching England. As to the old man there was no trouble at all. He made no inquiries about my means, but wrung my hand heartily, and said God bless me. Besides, there were no friends of my own to consider. My parents were dead, and I had no relations nearer than cousins, for whom I didn't care a pin.

"My wife lived at Exeter, and belonged to rather common people; but, of course, I didn't care for that. Her own manners and style were refined enough. She had been sent by her father to a very fashionable boarding-school, where she had been run through the same mould as that in which her superiors had been formed, and so she might have passed muster any where. Her father was awfully fond of her, and proud of her. She tyrannized over him completely. I soon found out that she had been utterly spoiled by his excessive indulgence, and that she was the most whimsical, nonsensical, headstrong, little spoiled beauty that ever lived. But, of course, all that, instead of deterring me, only increased the fascination which she exercised, and made me more madly in love than ever.

"Her name was not a particularly attractive one; but what are names! It was Arethusa Wiggins. Now the old man always called her "Arry," which sounded like the vulgar pronunciation of "Harry." Of course I couldn't call her that, and Arethusa was too infernally long,

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for a fellow doesn't want to be all day in pronouncing his wife's name. Besides, it isn't a bad name in itself, of course; it's poetic, classic, and does to name a ship of war, but isn't quite the thing for one's home and hearth.

"After our marriage we spent the honeymoon in Switzerland, and then came home. I had a very nice estate, and have it yet. You've never heard of Dacres Grange, perhaps—well, there's where we began life, and a devil of a life she began to lead me. It was all very well at first. During the honey-moon there were only a few outbursts, and after we came to the Grange she repressed herself for about a fortnight; but finally she broke out in the most furious fashion; and I began to find that she had a devil of a temper, and in her fits she was but a small remove from a mad woman. You see she had been humored and indulged and petted and coddled by her old fool of a father, until at last she had grown to be the most whimsical, conceited, tetchy, suspicious, imperious, domineering, selfish, cruel, hard-hearted, and malignant young vixen that ever lived; yet this evil nature dwelt in a form as beautiful as ever lived. She was a beautiful demon, and I soon found it out.

"It began out of nothing at all. I had been her adoring slave for three weeks, until I began to be conscious of the most abominable tyranny on her part. I began to resist this, and we were on the verge of an outbreak when we arrived at the Grange. The sight of the old hall appeased her for a time, but finally the novelty wore off, and her evil passions burst out. Naturally enough, my first blind adoration passed away, and I began to take my proper position toward her; that is to say, I undertook to give her some advice, which she very sorely needed. This was the signal for a most furious outbreak. What was worse, her outbreak took place before the servants. Of course I could do nothing under such circumstances, so I left the room. When I saw her again she was sullen and vicious. I attempted a reconciliation, and kneeling down I passed my arms caressingly around her. 'Look here,' said I, 'my own poor little darling, if I've done wrong, I'm sorry, and—'

"Well, what do you think my lady did?"

"I don't know."

"She *kicked me!* that's all; she kicked me, just as I was apologizing to her—just as I was trying to make it up. She kicked me! when I had done nothing, and she alone had been to blame. What's more, her boots were rather heavy, and that kick made itself felt unmistakably.

"I at once arose, and left her without a word. I did not speak to her then for some time. I used to pass her in the house without looking at her. This galled her terribly. She made the house too hot for the servants, and I used to hear her all day long scolding them in a loud shrill voice, till the sound of that voice became horrible to me.

"You must not suppose, however, that I became alienated all at once. That was impossible. I loved her very dearly. After she had kicked me away my love still lasted. It was a galling thought to a man like me that she, a common girl, the daughter of a small tradesman, should have kicked me; me, the descendant of Crusaders, by Jove! and of the best blood in England; but after a while pride gave way to love, and I tried to open the way for a reconciliation once or twice. I attempted to address her in her calmer moods, but it was without any success. She would not answer me at all. If servants were in the room she would at once proceed to give orders to them, just as though I had not spoken. She showed a horrible malignancy in trying to dismiss the older servants, whom she knew to be favorites of mine. Of course I would not let her do it.

"Well, one day I found that this sort of life was intolerable, and I made an effort to put an end to it all. My love was not all gone yet, and I began to think that I had been to blame. She had always been indulged, and I ought to have kept up the system a little longer, and let her down more gradually. I thought of her as I first saw her in the glory of her youthful beauty on the Calais boat, and softened my heart till I began to long for a reconciliation. Really I could not see where I had done any thing out of the way. I was awfully fond of her at first, and would have remained so if she had let me; but, you perceive, her style was not exactly the kind which is best adapted to keep a man at a woman's feet. If she had shown the slightest particle of tenderness, I would have gladly forgiven her all—yes, even the kick, by Jove!

"We had been married about six months or so; and had not spoken for over four months; so on the day I refer to I went to her room. She received me with a sulky expression, and a hard stare full of insult.

"'My dear,' said I; 'I have come to talk seriously with you.'

"'Kate,' said she; 'show this gentleman out.'

"It was her maid to whom she spoke. The maid colored. I turned to her and pointed to the door, and she went out herself. My wife stood trembling with rage—a beautiful fury.

"'I have determined,' said I, quietly; 'to make one last effort for reconciliation, and I want to be heard. Hear me now, dear, dear wife. I want your love again; I can not live this way. Can nothing be done? Must I, must you, always live this way? Have I done any wrong? If I have, I repent. But come, let us forget our quarrel; let us remember the first days of our acquaintance. We loved one another, darling. And how beautiful you were! You are still as beautiful; won't you be as loving! Don't be hard on a fellow, dear. If I've done any wrong, tell me, and I'll make it right. See, we are joined together for life. Can't we make life sweeter for one another than it is now? Come, my wife, be mine again.'

"I went on in this strain for some time, and

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"VERY WELL. HERE IT IS."

my own words actually softened me more as I spoke. I felt sorry, too, for my wife, she seemed so wretched. Besides, it was a last chance, and I determined to humble myself. Any thing was better than perpetual hate and misery. So at last I got so affected by my own eloquence that I became quite spooney. Her back was turned to me; I could not see her face. I thought by her silence that she was affected, and, in a gush of tenderness, I put my arm around her.

"In an instant she flung it off, and stepped back, confronting me with a face as hard and an eye as malevolent as a demon.

"She reached out her hand toward the bell.

"'What are you going to do?' I asked.

"'Ring for my maid,' said she.

"'Don't,' said I, getting between her and the bell. 'Think; stop, I implore you. This is our last chance for a reconciliation.'

"She stepped back with a cruel smile. She had a small penknife in her hand. Her eyes glittered venomously.

"'Reconciliation,' she said, with a sneer. '*I* don't want it; *I* don't want *you*. *You* came and forced yourself here. Ring for my maid, and I will let her show you the door.'

"'You can't mean it?' I said.

"'I do mean it,' she replied. 'Ring the bell,' she added, imperiously.

"I stood looking at her.

"'Leave the room, then,' she said.

"'I must have a satisfactory answer,' said I.

"'Very well,' said she. 'Here it is.'

"And saying this she took the penknife by the blade, between her thumb and finger, and slung it at me. It struck me on the arm, and buried itself deep in the flesh till it touched the bone. I drew it out, and without another word left the room. As I went out I heard her summoning the maid in a loud, stern voice.

"Well, after that I went to the Continent, and spent about six months. Then I returned.

"On my return I found every thing changed. She had sent off all the servants, and brought there a lot of ruffians whom she was unable to manage, and who threw every thing into confusion. All the gentry talked of her, and avoided the place. My friends greeted me with strange, pitying looks. She had cut down most of the woods, and sold the timber; she had sent off a number of valuable pictures and sold them. This was to get money, for I afterward found out that avarice was one of her strongest vices.

"The sight of all this filled me with indignation, and I at once turned out the whole lot of servants, leaving only two or three maids. I obtained some of the old servants, and reinstated them. All this made my wife quite wild. She came up to me once and began to storm, but I said something to her which shut her up at once.

"One day I came home and found her on the portico, in her riding-habit. She was whipping one of the maids with the butt end of her riding-whip. I rushed up and released the poor creature, whose cries were really heart-rending, when my wife turned on me, like a fury, and

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struck two blows over my head. One of the scars is on my forehead still. See."

And Dacres put aside his hair on the top of his head, just over his right eye, and showed a long red mark, which seemed like the scar of a dangerous wound.

"It was an ugly blow," he continued. "I at once tore the whip from her, and, grasping her hand, led her into the drawing-room. There I confronted her, holding her tight. I dare say I was rather a queer sight, for the blood was rushing down over my face, and dripping from my beard.

"'Look here, now,' I said; 'do you know any reason why I shouldn't lay this whip over your shoulders? The English law allows it. Don't you feel that you deserve it?'

"She shrank down, pale and trembling. She was a coward, evidently, and accessible to physical terror.

"'If I belonged to your class,' said I, 'I would do it. But I am of a different order. I am a gentleman. Go. After all, I'm not sorry that you gave me this blow.'

"I stalked out of the room, had a doctor, who bound up the wound, and then meditated over my situation. I made up my mind at once to a separation. Thus far she had done nothing to warrant a divorce, and separation was the only thing. I was laid up and feverish for about a month, but at the end of that time I had an interview with my wife. I proposed a separation, and suggested that she should go home to her father. This she refused. She declared herself quite willing to have a separation, but insisted on living at Dacres Grange.

"'And what am I to do?' I asked.

"'Whatever you please,' she replied, calmly.

"'Do you really propose,' said I, 'to drive me out of the home of my ancestors, and live here yourself? Do you think I will allow this place to be under your control after the frightful havoc that you have made?'

"'I shall remain here,' said she, firmly.

"I said nothing more. I saw that she was immovable. At the same time I could not consent. I could not live with her, and I could not go away leaving her there. I could not give up the ancestral home to her, to mar and mangle and destroy. Well, I waited for about two months, and then—"

"Well?" asked Hawbury, as Dacres hesitated.

"Dacres Grange was burned down," said the other, in a low voice.

"Burned down!"

"Yes."

"Good Lord!"

"It caught fire in the daytime. There were but few servants. No fire-engines were near, for the Grange was in a remote place, and so the fire soon gained headway and swept over all. My wife was frantic. She came to me as I stood looking at the spectacle, and charged me with setting fire to it. I smiled at her, but made no reply.

"So you see she was burned out, and that question was settled. It was a terrible thing, but desperate diseases require desperate remedies; and I felt it more tolerable to have the house in ruins than to have her living there while I had to be a wanderer.

"She was now at my mercy. We went to Exeter. She went to her father, and I finally succeeded in effecting an arrangement which was satisfactory on all sides.

"First of all, the separation should be absolute, and neither of us should ever hold communication with the other in any shape or way.

"Secondly, she should take another name, so as to conceal the fact that she was my wife, and not do any further dishonor to the name.

"In return for this I was to give her outright twenty thousand pounds as her own absolutely, to invest or spend just as she chose. She insisted on this, so that she need not be dependent on any annual allowance. In consideration of this she forfeited every other claim, all dower right in the event of my death, and every thing else. This was all drawn up in a formal document, and worded as carefully as possible. I don't believe that the document would be of much use in a court of law in case she wished to claim any of her rights, but it served to satisfy her, and she thought it was legally sound and actually inviolable.

"Here we separated. I left England, and have never been there since."

Dacres stopped, and sat silent for a long time.

"Could she have been mad?" asked Hawbury.

"I used to think so, but I believe not. She showed too much sense in every thing relating to herself. She sold pictures and timber, and kept every penny. She was acute enough in grasping all she could. During our last interviews while making these arrangements she was perfectly cool and lady-like.

"Have you ever heard about her since?"

"Never."

"Is she alive yet?"

"That's the bother."

"What! don't you know?"

"No."

"Haven't you ever tried to find out?"

"Yes. Two years ago I went and had inquiries made at Exeter. Nothing could be found out. She and her father had left the place immediately after my departure, and nothing was known about them."

"I wonder that you didn't go yourself?"

"What for? I didn't care about seeing her or finding her."

"Do you think she's alive yet?"

"I'm afraid she is. You see she always had excellent health, and there's no reason why she should not live to be an octogenarian."

"Yet she may be dead."

"*May* be! And what sort of comfort is that to me in my present position, I should like to know? *May* be? Is that a sufficient foundation for me to build on? No. In a moment of thoughtlessness I have allowed myself to forget the horrible position in which I am. But

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now I recall it. I'll crush down my feelings, and be a man again. I'll see the child-angel once more; once more feast my soul over her sweet and exquisite loveliness; once more get a glance from her tender, innocent, and guileless eyes, and then away to South America."

"You said your wife took another name."

"Yes."

"What was it? Do you know it?"

"Oh yes; it was *Willoughby*."

"*Willoughby!*" cried Hawbury, with a start; "why, that's the name of my Ethel's friend, at Montreal. Could it have been the same?"

"Pooh, man! How is that possible? Willoughby is not an uncommon name. It's not more likely that your Willoughby and mine are the same than it is that your Ethel is the one I met at Vesuvius. It's only a coincidence, and not a very wonderful one, either."

"It seems con-foundedly odd, too," said Hawbury, thoughtfully. "Willoughby? Ethel? Good Lord! But pooh! What rot? As though they *could* be the same. Preposterous! By Jove!"

And Hawbury stroked away the preposterous idea through his long, pendent whiskers.

PICTURES OF IRELAND.



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

WHEN an American goes to Ireland it seems very much as if he were visiting his own country. He sees the same faces, hears the same voices, notices the same peculiarities, with which he has been familiar from his childhood. Barring the externals, Dublin becomes New York; Cork, Boston; Galway, Cincinnati; and Limerick, St. Louis. He does not find, as he may have expected, the indigenous Irish different from the transplanted article. They have similar virtues, inconsistencies, and short-comings there as here, proving the truth of the old apothegm, "They change their sky, and not their mind, who cross the sea."

This is supposing that one enters Erin from the South, which is as unlike the North as France is unlike Spain, or Germany unlike Italy. Most of the people of Northern Ireland—I went there first—are far more Scotch than Irish; so much so that in going from Glasgow to Belfast, or from Edinburgh to Londonderry, one hardly perceives he has gotten into another country. The marked Scotch element disappears steadily as you move toward Leinster, and, having passed beyond the line of Dundalk Bay, the character of the inhabitants undergoes a very sensible change. Belfast, though the second city in population (it now has 130,000 souls), is the first in point of trade and manufactures. Situated at the head of a fine bay, with its numerous and extensive linen factories, its considerable commerce, and various branches of industry, it is not strange that the growth of the modern town has been so rapid, and its prosperity so remark-

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able. It recalls Manchester and Liverpool, though it is cleanlier and more regularly laid out. In no other Irish city is there such excellent provision for general education, and consequently idleness and crime are little known. Many of its linen establishments are so large and costly that, on several occasions, I mistook them for palaces (the word means less abroad than with us) or government buildings, so imposing is their structure. Large fortunes have been made there within a few years, especially during our war. Men who, twenty years ago, had nothing, are now millionaires—a change of circumstances very rare in Europe. Several citizens of Belfast are worth, I have been told, over £800,000 or £900,000, and the number of those is large who have annual incomes of £10,000, £15,000, and £20,000. These wealthy linen merchants are usually very intelligent and liberal; have comfortable, rather than luxurious, homes; and dispense wide and cordial hospitality. Most of their residences are outside of the city, where, as is common in Great Britain, they spend upon their grounds what we lavish upon furniture and fashionable display.

Being in the North of Ireland, we very naturally go, either by water or by land, to the Giant's Causeway, with which our first geography made us familiar. Like most things from which we have large expectations, it proves a disappointment. I set it down as one of the shams of travel along with the catacombs of Rome, the glories of the Rhine, the beauty of the Unter den Linden, the charm of Holyrood Palace, and the perfect cleanliness of Holland. It is totally unlike what I had anticipated. Any one sailing along the coast would fail to be struck by the so-called great natural curiosity, and if of a skeptical turn, would with difficulty be made to believe it what he had so often heard of. It is a rocky mole of columnar basalt, seven hundred feet long, but greatly varying in breadth and elevation, rising sometimes to a height of two hundred and fifty feet. It separates two little bays, called Port Ganniary and Port Noffer, formed by the windings of the coast. The curious three-pillared formation, known as the Chimney-tops, looks so much like turrets that it is not strange one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, as is said, battered it with shot for some time under the delusion that it was Dunluce Castle.

The impression the Causeway gave me was that of a large pier or mole either in ruins or unfinished. It consists, indeed, of three piers projecting from the base of the cliff. The pillars, which are of a dark color, stand so close together that they seem to be united; and with their six, eight, and nine sides, bear every appearance of having been hewn out by human skill. It is not strange the tradition arose among the natives that the ancient giants once began to build a causeway across the channel, and were only prevented from completing the work by the irresistible valor of the Irish heroes, of whom this country has always been so prolific.

In the neighborhood of the Causeway are two caverns which admit small boats, and recall the famous Grotto of Capri, though they are on a much smaller scale. The roofs bear a striking resemblance to a Gothic aisle, as they form almost a regular pointed arch.

The Giant's Gateway and the Giant's Organ, both composed of basaltic columns, are seen behind us for some distance as we leave the Causeway.

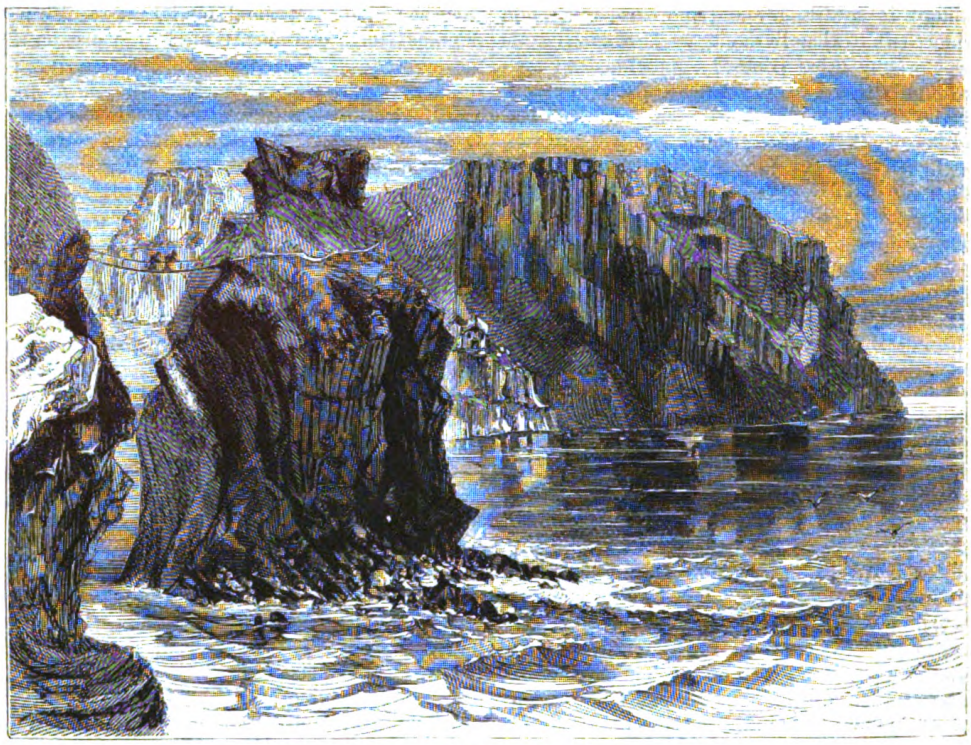
To the east is Sea-Gull Island, a broad, high rock, which takes its name from an immense number of gulls always upon or about it. I had often wondered on ocean voyages where all the gulls came from; but after visiting that island my wonderment ceased. From the thousands of birds there it must be at once the Mecca and the Eden of those tireless wanderers. The clamor of their cries can be heard at a long distance, and is so confused and varying one might think they were endeavoring to reconcile the irreconcilable differences between the Catholics and the Orangemen.

Not far from Sea-Gull Island is the remarkable promontory called the Pleaskin, which many persons, myself among the number, admire more than the Causeway itself. Its jutting rocks and picturesque cliffs give it the appearance of a vast rambling castle partially battered down after a fierce and protracted siege. In the vicinity, perched on a bleak and insulated rock, is Dunseverick Castle (a dreary ruin in the midst of an impressive and oppressive solitude), once the seat, I was told, of the powerful and warlike O'Kanes, a very distinguished family, whose descendants on both sides of the Atlantic seem to be unlimited. The basaltic island of Rathlin, six miles to seaward, is crowned with the ruins of a castle in which Robert Bruce is said to have taken refuge after his flight from Scotland nearly six centuries ago.

Passing Horseshoe Harbor we see in succession the peculiar-shaped rocks known as the Lion's Head, Bengore Head, the Twins, Four Sisters, the Giant's Pulpit, and the Giant's Granny—the last of which, to an active fancy, readily assumes the shape of an old woman in stone.

The road from the Causeway to Ballycastle passes a chasm sixty or seventy feet wide, separating the little rocky island of Carrick-a-Rede from the main land. Over this cavern, more than a hundred feet above the sea, is a footbridge formed of two cables about four feet apart to which rude planks are lashed, with hand-ropes at the side. I have known nervous persons to avoid making the passage of this bridge, so slight and insecure does it seem, particularly when the wind, very apt to blow thereabouts in violent gusts, sways the rude structure irregularly and even violently. There is really no danger, however, as I found by experience, and as I might have learned by observing the fishermen and peasants of the neighborhood, who cross and recross at all hours of the day and night, whatever the weather, often bearing

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CARRICK-A-REDE.

burdens much larger and heavier than themselves.

Near Ballycastle are the ruins of a fortress built by M'Donnell of Dunluce, as the tradition runs, more than two centuries ago. The fortress is on the summit of a high, rocky promontory overlooking the sea, and must have been very strong both for offensive and defensive purposes in the wild and warlike days when it obtained its renown.

All the north coast is grand, gloomy, and picturesque, abounding in beetling promontories, rugged cliffs, and rocky bays, which would furnish excellent means of escape for smugglers or pirates who understood the peculiarities of this dangerous coast.

The village of Cushendall, a few miles south of Tor Head, tradition reports to be the birthplace of Ossian, upon whose actual existence many of the Irish insist, and show exceeding impatience and irritability toward any one who undertakes to prove to them historically and logically that the great Gaelic Homer, as they style him, was purely a creation of M'Pherson.

In the North no less than in the South of Ireland I saw ruins of tombs and castles and churches that were associated with the names of famous heroes and warriors and saints I had never heard of. I was frequently told that I should make myself better acquainted with Irish history—something I have been trying to do for many years. The few histories of that peculiar country that I have found were so much like a combination of the "Chronicles of the Cid" and the "Adventures of Amadis of Gaul" that I could not distinguish facts or truths in such a twilight of fiction. I am afraid, too, that I lack the faith and enthusiasm necessary to a proper interpretation of the multitudinous legends with which the land is saturated. If any one wishes to know how hopelessly ignorant he is of many of the most extraordinary characters and events in the world, he should go to Ireland.

Londonderry, or Derry, as it is called over there, disappointed me, as it disappoints most persons, by reason of its activity and advancement. I had expected to find it an old and long-ago finished town, into which the spirit of progress had not entered. I supposed it something like Chester or Carlisle in England—interesting from its past history rather than from any relation it bore to the present or the future. I had quite forgotten its modern growth, and thought only of the old town within the walls which withstood the memorable siege of the forces of James II. Of late years it has improved very rapidly, the present population being little less than thirty thousand. Though a small place at the time of the famous siege, the then residents of Derry must have been extremely prolific—a natural inference from the fact that their descendants are to be found almost every where, and in particular abundance in our own country. In any of the States, North, South, East, or West, I have hardly met any one of Scotch-Irish extraction who has not told me some of his ancestors fought and displayed great

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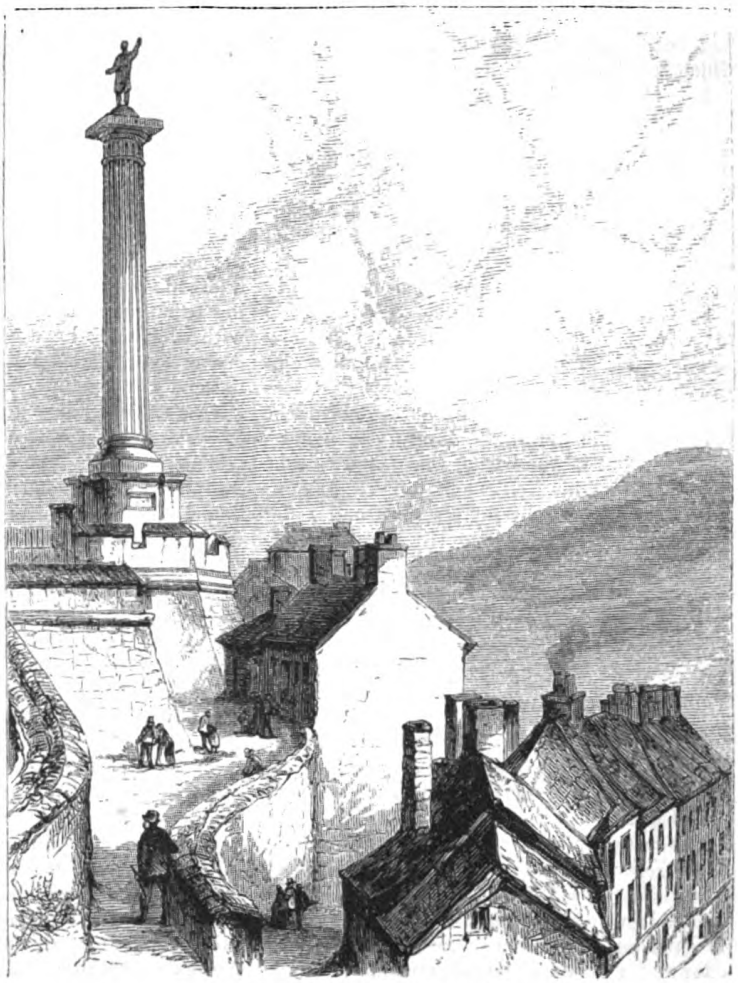
heroism at Londonderry. I forget the number of casualties on the side of the defenders; but they must have been few, inasmuch as so many survivors seem to have given their time and energy to the benefit of posterity. Derry's situation on a steep hill, not unlike that of Lisbon, is striking and picturesque from the right bank of the river (Foyle), though its abrupt ascents make riding tedious, and walking an exercise too energetic for quiet enjoyment. There, as every where else in Ireland, I heard a great deal of the antiquity of the town, an Augustinian abbey having been founded on the summit of the hill more than twelve centuries ago by a saintly architect called Columba.

In the sixteenth century Derry was made a military station; but a terrific explosion of gunpowder destroyed both the fort and the town, and nearly every body in them, and so filled the vicinity with horror that it was completely abandoned for more than forty years. Derry had just begun to prosper in a rehabilitated state when one of those amiable and apocryphal gentlemen for whom that region has been remarkable—he was of the fertile O'Doherty family—took possession of the fortifications and the town, reduced them to ashes, and butchered both the soldiers and the inhabitants, lest history might do him wrong by charging him with an ungenerous discrimination.

The old walls of Derry still remain, and like those of York have been converted into a promenade. The gates, destroyed at the siege of 1689, have been rebuilt, and that on the site of the one from which the heroic garrison made its first sortie is a triumphal arch in commemoration of the event, and bears the name of the Bishop's Gate. A Doric column, surmounted by a statue of the Rev. George Walker, celebrated for his defense of the town at the time of the siege, was erected in 1828, at a cost of £4200. In the centre of the city is the Diamond, a square from which the principal streets run at right angles toward the ancient gates. The episcopal palace stands where the old abbey is presumed to have been. The long narrow bridge over the Foyle, on the same plan as the bridges at Waterford and Wexford, is the work of an American architect named Cox, who also constructed the others. The scenery about Derry is pleasant enough, though not impressive. The Vale of Faughan makes pretensions to pictorial beauty, but the hills that form it are bleak, and the river flowing through it has little to awaken admiration.

Going south you pass through Drogheda, an ancient city with numerous ruins, more interesting to the professional antiquary than to the *poco-curante* traveler. It boasts of the remains of an Augustinian priory—founded by Saint Patrick, of course—a Carmelite convent of the reign of Edward I., a graceful tower of a Dominican abbey, and various ecclesiastic remains covered with ivy, tradition, and superstition.

I was urged to visit what were asserted to be the magnificent ruins at Mellifont and Monasterboise, but I unhesitatingly declined. There are throughout the country so many



WALKER'S PILLAR, LONDONDERRY.

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crumbling priories, shattered abbeys, mouldy round towers, each having its long and tedious story of stereotyped saints and wonderful warriors, all of whom seem to have been native kings, that I confess I grew rather weary of them.

My memory of all I heard in and about Drogheda is somewhat confused; but if I remember rightly, it was something of a town before Damascus was dreamed of. Antiquity, I repeat, is a striking peculiarity of every place in Ireland, which is represented to have been great and glorious before any other region was known. So overwhelmingly in love are the Hibernians with their country that I fancy in their secret hearts they believe it had an immortal history before the external and rather superfluous entity known as the Earth was created. It sounds like a jest, but I have actually been told by sons of the soil that greater poems than the "Iliad" or "Odyssey" were sung in the streets of their forgotten cities long before the era supposed to have given birth to Homer.

The Drogheda of to-day is wedded to fact and prose. It has numerous manufactories, and not a few tanneries, breweries, distilleries, and soap-works, the aroma from the last of which is neither classic nor salubrious.

I was persuaded to make an excursion to the battle-ground where William III. and the dethroned monarch James settled their dispute. A very voluble person gave me a glowing description of the fight, which differed materially from the historic accounts I had read. I understood him to say he was there himself; but as the battle was fought in 1690, and as he did not look to be more than one hundred and forty years old, I suppose that I failed to comprehend his dialect. One thing, however, I recall distinctly—that of all the English, Dutch, Flemish, French, Scotch, and Irish soldiers who were present, the Irish did all the hard, indeed, the only creditable fighting. James was beaten, somehow, but it was because he failed to take the counsel of his Celtic adherents. At least I was so informed by my cicerone, and I felt unwilling to doubt the authority of an individual so supernaturally learned.

To those interested in localities associated with eminent men it may be worth while to visit Dangan Castle, near Trim, the early home and, as many assert, the birth-place of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. The Irish feel great satisfaction in claiming Wellington, and not infrequently say that if it had not been for one of their countrymen Napoleon Bonaparte would have obliterated England from the map of Europe.

The castle is a massive, inharmonious, gloomy structure, and the bedroom reputed to have been occupied by the Duke is cheerless and dreary enough to have given him the nightmare. There was nothing interesting or lovable in his character; he was simply strong, stubborn, and dutiful; and if he remained very long in that old



DANGAN CASTLE.

pile, it would not be strange if some of its coldness and its shadow crept into his inflexible soul.

If I had not understood the enthusiasm of the Milesian mind, and the radiant colors with which it invests all it loves, I should have expected to find in Dublin a city of wondrous splendor and inexpressible charm. How often have I listened to eulogies of the Irish capital from the lips of its rhetorical sons and daughters, until, taking counsel of my fancy instead of my reason, it shone upon me from afar like a divine dwelling-place, whither weary and beauty-starved souls might be permitted, as a recompense for sufferings past, to journey and be blessed!

It is almost superfluous to state that any such dazzling preconceptions failed to be realized on the banks of the Liffey. The great thoroughfare, Sackville Street, is broad but not imposing, owing to an architectural lack of correspondence with what must have been its original plan of laying out. Though Dublin is neither a commercial nor a manufacturing city, its buildings have that worn and dingy look which marks towns entirely given over to trade. The Liffey (its full name is Anna Liffey) divides the city into nearly equal parts, is spanned by eight homely bridges, and is little more inviting or fragrant than a Dutch canal. At low tide the river reveals the same lamentable lack of water that distinguishes the Arno in summer, and during the warm months affects the atmosphere in a way that but faintly recalls the orange groves of Sicily or the rose gardens of Cashmere.

Sackville Street, which is quite short, will appear to more advantage when the Carlisle Bridge, connecting it with Westmoreland Street, is replaced with a new and finer one, and such improvements are made as will render Grafton, Westmoreland, and Sackville a uniform and continuous thoroughfare. Unfortunately Dublin has very little of the spirit of public enterprise, which grows out of material prosperity and faith in the future. One hears complaints every where of mercantile dullness and commercial stagnation, and there seems no hope of a change for the better. The capital grows, it

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is said, but rather, I suspect, by the force that inheres in large cities than by any of the ordinary causes contributing to prosperity. The Nelson column, almost the only object that fixes the eye in Sackville Street, is a granite shaft one hundred and twenty feet high without the statue surmounting it, and ugly enough to have been made and erected in New York.



NELSON MONUMENT, SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

The much-praised public buildings of the city, the University, the Bank of Ireland, the Four Courts, the Castle, the National Gallery, Saint Patrick's Cathedral, Christ Church, the General Post-office, and others, are much inferior to their reputation, and very soon disposed of. The manufacture of poplin, almost the only one the city has left, has shown some symptoms of revival recently, but bears no comparison to what it once was, having at its height, it is said, given employment to thirty thousand persons.

Dublin University, or Trinity College, proved to me the pleasantest and most interesting object in the city. The buildings are rambling and inharmonious; but they are well preserved; and the park and grounds are handsomely and tastefully laid out. The University was founded by Queen Elizabeth as early as 1591, and still has a wide reputation as a seat of learning, though it has materially declined during the present century. It has been much impressed upon my mind from the fact that I have never known a freshly imported Irishman seeking a journalistic position in New York who had not graduated there with the highest honors. Indeed, two of the phenomena that almost invariably mark the expatriated Hibernian who understands the mysteries of his own autograph are, so far as my observation extends, that he has received his degree at Trinity, and been on the staff of the London *Times*. Presuming that the University, among other branches, instructs its students in the art of writing tolerable English, and holds no prejudice against beginning the name of the Deity with what printers term an upper-case letter, I have sometimes been inclined to doubt the correctness of the memory of the self-declared alumni of the Dublin University. But on reflection I have concluded that, as often happens in colleges, so much time may have been devoted to advanced studies that the rudiments have been either forgotten or neglected.

The buildings of Trinity consist of three spacious quadrangles, comprising library, museum, observatory, printing-office, and the quarters of the students, numbering during the past year fifteen or sixteen hundred. The library has a number of valuable manuscripts; among others were pointed out to me a copy of the Brehon Laws and the Book of Kells (whatever they may be), and not a few of questionable authenticity. In the museum is a harp purporting to have been the property of Brian Boru or Boroihme, the most famed of the native kings—a thorough Drawcansir in prowess—from whom seven-eighths of all the Irish now living are lineally descended. Brian was a most extraordinary warrior, altogether superior to Alexander or Cæsar or Napoleon, and no doubt, but for a mortal wound at Clontarf,

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nearly eleven centuries ago, would have conquered the whole of the then known world.

Saint Patrick's Cathedral, for its present condition, is indebted to the liberality of the wealthy brewer Guinness, who is reported to have spent nearly £200,000 in its restoration. In the choir, where hang the tattered banners of the Knights of Saint Patrick, are the tombs of Jonathan Swift and Hester Johnson, the tender-souled and deeply wronged Stella, whom the ecclesiastic brute made famous in his verse. It was like Swift, while writing of her affectionately to treat her shamefully. His relations with Stella and Vanessa, and other good but over-sentimental creatures, seem to corroborate the cynical notion that the worse men treat women the better they are loved. The present church is said to occupy the site of the ancient one, where the always-to-be-heard-of Saint Patrick preached to the citizens. There, we are told, pagan rites were performed, and there, too, was the well from which the saint baptized the king and his newly converted subjects. The service held in Saint Patrick's has long been that of the Established Church; but still the ignorant and superstitious Catholics who dwell in extreme squalor and poverty in the immediate neighborhood regard the spot with great reverence, and mourn its "desecration" much more than any misfortune of their own.

Glasnevin, in the northern suburbs, is an attractive cemetery, because it is the burial-place of Hogan the sculptor, Curran, O'Connell, and many other celebrated Irishmen. Curran's tomb, in the form of a sarcophagus, is a copy of an ancient monument, and O'Connell's is surmounted by a column one hundred and seventy feet high, after the model of the famous round towers on the coast of Ireland, whose use and purpose have so sorely puzzled antiquarians. Several executed Fenians lie there, with columns raised to their memory by those who regard them in the light of martyrs. I have seen much emotion displayed by persons who visited the cemetery only to contemplate the Fenian monuments, and who repeated the "God bless Ireland" inscribed upon the shafts with a fervor indicating the belief that the invocation would be one day answered.



MONUMENT TO DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Few readers of Irish novels but have made acquaintance with the Phœnix (or, as it is called by the ordinary autochthons, Phaneex) Park, which is to Dublin what the Common was to Boston, or the Central Park is to New York. Lever and Lover have introduced the Phœnix into so many of their romances that it is difficult to conceive how an Irish story having any relation to society could be completed without its assistance. When dueling was the fashion hot-blooded Hibernians had their hostile meetings there, and numerous localities are pointed out where hair-triggers were brought into requisition. It is stated that one, two, and even three duels a week were not uncommon in the Park during a long period of years. The provocation was usually given over wine at night, and such was the testy temper of the gentlemen of the time that they were never satisfied to take breakfast before they had exchanged shots. A more pugnacious race than the Irish never lived; and forty or fifty years ago a man was hardly considered a genuine gentleman and a worthy member of fashionable society who had not been "out" at least once. In that day to be a three-bottle man, and to have been a principal in several duels, was a badge of distinction which the possession of all the virtues and the practice of every benevolence would not have conferred. The Irish have always seemed to me to be the only people who really enjoyed fighting. Other nations fight on principle, from pride, and from various causes antagonistic to inclination; but the Hibernians appear to have a natural love for physical as well as mental strife. They are like the irascible French colonel in the play, whose affection was best secured by a passage at arms.

One of the few Irishmen who have refused a belligerent opportunity was Daniel O'Connell. It will be remembered, on a certain occasion when he and Disraeli were bitterly opposed to each other in the House of Commons, that the great agitator, in reply to a very sarcastic speech from his political adversary, thus retorted: "If we could trace the lineage of the honorable gentleman who has so violently espoused the cause of injustice and oppression, dear to his perfidious heart, we should find him a direct descendant of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross."

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This caustic expression so stung the author of "Lothair," who had always prided himself upon his withering power of sarcasm, that he lost no time in sending O'Connell a challenge, thereby confessing that he had been beaten with his own weapons. The eminent repealer declined the cartel, giving as a reason that, having killed one man in a duel, he had registered an oath in heaven he would never take part in another affair of honor.



THE JAUNTING-CAR.

The Phœnix Park is really an ornament to Dublin, few cities having so fine an expanse of wood and water, hill and dale. And its seventeen or eighteen hundred acres have been so carefully cultivated and adorned that it deserves to be considered one of the noblest specimens of public grounds in the British Isles. The sick and invalid soldiers of the Royal Infirmary may be seen on fine days crawling or limping about in the sunshine as you enter the principal gates from Parkgate Street, or stopping to look at the Wellington Monument opposite, which has been materially improved of late, without redemption, however, from original deformities. The bass-reliefs at the base, commemorating the siege of Seringapatam, by Kirk, the battle of Waterloo, by Farrell, and the signing of Catholic Emancipation, are its best features, and not without credit artistically. The Park receives its name from a column of thirty feet surmounted by a phenix, which was erected by the Earl of Chesterfield while occupying the position of Lord Lieutenant. On what is known as the "Fifteen Acres" the reviews and sham-fights are held, which the Dublinites both of high and low degree profoundly delight in. The town seems to empty itself on such occasions, which are thorough gala days. The fashion, the wealth, and the culture, no less than the humility, the poverty, and the ignorance, of the capital go there then in an indiscriminate crowd; and jeweled fingers and embroidered handkerchiefs are commingled with soiled hands and nondescript head-coverings after the manner of an ideal democracy.

From the Knockmaroon gate an excellent view is had of the Liffey, flowing at the foot of high and fertile slopes devoted to the cultivation of strawberries; and the public road winding along the river, and studded with strawberry stalls and strawberry markets. During the season a walk or ride or drive to that quarter, to take tea, hot cake, and strawberries, is one of the established recreations and recognized proper things to do among the best people of Dublin. But a visit to the "Beds," as they are called, is not confined to the fashionable. Every one who can raise two or three shillings mounts a jaunting-car, that peculiar vehicle of Ireland, and drives there after sundown in the exuberant spirits characteristic of the nation. The jaunting-car, which seems to strangers so awkward and grotesque, is well adapted to the country, and typifies the character of the people. Such a rumbling, tumbling, breakneck means of transportation could not have been conceived any where else. Its driver perched upon a narrow seat in front, like a ruminating bird upon the sole limb of a blasted tree—its two wheels, the seats on the sides directly over them—its rattling, bouncing motion, as inimical to gravity as to dyspepsia, present a comical and contagiously exhilarating spectacle that it is hard to resist. To retain either dignity or serious reflection while riding about in that style is simply impossible. The Archbishop of Canterbury himself, the impersonation of consequential solemnity, would relax and even become jocose after a few miles of such grotesque traveling. On a jaunting-car a man is shaken up mentally as well as corporeally, and catches the spirit of merriment and fun that forms so great a part of the Hibernian nature. It is not strange the people bear adversity so lightly, and jest and dance and sing in the midst of penury, and in the face of starvation, when they go bobbing and bounding through life on the side of a jaunting-car.

Dublin has large private wealth, but at the same time more poverty in proportion to its population than any city in the United Kingdom. Out of nearly 300,000 inhabitants, one-eighth are said to be paupers, and one-quarter to be chronic sufferers from extreme poverty. The Irish are too light-hearted and improvident to provide for the future; yet most of them are glad to work when they have the opportunity. But there is no employment for a large number of the people, who, with a sort of

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feline instinct, attach themselves to places regardless of surroundings. And then their fondness for relatives and friends is such that nothing but the extremest need and the prospect of an early funeral will drive them from the familiar scenes which appear to have become endeared to them only through suffering.

The passage of the Union act is thought to have injured Dublin beyond recovery, by depriving it of a resident nobility, a large body of influential commoners, and all the dignity and importance of a city at once the seat of government and the capital of an independent kingdom. The spaciousness of the Custom-house seems to show this; for when it was begun in 1781 magnificent ideas were entertained of the future prosperity, financial and commercial, of the country.

I don't think I have ever witnessed such destitution and poverty as in the southwest portion of the city, known as the Liberties, particularly in the neighborhood of Saint Patrick's Cathedral. I had grown accustomed to wretchedness and squalor by roaming about Blackwall and other such localities in London, but I found that Patrick Street, Black Lane, and other miserable and feculent quarters of the Irish capital could not be visited without an instinctive shrinking and shudder. Such heaps of rags, such excessive filth, such complete surrender to the lowest animalism, such absolute abandonment of all ambition and aspiration, I have never observed in the human species. The Five Points and Saint Giles's in their worst days were cheerful, even inviting, compared to the overwhelmingly repulsive want and misery of Dublin's outcasts. The chief cause of their woe is, of course, intemperance—the prolific parent at once of poverty and crime, especially in Southern Ireland. Beside decayed and noisome habitations, in which body and mind suffocate, is the ever-present spirit-shop, where hideous creatures, no longer men and women, buy, in hope of oblivion, new depravity and deeper damnation.

I should imagine such wretches would be as desperate in mind as in circumstances; but they are not. They indulge in chaff and humor that seem as incongruous as dance-music in a charnel-house. This inextinguishable elasticity of mind under the most distressing and depressing phases is a phenomenon of the Irish character I am unable to understand. With superabundant causes for losing faith in themselves and every body else, with quite enough to insure the ruin of every earthly expectation, the Irish are probably as contented a nation as any on the sphere. Nothing damps their ardor, nothing chills their spirit, nothing can take away their unconquerable hope. Behind fortune's darkest frown they detect a smile, and when her buffets strike them to the earth, they leap up jubilant, and instinctively fall into the dancing of a jig. Life at its darkest is a very rigadoon to them. When other people drown and hang themselves the mercurial Hibernian borrows a pipe, whistles defiance at fate, and believes undoubtingly in a brighter to-morrow. I have noticed more genuine gayety and overbubbling enjoyment among a dozen Irishmen, without a penny in their pockets, or the prospect of getting one, than in a company of rarely fortunate Americans with a broad back-ground of blessings, who labored under the delusion that they were supremely happy.

Dublin is famous for its hospitality, and deservedly. I question if any city on the globe is a more cordial and liberal entertainer. Those of its citizens who are in good circumstances regard hospitality as one of the highest of social virtues. They feel a generous rivalry in outdoing each other in the cause, and they interpret literally the phrase that one can not do enough for his friends.

We are accustomed to regard hospitality from a sentimental point of view; but I am afraid sober reason will compel us to admit that it springs from a species of refined selfishness. To be hospitable we must have large leisure and abundant means, a certain amount of vanity and love of approbation. These are even more necessary than sympathy, warmth of feeling, and kindness of heart. The Dublinites possess all of these. There is no particular demand upon their time, and no duty is so serious that it can not be set aside in friendship's service. They experience unalloyed pleasure in contributing to the pleasure of others, and have the happy mixture of self-consciousness and benevolence that finds gratification in the flattered and enlightened egotism which passes in the world under the name of gratitude. Most strangers who make acquaintances in Dublin, whatever their first impression of the city, come away with the conviction that it is delightful. They see the place through the pleasant people they have met, and their remembrance of manifold favors puts a glamour on their eyes. I had heard so much of the hospitality of the town that, having a fondness for seeing and doing things alone, and feeling an inclination not to spend more than a year in Ireland, I was afraid to deliver the letters of introduction with which I had been kindly furnished.

The theatre furnishes opportunity for the study of some of the peculiar traits of Irish character, the minor theatres and the gallery being the best for the purpose, as cultivated and successful persons are usually conventional and uniform in conduct all the world over.

I went to the play-house whenever convenient in all the cities large enough to support one, and never neglected during the evening to ascend to the region of the gods. The common people have little liking for what is known as the legitimate drama; but they fairly revel in sensational melodrama, particularly where their impossible countrymen, with whom our stage has made us so familiar, perform prodigies of absurdity and valor. Such productions reveal their intense, impressible, and emotional

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IN THE GALLERY AT THE THEATRE.

nature in a very remarkable way. The mimic show is like a reality to them, and they display as much feeling over the counterfeited passions as if they were burning inspirations.

The Irish drama there is in no manner different from what it is here. It has the same brave, blundering, swaggering, joking, gallant, ultra-patriotic heroes, who love women and the bottle as they detest tyranny and the Saxon, and who always extricate themselves at the end from innumerable difficulties, and declaim about the glory of Ireland as the curtain descends to the music of some national air. There is always, of course, the unvarying British spy whom the Irish are perpetually discovering in their most secret councils, and in all their convocations, wherever their lot may be cast. He turns up as regularly on the Cork, Dublin, and Limerick stage as he does in ward meetings and Fenian circles on this side of the Atlantic. Whenever he appears he is hissed and hooted at as if he were a veritable culprit, and I have seen apples and oranges hurled at him when he happened to play his part with any degree of excellence. I was informed that one of the company of the Cork theatre, usually cast for the character of informer, became so odious to the impetuous and unreasoning public that he was compelled one night to jump into the river to escape from an infuriated mob.

The gallery audiences laugh and weep and roar and swear over what they witness on the stage, and go into such ecstasies of sympathy, indignation, and choler as would not be possible to the most excitable throng at the Théâtre Beaumarchais or the Funambules. The fact that the dramas always violate both history and probability adds to their charm for the ingenuous and impassioned people. In spite of the valor and the virtues of the latter they have neither nationality nor independence, and in the strict distribution of poetic justice at the conclusion of the performance they have the compensation through the imagination that stern and stubborn circumstance denies to them in the larger theatre of life.

Of the wit and humor of the Irish no one who sees them on their native soil can doubt. They are the only peasantry in Europe who can lay any claim to qualities that are usually reckoned intellectual. They have more of the mental attributes of Shakspeare's clowns—the least natural of his wonderful creations—than any living mortals unblest of education. The English, Scotch, German, Italian, and even French peasants are the veriest clods in comparison with the Irish, who say bright and sharp things without effort or premeditation. Their ready wit and power of repartee are extraordinary, and improve as one journeys toward the south. I have frequently heard scintillations from "gorsoons" and porters and car-drivers that would have been applauded in the Academy, and have created envy in the most exclusive drawing-rooms. They never lack for a word or a phrase, and have a verbal knack of getting out of a quandary peculiarly their own, as respects both the knack and the quandary. It is

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a common saw over there that an Irishman has the privilege of speaking twice; and I can see the justice of it. He first makes a blunder, as if by design, and then renders the blunder bright by illuminating it with a joke.

I remember a colloquy like this in Sackville Street between an English tourist and a car-driver:

"I say, Pat, what are those figures up there?"

"An' shure, yer honor, thim's the twilve apos'les."

"Twelve apostles, indeed! Why, there are only four."

"Och now, ye wouldn't have thim all out at once, would ye? That's the posht-office, and the rist is inside, yer honor, sortin' letthers."

Driving through County Wicklow, and commenting on what seemed to be the irregularity of the mile-stones, my carman remarked:

"Be gorrah, an' they're not mile-stones at all at all. This is a grave-yaird of the Miles family, an' there was so miny of thim, ye see, they hadn't names for thim all, an' so they numbered thim, an' buried thim wheriver they could find a good shpot." And his eye twinklingly inquired if the conceit were not good enough for a drink of whisky at the first halting-place.

Giving a bar-maid a crown at Limerick for a mug of ale, the price of which was but threepence, she smiled all over her face, and said:

"An' may yer worship niver wahnt for a pound until I give ye the change; and I wish ye sich luck that I know ye wouldn't be afther askin' for a pinny of it."



"THE RIST IS INSIDE, YER HONOR, SORTIN' LETTHERS."

Annoyed by a strapping girl, who insisted on acting as guide at the Gap of Dunloe, I gave her a shilling on condition that she would follow me no further. Before I had gone another mile she reappeared, when I reminded her of her promise.

"Will," she replied, "I losht the shillin' that ye was so goohd as to give a poor gurl the likes o' me; and I thought I'd come back to see if ye hadn't just found it."

Of course I handed her another, with the words, "You know, Norah, you are not telling the truth, but this time you must keep your word."

"An' will ye make a poor gurl who's losht her heart to ye confess in yer virry face that she's run two miles over dese rough rocks to git anuther look at yer han'som' eyes?"

A porter at a Galway hotel had with much trouble prevented an American's trunk from going to Belfast instead of Queenstown, and the owner rewarded him with a sovereign. The shrewd fellow held the coin rapturously in his hand a few moments, and then said to the gentleman, "Haven't ye a bit o' shilver about ye? Ye wouldn't have me shpendin' the likes of this bayutiful gould to drink yer health wid? Give me a shillin', yer honor, and I'll kape this to remimber ye by."

In the Valley of Glendalough a native, peering out from one of the ruins of the tiny Seven Churches, accosted a guide with, "Dinnis, did ye come here thinkin' they was sayin' mass this mornin'?"

"I might have belaved so, ye spalpeen, if I hadn't sane the divil lookin' out of the windy."

"What makes your horse so slow?" I asked one day in the Glen of the Downs of my Celtic Jehu.

"It's out of respict to the bayutiful sanery, yer honor; he wants ye to see it all. An' thin he's an intilligent baste, and appraciates good company, an' wants to kape the likes o' ye in beloved ould Ireland as long as he kin."

Experience taught me that if I made complaint it was altogether useless to try to get an answer unflavored with what the natives term "deludherin' blarney." Such fulsome and transparent flattery as the Irish persist in pouring out upon you soon grows extremely irksome, and none the less so when you know it is expected every honeyed falsehood will be paid for in proportion to its sweetening.

A visit to Ireland is considered incomplete unless the visitor take at least a run through County Wicklow, called the Switzerland of Ireland. Wicklow is lauded to the extreme of hyperbole from Belfast to Cork, and its praises are sounded far and wide in England. Americans who put trust in the highly colored accounts that may be given them will fail to realize their expectations. The English, whose country is little more than a highly cultivated cabbage-garden, think any land superior to their own in variety or picturesqueness wonderful to behold. So they rave about Wales and Scot-

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land and Ireland, when travelers of experience find them somewhat tame. They who are acquainted with Italy and Switzerland will be apt to underrate Ireland, because it is revealed to them after much finer and grander scenery has become familiar. Wicklow should not be named in the same year with the Zermatt Valley or the Bernese Oberland.

The Scalp is an attractive rocky defile, originating no doubt in some convulsion of nature; and the Dargle, a popular place of resort, especially for picnic parties, presents many inducements for ramble and rest. The river rushing through the rocky defile makes welcome music in the summer, and the ever-green oaks, very abundant there, give grateful shade.

Bray is an agreeable sojourning place, and is liberally patronized by the Dublinites. Two or three good hotels are there, the largest of which was built by an Irishman who came to this country and made a fortune in a few years. Returning home, he was so affected by his prosperity that he laid siege to a distillery in the neighborhood, and was compelled to raise the siege on account of a summons to attend his own funeral.

One or two waterfalls that give variety to the neighborhood of Bray lack nothing but water to render them attractive.

The Devil's Glen, near Newrath, is about a mile in length, and traversed by the river Vartry, which sparkles and foams over the rocks in a mildly romantic manner.

The Vale of Avoca, which Moore's verse has made famous, has not the beauty the poet painted. The renowned Meeting of the Waters, or rather Meetings of the Waters, for there are two, Moore also sang into reputation. The proper one is formed by the confluence of two rivers, the Avonbeg and the Avonmore, in a pleasant valley guarded by handsome hills. The exact spot where Moore wrote his lyric is marked by a slab and a group of evergreens. Sentimental eyes have moistened over the slab, and sensitive beings have throbbed with romantic emotions at the thought of the real presence of the Meeting of the Waters, whether they stood before one or the other of the aqueous conventions. There was a fierce contention as to which of the locations the bard intended to celebrate, until he, in a gush of candor, admitted he did not know himself, and that he composed his poem in a library miles away from the scenes that suggested his subject.

It is unkind to dash sentiment in this way; but persons who, in Mr. Swiveller's rhetoric, insist on dropping the briny at Tasso's prison and Juliet's tomb, in Ferrara and Verona, when the bard never saw the former, and the latter is known to have been a horse-trough, must be set right for the vindication of history, and in defense of the lachrymal ducts.

Many bits of unknown scenery on this side of the Atlantic are far superior to the Vale of Avoca, or the "exquisitely beautiful Avondale."

Not far from Aughrim is the far-famed Shillelagh Wood, part of the estate of the Earl of Fitzwilliam, which furnishes the national weapon the Green Islander is so enamored of. It is the Irishman's logic—he calls its use an argument with sticks—and he applies it alike to his friends and his foes. "Arrah, now," said a sturdy fellow to me, "we had a daliteful toime doon in the glin yonder. We all had our sthicks wid us, and, be gorrah, I knocked down six of my frinds in less than a minute. It was foine fun, yer honor, and ye'd a bin glahd to be theer."

Strange as it may seem to the descendants of Irish kings, I did not regret my absence; for I have that anti-Hibernian idiosyncrasy which makes pleasure possible without the introduction of a cudgel or a broken crown.

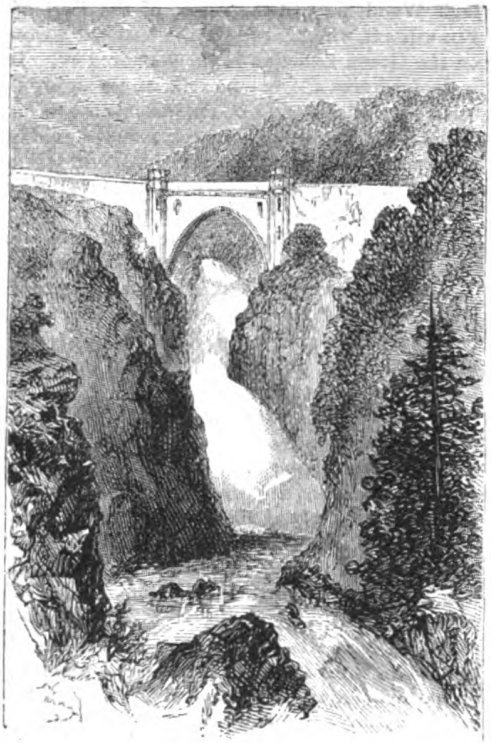
In the Valley of Glendalough, whose surrounding mountains are precipitous and peculiar in shape, resembling huge rocks, are the Seven Churches, called the Cathedral, the Abbey, Trinity, Our Lady's, the Rhefeart, and Teampule-na-Skillig, curious as specimens of early ecclesiastic architecture. Glendalough looks like fine landscape seen through an inverted telescope, so small and dainty is it. The valley must originally have been tenanted by fairies of the Pease-blossom and Mustard-seed pattern, for no congregations composed of beings of a larger stature could have crowded into the tiny churches. One average well-fed Englishman would fill all the space the Cathedral could ever have contained, and any modern belle who desired to attend service in Trinity would have been obliged to leave much of her raiment outside.

The two lakes are pretty pools, belonging to such wild and stormy bodies of water as are seen in the Central Park. In the steep, craggy face of the mountain, some thirty feet above the lake, is a small cave known as Saint Kevin's Bed. Saint Kevin, it seems, was an anchorite of such ferocious pudicity that he hurled the beautiful Kathleen, who came to keep him company, into the lake below—a story that needs confirmation, and which women potently disbelieve.

Some seven miles from Rathdrum is Glenmalure, a wild pass, so quiet and solitary that, if divorced from society and wedded to nature, I might be glad to dwell there. Several cascades are scattered through the vicinity, the most noticeable of which is Phoula-phouca, formed by the fall of the Liffey after passing through the Glen of Kippure. The waters glide in stillness to the verge of the fall, and then plunge by a series of cataracts—always provided the river is in proper condition—into the gulf below. This is one of the most famous cascades in Ireland; but it bears no more comparison to the Giessbach in Switzerland than the Passaic Falls to Niagara. Persons wishing quietude and gentle sensations can find them in Wicklow; but they should seek them there before making acquaintance with the Continent.

Taking the Midland Great Western Railway to Galway one passes through an interesting

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PHOULA-PHOUCA.

region of country. He has a good view of the ivy-mantled towers of Leixlip Castle, and can, if he choose, stop to look at the Salmon Leap in the Liffey. Maynooth, with its college and castle, the ruined walls of Castle Carbury, and the hill of Carbury, the scene of numerous encounters between the Irish and Anglo-Normans, are also on the route. Pagan remains, as they are christened, and decayed villages are scattered along the line. Ballinasloe, remarkable for its great cattle-fairs, and attended by people from all parts of Europe, is one of the stations. The mountains of Connemara are visible from the railway, with the usual proportion of demolished castles and obsolete abbeys.

At last one reaches Galway, the capital of the West, and, in point of population (it has some 20,000), the fifth city in Ireland. A few years ago it was supposed that Galway would become an important commercial point; but the failure of the Lever line of steam-packets, running between there and New York, destroyed all hope of its commercial consequence. It is insisted that it is the nearest point to the American coast; that it has superior advantages to any port in Great Britain; and the withdrawal of the steamers is ascribed by the Irish, as are most of their misfortunes, to British prejudice and British gold.

Galway had an active commerce, chiefly with Spain, until the middle of the seventeenth century, and so great was the intercommunication between the two nations that traces of Spanish blood, costume, and architecture are still visible in the declining town. The wide entries, broad staircases, and arched gateways often recalled Cadiz, Malaga, and Seville; and the sculptured and grotesque adornments on the outside of the buildings had the Moorish aspect that I remember in Valencia and Granada. Lynch's Castle—the large warehouse in Shop Street is so denominated—looks decidedly Spanish with its front of quaint and curious carvings, and might have been transported from the ancient quarters of Antwerp. Many of the inhabitants, particularly the women of the lower order, have the dark eyes, dark hair, and dark complexion that belong to the more southern races, leaving little room to doubt that the Celtic blood of Hispania and Hibernia now flows in the same veins. That like seeks like is said to have been very frequently shown, nearly two centuries ago, by the mutual attraction existing between the Spanish merchants and the Irish women. In some instances I saw the black eyes and golden hair which Titian, Correggio, and Guido so loved to paint, and which was regarded in their time as the ideal type especially of Venetian beauty. The Galway women I encountered were of the humbler classes; and, though not without a kind of coarse comeliness, did not suggest the pictures of the Academy or the Ducal Palace. Their garments were rather southern, both in scantiness and color. They are very fond of red petticoats, descending to a few inches above the ankle, and of wearing black and blue cloaks, which they throw over the head, as if they had an instinct to imitate the mantilla. Shoes and stockings are unattainable luxuries with them, and as they are not fanatical in respect to personal tidiness, they lose some of the picturesque effects they might have if made immaculate and transferred to canvas.

The Claddagh, the fishers' quarter near the harbor, is one of the attractions of Galway. The people inhabiting and called after the quarter are curious and peculiar in all respects. Like the denizens of New Haven near Edinburgh, the natives of the Basque provinces in Spain, and the gipsies every where, they preserve their own customs and individuality, and very rarely intermarry with any other people. Without education, or any of the refinements of modern life, they are far less turbulent and refractory than the natives of Connaught generally. They have an elected chief, whom they call king, and to him they refer all differences and disputes, so that they are enabled to get along without the dissentious assistance of lawyers. Personal quarrels and collisions are said to be almost unknown among the Claddagh, and this is strong presumptive evidence that they are a separate race from the Irish.

Fairs in Ireland are not what they once were. The palmy days of Donnybrook, with its head-breaking and general "shindies," have departed, and seem to be regarded by a large part of the peasantry of Munster and Leinster as the surest indications of the national decay. The people as they really are are still seen to the best advantage at the county fairs, which

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are the gala days of the commonalty. The greatest interest is taken in them. Every body goes to the fairs; and it is not unusual for the peasantry to walk twenty-five or thirty miles for the pleasure of being present. They meet there their friends and acquaintances, many of whom they see nowhere else; so that a fair is a democratic reunion of all persons who have any thing in common. The high animal spirits of the Irish are strikingly revealed at these annual gatherings. They chat and laugh, dance and drink, make love and make merry, not omitting a little fighting, of course for the sake of variety, with the most restless and perfect abandon. An Irish peasant, with a shilling in his pocket, and two or three drinks under his jacket, smoking a pipe before the booth of a fair, seems to be the lightest-hearted, most devil-may-care creature on the planet.

From Galway to Limerick is a short ride. Limerick, with its 55,000 souls, ranks as the fourth Irish city in population and importance, and has of late years improved materially. King John's Castle, built by that monarch as a defense against the Irish, has seven massive towers connected by walls of immense thickness, and bears traces of the hard sieges it has sustained. The Cathedral is noted for its sweet-toned peal of bells, of which a story is told: The bells were cast by an Italian, and placed in the campanile of a convent in Florence. He had put his heart into his work, and believed his bells the most melodious in the world. During the wars between Francis I. and Charles V. he lost all his sons, and his wife soon after dying from excess of grief, the Italian went to Mantua, and during his absence the bells were carried off. When he returned and found them gone he was heart-broken, for they were then his only consolation. He determined to wander over the earth until he recovered them; and so, staff in hand, he set out upon his almost hopeless pilgrimage. One summer day after sunset, in 1559, as the tale is told, a gray-haired man was seen in a boat on the Shannon. Listless and despondent, he took no notice of any thing until the bells of the Cathedral pealed out on the soft evening air. He was young again. He recognized his long-lost and long-sought bells; and lifting his hands in gratitude to Heaven, his soul went forth with a prayer on his lips.

Limerick, as every one knows, is famous for its lace—a fact every stranger discovers from the constant importunities to buy, whether in or out of doors. It is cheap, but being made of cotton, it is not liked in this country, and bears no comparison to the delicate linen fabrics of France and Belgium. They say there that it has often been exported, returned from Mechlin, and sold at four times the price it originally cost at home—a good but highly improbable story.

Limerick enjoys with Dublin the reputation of having the prettiest women in Ireland. It would not be supposed from most of the specimens we see here that beauty was given in any dangerous degree to the daughters of Erin; but among the cultivated and better classes in Leinster and Connaught many of the women have a delicacy and regularity of feature that make good their claim to personal loveliness. Not a few of the Irish of the opposite sex look like Italians or Spaniards; but the finest type has large gray or light hazel eyes, brown hair, rather pale complexions, oval faces, and lithe figures, with a grace and vivacity of manner which, to my mind, are more American than foreign.

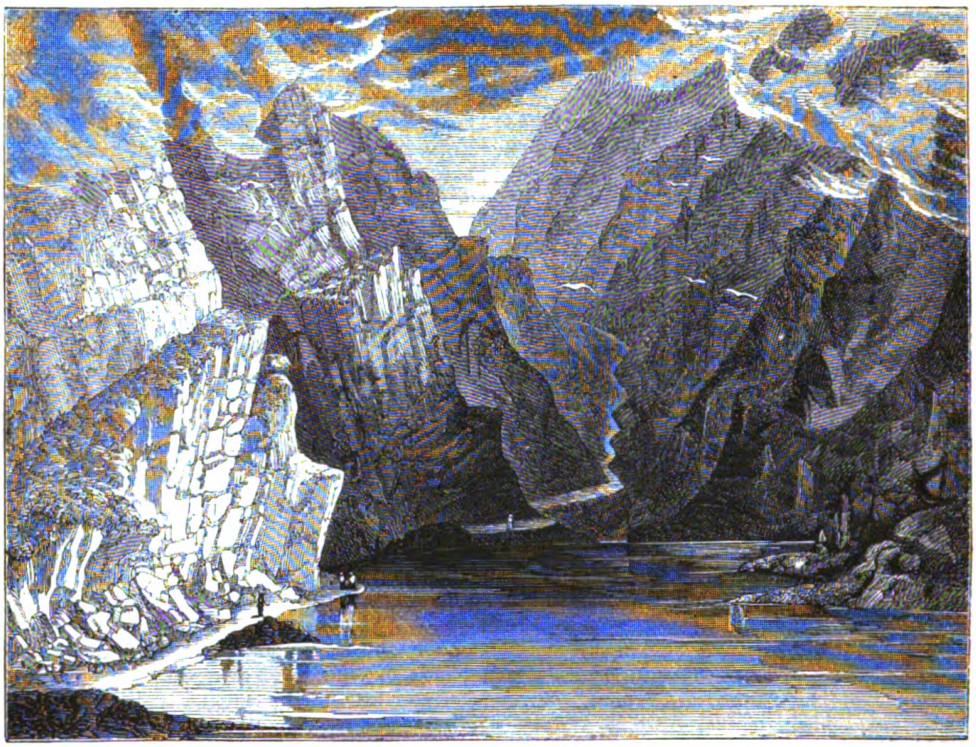
Poor Lola Montez was a native of Limerick, with a dash of Spanish blood, it is said. Persons still living in that city say they remember her girlhood, and speak of her beauty and kindness of heart as something not to be forgotten.

The Lakes of Killarney are the central attraction of Ireland. No one would think of setting foot on the Green Isle without "doing" the Lakes. They are to that country, in respect of interest, what Paris is to France, or Rome to Italy.

The common way of seeing Ireland is to land at Queenstown, dash by Cork to the Lakes, spend a day there, and then whirl through Munster and Leinster to Dublin; and, after a few glimpses at the capital, cross the Irish Sea for London. Either this or reversing the route, and taking ship at Queenstown, bound home.

Three days at least are needed to visit the Lakes properly, and five or six may be well spent upon them. If you have made your virgin journey abroad intending to make a regular tour, go to Killarney first, or, at least, before you go over to the Continent. The Irish lakes are finer than the Scotch, and immeasurably superior to the English; but after you have become acquainted with the lakes of Northern Italy and Switzerland, the beautiful bodies of water in County Kerry will be much less than your fancy has imaged them. There are three lakes of Killarney—the Upper, Middle, and Lower, though the second is rarely counted or regarded as distinct from the Lower. Familiarity with Como, Maggiore, Geneva, Lucerne, Thun, Brienz, Zurich, and the other Continental lakes dampened any enthusiasm I might have had for those of Kerry. Still I did every thing that was to be done in and about them as faithfully as if I had never seen a bit of water larger than a duck-pond. I even ascended Mangerton, Torc, and Carran-tual, the last 3414 feet, being the loftiest mountain in Ireland, because it was one of the things laid down. But having long before measured all such sensations in Switzerland, and exhausted them by climbing Mont Blanc, the Hibernian hillocks raised no tumult in my breast. I visited the ruins of Aghadoe—the usual round tower, the cathedral, and castle (hardly worth looking at), and a cave near the entrance of the gap, declared to be of great interest to archæologists. As I felt no interest in it, and as archæology is not one of my weak-

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THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

nesses, I presume the statement may be true. The roof of the cave is formed of large stones inscribed with what are called the Ogham characters. They looked to me a good deal like a map of Boston; so that when I was informed they were the written language of the Druids, I had no more doubt of the fact than I had of most things told me in Ireland. Near by is a solitary hostelry kept by a putative granddaughter of the apocryphal Kate Kearney. Kate is reputed to have been extremely lovely; but if she were lovely, if she ever existed, and if the young woman I saw was her daughter's daughter, the young woman is a most striking illustration of the theory that beauty is not hereditary.

The Gap of Dunloe is a narrow gap between MacGillicuddy Reeks and the Toomies and Purple Mountain. On each side craggy cliffs, composed of large projecting rocks, frown over the narrow pathway, as if angry at human intrusion into that wild solitude. In the interstices of the rocks grow a few melancholy shrubs, which, with the dark ivy and luxuriant heather thereabout, add to the effect of the landscape. A small, swift stream, the Loe, runs the whole length of the glen, expanding at different points into pools dignified by the name of lakes. The glen is so contracted in one place that the precipitous sides almost shut off the narrow pathway. Just beyond the gap is the Black Valley, so called from the shadows thrown across it by the Reeks, and the color given by the peat to the lakes which dot it.

The Upper Lake, though the smallest, is considered by many the most beautiful, because it is nearer to the mountains than the others, and more studded with islands. A circuitous channel connecting the Upper and Middle lakes is known as the Long Range, and is bordered by some very fine scenery. At the entrance is Coleman's Eye, a singular and picturesque promontory, and further on a perpendicular cliff called the Eagle's Nest, so remarkable for its echoes that some of the guides insist that when you cry out "How do you do?" the echo responds, "Very well, I thank you, and won't you take a drop of whisky?" The Nest made no such reply to me, owing probably to the fact that I had no partiality for the fiery liquid the natives are so fond of.

About a mile beyond is the Old Weir Bridge, an ancient stone structure with two arches, through which the boats are swiftly carried without use of the oars. Below the bridge is a sequestered and charming spot, called the Meeting of the Waters (whether named from Wicklow or not I can not say), which Walter Scott praised highly.

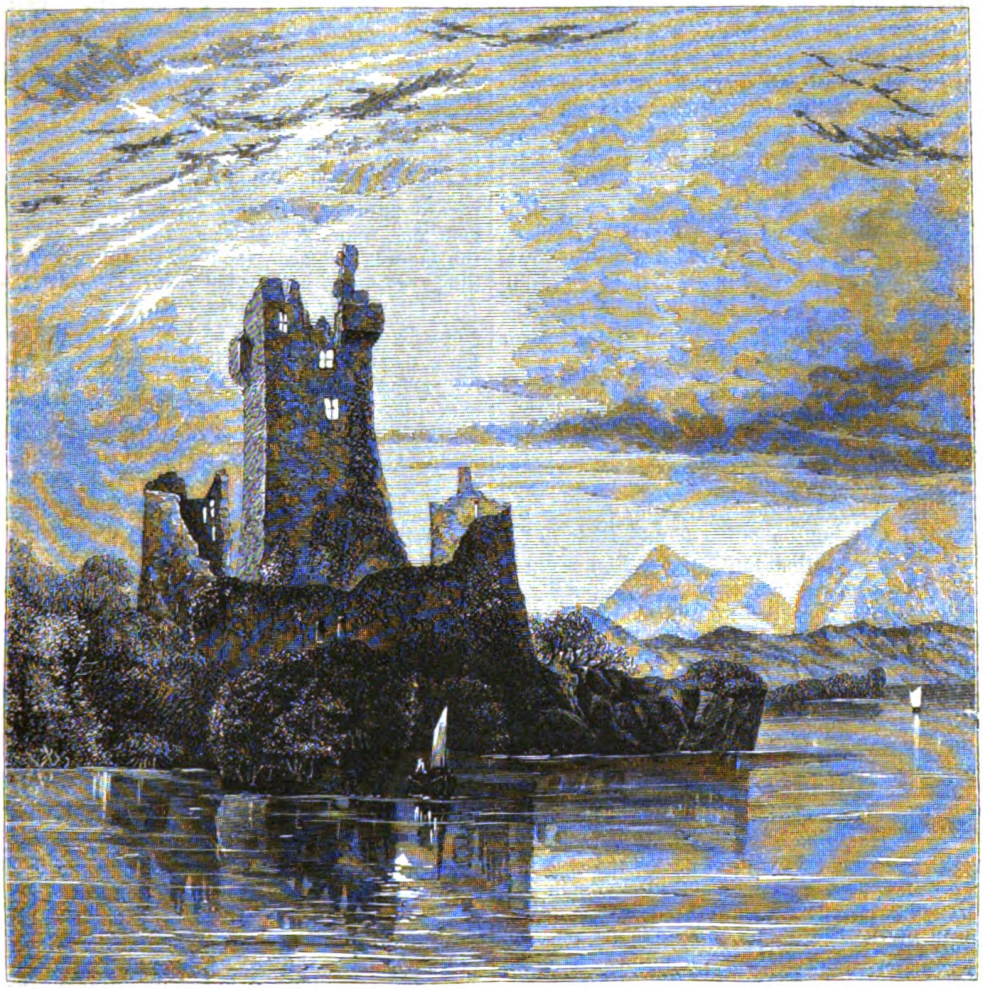
The Middle, sometimes called Torc Lake, is divided from the Lower by Dinish and Brickeen islands, and connected with it by three narrow channels. It lacks the wildness of the Upper and the picturesqueness of the Lower Lake; but its shores are magnificently wooded, and toward sunset to row through it is delightful. The Lower Lake, five miles long (the whole length of the lakes is about eleven miles)

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and three broad in the widest part, has thirty islands, the largest of which, Ross, contains one hundred and sixty acres. On the island are the ruins of Ross Castle, nearly covered by ivy, built by one of the countless O'Donoghues, whose descendants lived there for three or four hundred years. The castle has its inevitable legends. One of them is that a member of the O'Donoghue family—whether Michael or Dennis or Patrick is not stated—awakes from his grave-sleep every seven years, rides over the lake at the first flush of dawn on his milk-white steed to the castle, which, the moment he reaches it, is restored by magic, and remains as it was in the fourteenth century until the sun appearing above the woods returns it to decay. The castle was the last Munster strong-hold surrendered to Cromwell.

Not far from Ross is Innisfallen Island, near the middle of the lake. It seems to be covered with an impervious wood; but after landing I found beyond the leafy screen beautiful glades and lawns, embellished by thickets of flowering shrubs, clumps of arbutus, and magnificent trees. Through the openings of the foliage I caught glimpses of the lake, its variegated shores, and of the mountain peaks, making a panorama of exceeding beauty. The lakes have the peculiarity of most of those in Europe—winding like a river through the woods and mountains, and often so landlocked that it appears impossible to advance, no opening even large enough for your little boat being any where visible.

Near the village of Cloghreen, two and a half miles from Killarney, are the ruins of Muckross Abbey, both church and monastery being kept in excellent condition by the proprietor of the demesne. Some of the kings of Munster—kings must have grown on every bush in Ireland—are said to be buried there; but as there were so many of those crowned and sceptred gentlemen, I opine it was not thought worth while to denote their resting-place. The vault of the M'Carthys, however, is in the centre of the choir, and marked by a monument rudely sculptured. In the midst of the cloister is a very aged yew, which I was told is the largest of the kind in Ireland. I don't know whether the shilling I paid was for the tree or the information, though I suspect that if I had given a six-



ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

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pence there would have been larger trees in the country.

In the vicinity of the lakes are numerous cascades, of which the Torc (between the Torc and Mangerton mountains), formed by two streams, tumbles over a broken ledge of rocks, and is thrown into striking relief by the fir-covered sides of the chasm. The other falls are more remarkable for their names, such as Derricunnihy and Esknamucky, which, pronounced in the vernacular, affected my ear as if I had been shot in the head with a bewildered alphabet.

The annoyances and importunities from beggars, pipers, guides, donkey-drivers, and vendors of every thing you don't want, mar very seriously the pleasure of a visit to Killarney. No place approaches it in power of excessive boredom in all Europe, except the Bernese Oberland. The women who insist upon selling arbutus-wood and bog-oak ornaments, Limerick lace and mountain dew (goat's milk and whisky), are the worst of all the tormentors. They are more difficult to silence or shake off than any petticoated persecutors I have met, not excepting the feminine book agents who pervade every quarter of Manhattan. They follow you more devotedly than Ruth did Naomi, and stick to you like poverty to a poet. The chroniclers of the country take pains to assure travelers that those wild Irish girls are as impregnable in continence as they are obnoxious in perseverance; and I am confident no tourist of taste would seek to disprove the promises made for them.

Five miles from Cork, which is reached by rail or by car, are Blarney and its famous castle. The Cork cars, by-the-by, are different from those in any other part of Ireland, being small, square, covered boxes with seats on the side, but not over the wheels, looking like segments of our own omnibuses.

Every body knows that kissing the Blarney Stone is synonymous with a fluent and flattering tongue regardless of sincerity. Every Irishman south of the Liffey is popularly supposed to have enjoyed the renowned osculation; and though very few have, to none of them is denied the wheedling gift it is presumed to bestow, any more than that derived from a dip in the Shannon, that makes perfect the quality of impudence, or, as the natives euphemistically express it, civil courage. The origin of the term Blarney and of the Blarney Stone is told in numberless traditions. Crofton Croker states —and this is the most plausible of all the stories —that in 1602, when the Spaniards were urging the Irish chieftains to harass the English, one Cormach M'Dermod Carty, who held the castle, had concluded an armistice with the Lord President on condition of surrendering it to an English garrison. Carty put off his lordship day after day, with fair promises and false pretexts, until the latter became the laughing-stock of Elizabeth's ministers, and the former's honeyed and delusive speeches were stamped with the title of Blarney.

Father Prout, in his popular papers, speaks of the stone as the palladium of Ireland, and attempts to show, drolly enough, that it was brought over by the Phœnician colony said to have peopled the island; that the Syrians and Carthaginians, long its custodians, gave rise to the expression *Punica fides Syriosque bilingues* from their labial devotion to the stone. He adds that some Carthaginian adventurers, enamored of the relic, stole it and carried it off to Minorca, and afterward, driven by a storm into Cork Harbor, deposited it near the present spot. From the same high authority we learn that the "Groves of Blarney" was translated from the Greek, though the well-known song was written only seventy years ago by Richard Milliken, a Cork lawyer, as a burlesque on some doggerel rhymes about Castle Hyde.

There are several Blarney Stones, and the garrulous old woman, who has been, she says, custodian there for forty years, regulates her choice of the veritable Blarney according to the visitor's willingness and capacity to climb. She told me first that the real stone had been knocked off by some "indacent blackgeards," and was lying on the ground near the door I entered. I informed her I knew better; that she had found the invention convenient because most persons preferred to touch that stone with their lips rather than take the trouble of reaching the genuine one.

The great original is at the northern angle of the massive donjon, about one hundred and twenty feet high, which, with a lower and greatly decayed portion of the castle, is all the ruin that remains. It is some distance below the summit, and bears the inscription, now very dim, "*Cormach MacCarthy fortis me fieri facit*, A.D. 1446." If it were very easy to kiss the stone (is it with women as with it?), perhaps fewer persons would kiss it; but as the caressing performance requires that one shall be held over the parapet by the heels, I put mine in charge of my companion, fresh from Oxford, who took his pay for his trouble by pronouncing me a σχολαστικός, presuming, no doubt, that the classicism would either disarm the offense or soften the justice of the charge.

The old castle, covered with ivy, stands on the side of a steep limestone ridge, rising from a deep valley on the bank of a small river (the Au-Martin, which washes part of the base), and adds greatly to the interest and beauty of the surrounding landscape. The grounds adjoining the castle are the celebrated Groves of Blarney, to which the loquacious gate-keeper admits you when by his practical knowledge of physiognomy he discovers a shilling in your face. He persists in telling you the Groves are "bayutiful, daliteful, and shplendid," conscious, probably, that without his assistance you would arrive at no such conclusion. The Groves, nothing but a thick shrubbery of laurel-trees, long divested of the grottoes and rustic bridges that once adorned them, are only worth seeing because, if you neglected them, you would

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hear from somebody else how much you had missed.

Cork, with a population of nearly 100,000, ranks next to Dublin and Belfast. A large part of the city is built between the dividing branches of the Lee. The Mall, Patrick, George, and the Grand Parade are the principal streets, but have no architectural attractions, as the buildings, both public and private, are irregular and unhandsome. The principal lion is the Shandon steeple, the spire of Saint Anne, which, as the church is built on an eminence, is visible from every part of the city. The steeple is composed of the limestone of a demolished abbey and the red sandstone of a ruined castle, making three of the sides white and the remaining one red; so that it seems not unlike an ecclesiastic barber's pole. Father Prout's familiar lines,

> "The bells of Shandon,
> They sound so grand on
> The banks of Lee,"

have done more than any thing else to make the church and the spire famous.

The Queen's College is very picturesquely situated on a height overlooking the river, and, looming out from the midst of trees growing down to the edge of the stream below, commands a magnificent view.

No one should fail to go down the Lee to Queenstown, a distance of twelve miles. The Cove of Cork is renowned for its beauty, and deserves all its reputation. The slopes of the northern bank are crowned with terraces and villas, and between the demesnes of Tivoli and Feltrim the channel sweeps to the south, and carries you by Dundanion Castle and its pleasant grounds. On the right bank of the river, opposite the village of Blackrock, is the Ursuline Convent, one of the best known institutions of its kind in Ireland; and further down is the Blackrock Castle, built in the Gothic style on projecting rocks, and completely commanding that part of the river. You also steam by Castle Mahon, formerly the residence of Lady Chatterton, a writer of some distinction; by the town of Passage, to which Croker has given lyrical fame, celebrating in verse the charms of its anonymous maid; by the Giant's Stairs, a name given to some natural steps in the cliff; by the pretty village of Monkstown; and by Rocky Island, which would be well worth attention if the ten thousand barrels of gunpowder usually stored in the hewn-out chambers of the rock should simultaneously explode.

Queenstown is associated with the emigrants who are continually flocking to this country. I had expected to find them indulging in every form of fantastic grief as they parted from the land they seem to love so much, and yet are so glad to quit; but they bore the separation with due resignation. The truth is, the emigrants display their grief and exhaust their sentiment of pathos when they leave their immediate homes. At Tralee, Limerick, Kildare, Kilkenny, and other places, I had been the witness of scenes of passionate sorrow that at first smote my heart. The persons who were going away were accompanied to the stations by all their relatives and friends; and such sobbing and weeping, such intense embraces and clasping of arms, such gesticulations and ejaculations, such invocations to Heaven and hurling of shoes — not worn, but brought along for the purpose—it had never before been my lot to witness. Children, women, young men and old, made watercarts of themselves, as Mr. Samuel Weller would put it. Young women threw themselves on the ground and tore their hair, and seemed resolved to beat their brains out against the nearest wall. Old women wrapped their heads in the ragged cloaks they are never without, and, swaying to and fro, uttered those peculiar wails and cries —the genuine ulalulu—which they always employ as a chorus to misfortune. The men kissed and clung to each other as a doting woman would to her lover on his way to certain death; and the little children were as melodramatically afflicted as if dirt and mothers were banished from the world. Nothing in the direst woes of Verdi's lyric dramas, even as represented at the Grand Opéra, surpassed the exhibition of mental agony I would have been only too glad to escape from. If actual heart-break be possible, it will surely take place among these poor peasants, I thought. Having on several occasions, however, concluded not to take the trains on which the emigrants went, I discovered that those who remained behind could, like the ultra-sentimental of all nations, die of grief without recourse to the physician, the priest, or the undertaker. As the cars passed out of sight eyes were dried, hysterics disappeared, crushed souls were restored, and the joyous sun again flashed through the pall of sundered clouds. In fifteen minutes the women chattered and laughed, the children made bog-puddlings (we call them dirt-pies), and roared with delight, while the men, smoking their "dudeens" and draining the bottle to their departed friends, were merry as crickets once more.

Their sorrow was genuine, but it was not lasting, fortunately, for it would soon kill in such large and strong doses. The Irish, especially the Southern, are supremely emotional and excitable. Very easily moved, they quickly react from sorrow, which is not natural to them as a permanent feeling, and regain the state of cheerfulness and gayety that belongs to their mercurial temperament. They enjoy the emotional, cultivating rather than resisting it; are happy in their unique way both at wakes and weddings, at fights and funerals, in the midst of penury and surrounded by abundance.

It is not strange the common people want to come to America, the land of promise and El Dorado indeed likened to their own. Ireland is better to look at than to live in. An artist may make pictures there, but the laborer with difficulty earns his bread. Rocks and lakes and mountains are excellent for landscape, but hard for the tiller of the soil. Most of Leinster, Con-

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naught, and Munster is a wretched country, and nearly all the South is sterile and boggy. For miles and miles nothing but stunted herbage and beds of peat, a robust but ragged peasantry, miserable hovels, and an air of recklessness and desolation on every hand, indifference and improvidence to-day, and heedlessness of to-morrow. A mildew is on the land; it steadily declines and hopelessly decays.

The Irish, I repeat, ascribe their unfortunate condition to the English; the English trace it to their want of knowledge, energy, and character; to superstition, bigotry, intemperance, and thriftlessness. Perhaps the truth lies between the two. At any rate, Ireland is not the kind of country for the Irish. They have not the qualities nor the habits to develop a land so little favored by nature, and it would seem that before many years the entire population will be transferred to our shores. The Irish future lies in America.

There is no doubt in my mind that the Catholic Irish are different from any other people under the sun. Their virtues, no less than their vices, are their own, and it is almost impossible to judge them by ordinary rules. They defy analysis or classification, and are as much a mystery to themselves and each other as to external nations. Where or under what circumstances they would succeed best no one may say; even they do not conjecture a future, which, with all their boasted past, they have never calmly considered.

They are told that they suffer here by sticking to the cities, instead of seeking the country and making themselves independent. But on their own soil they flourish no better in the rural regions than in the social centres. Their hovels are the most miserable in Europe, and their state the poorest. With an earth floor, a rude chimney, a bed of peat, a wife and a dozen children, a pound of tobacco and a spirit-shop not far away, without a shilling or a prospect, they are easy-minded and happy-go-lucky to a degree that no Anglo-Saxon can understand. When we should go mad, or blow our brains out from sheer desperation, they will whistle and dance in their dirt and rags, and lie down to a deeper and sweeter sleep, with starvation and typhus in the hut, than any one of us, under the most favorable circumstances, would enjoy on a pillow of fragrant down.

COTTAGE AND HALL.

By ALICE CARY.

With eyes to her sewing-work dropped down,
And with hair in a tangled shower,
And with roses kissed by the sun, so brown,
Young Janey sat in her bower—
A garden nook with work and book;
And the bars that crossed her girlish gown
Were as blue as the flaxen flower.
And her little heart, it beat and beat,
Till the work shook on her knee,
For the golden combs are not so sweet
To the honey-fasting bee
As to her her thoughts of Alexis.

And across a good green piece of wood,
And across a field of flowers,
A modest, lowly house there stood
That held her eyes for hours—
A cottage low, hid under the snow
Of cherry and bean-vine flowers.
Sometimes it held her all day long,
For there at her distaff bent,
And spinning a double thread of song
And of wool, in her sweet content,
Sat the mother of young Alexis.

And Janey turned things in and out,
As foolish maids will do.
What could the song be all about?
Yet well enough she knew
That while the fingers drew the wool
As fine as fine could be,
The loving mother-heart was full
Of her boy gone to sea—
Her blue-eyed boy, her pride and joy,
On the cold and cruel sea—
Her darling boy, Alexis.

And beyond the good green piece of wood,
And the field of flowers so gay,
Among its ancient oaks there stood,
With gables high and gray,
A lofty hall, where mistress of all
She might dance the night away.
And as she sat and sewed her seam
In the garden bower that day
Alike from seam and alike from dream
Her truant thoughts would stray:
It would be so fine like a lady to shine,
And to dance the night away!
And oh and alas for Alexis!

And suns have risen and suns gone down
On cherry and bean-vine bowers,
And the tangled curls o'er the eyes dove-brown
They fall no more in showers;
Nor are there bars in the homespun gown
As blue as the flaxen flowers.
Ay, winter wind and winter rain
Have beaten away the bowers,
And little Janey is Lady Jane,
And dances away the hours!
Maidens she hath to play and sing,
And her mother's house and land
Could never buy the jeweled ring
She wears on her lily hand—
The hand that is false to Alexis!

Ah, bright were the sweet young cheeks and eyes,
And the silken gown was gay,
When first to the hall as mistress of all
She came on her wedding-day.
"Now where, my bride," says the groom in pride—
"Now where will your chamber be?"
And from wall to wall she praises all,
But chooses the one by the sea!
And the suns they rise and the suns they set,
But she rarely sees their gleam,
For often her eyes with tears are wet,
And the sewing-work is unfinished yet,
And so is the girlish dream.

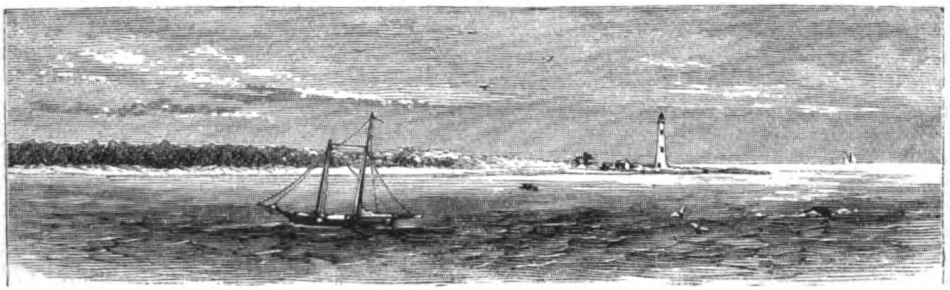
For when her ladies gird at her,
And her lord is cold and stern,
Old memories in her heart must stir,
And she can not choose but mourn
For the gentle boy, Alexis!

And alway, when the dance is done,
And her weary feet are free,
She sits in her chamber all alone
At the window next the sea,
And combs her shining tresses down
By the light of the fading stars,
And maybe thinks of her homespun gown
With the pretty flax-flower bars.
For when the foam of wintry gales
Runs white along the blue,
Hearing the rattle of stiffened sails,
She trembles through and through,
And maybe thinks of Alexis.

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ALONG THE FLORIDA REEF.

[Second Paper.]



BAY BUISQUINE.

CAPE FLORIDA, a point of great interest and solicitude to the mariner of these waters, is Key Buisquine, forming with Virginia Key the eastern extremity of the Florida Reef, and situated seven miles from the nearest main land of the peninsula, at the head of Buisquine Bay.

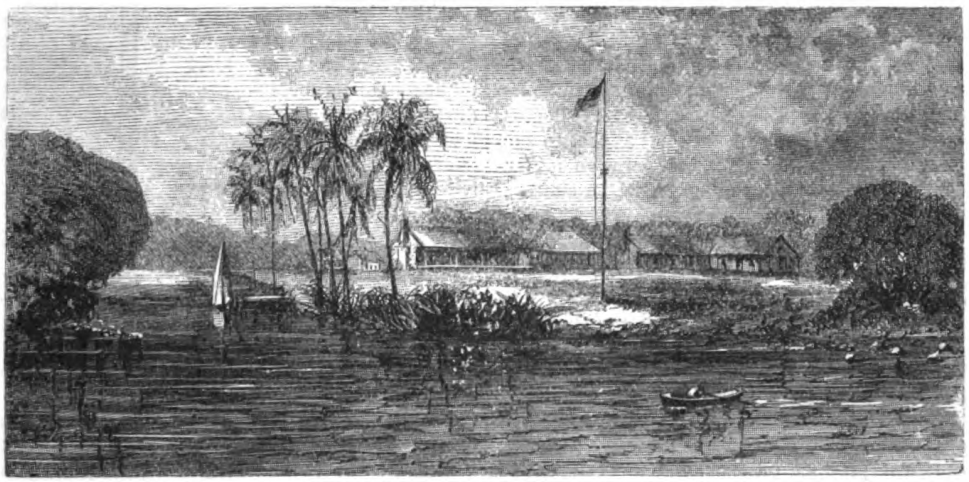
A light of the highest power is here mounted, which, with the great Loggerhead light at the extreme western end, and the intermediate cordon of skeleton towers and beacons that rise from the waters of the dreaded reef, forms a mighty arm of protection. The labors of our party being over, we left the *Oriental* at anchor for the night, and sailed across the bay to the mouth of the Miami, where we were to meet the overland party of telegraphic surveyors.

Though dignified by the name of river, the Miami is a mere outlet of the fresh water of the Everglades, yet picturesque and full of quiet beauty, derived from the luxuriant foliage of its banks.

The old garrison of Fort Dallas is in full view as we approach. The neat cottage-barracks, with broad verandas, arranged pleasingly around a fine sloping parade—tall cocoas, lime-trees, and rich groupings of poncianas and elders loaded with their brilliant blossoms—altogether form a cheerful scene of much beauty. The entrance to the little stream is particularly pleasant; the banks are green to the water's edge with tall flowing grasses and water-plants. On the clear amber surface are deep shadows, and the reflections of beautiful forms contrast picture-like with the opposite bank, where a broad patch of sunlight tinted quite to brilliancy the shelving white sands of the beach. Climbing vines and flowering plants and shrubs hang over the cliff. There is a charm unspeakable in the view of these broad leaves and nodding plumes of wild, tangled way-sides.

At the close of the last Indian war this fort, like many others in the State, was abandoned. Indications remain, however, to show that the plan was an excellent one. The oolitic rock of the region was used freely in the construction of the buildings. Ledges of this rock crop out abundantly, and it is easily worked to the required shape by axes. Resting upon the old coral formation, it seems to be composed of agglutinated masses of calcareous sand and mud. In some instances large portions have a crystalline structure, like calc spar.

The old barracks are now occupied by two



MOUTH OF THE MIAMI RIVER.

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ARROW-ROOT.

gentlemen, who have a grant of land from the State, and are authorized to encourage the colonization of the region. The families of the party were with them, and a number of Swedish immigrants were expected. Those already in possession were enterprising and assiduous in their endeavors to bring out the resources of the country. At the house of Captain Hunt, the chief sojourner, we were entertained very kindly and pleasantly. We here found the overland party of the Telegraph Company, who had traveled the whole length of the State through the forests bordering the east shore.

We were attracted by an unusual display of fine books in the office of our host, and found that the selection was valuable and appropriate to this undertaking, as well as very large; comprising scientific standard works, and works of reference in most departments of knowledge. Many scientific instruments and the most approved agricultural implements indicated a plan for intelligent beginnings that deserves success. Single-handed the settler can not expect to succeed here, but intelligent co-operative undertaking must, to a reasonable extent, be successful, if not highly remunerative. Many attempts have been made to colonize this section of the country, and many avenues to industry and profit have been opened, through the value of the indigenous productions; and it must be through its productions that this part of the State prospers, as the whole Atlantic coast is barred in from the sea.

The arrow-root has proved very profitable, and the farina produced is said to be equal to the best product of Bermuda. It is called *coontie* here, probably from the Indian designation of the root. The plant is the *Zamia integrifolia*. The root from which the fecula or starch is obtained grows in the rich soil of the forests, and resembles in size and shape the ruta baga turnip. One-half of the root grows above-ground, and the top is a tuft of fern-like or, more properly, palm-like leaves, the genus to which they belong being just removed from the palms. In its crude state the root is poisonous. Our troops, during the war, eager to avail themselves of so valuable an article of food, without first obtaining the necessary information concerning its nature, were frequently poisoned by it. The starch, of course, prepared properly, is a valuable article, and is used in this region as flour for bread. The wife of our host presented us at breakfast with exceedingly nice white bread made of it. To extract the starch the tubers are first beaten in large wooden mortars or troughs to a pulp, which is thrown into tubs of water. The fibrous parts are then thrown out, the milky liquor, being passed through a hair sieve or coarse cloth, is suffered to settle, and the water drained off. A white mass is left, which is again washed, and the pure starch is dried upon sheets in the sun.



SISAL HEMP.

A species of agave or aloe is very abundant on the keys and in this region. Many attempts have been made to render it profitable. It yields the Sisal hemp of commerce, from which our best cordage is made. Large plantations are seen at Key West, and some machinery was erected there and in this vicinity, for the purpose of crushing the fibre into proper form for the market. Like many other channels of industry here, it remains for more persevering efforts or less expensive methods of preparation.

This agave, unlike the *A. Americana*, which blooms so seldom as to be designated century plant, bears blossoms after the third year. A more impenetrable chevaux-de-frise can hardly be conceived, and it is used extensively as hedges around

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plantations; its long pointed leaves interlocking each other form a formidable barrier. The growth of the flower stalk is very rapid, amounting sometimes to seven inches daily. When fully grown they attain the height of fifteen feet, and are eight inches in diameter, resembling somewhat the bamboo. This curious candelabra-shaped flower stalk, shooting out from the centre of the plant, is a striking and effective object in the picturesque of tropical scenery. The whole plant is interesting; the flowers are not so attractive as the white ones of other smaller species, but each flower is at maturity a young plant, a perfect facsimile of the parent plant, with rootlets already started and ready to take hold of the earth as soon as it shall drop. The root being the heaviest, they are sure to drop right side up. Thus the plant is propagated, when under other circumstances it would fail. It occurs to us that possibly this is a provision of nature to insure the increase of this plant in sterile regions, where, if fruit with its seed fell on the dry ground, the chances would be greatly against its germination. Here the plant is ready formed, its little leaves exact counterparts of those great spears of the parent plant, and provided like them with a channel adown their centre, along which the dew, be it never so little, is sure to find passage; eventually the dew nourishes the plant and stimulates the roots to put out earthward.

Across the leaves of the agave were webs of that gorgeously colored spider, epiera, which has been forced to contribute its silken threads in competition with the silk-worm. Like a rich setting of pearls and rubies this spider appears, and his web is a marvel of geometric beauty.

The pine-apple will probably become a staple production, now that the experiment has proved so successful at Key Largo, where immense crops are now raised. Like the orange, it is far richer in flavor than those brought to the Northern markets. It is surprising to the stranger here to find the Florida oranges so much better in every respect than the foreign fruit. They are larger, perfectly round and smooth, often red inside and out, and of a delicious sweet flavor, far surpassing the latter. So with the pine-apples. And this fact will insure for those who cultivate them a profitable return. The limes are more abundant than any other fruit, and literally cover the ground, where they return to the baser uses for want of consumers. Limes are much preferred to lemons, having very thin skins and rich juice.

The shattuck—*Citrus decumana*—is another much-prized fruit, and, like the lime, requires quick transportation and early consumption, as they do not long remain intact after ripening.

The banana, plantain, and cocoa-nut furnish as good fruit as is produced farther south; as also do the guavas, sapodilla, pomegranate, mammee, and tamarind.

In view of the fact that the frost never comes here, it would seem that when steam transportation has placed this region within the pale of what we may call diurnal commerce, we may have all that Bermuda now furnishes, and, in addition, many of the tropical fruits and productions which we now obtain from Cuba. The example lately shown through the operation of the Pacific Railroad is significant. The great Pacific market is brought within reach, and certain productions are already daily reaching our Eastern homes. At present the crops of North Florida are liable to be cut off by frost, and much loss is occasioned thereby, as well as discouragement.

When the fashioning hand of intelligent enterprise shall bring out the capabilities of the soil, then it will be possible to realize a delightful and prosperous condition here. Among other new trials the olive-tree has proved very successful, and it is said that the oil is as good as the best of Lucca. Figs are easily raised, and several fruit-like products that are delicious salads. The castor-oil plant is also very productive.

Though the solid substructure of this region, the main land proper of Florida, is the same as that of the more recent keys and reef, yet the surface has more the aspect of older portions of the country. The soil is deeper, and extensive deposits of oolitic and crystalline calcareous formations in some instances materially increase the elevation. As at Key West and Indian Key, the calcareous rock crops out abundantly, and the detritus which readily accumulates, associated with vegetable matter, forms a rich soil, which only requires the addition of animal manure to be equal to the support of a heavy growth of crops or timber.

That trend of coast which forms the terminal portion is an old range of keys, precisely like those now forming the outer barrier bordering the Gulf Stream. As extensive mud flats now form between these two ranges, so extensive mud flats did similarly form on the northern side of that old range, which is now called the Hunting Grounds; while the flats, now called Everglades, have become overgrown with rank grass and shrubbery.

Another range of old keys occurs again, alternating with what was once mud flats; and so on this series is continued, quite the length of the State.

Large bodies of fresh water accumulate and find outlet through the Miami. It is believed that a considerable flow is maintained also through the old reef, as fresh water is observed to bubble up through the salt water of the channel which borders the south shore.

One remarkable point has long been the resort of wreckers and sea-faring men, where they could obtain an unlimited supply of fresh water. A hogshead is sunk in the soft mud over the bubbling outlet, and as the salt water is shallow, the fresh flows in perfect purity and abundance.

This locality has long been known as the

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AN EVERGLADE.

Punch-Bowl, and is so notably valuable and accessible that passing vessels not unfrequently haul up there to refill their exhausted beakers. Coast-wise shipping hug the shore here to avoid the Gulf Stream, as the four-knot current is a serious obstacle, especially to sailing craft. Northward-bound vessels take the centre of the stream, and consequently receive the benefit of the current.

This terminal strip of land, which we have noticed as one of the old lines of keys, is designated the Hunting Grounds, and has long been the favorite resort of the Seminoles. The small remnant, less than a hundred, still remains here. Not until lately have they made any effort to support themselves, otherwise than by hunting and fishing. The chief, a son of Billy Bowlegs, and two other braves, visited Key West lately to make arrangements for commercial intercourse, attracting great attention there not only for their extremely elaborate toilets, but for their unusual business-like demeanor. Since the death of Cocheco, a notoriously ugly chief, who was hung by General Harney, the tribe has remained peacefully within its reservation.

Of the Everglades a late writer says: "There is a great deal of truthfulness and poetry in the name that has been given to the beautiful openings which occur in the swampy scenery of the peninsula of Florida. Formed in a low, yet not absolutely level country, these magnificent examples of semi-tropical richness strike the beholder with surprise; and it seems a waste of nature's grandest exhibition to have these carnivals of splendid vegetation occurring in isolated places, where it is but seldom they are seen by the appreciative eye of cultivated and intellectual observers."

During the war with the Indians our troops under Taylor and Scott and Jessup, and a host of lieutenants who are now, many of them, prominent in the different arms of our service, were familiar with the Florida Everglades; but suffering and death came to be the lot of many brave ones. Nature here is profuse to an extent marvelous indeed. Grand towering trunks, loaded with strange parasitic plants, and vines of enormous dimensions, like huge serpents, coiling around them. The singular forms of air-plants, vying in color with the birds and insects that alight upon their blossoms—an enchanting, wondrous scene.

With the same prodigal variety and numbers that characterize the outer keys, many others are here added. The deer and black bear roam within the forest. The panther makes his lair in the long grass, and climbs the extended limbs of the live-oak to spring upon his prey. The cypress is draped and festooned with the gray moss. On its topmost branch sits the bald eagle, with watchful eye, mayhap, upon the industrious ospray; while he, unconscious of his foe, bears the finny prey toward his rude eyrie. The sweet tones of mocking-birds and the numerous warblers charm the ear; and the gorgeous colors of the wood-duck, the ibis, and the gallinule, with hosts of other varied tints

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upon plumage and foliage, fill the eye with wondrous delight.

We leave this region of beauties with reluctance; but, *entre nous*, dropping gently from the sublime to a sober truth, it must be recorded here that mosquitoes do seem to thrive in direct ratio as these beauties increase.

Leaving the Miami, we ran down along the southern shore. The water covering the flats is barely sufficient in some places to float the boat. A part of this water is distinguished by the name of Card's Sound. Myriads of gulls and wading birds are seen on all sides, the latter standing in the shoals feeding, or quietly waiting the return of hunger. We were reminded of the amusing observations of Audubon respecting the pelicans as we came up to a long line of them sitting upon a shoal belt of sand. He says: "Ranged along the margins of a sand-bar, in broken array, stand a hundred heavy-bodied pelicans pluming themselves. The gorged pelicans patiently wait the return of hunger. Should one chance to gape, all, as if by sympathy, in succession open their long and broad mandibles, yawning lazily and ludicrously." The white pelican, according to Audubon, has a habit in fishing quite different from that of the brown pelican that is so common here. The latter dives upon a shoal of fishes, but does not go under water; he scoops them with his open bill, and remains on the water until he has adjusted the fish within his pouch. He is not very expert, and usually depends upon hunting the smaller kinds, that so congregate upon the surface of the water that they can not easily escape. He often misses his aim, and, considering his voracious appetite, nearly all his waking hours must be occupied in feeding himself and family. The white pelican has been noticed to swim against the wind and current with open bill, wings partly extended, scooping the small fishes and stowing them away in the ample pouch. They would then rise and fly back, to commence again and repeatedly the same process. Several hundred small sardines are found sometimes in the great pouch which hangs beneath the bill.

The water being perfectly smooth, the white muddy bottom, when undisturbed, as we passed over presented many beautiful objects to our view. A large species of sea-anemone was very abundant, and varied greatly in color. The beautiful flesh tints, and occasional touches of purple and lake, heighten the pleasing effect.

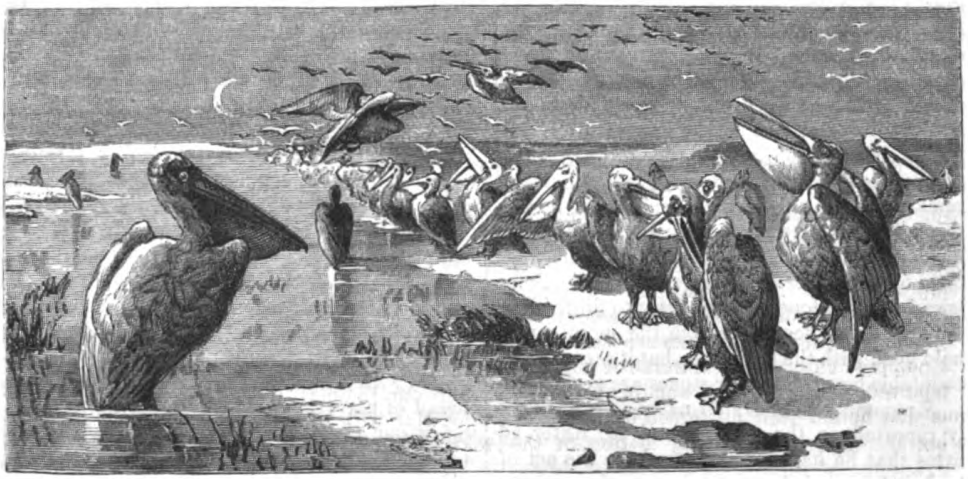
The gorgonias, including the sea-fans and several shrubby kinds, are abundantly spread over these flats, and it is easy to see their agency in holding whatever extraneous matter comes near them, and thereby helping on the work of building up the soil to the level of the sea—up to and even above that point that the mangrove requires to gain foothold and continue the work with its entangled buttressed roots.

One solitary plantation is seen upon the borders of the Hunting Grounds. The proprietor was raising sugar-cane in addition to his usual crops. It is here cut into short pieces and planted out in rows. They continue to grow and give out shoots yearly, only requiring to be occasionally renewed. Like many plants in this region, they become perennial. The tomato gets to be a stout bush, with hard, woody stalk, bearing continually.

At Cape Sable more thorough and successful experiments have been made in agriculture. Parties in Key West own large tracts, and considerable income is derived from the products of the plantations.

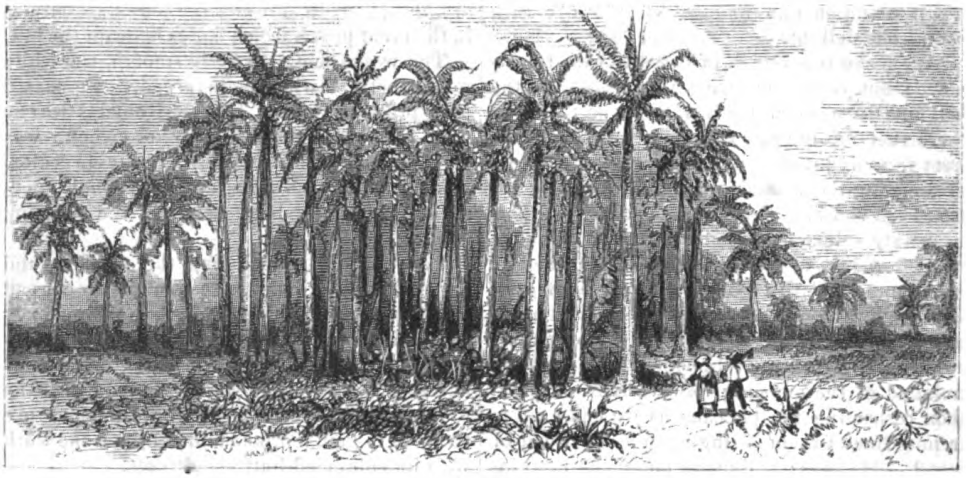
To the Northerner the scene here is charming beyond description. At the close of the day, when the clear western sky is toned delicately from the azure zenith through the rich blush of amethyst and berylline to the golden-rayed horizon, a sumptuous back-ground is presented for the noble plumes of the royal palms, and the elegant flowing tops of the papaw and the date.

The royal palms of Cape Sable have an extended reputation, but few ever get to see them,



WHITE PELICAN.

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ROYAL PALMS.

as this region is wholly out of the world of travel, though the entering wedge may be said to have been driven with the electric wire. This is already one of the great highways of thought; and one day the great palms may shade the weary traveler, and give, in his own country, that measure of delight which so long has met the visitor in the neighboring isle of Cuba.

The cabbage palm or palmetto—*Sabel palmetto*—is here very abundant. It is a notable and striking example of Providential care for man's well-being that on this wide-spread sea-board of the tropical shores, where the construction of marine works requires material to oppose the relentless, irresistible encroachments of the teredo, the palmetto alone is invulnerable. Straight, smooth, and tough, it possesses all the requisites for its use, and grows in profusion near those regions where the ship-worm is most destructive. Other wood, either hard or soft, after one year's immersion, becomes so occupied by the brittle shells of the destroyer as to be dangerous; and in two years nearly the whole interior structure is replaced by them. Minute punctures on the surface of the pier indicate the presence of the young shell-fish that have just been hatched from the spawn deposited there. Gradually the creatures progress, growing larger as they go toward the centre of the log or along the grain, wearing a smooth, devious channel, which they line with a white, brittle shell. The whole interior of the log may be occupied by these shells, and yet the exterior remain intact, unless the structure is broken through, which requires very little force. It has long been a puzzle to account for the work done by some species of these mollusks. Some bore into limestone, and others into flint. The theory of acid secretion from the mouths may hold good with the limestone, but it seems unaccountable how the harder stones are perforated.

A commission of Dutch naturalists has lately reported on the subject, and M. Kater affirms that he has seen the teredo in the act of boring in wood by a rasping motion of the minutely denticulated portion of the valves. He also asserts that the teredo has an enemy in the worm called *Sycoris fucata*. The teredo has a well-marked rasp upon the anterior end of the valves, which is characteristic of the family; and it would seem possible that in most cases the result is through voluntary action of these teeth. Systematically this is a bivalve mollusk, of the class Conchifera, and family of Pholads; generic title, Teredo; specific name, Navalis—*Teredo navalis*—a sea-borer. It is therefore not a worm, but a shell-fish of the clam kind.

So valuable an article for building purposes as the palmetto proves to be is of course in great demand, and those who own the land which produces it set a high value thereon. The terminal bud, resembling somewhat a cabbage, is edible, and many trees are killed by removing it, as they will not survive the loss.

On the gray mossy branches of the large trees bright scarlet sprays of the air-plant seemed almost ablaze with the splendor of color. Full-blown flowers of a species of tillandsia they were, of the same genus as the long moss, though so curiously different in general appearance. In popular descriptions of natural objects, intended merely as conveying a general notion of what the object is, its relations to nature generally, and its aspect as a thing of beauty or worth, to the end that we may have a comprehensive knowledge free from mere technicality, it seems more direct to the purpose to omit the term *genus*, and use the expression *family*. The systems in use, as methods of properly studying and placing objects of nature, are of course indispensable; but there is a large class of readers who, it seems, would read with more zest and profit if the aspects, nature, relations, and intrinsic value of natural productions were exhibited with a light untangled woof holding the thread of narration. We are constantly meeting in our rambles upon the sea-side and the wood-side with singular objects, which we are told by our systematic mentor, much to our

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surprise, are only another form of some one very familiar to us. We do not at first recognize the resemblance. Do we not often meet with a person who looks so much like an acquaintance that it *seems* impossible that he is not closely related, while the *true* relative would not perhaps be recognized? Yet a closer inquiry reveals certain characteristics which are unmistakable.

In the case of this tillandsia, what a wide difference in the appearance of the two species or *members!* We will now call them, of the same *family*, using the terms *members*, *families*, classes, and grand divisions of nature, through which we get a ready comprehensive view of nature. The pine-apple and the scarlet air-plant, both members of the bromelia family, quite resemble each other in most parts; but another member of this family, the long moss—*Tillandsia usneoides*—would hardly be regarded as such by the stranger; yet there are certain characters common to all. The bromelia is represented also by a tree which produces the delicious fruit called sour-sop, resembling the pine-apple fruit in external appearance, but quite different in taste. Another bromelia is a large-leaved plant, which bears the pinquin fruit, from which a wine is made of great strength and pleasant flavor. One of the most familiar examples of a large family, with members wearing nearly similar vesture, is found in the tomato and potato kind—*solanias*. Here we find strange forms—some of doubtful repute, really claiming relationship of very close nature with our steady, domestic tomatoes, potatoes, egg-plants, peppers, and others—no less disreputable forms than the night-shade, tobacco, henbane, belladonna, thorn-apple, bitter-sweet, etc.

In most of the above-enumerated the flower is strikingly similar, both in shape and color; and the leaves, in odor, form, and color, group the whole family together; and the unanimous opinion would be that they all strongly possess family likeness, though each has its peculiar or characteristic habits and properties. Some are climbing vines, others are shrubby plants, that seem to revel in the most uncomely places of the earth.



THE LIVE-OAK.

The scarlet tillandsia* looks like a small yucca, or pine-apple, and has a flower stalk composed of branches like heads of rye, of the brightest scarlet; the stamens a rich azure-blue, tipped with golden anthers. The dew accumulates within the trough-like leaves, and thus the plant is cared for during the dry season. This plant sometimes germinates upon a rail-fence; and fastening its twine-like roots around the wood, seems to thrive as well there as upon the trunks and branches of trees.

The *T. usneoides*—the long moss which hangs in such profusion from the cypress and live-oaks of the South—is another true epiphyte; growing *upon* trees, but deriving no nourishment from them. Having no roots, it hangs in festoons and clusters as if thrown over the branches by accident. Its flowers are inconspicuous. Its seeds are so light they are blown easily through the foliage, vegetating wherever they fall. Different is the parasite, which not only grows *upon* the tree, but derives nourishment therefrom. The mistletoe—*Phoradendron flavescens*—that of old Druidical fame, which grows upon the oaks of England, is a fair specimen of a parasite. It also grows in this region. Its berries furnish the well-known glutinous component of bird-lime. The dodder—*Cuscuta*—of the North, is another example, though belonging to a different family. Five other species grow in the swamps of this region; some

* Presented on the dead branch of the live-oak as an *air-plant*.

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of them very delicate and wax-like, climbing the trunks of trees.

The long moss is quite an important article of domestic commerce. The outer gray tissue, when dry, is easily separated from the black, wire-like heart, which bears strong resemblance to the horse-hair of the upholsterer. It is much used for mattresses, and gives a good return to those engaged in its preparation.

As we wander along the coast, now northward, leaving Cape Sable, the early labors of Audubon are continually in mind. Labors of love to him no doubt; yet one can not help reflecting how constant and enduring must have been the enthusiasm for his favorite pursuit, to support and cheer him alone in these wild and then more dangerous regions. Through these swamps and along this coast the great naturalist roamed for months, to cultivate an acquaintance with the rarer birds, and to see them in their homes.

Punta Rassa, at the mouth of the Caloosahatchie, was an important place during the Indian wars. A fortified block-house and other government buildings yet remain. The banks of the river in many places are enormously increased in height by the dead shells left by Indians. A little above the mouth is the more pretentious garrison of Fort Myers, a delightful situation. On the bank of the river are the graves of our officers who were killed in the terrible Dade massacre. A decent monument marks the spot. Oysters of the largest kind and of the best quality abound here, their southernmost habitat.

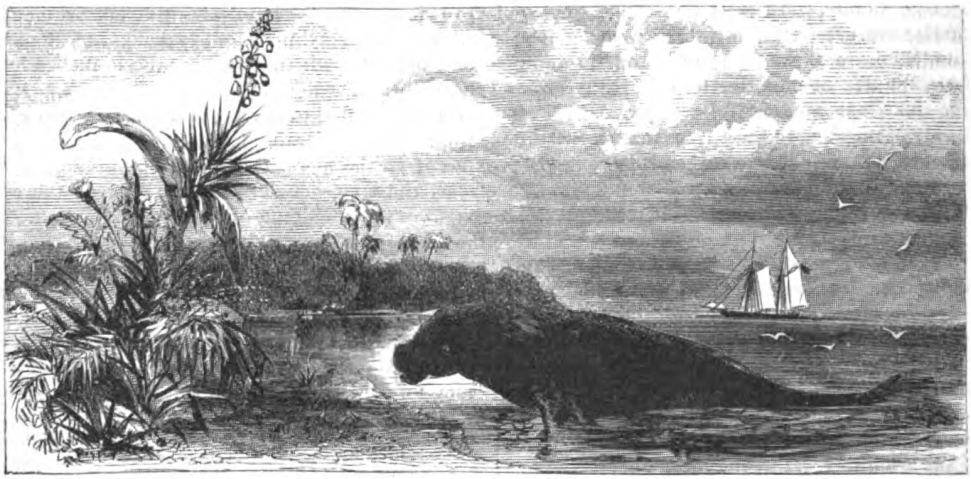
Flowering plants abound in greatest profusion, and frequently we met with old friends of the garden, that seemed out of place here, yet were in their own homes. The lovers of good fish will find rich mullet, and so large are they that the spear is used in their capture; in a novel manner too. A two-tined spear with long slender handle is tossed in the air, to fall vertically among or upon the fishes. A line attached serves to haul them in.

The barracouda, a most excellent fish, is also taken by the spear, but by another expedient, also somewhat novel. The fisherman selects a time when the tide so runs that he can float quietly with his back toward the sun; the light is then directly in the eyes of the fish. Like the pickerel, the barracouda floats warily and darts like an arrow; but with the sunlight in his eye his enemy has the best of it, and strikes unerringly.

In the shoals about here many beautiful seaweeds were seen with exquisite colors, ranging from delicate tints of green to browns, tipped with crimson and scarlet.

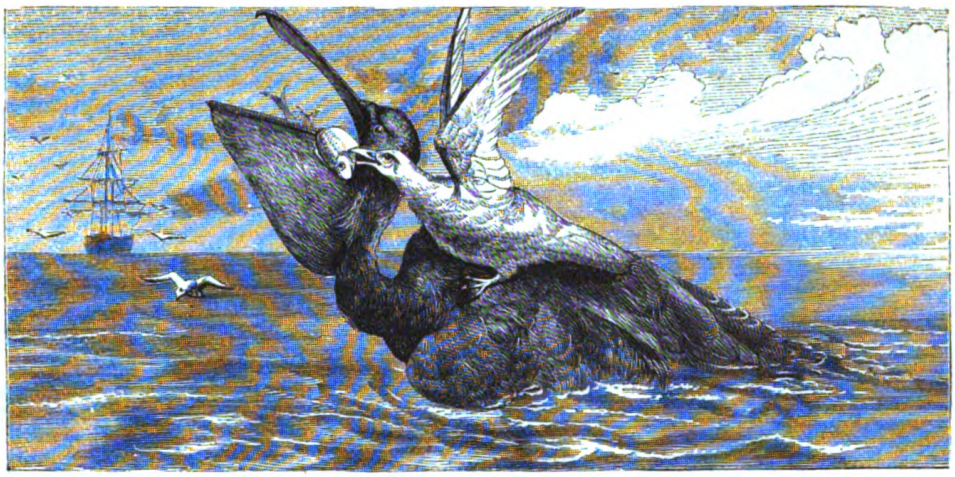
Tampa Bay is the next most important place in our route. It is distinguished as the home of a most remarkable animal; no less than one that forms a connecting link between the present and a past geological age—the *manatee*, or *sea-cow*, one of three species known to inhabit the globe. As among terrestrial carnivora the lions, wolves, and dogs are represented in the water by the seals, so the great terrestrial pachyderms, the elephant, the mastodon, and the dinotherium, have an aquatic representative in the manatee. Curiously enough, the only locality where this animal is found in this country is a fresh-water creek leading into Tampa Bay. One distinct species inhabits the Amazon; another the Red Sea. The three species comprise the whole race known to science. A township and a river derive their names from this creature; and manatee sirup has more than a local reputation. It is believed that the cane or sorghum produced in the manatee country is of surpassingly fine flavor. It is consequently in great request.

The manatee prefers the fresh water, but is not exclusively aquatic in its habits. Like the whale, the body tapers to a fish-like form, and terminates in a flat, horizontal tail, which consists of the rudimentary legs united within fin-shaped integuments. The arms are like the seal's, short, flattened, and inclosed within a fin-like palm. Rudimentary nails upon the



THE MANATEE.

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BROWN PELICAN AND SEA GULL.

palm serve to hold the young while swimming. The head is round, and the upper lip is covered with a stiff mustache. The recently discovered dinotherium, the largest of terrestrial animals, is closely related. The characteristic features of the elephant, the tapir, and the whale family are united in this huge form. Like the manatee and elephant, it has an enormous pair of tusks directed downward, and, like the whale, is deficient in posterior extremities.

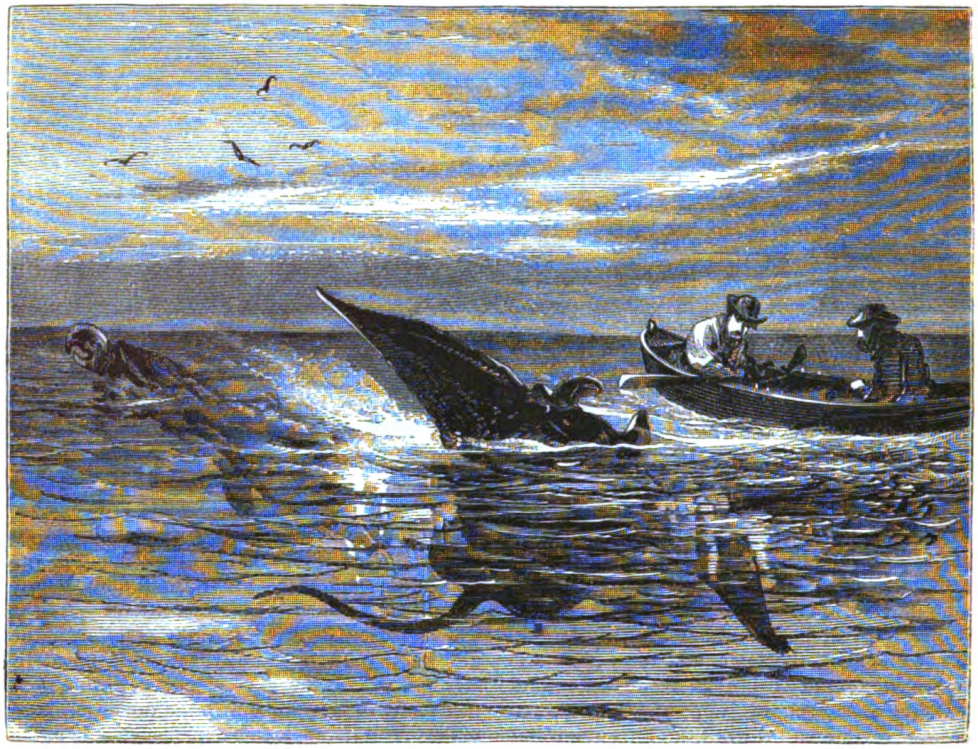
One calm day, as we were lying at anchor off the shore, a long, devious band of ripples was observed, contrasting sensibly with the still water of the Gulf. Eventually it approached, and proved to consist of myriads of small fishes —young "sardines." Here was a wonderful illustration of the maxim, "Eat and be eaten." First, the spawn of these small fishes is hatched upon the surface of the sea, and forthwith acres of fishy forms live, move, and have their being —gregariously, and almost as one mass of animation. So uniform and simultaneous are their movements, they seem like the result of one impulse. Large fishes, the Jacks, so called, make vigorous onslaughts among them, and carry many captive. The dash and uniform simultaneous movement of a squad of Jacks as they make a raid upon these solid columns of sardinian infantry are interesting to witness. The sardines are continually leaping out of the water to escape their enemies, presenting in the sunlight their sparkling silver sides, and attracting the attention of the watchful sea-fowl. This vast animated patch soon became a scene of the greatest interest. As the "streaky fingers of the morn" began to fade, and the sun-rays to glisten on the silvery wings of the flying fish, and glow in iridescence on the rippling masses, the brown pelicans drop from their roost and come flapping heavily toward the scene. Fluttering for an instant over the prey, down he plunges, with open, dip-net bill, resting on the water to adjust the game in his capacious pouch. The laughing-gull—inglorious bird!—with eager and accustomed eye, hovering near, essays to help himself, and, *nolens volens*, settles on poor Pelec's head—a head, albeit, none of the smallest, but one amply rotund and roomy. Now is the moment of his discontent. As the fish is tossed to bring it right end down the gull adroitly snaps it away, laughing his derisive *ha, ha!* as he goes. The pelican seems to submit to it as an inevitable operation, and makes no resistance, but flaps heavily up again to renew his search. Meantime the lazy gull is brought to grief, even in the midst of his hilarity. The war-hawk is on his track. Listening and ogling from the neighboring shore, he spies when he can leave his roost to profitable purpose. The exultant laughter of the gull soon gives place to shrill cries of alarm. The war bird, conscious of his power, bears a wary eye; cautious, and sure of his mark. The weaker darts fitfully in zigzag lines, striving with all his power to escape. Fatigue and fear prevail, and losing faith, he lets the choice morsel drop. Down darts the hawk; clutching the prey ere it reaches the sea, he soars straightway to the nearest roost. So the struggle for existence goes on.

The sun was now fairly up, and new intruders came to the feast. The air was alive with winged watchers and hunters. On the outskirts of this river of fishes the little terns were busily engaged; and they deserve all they get. Brisk, expert little fellows, their faith is "total immersion." Quick as thought they dart into the sea, and seize their prey wholly under the surface. With a nervous flutter and pleasant chirp they rise upon wing again—pretty busy-bodies indeed.

The great gray gulls and the gannets and cormorants hang around like so many vagabonds, ready to pick up a dead fish or floating fragment—too clumsy and inexpert to fish legitimately.

Stranger creatures now came to the festival: a dozen or more of those great *sea-devils*—not those of "The Toilers" memory, but sting-rays, or stingarees, or ocean-vampires, or sea-bats—

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THE SEA-DEVIL.

Cephaloptera vampyrus—nomenclature enough to scare the whole army of sardines, aside from their hideous shapes. The huge forms were swaying up and down through the line, creating sad havoc. By this time a strange scene was before us—a contest wherein the strongest or most expert came off best. We could not assert that the vampires ate the fishes, but they seemed to be so active, and confined their operations so undeviatingly to the shoal, it was natural to suppose they did. It was rather an unusual occurrence for such a variety of creatures to get together in one struggle of the kind. Shoals of fishes are frequently beset by gulls and pelicans, but here were congregated many forms not often seen. Could we have looked under the surface, other expectant marines, with open countenances, might have been seen. The voracious bonito and the hyena-faced barracouda linger near the outposts to snap the stragglers, casting an eye, meanwhile, to their own foe, the tiger-like shark, which sculls in gyratory survey of the manœuvres. Jelly-fishes—animated rafts—float over and through the columns, throwing down their deadly missiles: threads of electric potency, which wound and lasso at the same instant. To name all the enemies of these unfortunate fishes, those we know as probable enemies in addition to those actually in sight, would require much enumeration from all the various branches of zoology. The great variety of animal life in these waters is made strikingly manifest at such times as these, and when the sea is perfectly smooth.

The sea-devil is not uncommon off the Atlantic shores, but the larger ones seldom go near the land. The dimensions are enormous, and may seem exaggerated; but in this instance, like every other where the measurement or approximate size is given in these papers, it is from *actual* personal experience, or from reliable scientific sources. The breadth of one measured by Dr. Storer, of Boston, was eighteen feet;* its length was seventeen feet, exclusive of the tail, which was nearly as much more. Those observed by us were about ten feet across. This is the only time we have ever seen them in numbers. Their movements were much like the larger butterflies, as their wing-like expansion of body is used in swimming. A smaller species of the family, the whip-ray, or whip-eree—*Rhinoptera quadriloba*—is seen frequently on the reef, and is distinguished for its long, slender, whip-like tail, four to five feet in length, round and supple as gutta-percha, tapering to a point.

The rays are furnished with most singular eggs: dark green leather-like cases, rectangular in form, and with four slender threads, which serve to hold, entwined around the floating algæ or other drifting objects. Within the case is a reddish yolk. Floating on the surface, the sun-heat brings to maturity the imprisoned young, which are liberated from the case through a

* Represented in our cut with leather-tortoise. Its attitude is just as when they turn, bringing a large part of the fin out of water.

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split in the edge, which was until now impervious. The sides contract, and the young ray comes forth, still attached to a considerable portion of the yolk, which serves to nourish him until proper functions develop. Eggs of the common skate having these characteristics are often found on the beaches of the North, from which the young fish can be taken alive.

The spines of the large rays prove terrible weapons, and wounds from them are exceedingly dangerous. Experienced seamen seldom care to attack them, as their huge forms move with such impetus as to crush all before them. It is a fact perhaps not generally known that a species of ray was formerly known in the waters of Cape Cod that possessed considerable electric power, like the torpedo. It was called the cramp-fish. Latterly it is seldom seen.

Along the whole shore from Charlotte's Inlet to Cedar Keys, where we now come to anchor, a fine white silicious sand is the prevailing component of the soil. Sea-Horse Key, a high mound-like island, fifty feet from water-mark, the highest land south of Hatteras, is of the same character. As the substructure is of coral formation, this sand must have been carried from the great outlets of the upper trend of the Gulf coast. It is said to be found as far south on the Atlantic coast as Jupiter Inlet. It is fair to suppose, allowing that the peninsula was at one time much shorter than it now is, that the Gulf Stream has had an agency in the distribution of this sand, carrying it on along the Gulf shore, sweeping round the southern end, and leaving it heaped upon all sides.

With the round tower of the light-house, Sea-Horse Key, at the entrance of Cedar Keys Harbor, forms quite a pleasing object. The harbor is very shoal, but narrow winding channels lead to the town on Way Key or Dépôt Key, where the railroad from Fernandina terminates.



THE CRACKER.

Steamers plying between New Orleans and Havana touch here to take and deliver freight and passengers. The village is prettily situated on a mound, which is shaded completely by grand old live-oaks. Long moss hangs in wonderful profusion from the limbs. Palmettos and yuccas abound, and what with the lumber trade, good oysters and fish, they contrive to make it a tolerable abiding-place. As we have hinted with regard to co-operative husbandry or intelligent application of agriculture in South Florida, so here it is possible that a paradise almost can be realized. The accessories of nature are so profuse and grand, so full of use and beauty; but how stupid are the people, the indigenous race, called *crackers!* Pale, sharp-visaged, sandy-haired people, ignorant beyond all reason; little can be expected from them—or *nothing*, but to vegetate.

Upon a long wide beach at low-water we met one of those curious armies of soldier-crabs, or *fiddlers*. A space of many rods was wholly occupied by them, and so closely did they march that their various movements seemed simulta-



SEA-HORSE KEY.

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neous, like the sardines. One arm, like an immense club, is raised in front, while the other is too small to be conspicuous. The females have no large arm, and march under protection of the males.

The stone-crab is here used as food, and reaches a large size. The shell requires the heaviest blows to fracture it.

On our way down the coast, returning to Key West, the vessel ran very near a medium-sized leather-tortoise — *Sphargis coriacea* — a species thoroughly oceanic, and of such rarity that we give some statistics of its history. The first one found on this coast was taken in Boston Bay, in 1824, and sold to the proprietor of the old Museum for two hundred dollars. It is now in Mr. Kimball's museum in Boston. This creature measured seven feet and one inch in length. Rondelet speaks of one nearly eight feet in length, taken at Frontignan. The body is covered by a black leather-like shield, divided into seven prominent longitudinal ridges. In general appearance the reptile resembles the snapping-turtle, but the flippers are purely fin-like. A small specimen, three feet in length, came into the possession of the writer at Nahant, where it was cast upon the beach. A bullet-hole in the neck indicated its probable fate.

In connection with these observations by the way, along the shores of Florida, it may be appropriate, and possibly of service to some, to record here certain facts concerning the climate, and its suitableness in cases of disease. So many different opinions have been expressed, the invalid is puzzled to know what to rely upon. As a physician, and one having no possible interest in the success of the commonwealth of Florida, beyond the ordinary desire to see all parts of our country yield the best and become duly appreciated, living now far away, and with no prospect of ever returning to the country, I wish to be exact, and "nothing extenuate." After a residence of nearly eight years on one of the fortified keys of the reef, I venture to tabulate a few *facts*, offering no arguments. The localities under notice are the Dry Tortugas, Key West, Indian Key, and that portion of South Florida below Charlotte's Harbor or the mouth of Caloosahatchie.

The keys upon the Florida Reef are wholly exempt from frost.

Very rarely frost appears as far south as the Caloosahatchie.

The keys of the reef are never visited with a temperature, in summer, above 92°. Twice only in eight years was the mercury above 90°. It averages 87°.

In winter the average temperature is about 70°.

In winter about every thirteenth day and the two succeeding ones are cooler, from the prevalence of a north wind; then the mercury is down to about 60°. A pleasant easterly trade-wind prevails at other times. The atmosphere is dry and bracing during the northers; no rain falls. Rain seldom falls during the winter.

The intermittent fever is never known here. Pneumonia and affections of like nature are exceedingly rare. Diseases of the alimentary canal, as dysentery and diarrhea, are remarkably infrequent. Bilious remittent is an occasional visitor, less frequent than it is in other portions of the South. Dengue, or break-bone fever, is also an occasional. Yellow-fever is a stranger; it never originates here, and is easily kept away by good quarantine regulations.

The extreme equability of the temperature, and the benign influence of the tempered sea-air, suit the delicate breathing organs of the consumptive in winter. The debility caused by the long-continued, though not excessive, heat of summer is counterbalanced by the great gain derived from the absence of rude, irritating winds. A marked difference is seen in this respect between this latitude and that of North Florida. In the latter section the mercury reaches a much higher and a much lower point. This delightful equability of temperature is the great and valuable point to be considered by the invalid who determines to "go South" for health. Many have had occasion to be thankful for the manifest comfort and extension of life gained by leaving the rude winds of the North for the genial air of the extreme South.

The great drawbacks are the want of good public houses and a proper diet for the sick. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that as the wants increase, methods will be found to supply this present lack. To compare Key West with Havana, we would say that every season finds disappointed invalids returning from Havana for want of the ordinary comforts of home. The city is too close and noisy, and too Spanish. Key West would be a *paradise* for the sick or invalid were there decent accommodations. The house of Mr. Russell is well adapted, and it is fair to presume that as company increases the proprietor will find means to procure all the necessaries for the comfort of his guests. It is a truth long patent, that a good public house on the higher part of the island of Key West would be a godsend to the many who seek health or pleasure along the Florida Reef.

SIESTA.

Softlier noon's magic moments bind her
Than philter or than charm,
The lull of leaf, the breath of balm,
The sweet enchantment that they make;
While from the leafy depths behind her
Soughs of silence float up and break—
Break, and bathe her in perfect calm.
All things soothe to luxurious sleep:
The gorgeous growth along the steep
Droops with the tender things that creep;
The silver fins that oared the pool
Sink where the well-head ceases seething;
In the cup unplucked, where last they sucked,
The moths forsake their drunken wreathing.
All things soothe her to dewy sleep,
Gather her dreams in phalanx deep,
With billowy wings like dim seas astir,
And with low recurrence of gentlest breathing
She sleeps—and the world rolls back from her!

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AN EXAMINATION OF THE CLAIMS OF COLUMBUS.

[Second Paper.]

IN a previous article we endeavored to show that the idea which led to the discovery of America was not the ingenious cogitation of Columbus, but that others, and in particular the Florentine Toscanelli, must be regarded as having devised it and imparted it to him. We reached the conclusion that the character of a scientific investigator does not belong to the Genoese mariner.

It is, however, possible that, in the use made of a borrowed scheme, glory may be attained as great as that which pertains to the author of such scheme. We are now to inquire how much credit is due to Columbus for the carrying out of Toscanelli's plan.

In popular grandiloquence he is depicted as a man magnanimous in his sentiments; sublimely raised above all sublunary and selfish considerations; depressed by the malevolent accusations of enemies, yet serene because wholly unaccused by conscience; he is the grand type of the almost wild, the self-devoted, whole-souled enthusiast.

We confess that we find little in the historic facts which bear upon the case which seems to warrant our imputing to Columbus such a character. We can not conscientiously bring him in guilty of heroism even in the second degree. The essence of heroism, as we are in the habit of understanding the term, consists in self-denial. It may take various shapes, and render men martyrs, now for religion's sake, now for the cause of patriotism, or, again, in behalf of scientific inquiry and pure truth; but in every instance the martyr spirit is a heaven-sent self-forgetfulness. When we examine into the nature of this we readily perceive that it has two measures; first, the meagreness of any advantages of a pecuniary character that may be looked for as the probable result of an undertaking; and secondly, the amount of personal hazard expected to be incurred in its prosecution.

Tested by the former of these standards, how does the great discoverer appear? Is he the martyr whose flame-like zeal so thoroughly devours him as to leave behind not a trace of self? Does he so identify himself with his adopted scheme of discovery that its execution is all his ambition, its success his glory and his gain? The truth is, that the pecuniary advantages which were expected to result from the successful carrying out of the enterprise in question were simply enormous; and the expectations and absolutely uncompromising demands of Columbus were correspondingly large.

It has been the habit to vilify the King of Portugal for his treatment of Columbus. No more palpable act of historical injustice has ever been committed. It was not the want of enterprise—it was not the lack of princely generosity—that deterred King John from lending aid to the would-be voyager. Beginning with the year 1415, expedition after expedition had been sent forth under the patronage of the royal family of Portugal. So much was it their practice to employ adventurous mariners in geographical investigation that, in 1454, Pope Nicholas V. felt himself warranted in issuing a bull which restricted the privilege of making discoveries to the Portuguese. One of their royal family obtained for himself the surname of "the Navigator;" while another, on account of the many discoveries made under his auspices on the coasts of Africa, bore the title "African."

Nor had the spirit of enterprise lost any of its influence at the period when Columbus applied for aid. In the very year in which his request was denied by King John this monarch sent two expeditions to explore the western coasts of Africa. In 1486 Bartholomew Diaz was dispatched with two ships under the patronage of the same sovereign, and discovered the cape now called by John the Cape of Good Hope, inasmuch as it seemed to indicate the possibility of reaching India by doubling it. This expedition of Diaz was the twelfth which had been equipped and sent forth from the shores of Portugal since the year 1415. Evidently the insurmountable obstacle which impeded the progress of Columbus was not the narrow-mindedness or parsimony of the court of Lisbon.

A story is told by way of explanation, which very likely has some ground-work of truth. We are informed that the proposition of Columbus was referred to a royal mathematical commission, consisting of the two physicians of the King and Bishop Ortiz of Centa. This learned trio are reported to have condemned the plan as ridiculous. The story in this shape must, we think, be dismissed as either a misconception or a misrepresentation. Only ten years have elapsed since Alphonso, the predecessor of their present sovereign, consulted Toscanelli in regard to the very plan which they are now required to consider. It is only reasonable to suppose that they had been originally aware of this, or that now, at least, they were made acquainted with the fact and with the suggestions made by Toscanelli. They must undoubtedly have had access to the royal archives in which Toscanelli's map was preserved.

It can not be, moreover, that they were unaware that the plan submitted to them was based upon the idea, then universally prevalent among the learned, that nothing intervened between Europe and India but ocean; and we should naturally consider that, with the characteristic modesty of truly learned men, the Portuguese mathematicians would have hesitated to pronounce a sentence of so sweeping a char-

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acter. We are inclined to think that it was not the plan of action which Columbus proposed that was declared to be visionary and extravagant, but the scale of the recompense which he demanded for his services.

Whatever may have been the truth, there were two persons who evidently were not altogether persuaded of the absurdity of the scheme proposed. One of these was the King; the other the Bishop of Ceuta. John, it would seem, had already made up his mind as to the feasibility of the project of Columbus, before submitting the matter to his council of cosmographers, and it is clear that his purpose was resolute to attempt its execution. At this time, a very large number of exploring expeditions having been sent out at the expense of the Portuguese, their exchequer was growing somewhat lean. Notwithstanding this condition of things, the reasons adduced by Columbus are of so weighty a description that the royal consent to his application seems actually to have been granted. All obstacles are removed, and the noble ambition of the self-denying devotee is about to be realized. One trifling consideration, however, remains. It is a consideration that not unfrequently mars the martyr, and degrades the almost hero into a common trafficker. Columbus has no love for his plan—his soul is not in it. He is like the shepherd whose own the sheep are not. Nothing prevents the success of his application to King John but the stupendous demands of the self-denying man of the sea. Columbus was the son-in-law of the hereditary governor of the island of Porto Santo, one of the Azores. Fayal and Pico, two others of the same group, were known by him to have their hereditary governors. A goodly vision arose before his eye. He was driving a miserable existence by the drawing of maps. As a merchant he had not met with very flattering success. Might he not attain this as a geographical adventurer? In the capacity not of hereditary colonial governor of a single island, but as viceroy of all the lands upon which he should chance to set foot during his voyage—as lord high admiral of all the waters adjacent to such lands—he might distance all competitors. Here was a chance not merely to snatch the jewel of glory, but to possess himself of the more substantial jewels that sparkled in the glow of India's sun. No paltry Pico or Fayal should pour its insular revenue into his coffers. No Porto Santo should leave him, as it had his departed father-in-law, with hereditary name and fame, but without an hereditary moidore. He would secure for himself a viceroyalty which would enable him to rival, perhaps to outshine in wealth and power, the sovereign before whose throne he was now a suppliant. The land of spices should breathe celestial fragrance around him; the birth-place of the diamond and ruby should pour its sparkling tribute at his feet. The Cipango and Cathay of Marco Polo should contribute their glittering gems to adorn his vice-regal coronet. Verily, if anticipations ever were gorgeous, they were those which presented themselves to the mind of the Genoese map-maker of Lisbon as he stood before King John of Portugal in 1484, and pleaded right earnestly for the acceptance of his plan.

Washington Irving's words in regard to this matter were intended to glorify the magnanimity of his hero. They sound, in truth, like the keenest satire. "The only difficulty that remained," says the biographer, "was the terms; for Columbus, being a man of lofty and noble sentiments, demanded high and honorable titles and rewards."

And it was by no means honor alone that was coveted by our ancient mariner. He justly appreciated the emptiness of fame, the vaporous character of noble titles and heraldic glory. Something more substantial commended itself to his eminently practical philosophy.

The demonstration of a geographical theory, too, might have charms for men of ethereal and visionary composition; but his was a strictly logical temperament, that sought a basis of solidity for his convictions and his schemes. Sometimes it is a misfortune to a man to be possessed of a conscience. In Christopher Columbus we have an illustration of the dangerous nature of "lofty and noble sentiments." They created for their unfortunate possessor "the only difficulty" that lay in his path. They induced him to make demands of a truly heroic magnitude; they irresistibly hindered him from abating one jot or tittle from those demands. Let us, however, do this inflexible barterer full justice. He shall speak for himself. His requisitions, as given by Washington Irving, were to the following effect:

1. That he should have for himself during his life, and his heirs and successors forever, the office of admiral in all the lands and continents which he might discover or acquire in the ocean, with similar honors and prerogatives to those enjoyed by the high admiral of Castile in his district.

2. That he should be viceroy and governor-general over all the said lands and continents, with the privilege of nominating three candidates for the government of each island or province, one of whom should be selected by the sovereign.

3. That he should be entitled to reserve for himself one-tenth of all pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, spices, and all other articles and merchandises in whatever manner found, bought, bartered, or gained within his admiralty, the costs being first deducted.

In this last stipulation we consider that the heroic character of Columbus fully develops itself. Its every clause is a demonstration of the comprehensiveness of his mind. In few words he has managed to convey a meaning that is simply prodigious. In the style there is no redundancy. We vainly seek for deficiency in the matter. Majestic conception!

The dwarfed intelligence of sublunary John is incapable of entertaining it. Its comprehen-

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sion demanded loftiness and nobility of sentiment, and these had been denied to the sovereign of Portugal. The hopes of Columbus are dashed to the ground. He meets monarchical meanness with more than imperial haughtiness and inflexibility. His magnanimous soul will not condescend to accept a less magnanimous price than that which he has named.

And we must confess that King John was right. For what was it that was proposed? Columbus insists upon receiving a tenth part of all the clear gains arising from traffic that might be carried on with the lands which he hoped to reach. But those lands were no new unexplored territories, about which it was matter of uncertainty whether their productions were valuable, or whether even they had existence. Columbus, as we have seen, never dreamed of making discoveries before he made them, nor even realized that he had made them after having done so. The lands to which he considered himself bound were none other than India and the neighboring islands, the inexhaustible source of Venetian wealth, magnificence, and power. To become the viceroy of such lands, and to enjoy a clear tenth of all the gains arising from a trade which should equal if not exceed that carried on by the republic of Venice, was a consideration that might naturally exercise no small influence upon the spirit of Columbus; to concede such a viceroyalty as he demanded would have been a step involving no little hazard for the King of Portugal. It actually implied the founding of a rival power which must inevitably eclipse the glory and not improbably menace the security of his own.

That it was solely the extravagance of Columbus's demands, and not the absurdity of his plan, which caused his ill success at the court of Lisbon, is evident from the sequel of the story regarding the royal mathematical commission. The Bishop of Ceuta, one of that memorable junta, advised King John to dispatch a vessel secretly to carry out his plan. The counsel of this ecclesiastical Achitophel was actually followed; but the command of the expedition was intrusted to a person altogether lacking in knowledge and perseverance, and after a few days the vessel returned to port.

When from Portugal we follow our disgusted hero to Spain we find that his soul retains all its original magnanimity. The self-same demands are made—the same inflexibility is manifested in refusing to make the smallest abatement from the price which he has placed upon his labors.

On his entry into Spain he was most favorably received. One of the most influential of the Spanish noblesse, the Duke of Medinaceli, was among the first to whom he made known his projects. So warmly did the Duke enter into his plans that he was actually on the point of granting him the use of three or four caravels which lay ready for sea in his harbor of Port St. Mary. He was deterred from doing so solely by the reflection "that the enterprise if successful would involve discoveries too important to be grasped at by any but a sovereign power, and that the Spanish government might be displeased at his undertaking it on his own account." He therefore wrote to Queen Isabella, strongly recommending Columbus and his plans to her attention.

Arrived at Cordova, on his way to meet her majesty, Columbus found himself in charge of Alonzo de Quintanilla, controller of the treasury of Castile. This dignitary exerted all his influence in the furtherance of the projects of Columbus. Most important was the service which he rendered to him in introducing him to the celebrated Gonzalez de Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, and Grand Cardinal of Spain. Mendoza wielded so powerful an influence in the affairs of the kingdom that Peter Martyr facetiously styled him "the third King of Spain." A full explanation of the views of Columbus satisfied him of their profound importance, and he became an active promoter of his object.

It is true that among the learned assembled at Salamanca to pronounce upon the propositions laid before them, certain were found who considered them opposed to the statements of Scripture, and, what was probably quite as appalling, to the geographical notions of the fathers. Absolutely overwhelming were supposed to be the arguments obtained from Lactantius and Augustine. They both denounce the idea that there are antipodes—the one because it is simply absurd to imagine that there are people who walk with their heels upward and their heads hanging down; the other on the theological ground that if there were such phenomena, it would prove that there were members of the human family who had another primogenitor than Adam, inasmuch as it was manifestly impossible for any to have passed from one side of the globe to the other through the intervening ocean.

On the part of the sovereigns, however, the unfavorable opinions of some of the council and the indecision of others had little effect. There was a manifest disposition to engage in the enterprise if it could be shown to offer a reasonable prospect of success.

When he is just on the verge, however, of attaining his wishes, the unfortunate magnanimity of Columbus appears once more upon the scene. Like Socrates of old, he had a "dæmon;" but it was of a somewhat more practical character than its ancient counterpart. "So fully imbued was Columbus," says Irving, "with the grandeur of his enterprise that he would listen to none but princely conditions." His demands were the same as those which had caused the failure of his application to the King of Portugal. More moderate conditions were offered, but the noble soul of the ancient mariner disdained them. "It is impossible," writes Irving, "not to admire the great constancy of purpose and loftiness of spirit dis-

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played by Columbus. Nothing could make him descend to terms which he considered beneath the dignity of his enterprise." As if the dignity of his enterprise would have suffered even if its achievement had been requited with the most inadequate payment! How unfortunate for searchers after truth should their doings be dignified in proportion to the recompense of their labors! Much as the genial charity of Irving may be admired, we must excuse ourselves altogether from regarding the pertinacity of Columbus as affording any indication of moral and intellectual sublimity. Had a noble enthusiasm fired his soul, he would have spent no eighteen years in endeavoring to secure for himself a profitable pecuniary consequence of his adventure. His inflexible purpose to make the expedition a source of wealth, or, to quote Irving's words, his "loftiness of spirit," would have prevented his ever sailing from Spain at all had the concessions which he demanded not been complied with.

But let us accompany the noble-hearted admiral to the island of Hispaniola. "So loving, so tractable, so peaceable are these people," says Columbus in his journal, "that I swear to your majesties there is not in the world a better nation. They love their neighbors as themselves, their discourse is ever sweet and gentle" (it is here to be observed that the Pentecostal gift of understanding all the languages of all the islands which he visited seems to have been vouchsafed to Columbus), "and, though they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy." Columbus very soon after reaching this island has the misfortune to lose one of his ships. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the natives, especially that of their leader, called Guacanagari. Some of those who accompany the admiral are captivated by the character of the natives and the productiveness of the island, and, not being particularly enamored of a "home on the rolling deep," expressed to Columbus the desire to establish themselves upon the island. Visions of vice-regal state at once present themselves to his prophetic eye. His consent is readily given. The first step no doubt will be to obtain the permission of the Indian prince who, with his people, had treated him so graciously. He will proffer at least some beads and trinkets in exchange for the necessary land. Another measure than this, however, commended itself to Columbus. A fortress must be built! The wreck of his caravel would furnish materials, he conceived, for erecting this; the guns of that ill-fated craft might be placed upon its walls. But it will naturally be asked by the inquiring mind, why build a fortress where nothing but kindness and generosity had been experienced? The answer is that these warlike measures were taken for the protection of the natives against their enemies! So at least the noble-hearted Guacanagari is said to have been informed. But what enemies? Why, the terrible Caribs, a race of whom Peter Martyr, a contemporary of Columbus, and withal, we should judge, a man of unbounded credulity, writes: "The stories of the Lestrigonians and of Polyphemus, who fed on human flesh, are no longer doubtful! Attend, but beware lest thy hair bristle with horror!"

From his first interviews with the natives of the islands of San Salvador and Hispaniola, Columbus informs us that he had learned of the dreadful warfare waged by these savages upon their inoffensive neighbors, and of their odious practice of devouring the flesh of their captives. We venture to avow the extremely heretical belief that this story of Caribbean cannibalism is a pure fabrication of the lofty genius of Columbus, devised for the sole purpose of justifying the endeavor on his part to make slaves of the islanders. The story appears to have no foundation save the authority of the admiral. In testing its reliability, therefore, we must examine what were the grounds upon which he based a conclusion so derogatory to the character of the Caribs.

The sources of Columbus's information are of two kinds: first, the reports of the anti-Caribbeans, and secondly, the circumstantial evidences gathered by himself and his companions in the native seats of these atrocious anthropophagi.

In regard to the first of these we can not see that any course lies open to the impartial investigator save its total rejection as absolutely valueless. Let the facts be considered.

Christopher Columbus and certain others, all natives of European countries, arrive at the islands of San Salvador, Cuba, etc. All, save one Israelite, who seems to have concentrated in his single erudite self all the linguistic lore of the party, having at command Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, are restricted to the use of European languages. They find the islands occupied by a race of beings differing in type from any with whom they have heretofore been acquainted. The language of these people is altogether dissimilar in genius and structure to their own. No doubt all intercommunication will be brief, if not witty. The range of subjects discussed will be limited. It requires no inconsiderable time to acquire a new language, even if that language be a member of the same family as that to which our own belongs. A somewhat painful and tedious exercise of intellectual force is called for when the Englishman attempts to obtain a knowledge of his next-door neighbor's dialect. It would be difficult for an adventurous traveler to find credence for the story that, without having ever seen a French grammar or heard a single French word, or even dreamed of the existence of the French language, he had landed on the sunny shores of France, and at once conversed with the natives, and conversed, too, upon a very extensive range of subjects. Should he modestly confine himself to the statement that by dint of agonized expressions and laborious gesticulations he had managed to convey the im-

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pressions that the natural cravings of appetite were unsatisfied, and that a morsel of bread and a glass of wine would prove not unacceptable varieties in his experience, we might readily admit the possibility of such negotiations being carried on and brought to a satisfactory termination. So, had Columbus restricted himself to the assertion that he had contrived to obtain from his Indian friends a supply of the necessaries of life, we should find no difficulty in believing his story.

The case, however, is widely different. On the second day of his sojourn at San Salvador Columbus notes, with considerable satisfaction, that the natives are possessed of ornaments of gold. He inquired where this gold was to be found. The intelligent natives displayed a vastly greater amount of knowledge than some of our intelligent contrabands during the late war. They at once appreciate the import of the question put to them in pure Castilian. They find themselves, however, unable to reply in the same grandiloquent speech. In this early interview they have recourse to signs. It has been claimed, we believe, for recent instructors of the deaf and dumb that they invented the sign language. It had, however, been carried to perfection by the ingenious natives of San Salvador.

They answered Columbus by signs, pointing to the south, where, he understood them, dwelt a king of such wealth that he was served in vessels of wrought gold. He understood, also, that there was land to the south, the southwest, and the northwest, and that the people from the last-mentioned quarter frequently proceeded to the southwest in quest of gold and precious stones, making in their way descents upon the islands, and carrying off the inhabitants. Several of the natives showed him scars of wounds received in battle with these invaders. There is nothing in the Pentecostal miracle which surpasses the magnificence of this achievement. Verily there were giants intellectual in those days!

We have read and heard of the extraordinary ability of Christopher Columbus as a scientific investigator and a courageous mariner, but we do not think that any justice has been hitherto accorded to his superlative talents as a writer of fiction. Washington Irving mildly observes that "a great part of this fancied intelligence was self-delusion on the part of Columbus. He was persuaded that he had arrived among the islands described by Marco Polo as lying opposite Cathay in the Chinese Sea, and he construed every thing to accord with the account given of those opulent regions." Yet Irving gravely admits that a part of this so-called information was reliable. He believes that the natives managed to tell Columbus of the fact that enemies made war upon them, that these enemies resided in the northwest, that there was land to the south, that it abounded in gold, and that its sovereign was served out of vessels of gold.

But let us notice further this singular narrative of our hero's negotiations with the West Indians. All recourse to signs is soon dispensed with. Seven days after his arrival in the New World he steered southeast in quest of an island which his guides, taken on board about five days previously, described (!) as being enriched with a mine of gold. Its king, they informed Columbus, was sovereign of the neighboring islands. He dwelt in a large city, possessed great treasures, and decked his royal person with rich clothing and jewels of gold. "They found," says Irving, "the island; but neither the monarch nor the mine. Either Columbus had misunderstood the natives, or" (and here the worthy biographer seems to us to admit an alternative which involves a manifest impossibility) "they, measuring things by their own poverty, had exaggerated the paltry state and trivial ornaments of some savage chieftain."

On the 1st of November the admiral, being now on the coast of Cuba, sends boats ashore to visit several houses. The inhabitants flee. Columbus sends a boat on shore again, in the afternoon, with an Indian interpreter! (who, for the space of less than three weeks, had been, we suppose, deeply occupied in studying the dialect of Andalusia, translating Lucayan into Spanish, and had, doubtless, well-nigh executed the first edition of his Hispano-Lucayan Dictionary). At least, whatever progress he had made in his philological studies, he was not at all unprepared for the present occasion. "He was instructed," so gravely writes Irving, as if he were detailing matters of indisputable fact, "to assure the people of the peaceable and beneficent intentions of the Spaniards, and that they had no connection with the Grand Khan." This the Indian proclaims from the boat to the savages upon the beach. Such an effect is produced that a number of the natives visit the fleet in the most perfect confidence. One of them is an adept in philology. He holds quite a lengthy colloquy with the equally philological admiral, who gathers from him "that the king of the island lived about the distance of four days' journey in the interior; that many messengers had been dispatched to give him tidings of the arrival of the strangers upon the coast (!), and that in less than three days' time messengers might be expected from him in return, and many merchants from the interior to trade with the ships!"

By the 12th of December Columbus had procured an additional interpreter in the shape of a Cuban native. This man exhibited equal ability with his San Salvadorian colleagues, and was, in less than three weeks, capable of translating. "The Spaniards *conversed* with the natives of Cuba by his means."

But, in fact, we only wonder that Columbus took pains to educate specially any of the islanders. The gift of speaking with other tongues seems to have been universally diffused among them. From the story of the interviews which Columbus had with Guacanagari, the cacique of

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Hispaniola, it appears that this personage himself, his counselors and his attendants, were all quite capable of maintaining conversation with the Spaniards on all sorts of subjects, and this within a space of less than three months.

It is obvious that all information as to the man-eating propensities of the Caribs derived from the reports of the Indians is simply worthless. Those reports are obviously nothing more or less than fables.

How far may we rely upon the circumstantial evidences gathered by Columbus and his friends on the occasion of his visit to the Caribbean islands? Bones and skulls and other portions of the human frame are stated to have been seen among the habitations of these odious barbarians. So have we seen in the crypts of churches and convents collections of the osseous relics of departed saints; yet deemed we not that these furnished any conclusive evidence that the flesh which once covered the same had furnished ghastly banquets for the surviving brethren.

It was a custom with many of the natives of the New World to preserve the remains of their deceased friends, and for this purpose they dried the same by the heat of a fire.

We feel now serious doubt as to the validity of Columbus's testimony against the Caribs. And when we turn to historic fact we find material wholly at variance with the statements of the saintly navigator. The island of Grenada was occupied by Caribs. They remained in undisturbed possession of it until 1650, when Du Parquet, the French governor of Martinique, organized an expedition for the purpose of seizing it. The expedition was received by these ferocious cannibals with the utmost kindness, and a pretext had to be devised for making an attack upon them. A few glass beads, knives, and other trinkets were given to them, and it was then insisted by the marauders that these trifles were the price of the island. The Caribs were evidently neither ferocious nor warlike. Father Du Tertre mentions that on one occasion "forty of them were massacred on the spot. About forty others who had escaped the sword ran toward a precipice, from whence they cast themselves headlong into the sea, and miserably perished."

We are constrained to believe that Columbus invented this whole story for the purpose, as already suggested, of justifying his designs of making slaves of the unoffending islanders. Facts strongly sustain us in this conclusion. Las Casas, in his address to the emperor in 1542, says, "It is right that your majesty should understand that, in 1499, the first admiral permitted certain Spaniards who had rendered great services to their Catholic Majesties to take each an Indian for his private service. I myself obtained one."

It is clear from the further statements of this truly noble old saint (albeit he be not canonized), that this enslaving of the West India islanders was the great cause of the disaffection manifested toward Columbus by his royal patroness. "When," says Las Casas, "they arrived in this kingdom [Spain] her Highness Queen Isabella was so dissatisfied with this disposition of the Indians that it was impossible to calm her indignation. 'Who,' said she, 'has authorized my admiral thus to make donations of my subjects?' The princess caused proclamation to be made that all who had brought Indians with them at the time of the first voyage should forthwith send them back to their own land, under pain of death. In 1500, when Francisco de Bobadilla went to America as governor, all these Indians returned, and mine was of this number."

Nor did Columbus limit himself to this very restricted enslavement of the Indians. We are told that in 1494 he sent back to Spain above five hundred Indian prisoners, who, as he suggested, might be sold as slaves at Seville. It may be supposed that their arrival did not minister to the gratification of Isabella, although it evidently was a measure quite in keeping with the noble and lofty sentiments hitherto displayed by Columbus.

It was clearly the design of Columbus to make slaves of the Indians in their own land, and to make merchandise of them in Spain. He understood perfectly well that there were no resources of golden mountains or pearly beaches in the lands, whatever they were, which he had reached. He could export no article, save that of human flesh and blood, which could be expected to compete with the articles obtained from the ports of India. The Spaniards and Portuguese, in their adventures upon the shores of Africa, had found the traffic in slaves a source of enormous profit. Natives of the West India Islands, perhaps the Caribs by pre-eminence, might not unreasonably be expected to find an equally ready market. Las Casas says that "the bad government and cruelty practiced toward the Indians during forty-five years had occasioned the death of 15,000,000." Even if we reduce his estimate of the population fifty per cent., there will still remain enough to have held out to the admiral prospects of a very gainful description.

We are searching, it will be remembered, in the character of Columbus for that element of heroism and self-denial which consists in disregard of the pecuniary consequence that may be looked for as the result of an enterprise. It is scarcely necessary to state that we are unable to find it.

Nor is our search much more successful when we estimate the danger which threatened to embarrass the adventurous voyager. Columbus was familiar enough with the phenomenon of vessels losing sight of land and yet reaching their destination in safety. In 1418 the island of Porto Santo had been discovered; in 1419, that of Madeira by Gonzalvez and Vaz, under the patronage of Henry the Navigator. Twenty or thirty years later the entire Azore group had been discovered. These islands are nearly

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1500 miles distant from Europe, yet they were colonized very shortly after their discovery; and, furthermore, uninterrupted commercial intercourse was maintained with the mother country. The sugar-cane was transferred there from Sicily, the Cyprian vine soon blossomed fragrant prophecies of many a cask of good Madeira. By the time that Columbus made his famous visit to the convent of La Rabida his hospitable friend, the friar Juan Perez de Marchena, had access no doubt to a noble conventual cellar, over the mellow contents of which the two may readily be fancied exchanging opinions on the Ophir and Cipango of their fervid expectations. If Columbus had only known better the meaning of the saw, "In vino veritas," or been able to afford a few bottles of the veritable article, he had certainly the means at hand for insuring a sound decision on the part of the medico-ecclesiastico-mathematical junta, which, says the legend, ridiculed his plans. So extensive, indeed, was the traffic carried on with the islands in question that Flemings and Italians betook themselves thither and to Portugal for the purpose of sharing in its returns. Columbus's own father-in-law, Palestrello, an Italian, was governor of Porto Santo. Columbus himself, too, had frequently made the voyage to Madeira, and well understood that a passage on the open sea was far less perilous than the coast-wise voyages which Portuguese and Spanish adventurers were incessantly undertaking. In truth, the honor of being the first to encounter the unknown perils of the boundless deep must in all justice be conceded to the Scandinavian mariners already mentioned, and to those fameless names, Gonzalvez and Vaz, who discovered Madeira and Porto Santo seventy years before Columbus sailed from the port of Palos.

It has been customary to describe the ships of Columbus as the most contemptible species of craft. It was his own fault if they were not the very best to be found in the harbors of Spain, for he had royal authority to impress both men and ships for his voyage. Furthermore, he himself asserts in his journal that they were "well calculated for the service" in which they were to be engaged.

With regard, moreover, to the difficulties of navigation likely to be encountered, they were not different in kind from those already met and overcome by multitudes of his predecessors and contemporaries. Nay, more, the voyage which he proposed to undertake was free from one difficulty which must have occasioned no small amount of perplexity, if not of peril, to those navigators who performed voyages of exploration along the African coast. For these it was quite important to have some idea of their longitude. Errors in reckoning this might bring them at any moment into dangerous proximity to the shore. Columbus, as he well knew, had simply to keep the ship's head to the west. The Nuremberg compass-makers would furnish him with the means of doing this without risk of important error.

Very necessary, however, was it that he should be able to determine his position with reference to the equator and the pole. This was a point to which Toscanelli had particularly called his attention. How, then, does Columbus hope to ascertain his latitude?

The means at his command render this a matter of far less difficulty than it had been heretofore. For the purpose of determining latitude navigators commonly resort to a simple problem, the elements of which are the declination of the sun or other heavenly body, and the observed altitude of the same body. To whom is Columbus indebted for his declinations?

In 1436 was born in Königsberg John Müller, commonly called, from his birth-place, Regiomontanus, perhaps the ablest mathematician and astronomer of his day. Toward the close of his life he retired to Nuremberg, at that time, as he describes it, "a sort of centre of Europe," owing to the fact that merchants from all the northern portions of the continent resorted thither to procure supplies, especially of those articles which were obtained by way of Venice from the East. Here almost alone, at the time of which we speak, compasses were manufactured; and so extensive was the production of these instruments that in 1510 the manufacturers organized themselves into a guild.

Naturally enough, as being the centre at once of trade and of science, the quaint old city presented strong attractions to the astronomer. Abandoning, therefore, the bishopric of Regensburg, to which he had recently been advanced by the Pope, he betook himself in 1471 to the tranquillity of Nuremberg. Shortly after this there appeared from the printing establishment carried on at the expense of Bernard Walter, an opulent citizen of Nuremberg, for the express purpose of multiplying the writings of Regiomontanus, a work of which all the great navigators of the day at once availed themselves —the "Ephemerides" of Regiomontanus.

This consisted of tables of declination of the sun and other heavenly bodies, calculated for a period of thirty-two years—from 1474 to 1506. While, therefore, Toscanelli imparted to Columbus his ideas with regard to what was to be done, the quiet man of science in Nuremberg supplied him with one important means of ascertaining from day to day whether he was actually accomplishing his task.

It was needful for him, however, to have some means of obtaining the other element of the problem to be solved, the observed altitude of some heavenly body with whose declination he was acquainted. Here again he is in part indebted to Regiomontanus, but also, and more immediately, to another mathematician of German birth and education already mentioned, Martin Behaim. Behaim seems to hold the same position in this matter that Fulton does in regard to steam navigation.

Long ages before his day astronomers had devised an instrument, called by the Greek

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word astrolabe, *i. e.*, star-taker, for determining the altitude of heavenly bodies.

It may be described as consisting of a graduated circle, or portion of a circle, with an index revolving at the centre. This index carried sights. It was usually constructed of wood, and of course, antedating the telescope, it had no means for augmenting the power of human vision. Yet it is to be regarded with no little reverence as being the precursor of our mural circle and transit instrument. It involved the same general principle as they do.

It is evident, moreover, that the Arabians had applied the astrolabe to the purposes of navigation. Pigafetta, who gives an account of the voyage of Vasco da Gama to India round the Cape of Good Hope, informs us that when the Portuguese mariners met with certain Arabian cruisers, which were on their way from the ports of India to the Red Sea, they were surprised to find these barbarians amply provided with astrolabes suitable for taking nautical observations.

It appears, furthermore, that the Spanish Moors were acquainted with the Azore groups as early as the twelfth century. The Arabian geographer Edrisi, who died in 1180, speaks of them as the isles of hawks or vultures, which is the meaning of the word Azores. It is not at all improbable that, like their co-religionists in the distant Orient, the Spanish-Arabian navigators employed some form of the astrolabe to ascertain their position at sea.

And it is not unreasonable to suppose that, like so many other matters of a scientific character, this method of ascertaining latitude by observation of the altitude of heavenly bodies may have been handed down by the Moors to their Christian successors. Certain it is that, as already noticed, a commerce second, it would seem, to that alone which was carried on between Venice and the East, was engaged in by the islanders on the one side, and the Flemings and Portuguese on the other. The mariners who were in the habit of voyaging to and fro over the 1500 miles which separated the Azores from the continent must have had the means of keeping their latitude. Probably they had some form of astrolabe.

In the face of this probability we have great difficulty to account for the fact that the astrolabe seems to have been unknown, or at least unfamiliar, to Portuguese mariners until the close of the fifteenth century. Perhaps the instrument may have had such palpable and important defects as to interfere with its general use. Be this as it may, we are assured that as late as the discovery of Guinea by Gilianeo in 1432 the course of a ship was regulated by reference to the coast lines.

This appears, account as we may for the disuse of the astrolabe, to have been the condition of nautical science until the time of John II. of Portugal. He created a mathematical society, the object of which was to simplify and otherwise improve the instruments then employed in navigation. This strongly suggests that whatever those instruments had been they were of a very unsatisfactory character.

The members of this society were the two physicians of the king, the Bishop of Ceuta, and Martin Behaim. Circumstantial evidence, however, goes to prove that the really efficient member was Behaim. At this time he was probably not twenty-five years of age, and he was, moreover, a stranger in the country. Only really pre-eminent mathematical ability and geographical knowledge could have secured for him the position which we find him occupying as the associate in labor of the ablest savans of the kingdom. Nothing but this could atone for the double transgression of being at once a young man and a foreigner. That he had such ability is sufficiently attested. While Behaim was still a youth of sixteen or seventeen Regiomontanus had betaken himself to Nuremberg to enjoy the repose of scientific activity. Martin was his pupil. This he asserted of himself, as Barros and Maffei unite in telling us. In the workshop-study of his master he had been taught the use of the astrolabe for purely astronomical purposes.

On his arrival in Lisbon, where geographical discovery and nautical affairs in general formed the great burden of conversation, what more likely than that he should have heard the yarns of sea-captains detailing their hair-breadth 'scapes, or their loss of time, in a species of cruising which might almost be called vagabondizing, owing to the inaccuracy of their altitude observations—what more natural than that the pupil of John Müller should devote his thoughts to the prevention of such misadventures, and that he should see in the astrolabe of his master a means of solving the difficulty? Whether, however, we are correct in ascribing thus much to Behaim is uncertain. We know, nevertheless, this much, that Barros, who was born in 1496, had the impression that at the close of the fifteenth century, for the first time, navigators were enabled to venture out of sight of land. In noticing Vasco da Gama's voyage he mentions an incident which shows that navigators had not even yet overcome the hereditary apprehension of a landless sea. When in the bay of St. Helena, on the coast of Africa, Vasco landed for the purpose, in part, indeed, of obtaining water, but with the object also of taking the altitude of the sun; "for," says Barros, "it was but recently that the astrolabe had been employed in navigation, and the ships being small, Da Gama apprehended that their motion would interfere with the accuracy of his observations; hence he did not venture to 'take the sun' on board, especially with a wooden astrolabe of no more than three palms in diameter, and that, too, supported in no very steady fashion upon a tripod."

We further know that Barros considered this improvement in practical navigation to be due to the mathematical society of King John, already alluded to, as having for its object the

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ascertaining of some reliable method of guiding the course of a vessel on the high seas. "These men," says Barros, "discovered the mode of doing this by mean observations of the altitude of the sun. They made tables of the sun's declination, which are still [about 1550] in use among seamen; and, in addition, contrived astrolabes more exact than were used at first when there were none but 'those huge wooden ones.'"

If, then, Toscanelli supplied Columbus with his plan, Regiomontanus, Behaim, and his colleagues contributed the means of carrying that plan into execution. It seems a gross historical injustice that the fame of such men should be eclipsed by that of one who was so far from heartily devoting himself to his plan that he refused utterly to attempt its execution unless he received a royal guarantee that he should enjoy pecuniary recompense of truly prodigious magnitude.

Whether, then, we examine the objects for which, and for which alone, Columbus was induced to set sail, or whether we consider the method in which and the purposes for which he employed his success, or whether we estimate the dangers which he expected to encounter and did encounter on his voyage, we find reasons which seem to us irresistibly conclusive for denying to him the heroic character.

It does not appear to us that he rises at all above sublunary considerations. His perseverance is that of an inflexible bargainer. He is the inaugurator of slavery for those Indians whom he captures in wars of his own provoking—he is the merciless collector of tribute from those with whom he is at peace. As a viceroy he incurred and he deserved the disapprobation of his sovereign. As a navigator he had predecessors and contemporaries some of whom were his superiors, others quite his equals.

With all due reverence we beg to submit the facts above enumerated and the conclusions based upon them to the profound consideration of the fathers who are proposing to transform the don into the saint. Will it not be a somewhat violent metamorphosis?

WED IN THE MORNING—DEAD AT NIGHT.

[Part II.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE PORTALS OF PARADISE.

TRELOAR accepted the loan of his friend's carriage and horses that he might have the pleasure of driving Edith to Dover by road instead of going by rail, as they had agreed to do. Little thinking that Harcourt had determined to be at Dover before him, Treloar sadly bade him good-by, took the reins in his hand, and, turning his face away, mounted to the box-seat. The eager horses dashed out from the entrance archway, and as they swung the carriage round into the bright sunlit street Treloar noticed the little dark portal opposite, where the apparition had seemed to stand in the dim dawn. And now he smiled with joyful anticipation, and thought how easily even a strong man is mastered by a little combination of untoward chances and a trifling imprudence on his own part. That *must have been* a figment of the brain. His own spirit *could not* be in two places at the same time; and if it could, and had been, he could not have seen it with bodily eyes. How could matter take an impress of the immaterial?

All such folly and gloom should stay behind, and brood among the stagnation of Peperton. He would have no more of them. All the vigor, all the gentleness and affection of his nature, should be devoted to the pleasant task before him. A young girl, fresh, innocent, and surely loving, though distracted by conflicting emotions, and as yet unaccustomed to trust in or rely upon any man but her own father—such a girl, fluttering like a timid bird, was now about to take her place beside him, to share his hopes and prospects, his weal and woe, his bed and board, his love, his very life. Should he at the outset oppress her with displeasure or distrust? No. He generously resolved to betray no shadow of either—to feel none. As he thought of her youth and inexperience, of the many indisputable proofs of love which she had given him, of the very sacrifice of home ties which she had made for him, of the struggle of feeling to which her fidelity to him must have subjected her, of her entire dependence on him from henceforth, he declared to himself that his love for her should be as a God's, surrounding her sleeping and waking, at home and abroad, unchanging through all her changeful moods. By so loving, guarding, and cherishing this child of nature, who was now intrusted to him, he might perchance atone for many youthful levities, atone for the errors of his manhood, and contribute much to the happiness and goodness of one of the fairest of God's creatures.

He took Edith up at her father's door. No maid accompanied her, though he had urged her to bring one at least for their projected trip on the Continent. She had only a traveling toilet-bag. Her boxes had gone to Dover by rail. There was something pitiful in her solitary, dependent condition. No bright faces beamed with tearful smiles in the doorway. No playful guest threw after her the traditional shoe. He wrapped her up in shawls as if the sun was not shining brightly, and the wind tempered softly for this shorn lamb. He *would* place her bag behind him on the seat, though its bulk seriously incommoded him. It should

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not be scratched and sullied in the boot. Every thing belonging to her was sacred. Surely no woman had ever been cared for as this one should be.

The groom left the horses' heads and sprang up into the back seat. Away they sped, making swiftly for the open country by the high-road to Dover.

After they had cleared the suburbs of Peperton she said, "How *good* your friend looks! I wonder you could give him up for me!"

"May I not keep both?" he asked.

"Oh yes; why not? I intend to love every one who loves you."

His dark eyes glistened with tender emotion.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"At the hotel in Peperton just now. Going back to town by the next train."

"And you would have liked him to come with us. Why not?"

"You read my thoughts. I should have liked it; but he thought you would not."

Edith pouted. Then it was the Honorable Mr. Harcourt who considered her feelings in the matter—not her husband. He did not notice the pout, being too happy, or thinking it a playful deprecation. Presently, however, she surprised him by saying, hastily:

"Do take him with us. I like him so much! You would enjoy yourself so much better. He could come with us to France and Germany, could he not?"

At this juncture it was evident that love had blinded Treloar's eyes. He failed to see that this piece of guileless innocence at his side was already jealous of his bachelor friend, and in her desperate way was tempting him to aggravate her jealousy. The pace of the fiery chestnuts was reduced to a walk, their heads were turned, and in a very few minutes all Peperton (including Mr. Harcourt) was immensely surprised at the sight of the splendid phaeton again drawn up in front of the hotel.

Out of an open window on the first-floor appeared the comely visage of the best-man, smiling and kissing a hand to the bride.

"What have you left behind?" he cried to Treloar.

"You," shouted the latter. "Is your valise ready? Make haste. Come down. *We* want you. Come on."

Down came Mr. Harcourt, bowing and laughing, the waiter in attendance with his portmanteau.

"How very good of you!" said Harcourt to the lady. "May I really come with you? The very thing I should like—

"'To burst all links of habit; there to wander far away—'"

"The rest of that quotation by-and-by," said the major. "Put that into the boot, William. Jump up behind, my boy. Excuse a back seat in your own carriage."

Then, while turning to see his friend comfortably seated, Treloar again said, "*We* want you," laying especial emphasis on the "we," and looking so joyful that Harcourt almost forgot the narrow, dark archway opposite, and the phantom which Treloar had seen there at break of day after his lonely vigil.

Edith did really like the look and manner of her husband's friend; and though his presence was owing to her wanton humor, she was half gratified at having pleased her husband by this appearance of generosity. Moreover, she enjoyed being drawn lightly through the balmy summer air by those swift, strong horses. All her sensations were new, like the life upon which she had entered. The country, which had seemed to her so commonplace and familiar before, was now a succession of magnificent open landscapes, broken by umbrageous dells and hollows, through which they sped, among giant oaks and elms and sycamores, to new landscapes with varying features and fresh beauties, yet harmonious and blending in memory's mirror; until at length before them, east and west, as far as eye could reach, stretched the broad blue sea, England's glory and her strength.

"Is it not glorious?" asked Treloar, with a wave of his whip from left to right.

"I am so happy," she murmured, like a dove; but measuring all glory and beauty, as she measured all holiness and goodness, by the amount of sensuous pleasure it afforded her.

"Then you really love me?" he inquired, only wishing to see the love-light in her eyes, and the movement of her sweet lips.

No answer came in words, but through glistening tears her eyes beamed upon his very soul. Two truant drops escaped and gamboled down the peach bloom on her cheeks. The siren was even more lovely so. No hideous distortions of the mouth, no red, swollen eyelids, marred the beauty of this April shower.

He gazed upon her in ecstasy. A turnpike gate recalled his attention to the common things of earth. A woman, with a tall and somewhat stately figure, and a handsome though sour visage, emerged from a smoky hovel to take the toll. Both Treloar and his bride were struck with her peculiar manner and appearance. She gazed at the former at first as though fascinated, then started suddenly, and fixed upon Edith a glance at once curious and malicious. Harcourt gave her half a crown. She went into the hut for change, and emerging with four four-penny pieces, persisted in tendering them to Treloar, stretching across Edith for the purpose. Discovering at the last moment that the change was "short," she demanded it back, and asked with some asperity whether they suspected her honesty. Edith followed the retreating figure with her eyes, and to her astonishment saw the woman's face flattened against a dirty window, and a pair of angry dark eyes peering at her through the dingy glass.

"I don't like that person. She is looking at me," said Edith; and immediately the virtuous toll-keeper emerged again, and proceed-

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ed to hand eighteen substantial pennies to Treloar, leaning across Edith again, and favoring her with a sidelong glance of peculiar interest. Annoyed at this profanation of his idol, Treloar drew the lash of the whip lightly across the quarter of the horse on the off side, and with the same movement jerked the woman's hand upward and put it aside with the handle of the whip.

The horses started impetuously forward. A part of the carriage struck the poor woman's hand, and sent her eighteen penny pieces flying in all directions.

"Beg pardon! Keep the coppers," cried out Treloar, and added, "I hope I have not hurt the poor wretch; but she was so abominably offensive."

Harcourt turned quickly round in his seat, and saw the indignant virago standing alone in the midst of a cloud of summer dust: he also saw, or fancied he saw, that she was shaking her fist at the retreating phaeton, and either heard, or fancied he heard, her voice uttering maledictions, not loud but deep.

Even after a curve in the road had quite concealed the turnpike and its lodge from view, Harcourt found himself more than once turning to look in that direction. His natural sensibility was wounded at having even indirectly offended a woman; and his mind was still pervaded with a vague misgiving of danger, in some form or another, dogging his friend's footsteps, or waylaying him on the road.

Treloar himself was uneasy about the circumstance. To perpetrate a rudeness, however slight, on a woman was most distasteful to him. He was angry with himself now for having done so, and laughed at the very idea of the uncouth creature having intended to give offense.

"She was only dazzled by your beauty, my darling. If I am angry with every one who looks at you, I shall be always under fire."

So the joyous bridegroom accounted for the strange woman's behavior. But after the phaeton had passed from her sight the mysterious janitress of the borough of Dover might have been observed sitting, bent in deep grief over her rickety table, leaning forward on her elbows, and rocking with a peevish, restless motion the frail chair on which she sat. Her fingers hid her grimy face and cheerless eyes, but no tears trickled out from between them to catch the light of heaven as they fell, and show that pure joys are around the mourner even in her hour of bitterness and wrath, waiting for the heart to open and receive them, waiting for the welcome without which only rude guests may enter in.

"Curse him! and curse her, too, the simpering, false, fair-faced jade, with her tinsel hair and painted cheek! Push *my* hand away with the whip, for fear it should touch *her!* Eh? I'll be even with them both." Thus she harshly whispered between her palms; and how could pardon, pity, submission, consolation, peace—those angels of heaven—enter in and dwell in a heart so hostile, so inhospitable!

Presently some little children were stooping, picking up some coins, calling to each other and to her, raising dust in the open gateway without. They had found the eighteen pence which had fallen from her hand as she stood gazing after Harcourt's carriage. She snatched up a thorny stick, rushed out, and belabored every urchin she could catch, at the same time snatching the money from them, and chucking it into a pocket which hung open at her belt. As she did so she said to herself, "Not *his* money. That fool on the back seat gave me this. Who is *he*, I wonder? Another of that minx's lovers, no doubt. So *she* may have two, may she?"

Then by a dextrous movement apprehending a child who had hitherto escaped her, and was at that moment deriding her in fallacious security, she caned him with singular ferocity, only desisting when the stick broke to pieces in her hand, and then violently shaking him, until the poor child was bewildered, disfigured, and gasping for breath. In this state she dragged him into the hut, and jerking him off his feet, stood him upright on a ledge in one corner. Then, looking into his helpless face and tearful eyes with an angry scowl, she cried out, in a harsh, grating tone, "Like father, like son! Scoff at your mother, will you?"

"No, no, mamma; I won't. I will be a good boy again," he sobbed; and taking some pence from his poor little pocket, handed them to her pitifully.

Now the other fit came over this poor creature's heart, and she clasped the boy in a furious embrace, covering his face and neck and breast with hot kisses, and rocking him to and fro, with an inarticulate moaning, like a dog in distress.

After a little while some blind desire of self-justification struggled with her misery till it found utterance. "My boy! my boy!" she cried, still holding the boy in her arms, and he still clinging to her, and hanging his head over her shoulder; "don't mock me, my child. I can't bear it. *He* does it. *He* scorns me, like dirt. He worships a grinning jade, as unlike me as I am now to what I was. I should soil her dress. I am unclean, hideous, unchaste, mean. But it was your uncle, my own brother, that I hadn't seen for years; not another lover, as he thought. And he discarded me for it. But I loved him. Ah me! ah me! I loved him. But now—"

Suddenly she put the boy down; but he clung to her dress, and trotted about by her side when she went out to take tolls, or crouched on the ground at her feet when she came in and sat down again at her bare, unlovely board. So they remained for an hour or more, after which she announced her intention of going out, and remaining, perhaps, all night. On these occasions the child "minded the house" and took the tolls. Though under ten years of age, he

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was quite capable of these duties. Presently his mother's voice called him behind a partition which divided the cabin into two rooms. There stood, stooping and leaning upon a knotted crutch, apparently an aged crone of ninety years, wrapped from head to foot in a cloak which had been red, but was now of many fading and neutral tints. A palsy shook her frame. Wrinkles, the dryest and hardest that human face ever shriveled into, furrowed her cheeks and chin. Only under a clean white band, which concealed her forehead, bushy black eyebrows, and fiery, fierce dark eyes, told of the grandeur of departed beauty, and gave to the whole figure an air of majesty which contrasted strangely with its decrepitude.

The poor child put his hands—which, though dirty, were small and shapely—before his eyes, and trembling, said, "Oh, mother, don't, don't, don't! Let me go and get money. I will find that noble gentleman with the grand phaeton and the pretty lady. I am sure they were married to-day. They will give me money. Don't go out like that any more."

The hag sank upon a truckle-bed with a look of anguish in her eyes that the complete disguise could not alter. "Child," she said, with a gesture of command—"child, be silent! Could you tell that I was your mother? Look at my face. Do I look real?"

A foreign sort of keenness now came into the child's face. He went closer, and peered wickedly. Then he touched the hard, dry skin, and adjusted it, for it was a mask. Then he took a pointed piece of chalk and made some delicate lines in the dense eyebrows. After which he said, "Mamma, I can see your neck in front; it is clean and smooth." So, in spite of the heat of the weather, a ragged red silk handkerchief was drawn round the head, and tied in a large loose bow under the chin. The little boy crept out, looked stealthily in every direction, and reported the "coast clear." The woman in the red cloak marched away with no appearance of age or infirmity in her gait, and after pursuing the high-road for a few yards, turned into a grassy lane, much frequented by gipsies and tramps, which led circuitously to the west end of the town.

But Treloar, driving gayly toward the hotel, said to his bride, "You must give William half a sovereign, Edith, to give to that unprepossessing female on his way home to-morrow."

"She frightened me," quavered the beauty; "she looked at me so, with such angry eyes."

"Poor wretch," replied Treloar. "Poverty must have made her a wretch indeed, to look angrily at you."

"I am not afraid of poverty," she added. "You said you were poor."

"I spoke truth, dear. I have only three thousand pounds in the world."

"That seems to me a great deal. How long will it last?"

"According to how we live. I have taken a little house, and furnished it with the sort of things you like. It has a little garden for you, and a studio for me. We can live there on very little when we come back."

A short silence ensued; then Treloar, looking at her, caught her eyes fixed upon him, her lips parted with a smile, and her little pearly teeth glistening with some quaint delight.

"What is it, pet?" he inquired.

"I rather hope we shall have to give up your pretty house with the garden and studio, and live in a poor little hut like that disagreeable person at the toll-gate."

"God forbid!" the major exclaimed. "But why do you even think of such a thing?"

"I want to *prove* that I love you, and that *you* love *me*," she answered.

Is it to be wondered at that Treloar alighted on the steps of the Lord Warden Hotel, at Dover, as though a houri had met him at the gate of paradise?

CHAPTER V.

BOWERS OF THE BLESSED.

HARCOURT left his friends on the steps of the hotel, saying he would look after his horses, and make inquiries about the sailing of the packet. Treloar went into the house with his bride, and saw her dressing-bag and one of the boxes which had come by rail taken into a bedroom, and left her in the hands of a chamber-maid, saying he would wait for her in their sitting-room, and would order dinner to be ready at seven o'clock. He waited accordingly, at first patient and full of happiness. As time wore on he became, by degrees, restless and impatient, and felt irritated by the persistent ticking of a time-piece on the mantel-shelf. Then stepping into the balcony he looked out on the bright blue sea, which reflected the shadows of flying clouds, and rippled gayly in the fresh breeze. There was sufficient movement of the water to have frightened a timid girl; but Edith had said she was not afraid. She should like the vessel to toss a little, she said. She had always longed to take a voyage, and had proved herself to be a good sailor in their boating excursions, when papa had taken them to the sea-side in former summers. Presently Treloar saw Harcourt stroll down to the water's edge by the side of the pier. Time was passing. What could Edith be doing?

He turned and passed in at the window again, stepped up to the mantel-piece, and found that an hour had elapsed since their arrival. So he went to Edith's room, and tapped at the door.

"Come in," cried a silvery voice within.

He went in, and found her sitting at the dressing-table, with a light blue wrapper on, and all her wealth of fair tresses hanging loosely over her back and shoulders. She was even more beautiful so than he had thought her to be. He walked up to her, and put his hand lightly on her head.

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"What glorious hair, Edith!" he said, looking at the reflection of her face in the mirror.

She smiled doubtfully, and said, "I thought you were never coming."

That was the second time to-day that she had used those words, and now they produced a painful impression, which her manner did not counteract.

"Why do you say that, dear?" he asked. "You must know that I should have come to you before if I had thought you wanted me."

As he spoke he took his hand from her head.

"It is very dull sitting here alone," she said, "and having no one to speak to. I am hungry, and no one brings me any thing to eat."

"My darling!" he exclaimed; and, stooping before her, looked into her eyes with a smile so bright, yet so full of gentle reproof, that she flung her arms passionately round his neck, and burst into a storm of sobs and tears.

He dropped on one knee, and pressed her to his bosom. A moment of ineffable sweetness! The first embrace of a virgin bride. This man truly believed himself the happiest of mortals, and possessed of the choicest treasure upon earth. Little he thought what an unstable heart was beating within that lovely form, or that even before he had risen from his knee her passion for him was streaked and seamed with lines of anger and distrust, like the surface of the sea before a coming storm.

He stepped to the bell-handle, and summoning a servant, ordered some tea and toast to be served immediately. Then he returned to her side, and told her that he knew she was disturbed in mind by having been obliged to do what her father was still opposed to. He said nothing of his own painful feelings, or of the great distress which all the doubt, misgiving, and delay had caused him to endure; but quietly reminded her of his forbearance and reluctance to offend her father, and expressed a hope that the memory of it, and the conciliatory tone which he was resolved to maintain, might operate favorably in the future, and tend to bring about a more friendly recognition from her relatives than he had yet received. He told her not to be uneasy if she felt that her manner to him was constrained or changeful, that he quite understood her, and sympathized deeply with her grief.

This great gentleness and forbearance on his part did not have the effect which it should have had. Instead of drawing out her affection and tenderness toward him, it caused her to vacillate between anger toward her father and anger toward him. She considered herself doubly a victim, and each of them as causing her suffering by their contention about her.

Suddenly it occurred to her that she had it in her power to judge between them. If her father's suspicions were just, even if there were any shadow of justice in them, then her husband was entirely to blame. If, on the other hand, her husband were pure and whole-hearted, if he had loved her and her only in all his life, then her father had been cruel and wantonly wicked, causing her all that torment and misery to gratify his own personal enmity to her husband.

She was about to speak, when a tray was brought to the door. Treloar took it from the servant and put it on a side-table. He poured out a cup of tea, and bringing it to her, with a piece of toast, begged her to eat and drink, and take some rest before dinner-time. But Edith was too preoccupied to do as he wished. A fiend within was goading her to her destruction, and she had no habit of self-control, or consideration for another person's feelings, to restrain her.

"Whose hair is that in your locket?" she asked, abruptly.

He was shocked at her want of delicacy, and for a moment felt angry with her. Then, putting aside anger as unworthy of him, he thought that, after all, it was not unnatural for a young bride on the threshold of her married life to wish to shake off suspicions which had been improperly suggested to her before. But there was something startling in the evidence of these suspicions, for he had thought that she trusted him entirely.

"Suppose I were to say it is another girl's, Edith?" he said, reproachfully—"a very sweet, gentle girl—and that she is not quite indifferent to me, you would not think that I have only given you half my heart, would you?"

Her face in a moment flushed crimson; then all the color fled out of cheeks and lips. Even her eyes grew pale, and she fixed them upon him silently with a look in which anguish and ferocity were strangely combined.

"Edith," he said, "may God forgive me for it, but I am seriously angry with you; and I wish from the bottom of my heart that you had asked me that question, and looked at me *like that*, before you had become my wife. The lock of hair is that of a little child, my niece and godchild."

Again the anger melted away. He was too generous to be wroth with his pretty bride, herself a mere child. "Edith," he said, "Edith, my love, my little wife"—here he took her hand in his—"don't give way to such horrible feelings. How *could* you doubt your husband? You can not think you have married a blackguard. Surely you believe that I love you, and only you."

Her better self began to gain the upper hand, and a sense of shame for her own wicked distrust, and more wicked burning for revenge, was overcoming her, when the evil spirit made another struggle for the mastery; and, so prompted, she cried out, rather than said,

"Have you *never* loved *any* girl but *me?*"

This question seemed to be thrust at him like a sharp weapon with many points. It wounded him all over. His mind, his love, his self-respect, his candor, and delicacy of feeling, all felt the stroke at once. It would have been wholly impossible for him to give a direct an-

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swer there and then to a question so wanton, so coarsely inconsiderate. That the girl on whom he had lavished certainly a plenitude and strength of affection which he had never experienced for any other should have been capable of asking him such a question, at such a time, and in such a way, was the crowning misery. It seemed in one breath to destroy his whole scheme of love and happiness and goodness.

She hid her eyes with her hands to escape from the grave and sorrowful reproach in *his* eyes.

"I shall not answer that most unkind question," he said; "and I hope you will think over all my courtship of you, and all you *know* of me, before we talk again, and that you will resolve to trust me, having more than sufficient reason to do so."

He was leaving the room, but turned back to where she sat, stooped down, and kissed her head, saying,

"Take some tea before it gets cold, and have some rest before dinner-time. I will tell one of the women to be on the look-out for your bell." Then he went.

She kept her hands over her eyes, and said nothing.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BREWING OF A STORM.

LATE in the afternoon of the same glorious summer day the Honorable Julian Harcourt sat on the beach below the great hotel consuming a meditative weed. The fragrant fumes thereof ascended like fumes of frankincense. Earth, sea, and sky formed one spacious sanctuary—a temple not made with hands, unless it were the hands of Him who dwelt therein. So situated, and in such a mood, Mr. Harcourt, a less irreligious man than many narrow systematizers thought him, prayed. I trust it will seem to none irreverent for a gentleman, cigar in mouth, lounging on the margin of the much-resounding sea, to offer his desires to Him who seeth the heart. Better would it have been, doubtless, for him to have refrained from that indulgence, and to have gone devoutly to the house of prayer. But as all such edifices were closed to the public in the place and at the time of which I write, he may possibly be held excused.

"Thou, the Almighty," he said or thought, "art also the very fount of mercy and goodness. This man whom Thou hast given me for a friend desires to serve Thee. Wilt Thou suffer that which seemed to him good to become evil? Shall he ask for bread of Thee and receive a stone?"

From which effusion of genuine feeling it is evident that the painful impressions of the morning had not wholly vanished from his mind. But this *fidus Achates* took comfort after his appeal to the Power on high. Things would work round, he thought. The blooming little bride could not be bad at heart. A thing so transcendently beautiful must be good, though its goodness might be clouded for a while. He took a new cigar out of his case, and turned it caressingly in his fingers. "No base weed could look like this," he thought. "This matchless design, this master-piece of constructive art, can not be base within. Time and care were necessary to perfect it. Even now a churl would spurn it for some baser stuff. To be appreciated it requires a sincere devotion, a delicate sense, a capacity for abstraction." Again the fumes rose from the lips of Achates. "Edith," he thought, "will learn to know and appreciate the 'pious Æneas.' She is but a child. He will bear with her levity and capricious humors out of his great love for her; and so, as the years roll on, the cruel hours will teach him to endure and wait; the bounteous hours will bring him all good things when he has learned their value. Hullo!"

Another hand staid Mr. Harcourt's hand in the act of returning the cigar case to his pocket, took out another cigar, lit it, and silently became a part of the natural temple, a devotee at the same shrine, similarly censing, and, as Harcourt hoped, adoring. Let us hope so too. It was Treloar. There was something weird and wobegone in his aspect. The very fact of his having left his bride in a strange house, and himself sitting smoking on the margin of the sea, imparted a new misgiving to Harcourt's mind. "Where is your wife?" he said, after a long silence.

"In her room, I hope, sleeping. I have paid an honest woman on the staircase to watch for her bell, and wait upon her."

"How *can* you leave her all alone in that great house?"

"She is agitated, and wishes to be alone."

"Poor fluttering dove!" said Harcourt. He wished delicately to fix his friend's attention upon the natural conflict which must be going on in the bosom of his young bride, and gently to prepare him for some suffering on that score.

Suddenly before them, as they sat, appeared a withered crone leaning upon a stick, darkening the sunlight. Hidden fires seemed to gleam in her eyes, as though some fell purpose had kept a demon imprisoned within her body, which should before this have taken her soul to its own abode. Though bent, her figure was still tall, and kept some lingering semblance of power and majesty.

"Cross my palm with silver," she quavered to Harcourt. He did so indolently, and sitting upright left his hand in hers. She gazed at it a while, then spoke: "Loved by all men, and many fair women. Loving not many, nor any overmuch, thou wilt live long, and take life and love as they come and go."

"And how die?" asked Harcourt, curiously; for as he watched her face he noticed that she was eying Treloar askance, and fancied that there was a singular malignity in her glances.

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"I know not," she answered. "I see no signs of death here."

Dropping his hand, she turned upon her heel more deftly than she had moved before. Treloar had caught her eye, and raising himself on his elbow, was gazing at her with curiosity.

"Come hither, dame," he cried; "here is gold."

While turning again, she caught the sovereign which he chucked toward her, and rapidly concealed it, approaching him with immovable countenance, but still with the evil eye fixed upon his. Harcourt could not avoid the fancy that these two people had an old enmity between them, and that in some mysterious way the woman was an agent for evil in the fortunes of his friend. It was clear that she wished to observe him while avoiding his observation; yet she did not fear him. He, too, seemed curious about her, and suddenly anxious to see her more closely, and listen more attentively to her voice.

"Look at me, hag," he said, sternly. "No more lying about palms. What fortune do you read in my face?"

"*Thy* face?" she asked.

"Ay; you were leering at it while pretending to read another man's palm."

So challenged, the beldam stood before him, leaning heavily on her crutch, and gazing at him with rapt intensity. After a little pause she trembled visibly, and though not a line of her walnut visage was relaxed her eyelids quivered, the glare of hate faded out of her eyes, and something like a groan escaped from her withered lips. Then she turned again, and moved hastily away without a word.

At a few paces distance she hesitated, and Treloar cried out, "What is my name? Another sovereign if you can tell my name."

She answered not, but threw the one which he had already given her to his feet, and pointing upward at some object above and behind him, and uttering a wild cry of anguish, tottered away with feeble though hasty footsteps, and was soon hidden from their view.

Then Treloar followed with his eyes the direction of her pointing finger. The flutter of a striped blue and white dress caught his eye. Edith was standing in the balcony of their sitting-room, looking on at this strange encounter. He took off his hat and smiled to her; but instead of paying him in kind she put her hands before her eyes, and he could see, or fancy he saw, a shudder convulse her frame. Then she stepped in at the open window.

"Follow that woman quickly, Harcourt," said Treloar, anxiously, and even fretfully. "Quick! What are you stopping for? There goes her red cloak round that corner. Give her money. She will take it from you. Say what you like, but keep her away from the Lord Warden to-night. We shall be far away to-morrow."

Harcourt followed the gipsy at the top of his speed to execute this strange commission, glad to do any thing, if any thing lay in his power, to avert the evil which seemed to be gathering round his friend. "If I can only get them away safely to-night," he thought, "all may yet be well. When once she has learned to confide in him there will be no danger. After all, *there can be no real danger*. I have been keeping late hours, and losing my nerve. Fancies are infectious. Treloar has fretted about this girl till he has become a victim to them, and now he has infected me." At this point of his soliloquy Harcourt slipped round the corner at which the red cloak had disappeared. Not seeing its wearer before him, and knowing that sheer fatigue must have caused her to slacken speed here, he inquired of a lad who was sitting in a light tax-cart at the door of a shop whether he had seen her. The lad pointed out a court down which he said she had turned. Harcourt entered it, and going up to an open door asked an old woman who sat within knitting the same question. Becoming aware from her manner that she wished to exclude him from the humble apartment, he guessed that the person he sought was inside, and that possibly her friend or relative might not be wholly unaccustomed to domiciliary visits. He therefore withdrew, and finding a policeman not far off, asked what sort of people lived there. The officer, without becoming too confidential to a stranger, intimated that in his private opinion they were "a rum sort." Harcourt then, in defiance of law and public morality, tendered a sovereign to the prudent man, and requested as a great favor to himself that the "rum sort" might be kept under surveillance for the whole of that evening and during the night, and especially that if they, or any emissaries of theirs, should approach the Admirality Pier or the Lord Warden Hotel before midnight, information might be promptly conveyed to him at the said hotel. A card with the talismanic prefix of "Honorable" before a name completed the conversion of the officer, who promised fidelity, and was secretly elated at having to protect the aristocracy from the machinations of evil-minded and seditious persons.

If Harcourt could only with prophetic foresight have achieved this strategy upon his arrival at Dover, instead of luxuriating upon the beach, he might indeed have averted evil.

Not long after the phaeton had drawn up in front of the hotel a woman in a red cloak had actually arrived at the hovel in the court; shortly afterward an innocent child had emerged from it and repaired to the precincts of the hotel. When Treloar descended the broad steps and followed his friend to the beach, this innocent child, who watched his departure, had left a note with the hall porter, which was speedily carried to the lady whose name it bore. That was the first letter which Mrs. Treloar received in her new name. Perhaps she had read the address with some pride. Poor child!

Meanwhile the major, standing on the beach

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where Harcourt left him, gazed first at the spot where his wife had just been, and received his greeting with so little warmth, next at the receding figure of his friend in pursuit of one whom he felt to be an enemy, whose altered and disguised voice had struck some chord of memory within him, but whom he had quite failed to recognize; then his eye fell on the rejected sovereign at his feet, and by a natural transition rose to the longing eyes of a waterman who stood hard by, a witness of all that had taken place, aghast at the madness of the woman who had cast back such a treasure, rapt in admiration of the hero who could give it so lightly and receive it again so contemptuously, not even stooping to pick it up.

"If you're an honest man pick that up, and put it in your pocket," said the demi-god. "A witch had it last, and it burned her fingers."

The boatman took it up, turned it in his rugged fingers, bit it, tossed it up in the sunlight, and listened to the music of its rise and fall.

"What am I to do for it, master?" he asked.

"Good fellow! I said nothing about service."

"Can I take your luggage on board, Sir?" inquired the man, indicating a steamer which lay alongside the pier.

"No; but I'll tell you what you *can* do for me. Should you recognize that venerable person who told my friend's fortune?"

"Ay, ay, Sir. Known her this many a year. Five or more. Always about here when the great folks be about. But Lord, Sir—I—never—"

Here the poor fellow burst out into uncontrollable laughter, which was all the more explosive and refractory from the vain efforts to subdue it, which a confused sense of propriety induced him to make.

It grated strangely upon Treloar, who still wished to hear more of the woman, and so refrained from turning abruptly away. His steady gaze stifled the boatman's merriment. "I never see her play this game before. Refuse to tell a gentleman's fortin, and shy back this here. Nor I never see her git this much before."

On a sudden his manner entirely changed, and his air expressed wonder and superstitious doubt: "Maybe, Sir, she *knowed your* fortin, and thereby didn't like for to tell it. Maybe she reelly knowed it; and it's a-comin'."

"Well, never mind these mysteries, my good fellow. God knows what is going to happen; no one else. But as you want to earn that money, keep a sharp look-out for the old lady till the boat starts; and if you find her prowling any where about the pier or the hotel, and can not draw her away by the offer of a glass of grog, come to the door of the hotel and ask for Major Treloar. Will you remember the name?"

"Major Trawler. Ay, ay, Sir; I mind. And you'll excuse me, Sir—Major, but a storm's gatherin'; and if that young lady I see up there belongs to you, 'twill be a dirty night for the likes of her. Wind's comin' up from the sou'west, and she [meaning the packet] will be in the trough of the sea some three hours or more."

"Thank you, my man. But be as good as your word. Keep a sharp look-out, and if necessary let me know."

"That I will, Sir; and thank you kindly. And a good voyage to your young lady."

Thereupon Treloar, who, indeed, saw that a storm was brewing, and only hoped they might get across before it burst, strolled sadly back to his hotel, with bitter vexation and foreboding as the portion of his wedding-day.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORM BURSTS.

The steamboat for Calais was advertised to start at ten o'clock. Dinner was ordered to be ready at seven. The little round table, which sparkled with glass of various colors, silver, and white damask, looked as if it had been devised, perfected, and introduced by benignant fairies for the special delectation of the bridal party. All the surroundings, too, wore a gala aspect. The house had become aware that Edith was a bride; and, as usual, no honor was too great, no splendor too magnificent, to grace her bridal dinner. The guests appeared to be in harmony with the scene. Harcourt had made an opportunity for a conversation with Edith. They had sworn to an alliance offensive and defensive for the common object of protecting her husband from mysterious perils. But what danger *could* there be? Edith was unable to conceive that any existed. Still she would be vigilant, and distrust every one but Mr. Harcourt, who was to accompany them to France.

Treloar had also passed a few minutes alone with his wife before dinner. He had taken her in his arms and fondled her. This time she did not shrink from him, nor ask him to leave her, nor repeat that objectionable inquiry. She returned his embrace. She nestled in his arms. She murmured on his bosom. "George, George, my lord, my love," she said; "it is not too late. Say it is not too late." Of course he said so, and many other things to soothe her. "Oh, if it could have been ten years ago," she murmured—"only ten little years."

"I could not have loved you half so well as I do now," he replied.

But she repeated the same words in the same pleading, plaintive tone of voice, but without any appearance of irritation or upbraiding. So he let it pass. He could see what her fancy was running upon. Ten years ago he was only twenty-one years of age, and she supposed that at such an early period of life he could not possibly have cared for any other woman. If she had been old enough and pretty enough then, he might have loved her first, and never had a thought, or a sigh, or a look of admiration for

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any one but her. It was foolish to harp upon such a string now; but that was very different to the angry, petulant question, the defiant challenge. She would soon see beyond the possibility of a doubt that he loved her utterly, entirely, more than any other could have been loved.

Treloar did know that some women can never see that, or blind their eyes to it, till the thing they would not see *is* no more. Then, indeed, they see that it *was*, unless the scalding tears have deprived them of vision.

Edith sat at the dinner-table on a low, mediæval chair, the tall back of which was padded with rich green velvet, against which her lovely face, radiant with smiles and blushes, and crowned with its wealth of golden hair, stood out in grand relief. Harcourt was quite fascinated with her beauty, and showed it in his continuous play of brilliant humor, which kept others amused, while he remained comically sedate. Her melancholy air yielded to the influence of his drollery, and she became buoyant and joyous. He gave them such a funny description of the old gipsy and his chase after her (though, of course, he said nothing of the *surveillance* under which he had placed her), that the ponderous man in a white waistcoat, who presided over the festival and issued wordless talismanic orders to unseen vassals without, was actually observed to smile; and this so tickled Edith's fancy that she followed him about with her joyous eyes to see whether it was a solitary slip, or whether he was really enjoying the fun, and only chuckling in secret when he turned to the side-board or thought that no one was observing him. On the single occasion of his momentary absence Harcourt invented the theory that he was a bishop occupying palatial apartments in the hotel, who had bribed the landlord to allow him to wait upon them that he might enjoy a protracted contemplation of Edith's beauty.

Treloar was happy again with that blissful infatuation which belongs to love. He did not talk much, but was pleased to see Edith pleased. Her childish delight in the nice things, and particularly in the sparkling wine, which made perpetual fountains in the hollow stems of Bohemian glasses, was very delightful to him. He was too much accustomed to be waited upon to offer his young bride any of those officious attentions with which enamored swains often perplex their wives for the first few weeks of their married life, and then relinquish (like a tight coat) forever afterward. But he was feasting upon her beauty, and refreshing his weary heart with her innocent mirth, "*nescius aurœ fallacis.*" She felt his admiration, and it satisfied her.

"I am the pride of his eyes to-night, and the joy of his heart," she thought. "*He is thinking of no one but me now, and never will again.*"

These last words formed a refrain or undercurrent tone to her wayward fancies:

"*Never will again, never will again.*"

So for the moment she was happy, with an enthusiasm of egotism akin to madness. But it kindled her beauty and intensified her individuality, so that without speaking often, or many words, she became brilliant, and more than sustained her share in the social intercourse of the hour.

With the knowledge of what is to come, it seems to the narrator almost dreadful to say what is really the case, viz., that *Edith was happy* during that little feast, because she was practicing that philosophy of living in the present which an insatiable temper made so foreign to her habit of mind.

While gayety and good-humor prevailed within, a storm was gathering without. The sun had set behind a bank of purple, luminous clouds which soon, coming up mysteriously from the west, obscured the sky, and dropped an inky pall over earth and sea. Then, for a few solemn, oppressive minutes, a dead silence and calm prevailed. Then, from above the Lord Warden, out of the very centre of the storm-clouds, a fierce flash broke away, and filled every corner of the dark town with dazzling light, and every breast with sudden awe. Candles had just been lighted in a silver candelabrum, and placed upon the table at which the bridal party were dining, also in glass lustres on the mantel-piece; but their light paled in the dazzling gleam, and, while the windows and very glasses on the side-board were rattling and jingling to the roar of thunder, Edith caught sight, through the open window, of the pier head, and the steamboat heaving up and down by its side in the sudden surging of the sea. At once she was seized with a hopeless longing to be on board of that boat with her husband, making their way to new worlds, where love should reign supreme. She sighed to think that this could never be.

Treloar misunderstood her feeling. Thinking that she dreaded the storm, he said, quietly, "No, dear; it will be impossible for you to go to-night. I can't make the sea behave properly to you, so we must wait till its humor changes." Then turning to the waiter, he said, "Keep the rooms for us."

The serious part of dinner was over now, and a bottle of Hockheimer brought for the gentlemen.

"I am afraid to go to my room without a maid or any one," said Edith; "may I lie down here and shut my eyes?"

The storm was by this time raging furiously, and though the Venetian shutters were closed, yet the room was continually being lit by flashes of lightning, and the whole house was shaken with the reverberations of thunder. Harcourt went away, nominally, to take an order to the groom, and Treloar put his bride tenderly on a couch, wrapped her in shawls, and laid his delicate but muscular hand on her golden head.

"Don't be so frightened," he said. "Am I not well able to take care of you?"

Still she shuddered visibly, keeping her hands tight clasped over her eyes. On one finger

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were her wedding-ring and a guard ring of extraordinary beauty, which Treloar had given her a year ago. It contained a rare opal, and on either side a superb brilliant.

"That amulet," he said, "is burning red, like a ruby."

So it was when he spoke—the diamonds catching a crimson light from the velvet pillow below her head, and flashing this through the opal.

> "'Red when you love, and rosier red;
> And when you love not, pale and blue,'"

he murmured, quoting a little poem of Emerson's which he had sent her with the ring.

She snatched her hands away from before her eyes; and even while she did so a cruel gleam of lightning came, weird and ghostly, upon the scene. In its baleful light these two looked like corpses, the amulet glimmered with a faint lustre of cold, pale blue; and as Treloar's eyes glanced from it to her face a look of horror such as he had never seen before on human countenance met his astonished gaze.

"You must not be superstitious, darling," he said, soothingly; "I must give you a ruby amulet, which will always tell the truth, even in a flash of lightning."

But while he spoke she was tugging at the rings with the fingers of her right hand, and speedily wrenched them both off.

"You don't love me," she cried. "You have deceived me. You love another woman. You have another wife in India."

He started up in dismay, and drew back a couple of paces from the couch where she lay. She had the two rings in her right hand, and sitting up hurled them at him with reckless energy. They struck the centre of the pier-glass above and beyond his head: as his eyes followed the movement he saw a splintered star glistening where they had smitten the glass.

"Edith," he said, calmly, but really horrified at the sudden infatuation, as it seemed to him—"Edith! what is this? What have you done?"

But again her hands were clasped over those wild eyes, and again she was lying back on the pillow, exhausted by the violence of the passion which raged within her.

He thought it better to leave her so for a while; important above all things to recover the wedding-ring and place it again on her finger. Taking one of the lustres from the mantel-piece he began the search, and soon found the guard ring; but the opal was there no longer. It had started from the mounting, and only the two diamonds remained. Placing it in his waistcoat-pocket he again sought and found the wedding-ring.

Presently the door opened, and Harcourt stood on the threshold. At that moment another ghastly gleam of lightning paled the candles, and filled the room with a lurid glare. In its weird light Harcourt saw Edith sitting up with pale face, staring eyes, and clenched hands. "Never, never," she was saying, wildly. Treloar was stooping over her with a plain gold ring in his extended fingers, and a face distorted with agony. Glancing from his hand to Edith's, Harcourt noticed that her rings were gone.

He tried in vain to exchange a look of intelligence with the unhappy bridegroom, and then saying aloud, "Good-night, Mrs. Treloar; I'm off to the billiard-room," went away.

No sooner had he gone than Edith sprang off the sofa, and hurrying away to her bedroom again left her husband alone.

Nearly three hours had elapsed. The storm, though still murmuring in the distance, had cleared overhead, when Harcourt returned to the sitting-room, expecting to find it empty. The house was silent, and in the deserted passages only a faint gas-light burned here and there above a marble slab on which stood a solitary chamber candlestick. As he opened the door, and remembered the scene which met his view on the last occasion of his doing so, a chill came over him; and finding the bottle of Hockheimer still full on the table, though coffee had since been served, which also seemed to remain untasted, he poured out a tumbler of the wine and drank it off; then going to the only candle which was still alight, he produced a cigar, lit it, and stepped out on to the balcony. There he smoked and pondered and wondered; and as he looked out on to sea and pier and wharf below, over which the shadows of flying clouds now chased each other, broken by moonlit spaces, his mind was disturbed with a mysterious dread. Gradually he became conscious that the dread came upon him from the room which he had just left. It crept into his spine from the open window at his back, and became more powerful as the minutes sped on. Before long he was conscious of an indefinable reluctance to turn round and enter the room. Harcourt was not a timid man. This sensation was quite new to him. His first distinct idea was to turn back and search the room. But such a course, he argued, would be absurd. Treloar must have gone to bed, or he would have come down to the smoking-room. The room was empty, beyond the shadow of a doubt. Yet had he not seen *something* on the couch as he passed it? Of course. The pillows which had supported Mrs. Treloar had sunk down, and her shawls were lying over them. Absurd to indulge such fancies! What else could it be? That scene haunted his disturbed imagination—Edith clutching her hands, and crying "Never, never!" Treloar stooping over her, with that agonized face, and the ring in his outstretched fingers—all illuminated with the pale glare of the lightning. He would not yield to such folly. He returned to the room, to the table, and pouring out another tumbler of wine, tossed it off hurriedly, and stepped out again on to the balcony, this time keeping his back to the couch, and avoiding it instinctively, but against his will. Then he lit another cigar by the stump of his former one, and continued to smoke quickly and nervously, contrary to his

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"DO YOU SEE IT? THE AMULET? THERE, THERE!"

usual custom, and this time fully aware that the nameless dread was stealing into his very marrow and affecting his brain.

Presently a clock at hand struck one. He mustered his wandering faculties and again entered the room. Now stepping resolutely to the couch, and taking up a corner of the shawl which lay upon it, he drew it hastily aside, and exposed—what? What was that lying there so calm and still? So deathlike in hue, with such lack-lustre eyes wide open? With such livid lips? What was that pale, damp brow, over which the dark curls lay crisp and horrible? The face of a dead man! The face of the one man whom Harcourt loved! Whom he had seen wedded yesterday to a lovely and innocent girl.

Horrible, indeed, to stand alone at night by such a corpse, knowing that the bride must be lying awake, expectant, longing for her lord, listening for the footstep that would never come, straining her ears for the sound of a voice that would utter her dear name no more. Grief would not come to him. Regret kept aloof. Only horror held this man speechless, motionless, helpless, gazing at the face of the corpse.

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As he stood thus, transfixed and aghast, his eyes were drawn downward by some irresistible spell to where the doubtful glimmer of the single candle at his side fell upon some glistening matter at his feet. He stooped and touched it, then started upright, glaring at his own finger which he had just dipped in a pool of bright red blood.

Blood! blood! blood! Where would these horrors end? He untied the dead man's cravat, unbuttoned his shirt and waistcoat, laid bare his breast, and found there a purple open-lipped wound, not large but deep, and clotted gore clinging to its lower edge and dyeing all beneath.

It was too late. All help was in vain now. This wound was more than two hours old. The man was dead. His spirit had gone where human help avails not.

Yet the house must be roused. Every corner must be searched. The police must be summoned immediately, and allowed to take the matter into their own hands.

Harcourt would not think of Mrs. Treloar, of Edith—the sweet though wayward and petulant bride, the dead man's bride, the wife and widow in a breath. He had supped his full of horrors. He could bear no more. No woman's anguish for him now. No mad cry of the heart's despair. He could not endure so much as to think of it.

Moving toward the bell-handle with outstretched hand, his feet suddenly refused to obey his will. His brain was near to bursting with the intense effort to hear more distinctly. A sound of *something breathing in the room* became distinctly audible. For a few moments it ceased, and Harcourt thought he had deceived himself. Then on a sudden there darted from under the drooping table-cloth a wild, weird phantom woman, in a long white robe, with great blue eyes glaring fearfully, and long yellow tresses floating and rippling all around her.

She did not look at Harcourt but at some spot on the ground, which he took to be the pool of blood; but it was not so. She gazed intently for some time without uttering a sound; then pointed, and said, under her breath,

"Do you see it? The amulet? There, there!"

He followed the motion of her finger mechanically with his eyes, and did indeed see a gem, glistening and glowing like a ruby, in awful proximity to the blood.

"Is it red?" she asked in a whisper which made Harcourt's blood curdle in his veins.

"Is it red?" she repeated. Her voice or manner implied intense eagerness, yet the former scarcely rose above a whisper.

"He loves me. He loves me," she continued. "Me! me! Only me!"

Then she ceased, and stooping tenderly picked up the gem. But as she did so some tresses of her luxuriant hair dipped into the awful pool. Next she dipped the opal in it with her fingers, and murmured softly to herself,

"Red when he loves, and rosier red;
And when he loves not, pale and blue."

This she repeated several times, so gently and with such a pathos that it sounded less like a human voice than the sighing of the homeless wind among barren rocks and over desolate wastes. The horror melted out of Harcourt's frame at this pitiful prattling of a broken heart. He had no doubt now that she was the murderess. The bride had killed her lord. The virgin wife had made herself a widow. He saw now some glimpse of the secret source of her petulance and rebelliousness. Some subtle jealousy had been at work. The man who had erred in youth, but never as youth or man knowingly injured man, woman, or child, had died to satiate the fury of a girl as foolish as she was beautiful.

Yet her beauty and her grief touched him. She ran up to him as he drew back from her. Her face had regained its serenity, and looked now like the face of a child; but her long golden tresses were dabbled with blood, and flapped against her white night-robe, leaving dreadful spots and lines.

She held up the poor opal, similarly stained, in those gory fingers, and looking at Harcourt with one of her old smiles, which in former days had vanquished many a heart, said,

"It is red now, George. Red, red—blood-red. It will *never* turn pale and blue again, George."

Then seeing that Harcourt still drew back from her, and she, poor child, still taking him for her husband, ran up close to him, laid one hand on his arm, and looking at him with tearful eyes, said, "Oh, George! my lord and master! my own, only love! do not be angry with Edith on her wedding-day. Do forgive me. I did not mean it. Yes, I did mean it, but I repent."

Here she fell on her knees at Harcourt's feet.

"I repent, George. I was naughty. I was jealous. I had a letter while you were out. They told me that lie. I know it was a lie. Pardon! pardon! Am I not your own, ownest, only little girl?"

The Honorable Mr. Harcourt was fairly overcome, and had it not been for those awful stains on the white robe, and the presence of the dead, he would have wept for very sympathy with beauty in such distress. Prompted by those grim reminders, he spoke not, but pointed sadly at the silent body on the couch.

She looked in his face once more. The truth flashed upon her. In a moment she sprang from his side, ran to the body of her husband, and gazed at it silently. Then her reason took flight with a spasm, which drew from her a yell so shrill, so full of agony and remorse, that all the inanimate objects around vibrated to its tone, and the very room seemed to quiver with dismay.

* * * * * *

The door flew open. The master of the house and several men and women came in.

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Harcourt told them to take the lady gently to her chamber; and she only left it the next day in charge of a skilled nurse and two policemen in plain clothes, who took her to one of those resorts which shelter such wrecks of passion and self-will from the prying curiosity of a censorious world.

On her person was found an anonymous letter telling an ingenious tissue of malignant falsehoods about the murdered man. Alas! that youth should be wickedly self-indulgent, and ill-trained beauty frail! There had been some germ of truth in that poisoned fruit. But retribution, though tardy, had been sufficiently severe.

In the pocket of the murdered man was found a ring which contained two beautiful diamonds; but the space between them was vacant. The opal remained in possession of her to whom it had been given as a pledge of a love as sincere, loyal, and self-sacrificing as it is in the nature of human love to be.

A DAY IN CASTLE GARDEN.



"DAS MUSS DER PALAST SEIN."

IN the lower part of Broadway, on our way down to the Battery, we met groups of immigrants, newly landed, walking slowly along on the sidewalk, and bestowing a look of wonder on every thing they saw. Trinity Church and the new magnificent "Equitable Building" on the corner of Cedar Street seemed to be special objects of attention. In passing I heard a German woman say of the latter building, "Das muss der Palast sein," an opinion that seemed to be instantly shared by her companions. For a city without a "Palast" of some kind or other is an impossibility in Germany.

At length we passed through the venerable iron gate into the Battery grounds. Sad sight! What was years ago a blooming garden is now a barren waste, on which hardly a sprouting grass is to be seen. It looks like a large drilling field, with a few trees standing in clusters near the entrance on Broadway, and in the back-ground looms Castle Garden, with its outbuildings, hospitals, and offices—all encircled by a large wooden wall. Before long the grounds will have assumed their old, almost forgotten, aspect; gangs of laborers are at work with pickaxe, shovel, and wheel-barrow, the whole ground is being surveyed and laid out, and before another summer we may hope to see the Battery as it ought to be—one of the most attractive parks in the city. The location could not be better. There is the fresh sea, with cooling breezes in the hot summer; nearly opposite lies Governor's Island; and in the distance the Jersey shore and the verdant hills of Staten Island.

Here the groups of immigrants became more

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REGISTERING NAMES.

frequent, and as we approached the entrance to Castle Garden we found it almost impossible to make our way through, the passage was so blocked up with vehicles, peddlers of cheap cigars, apple-stands, and runners from the different boarding-houses and intelligence-offices that abound in the neighborhood. However, we succeeded in getting through, after encountering an outpouring stream of new arrivals, and being nearly deafened by the repeated shouts of "D'ye want a conveyance?" "Hotel Stadt Hamburg!" "Zum goldenen Adler!" "This way, gents, this way!" etc.

We presented our passport to the officer on guard at the entrance, were admitted, and ushered into the yard of the Garden, amidst a crowd of passengers, children, and baggage of all kinds. Into this yard open the different offices connected with the Garden. We enter the main building, which a sign over the tremendous doorway announces as "Castle Garden" proper. Truly it looks like a "castle," but the "garden" is less observable. Open port-holes stare us in the face as we approach, but excite no alarm. In the good old times, when this pile was built for a castle, it must have answered its purpose pretty well; the walls are at least fully six feet thick, and built of heavy square blocks of brown stone, closely cemented. The old nail-studded gates of the fort are there yet, but they are never closed now, a lighter and smaller gate having been made to supersede them.

Passing through the gateway, we have on the left side a roomy and cleanly kept wash-room for females, and on the opposite side one for males, both plentifully supplied with soap, water, and large clean towels on rollers, for the free and unlimited use of all immigrants. From these rooms we emerge into the rotunda —the main feature of Castle Garden.

The steamer *Holland*, from Liverpool, had just arrived, and the steerage passengers were being landed. It was a motley, interesting throng. Slowly, one by one, the new-comers passed the two officers whose duty it is to register every immigrant's name, birthplace, and destination in large folios—a work that is often rather more difficult than it would first appear to be. In the first place, the officer in charge must be able to speak and understand nearly every language under the sun. This, however, can be learned and mastered; but then arises a second difficulty—the remarkable want of intelligence and the constantly recurring misapprehension shown by some of the passengers. These latter instances are very numerous, and to deal with them requires a great deal of patience. Some of their answers are exceedingly comical, as, for instance: a young fellow in corduroy knee-breeches and nailed shoes was asked in my presence if he was alone. "No, Sir," he said, boldly; and upon being asked *who* was with him, then, he answered, "Sure my box!" Another wanted to register two game-cocks he had brought with him from Tipperary. "Sure I paid for their passage," he said. Still another—an old woman—on being asked her

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name, said that that was on her box, "an' if we wanted to know, sure we could go and see;" and upon being asked by a by-stander how, then, her box would be found, her answer was, "Ah, be jabers, an' isn't me name painted plainly on it?" It was with difficulty that her name was finally ascertained.

Some do not understand a word of English, and can only speak Irish; but these are few, and are nearly always very old people.

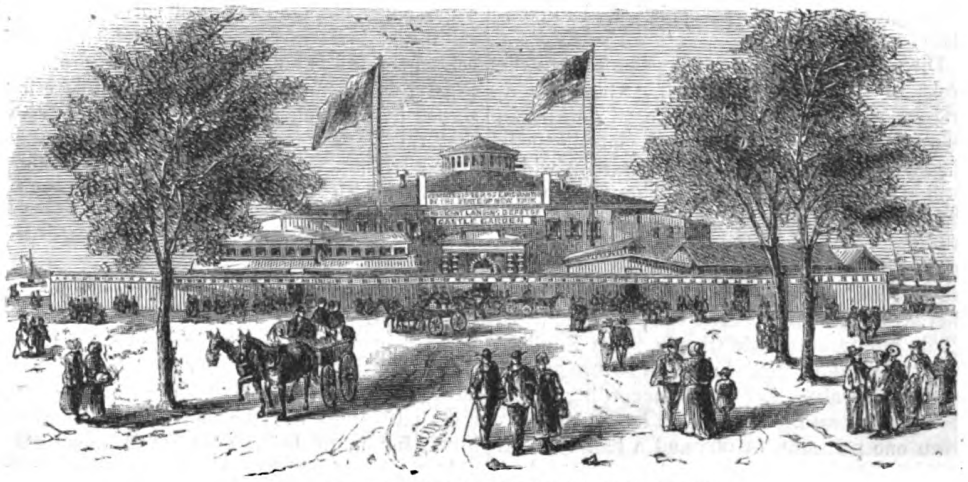
On they passed, one by one, in single file, till a few steps farther down they came to the desk of the so-called "booker," a clerk of the Railway Association, whose duty it is to ascertain the destination of each passenger, and furnish him with a printed slip, upon which this is set forth, with the number of tickets wanted, and their cost in currency. Having received this, the passenger is passed over to the railway counter, where, if he so desires, he purchases his ticket. It is left to his own option what road he will patronize, and whether he will go by the first-class or the immigrant train. This arrangement is productive of much good, as by buying his ticket here he will be only charged the just price, and get the full value for his money, if he pays with a foreign exchange. It is too often the case that passengers, buying their tickets in outside offices, are shamefully swindled; the daily press exhibits numerous instances of this fact.

That it is not always easy to furnish an immigrant with the proper and correct ticket, may be conjectured from one example. A passenger (a Swede) desired to go to Farmington. But as there are no less than twenty-one cities and villages of that name in the United States, this address was hardly satisfactory. He was asked by the Danish clerk attached to the Railway Bureau what *State* that particular Farmington lay in; but this he could not tell. He had no further address than Farmington, U. S. The probability was that it was away out West, as nearly all the Swedes are far travelers, and Illinois or Iowa were consequently suggested; but he did not know. Finally he remembered something about "Da," or "Dada," or "Dakota;" and it was found to be "Farmington, Dakota County, Minnesota," a fact which was proved correct by letters which he afterward produced from his trunk. He received a ticket accordingly, and went on his way rejoicing the same afternoon.



RAILROAD OFFICE.

Instances of this kind—of passengers knowing only the name of the city to which they are destined, but not those of county and State—are of frequent occurrence, and give a deal of trouble to the railway employés. It is of the first importance to ascertain the right place, and it sometimes requires considerable skill and experience to avoid mistakes. In some instances it becomes wholly impossible to discover the destination, and forward the passenger. The Rail-



CASTLE GARDEN.—EXTERIOR VIEW FROM THE BATTERY.

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EXCHANGE BROKER'S OFFICE.

way Agency is under strict control of the Commissioners of Emigration, and is held responsible to the purchaser of a ticket for any mistake that may occur. It will be readily understood that but few outside ticket offices, not so controlled, care about exercising the same care and vigilance in forwarding a passenger; they only want his purchase of a ticket and departure out of the way; if he arrives at his destination he is lucky, unless it is some such point as Chicago, or of similar importance, where mistakes can not easily take place. And if he gets a couple of hundred miles out of the way, what does it matter? he paid down his money, and is too far away and too unsophisticated to complain!

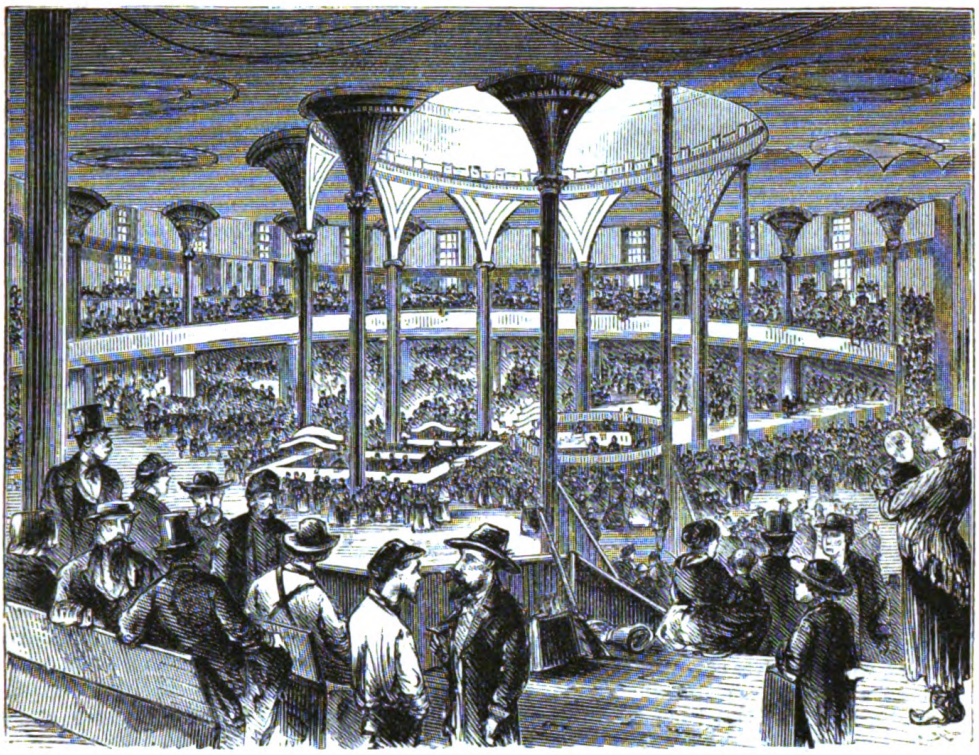
Directly opposite the railway counter are the desks of the exchange brokers, which are at present occupied by four firms, each working in its own interest. A blackboard conspicuously displayed announces the current rates at which foreign and domestic coin are exchanged—a rate that is but a trifle below the Wall Street quotation. Whenever a change takes place in the street it is instantly reported to the brokers in the Garden, and the rate on the blackboard altered accordingly. And this, too, seems to puzzle our transatlantic friends. An Englishman comes along and changes a sovereign, for which he receives, say $5 70, according to the then present rate. A moment later gold goes down one per cent. or one and a half in Wall Street; it is instantly recorded at the Garden, and the prices are altered accordingly. Our friend comes along again with some more sovereigns to change for himself and comrades; but now he only receives $5 65 for his gold. "Ay, Sir, you have made a mistake," he says. The broker's clerk says he has not, and tries to explain. But it is no use. Less than two minutes ago he got $5 70 for his sovereign, and now he gets five cents less! That surpasses his comprehension. "No, no," says he, shaking his head incredulously; "gold is gold. This 'ere is good British money; no change in that; that stands to reason." He is offered his sovereigns back if he chooses, but lets it pass, scratching his head and saying, "Blast the durned paper-money, that one can't make neither head nor tail out of!"

Often, of course, the opposite thing happens, and the price of gold is advanced in the interim between a customer's changing his coin. Then he gets the higher price for the last lot, but, in this case, never complains.

All kinds of money are here exchanged, and often in considerable quantities. One of the gentlemen doing business there informed me that as much as two to three hundred sovereigns, and one to two thousand Prussian thalers, were not unfrequently changed into paper-money by one individual. While I was there a passenger changed a bag of sovereigns containing at least fifty pieces, for which he received the full value in United States promises to pay, with a memorandum of the transaction signed by the broker. It is unnecessary to say that this department also is under the strictest control and surveillance of the Commissioners, who, with a jealous eye, look out for the interest of the immigrants.

Sovereigns and Prussian thalers form the bulk of exchange; but other coins, of nearly all countries and denominations, are also daily exchanged. American gold is very frequently brought over, and, if not changed at the Garden, often leaves the unsuspecting immigrant's pocket at par. Twenty-dollar pieces, eagles, and half-eagles are the denominations most used; but many bring over small one-dollar gold pieces, of which one out of every four or five is perforated with a hole, as if it had been

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INTERIOR OF CASTLE GARDEN.

used for a charm. This is an artifice frequently resorted to on the other side; the pieces are drilled, by which they lose on an average about fifteen to twenty per cent. of their value, but are still, of course, sold for the full price, and often more, to the emigrants at Liverpool. The fine dust thus drilled out makes a handsome extra profit for the unscrupulous broker. Others bring bags full of American silver of small denominations, which they have also obtained in Liverpool, where it is imported at a considerable discount from Canada. Strange to say, spurious coin or paper is seldom found in the possession of the immigrants, although one would naturally suppose that there would be a wide and comparatively safe field for imposing these upon emigrants previous to their departure from Europe. Passengers *viâ* Bremen very often bring with them American greenbacks, having changed their money previous to their departure, and the currency is almost always genuine. In some few instances a corner is missing, or a bill otherwise somewhat mutilated. Some time ago a Mecklenburg farmer arrived, who had quite a considerable sum of money in greenbacks on his person. To keep it safe he had sewed it in the lining of his shirt, where he had worn it during the whole voyage. When he came to open his package he found that two fifty-dollar bills had become stuck together, caused by the perspiration of his body and some adherent matter probably sticking to the paper. It was found impossible to detach them. They stuck together as one bill as nicely as if they had been glued together by an artist. Loud were his lamentations and great his distress. He tried to peel them carefully asunder with his thumb-nail, but only succeeded in tearing the paper. He commenced crying, when somebody advised him to give the refractory bills a cold-water bath. He caught the idea, and did so, and lo! the bills came apart as nicely as two sheets of mica, and his one fifty dollar-bill was made good for a hundred dollars. Great now was his joy, and he was shortly after seen treating at least a score of his shipmates to schnapps and lager.

One poor fellow, who came over in the *Holland*, a Frenchman, brought with him a Parisian bank-note for fifty francs—all the money he had. Under other circumstances the note would have been exchanged at the Garden at par; but owing to the present uncertain value of French paper-money, caused by the war, it could not be redeemed there. He could not possibly understand how a note for fifty francs on the Bank of France could not be equal to the same amount in bright silver or gold; it was at par at home when he left, and his faith in the Bank of *la belle France* was unshaken. He refused to change it at a discount, and left, doubting and disgusted, to be fleeced by some outside sharper. The paper-money of Prussia has also been depreciated by the war. Formerly the paper thaler stood a trifle above par (probably one-quarter per cent.), for the facility in carrying; but now it stands about two and a half per cent. below. This puzzles Ger-

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THE MECKLENBURGER.

man immigrants. The thaler is in their country a thaler, whether silver or paper, and if the latter even a little more; and why should it be otherwise here? "Das kann ich ni't verstehen," they say. However, as a class, they are easily satisfied that it is correct, and accept their fate without grumbling. Most of them bring "harte" (silver) thalers; but when they do it is generally in large amounts. It is not seldom that one paterfamilias brings with him a chest full of bright thalers that it takes two or more men to carry. This money they exchange, purchase their railway tickets, and then go out West, buy lands, settle down, and form one of the most desirable classes of citizens of this great republic.

The German immigrants seem altogether to be those who give the least trouble in the Garden. They are willing, obey instructions, and try to help each other along. If one of their number is short a couple of dollars in the purchase of a railway ticket, it is very seldom that he can not raise that by the assistance and cooperation of a few countrymen. The Irish are a little more troublesome from their innumerable and repeated questions; but the most troublesome and patience-exhausting fellow-creatures are undoubtedly the Swedes. They are an excellent class of people, and form excellent and most desirable citizens, but cause a great deal of trouble on their arrival. In the first place they smell of a compound of leather, salt herring, onions, and perspiration, difficult to describe, but most apparent to the sense. Then they talk a language that none but a native Scandinavian can understand. They are, moreover, though by nature rather suspecting and doubting, still made more so by parties in the old country who find it in their interest to guard them against the Castle Garden and its provisions, as if it were some terrible institution. Therefore they are very difficult indeed to deal with. They shun questions, and often refuse to give explanations. But after some time, when they learn to know the country and the character of its inhabitants better, they find out that we are not so bad as we are painted, and they assimilate with us, and become hardy laborers and honest citizens. They are nearly all far travelers, finding their way to Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota, where they find a climate not unlike their own, and soon become settled down as thrifty farmers.

Of late years the Swedes have formed a very conspicuous part of our annual immigration. Not less than 23,453 arrived during 1869, nearly 10,000 more than arrived in 1868, and nearly 20,000 above the arrivals during 1867. Of these it is safe to say that ninety per cent. go out West as agriculturists. I may perhaps here remark that, according to the annual report for the year 1869, published by the Board of Commissioners of Emigration, the total arrival of immigrants landed at Castle Garden from foreign ports during 1869 was as follows: From Germany, 99,605; Ireland, 66,204; England, 41,090; and all other countries together (including Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, etc.), 52,090 — thus making a grand total for 1869 of 258,989 souls.

The arrivals from France are comparatively few, only 2870 arriving during that year. Among the other nationalities we find five from Greece, five from the Celestial Empire (whether shoemakers or not I do not know), twenty-three from Africa, four from Australia, two from Armenia, seven from Turkey, and two from Jerusalem—the latter probably the Wandering Jew and his brother.

Having got his money changed and his rail-



READING LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.

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way ticket purchased, if he is a traveler, our citizen in embryo proceeds to have his baggage weighed and checked through to his point of destination. But before he does that he has probably received a letter addressed to him at the Garden, which has been awaiting him there, or perhaps he desires to announce by letter his safe arrival at New York to friends far away. If so, he will find a clerk at his proper desk, ready to write for him and forward his letter free of charge. If there is a letter for him, his name is called out loudly after the landing and registering are performed, and before he is permitted to leave the premises, and he is furnished with a card announcing that there is a letter awaiting him, which will be delivered upon presentation of the card at the letter desk. If there is money for him, it is paid him promptly, or a ticket is purchased for part of it, if the sender so desires. If he wishes to telegraph, there is a telegraph-office at hand, and the operator at his post. If, after having accomplished all this to his satisfaction, he feels faint and hungry, then there is a restaurant over in the corner. All these appliances are under one roof and one management. To be sure, the fare in the restaurant, or bread-stand, is of the plainest kind, consisting chiefly of white and brown bread, pies, coffee, milk, and sausages; but it is good, substantial, and cheap, and tastes well after the hard-tack and salt mess on board ship. And if he, finally, wants a thorough ablution before he starts for his new Western home, then there is the wash-room already mentioned, where cold water, stone troughs, and fresh towels invite him to a bath and a change of linen.

All this having been done, he prepares to start. Outside on the dock, where the passengers are landed, are the baggage-room and scales, where his boxes and "kistes" are weighed and checked according to his ticket. There, also, are several small wooden structures, containing offices for the Custom-house officers and police detailed for service at the Garden. There is one lady-inspector, whose duty it is to examine the dresses of suspicious-looking female immigrants; and often she makes a rich harvest of laces, pieces of velvet or silk, jewelry, or the like, that is concealed upon the person in the most ingenious manner. The police, in charge of one roundsman, are posted at the different entrances to the Garden, and serve on board of a vessel or steamship while the passengers are being transferred to the barge previous to their landing. There are two barges attached to the landing dépôt, of about 150 or 160 tons each, upon which the passengers and their luggage are transferred from the steamer and brought ashore by the assistance of a tug-boat. It is curious to see such a heterogeneous crowd land. The Swedes are easily distinguished by their tanned-leather breeches and waistcoats, and their peculiar before-mentioned exhalations; you can not miss the Irishman with his napless hat, worn coat, and corduroy trowsers; the Englishman you know by his Scotch cap, clay pipe, and paper collar. The Teuton you detect at once by his long-skirted, dark blue woolen coat, high-necked and brass-buttoned vest, and flat military cap, or gray beaver. Indeed, one of the officers told me that he could tell exactly what part of Germany each individual came from by his dress alone, and I believe he could. Then there are the Bohemians (the genuine ones), with their many-colored scarfs and glaring jackets for the women, and natty military caps for almost all the men; the French in their blue linen blouses; and finally the Norwegians in their curious national dress, consisting of a gray woolen stiff-necked jacket, which covers only about one-third of their back, while in front it slopes down to a greater length, and is profusely ornamented with huge silver buttons set so close together that they overlap each other. Their breeches, of dark woolen stuff, therefore reach nearly up to their neck behind, only a small strip of jacket with an enormous stiff collar being between. You can not properly say a Norwegian in a pair of breeches, but must say a pair of breeches with a Norwegian in them. This, of course, only applies to the farmers from the interior parts of the country, the "Dalkuller" and "Troensere," etc.

One of the most important bureaus of the Garden is the Ward's Island and medicinal departments. These offices are situated in a long wooden building of one story, on the right as you enter the Garden from the Battery. These departments have done a great deal of good, and allayed terrible sufferings and suspense. The Board of Commissioners own on Ward's Island (a little island in the East River, about five miles from the heart of New York) an immigrant refuge and hospital, both always densely peopled. Here immigrants who are without means of subsistence are kept and taken care of at the expense of the Board, until such time as assistance may come from their friends in the shape of money or tickets, or they can be disposed of as laborers. I shall not here go into the details of this particular institution, as these alone would fill up and justify a special description, but merely remark that the buildings are large and excellent, and that their inmates enjoy all the care and comforts suited to their circumstances. During 1869 there were admitted on the island 11,471 sick or destitute immigrants, 439 children were born, and 11,356 passengers discharged during the same period. On December 31, 1869, there remained in the institution 1959 souls.

On entering the Ward's Island department we pass through the offices set aside for the reception of immigrants by their friends. This is a large, well-ventilated room, with wooden benches for the accommodation of the visitors. A large blackboard shows the name of the steamers or ships that are reported "up," whose passengers are being or will be landed. If, for instance, you expect a friend in the steerage of

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MEETING OF FRIENDS.

the *City of Paris*, all you have to do is to read the list of arrivals in your paper every morning about the time the steamer is due. When you find that she has arrived, you go down to Castle Garden to this office, to which there is a separate entrance from the Battery, and there you give to the clerk in charge the name of the passenger you are expecting. This will be called out inside in the rotunda, and if she has been on board she will be sent in to you, when there will be any quantity of questions to put and answers to make. It certainly is interesting to witness these meetings, as I did. Here is the name of a comely Irish girl called out, she enters blushing, and is the next moment in the arms of her faithful sweet-heart, who left her home in Ireland three years ago, and has now sent for her to make her his bride. There is kissing and crying and squeezing, and applause from the by-standers, who for the moment forget that they themselves in a few minutes will probably do the same sort of thing. That is a new version of "Pat Malloy," and, I think, the right one. Father and son, sister and brother, meet here in fond embraces, with tears of joy, after years of absence. What shaking of hands, and assurances of love, and inquiries for those dear to the heart, that are still thousands of miles away!

Opposite this building is located the so-called Labor Exchange, to which there is also a separate entrance from the Battery. Not only immigrants, but whoever else wants work, can apply here, and will generally succeed in finding an employer. Farm-hands and mechanics have the best chance, and there are always a number of them to be found there, mostly raw hands. Miners from Wales and other places are quite a specialty, and are always in demand. Weavers seem also to find ready employment. Next come laborers on railroads, farm-hands, and gardeners. There is but a poor chance for office clerks and other nondescripts. Servant-girls form a great proportion of the work-seekers, and may always be seen sitting there like hens on a perch, scrutinizing and criticising the employers who apply at the office for help. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that these girls are always green. To be sure, most of them were immigrants once, but that may have been five or perhaps ten years ago. As the office is open

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to all, it is liberally patronized. Applicants for help are plenty, and the officers in charge of the bureau do every thing in their power to suit both parties, and bring about a bargain. The interests of those soliciting work are well looked after. Every one applying for help must give name and residence, and must furnish references. The amount of wages agreed on is stated, and entered in a book. In short, every thing is done to guard against the admission of parties of a doubtful character.

German girls lately landed are greatly in demand at this establishment, and I was told that there are applications for them ten deep on the books; but they are very rarely to be found. It is seldom that German girls come to this country alone; they are nearly always in company with their father, mother, and the whole family, and go with them out to the Western States. If a stray one happens to stop in New York she is picked up immediately, and her services secured at high wages. The wages at which girls obtain situations from this exchange vary from nine to fourteen dollars per month, sometimes higher, according to worth and specialty of work; cooks and chamber-maids receive the highest pay. By far the greater portion of the applicants are Irish, and a good many of them are old "rounders," who take a place for perhaps a month, and then leave it without the slightest notice. Danish and Swedish girls are also in great demand, but difficult to obtain; they, as the German girls, very seldom leave the family where they are employed, if only decently paid and treated.

The female department of this office is in charge of a lady, who tries to accommodate both employer and employée, and no charge is made to or received from either. This makes the establishment extensively patronized, as will also be proved by the following statistics: In 1869 situations were obtained for no less than 11,673 house servants, 438 cooks, laundresses, etc.; and, of the male branch, for 17,250 agricultural and unskilled laborers, and 5594 mechanics of various classes. This is a fair exhibit, and helps to illustrate the vastness of the operations conducted at Castle Garden.

From the Labor Exchange we proceed to the City Express office, and here a busy scene awaits us. Wagons are being loaded, heavy boxes and trunks rolled on trucks along the smooth asphalt flooring, bundles, beds, and baskets carried hither and thither, confusion and noise every where. For a trifling cost every immigrant can have his luggage carried by express to any point of the city, and but few fail to avail themselves of this opportunity. Consequently there is a steady asking for and delivery of addresses in all the languages of the world.

An important feature in Castle Garden is the attendance of boarding-house keepers. A certain number are admitted into the Garden, where they ply their vocation after the landing of passengers, and after these have passed the registering and railway officials, etc. They are all provided with cards setting forth, in several languages, the name of their house and the prices charged. These vary from $1 to $1 50 per day for board and lodging, or $6 to $9 per week, all payable in paper, which is distinctly put forth on the card. Their houses are mostly located in Greenwich and Washington streets, in the immediate vicinity of Castle Garden, and most of them have very conspicuous and imposing names, announcing the nationality of the proprietor, as for instance, Hôtel de Paris, Würtemberger Hof, Zum Grütli (Swiss House), Miners' Arms, and the Cork House. Some have a Masonic title, as the Square and Compasses. In these the immigrants can rest themselves for a day or two previous to their departure for the West. The board furnished is said to be good and substantial, and complaints of extortion, etc., are seldom made. Different it is, however, with the outside houses, or those not represented on the premises. Here complaints are frequent, and justly so, as in many instances these establishments are nothing but pitfalls for the unsuspecting immigrant, where he is fleeced of his last dollar, and then thrust out into the street, sent to a brick-yard, or "shanghaied" on board of some ship for a three years' cruise. The immigrants are in Castle Garden repeatedly warned against these outside dens; but, of course, sometimes they fall a prey to their own folly in not heeding these warnings. The outside labor exchanges or intelligence-offices, also in the vicinity of Castle Garden, are mostly nothing but swindles, where a dollar or two is exacted under the plea of procuring labor; but very seldom is this furnished, and if at all it is of the meanest sort and poorest paid for.

Above the wash-rooms, on the second-floor, are the various offices of the Commissioners of Emigration, their meeting-rooms, Treasurer's office, and the office of the General Agent and Superintendent. This gentleman has, for a number of years, managed and directed the interior working of this vast establishment to the benefit of hundreds of thousands of immigrants. He is a man unflinching in his duty, with years of experience, and with a warm heart for the true welfare of the immigrant. He is assisted by the Board of Commissioners, who form a body of the most experienced and esteemed men of the metropolis, including the Mayors of the cities of New York and Brooklyn.

On the occasion of my visit I had a good opportunity offered me for inspecting this establishment in all its details, and I availed myself of this in the fullest measure. I have tried to describe what I saw, and hope to have succeeded in imparting to the reader some idea of what Castle Garden really is, and how it looks on a busy day. The war in Europe has made sad havoc with the emigration, the German steamships having stopped running, and but very few of this nationality arriving. It was curious to notice the landing of about a hundred passen-

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IMMIGRANT RUNNER.

gers, who had arrived in a sailing ship from Bremen. They were mostly Germans, with some few French and Italians, and had left their homes previous to the war being even talked of. Their astonishment upon hearing the news up to the hour of their arrival can better be imagined than described. The French looked downhearted and the Germans exultant; the Italians were neutral. Some few of the Germans, young, strapping fellows, inquired for the way to the German consul, as they wanted to go home again and fight for "Vaterland." Their enthusiasm, however, seemed to evaporate after some time, and they took tickets for Kansas. The French, on their part, in the mean time regained their faith in *la belle France*, and thought that it might not be so bad after all.

I can not refrain from adding a few figures out of the statistics of the Board of Emigration, as this will, better than any thing else, show the importance of this establishment and the quantity of business transacted. During the year 1869 there were written, for immigrants to their friends, 2884 letters, to which answers were received at Castle Garden containing $41,615 55; remittances, amounting to $50,549 49, were also received in anticipation of the arrival of passengers; 5393 telegraph messages were forwarded, to which 1351 answers were received; 504 steamers arrived with passengers, and 209 sailing vessels, during the year. For the passage of destitute immigrants back to Europe, or to their friends in the interior, $10,876 89 were expended out of the funds of the Commissioners.

When we left the Garden our ears were again assailed by the same noises that had greeted us in the morning. As we came out among a large party of newly landed immigrants, and the light was but feeble, we were evidently supposed to belong to them. A fellow grasped my arm, and tried in half English, half German, to persuade me to go with him to some obscure "hotel," "das beste in der Stadt!" Not till we came within the full glare of a gas-lamp did he discover his mistake, and let me go, though I had not spoken a word. A minute after I saw him carry off some really verdant ones with better success.

It is a common dodge among these runners to seize a portmanteau, or, better yet, a baby, belonging to some large family, for then the whole crowd is sure to follow. I encountered such a gang. The wily runner was carrying a huge bag in the left hand, and had on the right arm a yelling baby, which he vainly tried to pacify or smother, I do not know which; behind him came the mother with another baby in her arms, and a lot of children clinging to her petticoats; after her came "vater," smoking his Dutch porcelain pipe and carrying some bundles; and finally "grossvater" and "grossmutter" made up the rear.

The lights were shining feebly on the Battery. The lamps are but few and far between, and an almost total darkness prevails at some places. Behind me were the crowds of immigrants still emerging from Castle Garden, whose dome loomed up splendidly out of a sea of darkness—a beacon for the guidance of immigrants who arrive on our shores.

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FREDERICK THE GREAT.



FREDERICK THE GREAT, ÆT. 58.

XVI.—THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR. FIFTH CAMPAIGN.

IT was early in January, 1760, that the two hostile armies went into winter-quarters. General Daun, with his seventy-two thousand triumphant troops, held Dresden. He encamped his army in an arc of a circle, bending toward the southwest from the city, and occupying a line about thirty miles in extent. Frederick, with thirty-two thousand troops depressed by defeat, defiantly faced his foe in a concave arc concentric to that of Daun. The two antagonistic encampments were almost within cannon-shot of each other.

Never were the prospects of Frederick more gloomy. He had taken up his residence for the winter in a very humble cottage near the hamlet of Freiberg. He must have been very unhappy. Scenes of suffering were every where around him. It was terribly cold. His troops were poorly clothed and fed and housed.

"It was one of the grimmest camps in na-

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THE WINTER CAMP.

ture; the canvas roofs grown mere ice-plates, the tents mere sanctuaries of frost. Never did poor young Archenholtz see such industry in dragging wood-fuel, such boiling of biscuits in broken ice, such crowding round the embers to roast one side of you while the other was freezing. But Daun's people, on the opposite side of the Plauen Dell, did the like. Their tents also were left standing in the frozen state, guarded by alternating battalions no better off than their Prussian neighbors."[1]

Thus affairs continued through the winter. There were two frost-bitten armies facing each other on the bleak plains. With apparently not much to be gained in presenting this front of defiance, each party breasted the storms and the freezing gales, alike refusing to yield one inch of ground.

During the previous summer, the philosopher Maupertuis, after weary wanderings in the languor of consumption, and in great dejection of spirits, had been stricken by convulsions while in his carriage at Basel. He had lost favor with the king, and was poor, friendless, and dying. His later years had been imbittered by the venomous assaults of Voltaire.

While in health and prosperity, quaffing the wines of Frederick, he was an avowed infidel, and eagerly joined the ribald companions of the king in denouncing all religion as the fanaticism of weak minds. But in these hours of pain, of loneliness, and of approaching death he could find no consolation in the teachings of philosophy. He sent for two Christian ministers to visit him daily, and daily had the Bible read to him. It was a death-bed repentance. Bitterly he deplored a wasted life. Sincerely he seemed to embrace the doctrines of Christianity.[1] He died, after a lingering sickness, far from home and friends, on the 27th of July, 1759.

Voltaire made himself very merry over the dying scene of Maupertuis. There was never another man who could throw so much poison into a sneer as Voltaire. It is probable that the conversion of Maupertuis somewhat troubled

[1] CARLYLE, vol. v. p. 469.

[1] *Biographie Universelle.*

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his conscience as the unhappy scorner looked forward to his own dying hour, which could not be far distant. He never alluded to Maupertuis without indulging in a strain of bitter mockery in view of his death as a penitent. Even the king, unbeliever as he was in religion or in the existence of a God, was disgusted with the malignity displayed by Voltaire. In reply to one of Voltaire's envenomed assaults the king wrote:

"You speak of Maupertuis. Do not trouble the ashes of the dead. Let the grave, at least, put an end to your unjust hatreds. Reflect that even kings make peace after long battling. Can not you ever make it? I think you would be capable, like Orpheus, of descending to hell, not to soften Pluto, and bring back your beautiful Emilie, but to pursue into that abode of woe an enemy whom your wrath has only too much persecuted in this world. For shame!"[1]

Soon after Frederick wrote to Voltaire upon this subject again, still more severely, but in verse. The following is almost a literal translation of this poetic epistle:

"Leave the cold ashes of Maupertuis in peace. He was noble and faithful. He pardoned you that vile libel of doctor Akakia which your criminal fury scribbled against him. And what return are you making? Shame on such delirious ravings as those of Voltaire! Shall this grand genius, whom I have admired, soil himself with calumny, and be ferocious on the dead? Shall he, like a vile raven, pounce upon the sepulchre, and make prey upon its corpses?"

The friendship of these two remarkable men must have been of a singular character. Voltaire wrote of the king: "He is as potent and as malignant as the devil. He is also as unhappy, not knowing friendship."

Voltaire had, as a pet, a very vicious ape, treacherous, spiteful, who pelted passers-by with stones, and, when provoked, would bite terribly. The name of this hateful beast was Luc. Voltaire gave his friend Frederick the nickname of Luc. He corresponded freely with the enemies of his Prussian majesty. A few extracts will reveal the character of the friendship of the philosopher. Some days after the battle of Kunersdorf Voltaire wrote to D'Argental:

"I do not love Luc; far from it. I never will pardon him his infamous procedure with my niece,[2] nor the face he has to write me flattering things twice a month without having ever repaired his wrongs. I desire much his entire humiliation, the chastisement of the sinner; whether his eternal damnation I do not quite know."

Again he wrote, a few months after, to the duke of Choiseul: "He has been a bad man, this Luc. And now, if one were to bet by the law of probability, it would be three to one that Luc would go to pot [*sera perdu*], with his rhymings and his banterings, and his injustices and politics, all as bad as himself."[1]

Frederick affected great contempt for public opinion. He wrote to Voltaire:

"I have the lot of all actors who play in public—applauded by some, despised by others. One must prepare one's self for satires, for calumnies, for a multitude of lies, which will be sent abroad into currency against one. But need that trouble my tranquillity? I go my road. I do nothing against the interior voice of my conscience. And I concern myself very little in what way my actions paint themselves in the brain of beings not always very thinking, with two legs, and without feathers."

It is evident that the king, thus surrounded with perils and threatened with utter destruction, was anxious for the termination of the war. But still this inflexible man would not listen to any suggestions for peace but on his own terms. He wrote to Voltaire, urging him "to bring back peace." At the same time he said:

"In spite of all your efforts you will not get a peace signed by my hands except on conditions honorable to my nation. Your people, blown up with self-conceit and folly, may depend on these words."

But that he was fully awake to his perils, and keenly felt his sufferings, is manifest from the following extract from another of his letters:

"The sword and death have made frightful ravages among us. And the worst is that we are not yet at the end of the tragedy. You may judge what effect these cruel shocks make on me. I wrap myself in my stoicism the best I can. Flesh and blood revolt against such tyrannous command; but it must be followed. If you saw me you would scarcely know me again. I am old, broken, gray-headed, wrinkled. I am losing my teeth and my gayety. If this go on, there will be nothing of me left but the mania of making verses, and an inviolable attachment to my duties, and to the few virtuous men whom I know."

In the above letter the king alludes to the "mania of making verses." Strange as it may seem, he, this winter, when apparently almost crushed beneath the weight of cares and sorrows, when every energy of mind and body seemed called into requisition in preparation for a new campaign, published an edition of his poems.

The allies represented a population of ninety millions. The realms of Frederick embraced scarcely five millions of inhabitants. The allies decided that they would no longer make an exchange of prisoners. It was manifest that by merely protracting the war, even without any signal successes on the part of the allies, Frederick would find all his resources of men exhausted. Frederick, who was never very scrupulous with regard to the means which he employed for the promotion of his ends, im-

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 61.

[2] Voltaire's niece, Madame Denis, was with him when he was arrested at Frankfort, and she was terribly frightened.

[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxx. 313.

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SACKING THE PALACE.—[SEE PAGE 564.]

mediately compelled his prisoners of war, of whatever nationality, to enlist in his service.

"Prisoners, captive soldiers, if at all likely fellows," writes Archenholtz, "were by every means persuaded and even compelled to take Prussian service. Compelled, cudgel in hand, not asked if they wished to serve, but dragged to the Prussian colors, obliged to swear there, and fight against their countrymen."[1]

Frederick also seized money wherever he could find it, whether in the hands of friend or foe. His contributions levied upon the Saxons were terrible. The cold and dreary winter passed rapidly away. The spring was late in that northern clime. It was not until the middle of June that either party was prepared vigorously to take the field. It was generally considered by the European world that Frederick was irretrievably ruined. In the last campaign he had lost sixty thousand men. Universal gloom and discouragement pervaded his kingdom. Still Frederick, by his almost superhuman exertions, had marshaled another army of one hundred thousand men. But the allies had two hundred and eighty thousand to oppose to them. Though Frederick in public assumed a cheerful and self-confident air, as if assured of victory, his private correspondence proves that he was, in heart, despondent in the extreme, and that scarcely a ray of hope visited his mind. To his friend D'Argens he wrote:

"I am unfortunate and old, dear marquis. That is why they persecute me. God knows what my future is to be this year. I grieve to resemble Cassandra with my prophecies. But how augur well of the desperate situation we are in, and which goes on growing worse? I am so gloomy to-day I will cut short.

"Write to me when you have nothing better to do. And don't forget a poor philosopher who, perhaps to expiate his incredulity, is doomed to find his purgatory in this world."

Again, and at the same time, he wrote to another friend:

"The difficulties I had last campaign were almost infinite, there were such a multitude of enemies acting against me. Pomerania, Brandenburg, Saxony, frontiers of Silesia, were alike

[1] ARCHENHOLTZ, ii. 53.

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in danger, and often all at one time. If I escaped absolute destruction, I must impute it chiefly to the misconduct of my enemies, who gained such advantages, but had not the sense to follow them up. Experience often corrects people of their blunders. I can not expect to profit by any thing of that kind on their part in the course of this campaign."[1]

Four campaigns of the Seven Years' War have passed. We are now entering upon the fifth, that of 1760. The latter part of April Frederick broke up his encampment at Freiberg, and moved his troops about twenty miles north of Dresden. Here he formed a new encampment, facing the south. His left wing was at Meissen, resting on the Elbe. His right wing was at the little village of Katzenhäuser, about ten miles to the southwest. Frederick established his head-quarters at Schlettau, midway of his lines. The position thus selected was, in a military point of view, deemed admirable. General Daun remained in Dresden "astride" the Elbe. Half of his forces were on one side and half on the other of the river.

The stunning news soon reached Frederick that general Fouquet, whom he had left in Silesia with twelve thousand men, had been attacked by a vastly superior force of Austrians. The assault was furious in the extreme. Thirty-one thousand Austrians commenced the assault at two o'clock in the morning. By eight o'clock the bloody deed was done. Ten thousand of the Prussians strewed the field with their gory corpses. Two thousand only escaped. General Fouquet himself was wounded and taken prisoner. To add to the anguish of the king, this disaster was to be attributed to the king himself. He had angrily ordered general Fouquet to adopt a measure which that general, better acquainted with the position and forces of the foe, saw to be fatal. Heroically he obeyed orders, though he knew that it would prove the destruction of his army.

Silesia was at the mercy of the foe. Frederick regarded the calamity as irreparable. Still in a few hours he recovered his equanimity, and in public manifested his accustomed stoicism. The victorious Austrian soldiers in Silesia conducted themselves like fiends. Their plunderings and outrages were too shocking to be recited. "Nothing was spared by them," writes Frederick, "but misery and ugliness."

There was a small garrison at Glatz, in Silesia, which, though closely besieged, still held out against the Austrians. Frederick thought that if he could by any stratagem draw general Daun from Dresden he could, by a sudden rush, break down its walls and seize the city. He moved with celerity which completely deceived the Austrian commander. At two o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, July 2, his whole army was almost on the run toward Silesia. They marched as troops never marched before. For twelve hours their speed was unintermitted. The next day in utter exhaustion they rested. But on Friday, as the village clocks were tolling the hour of midnight, all were again on the move, the king himself in front. Again it was a run rather than a march through a dreary realm of bogs, wild ravines, and tangled thickets. At three o'clock on Saturday morning the march was resumed.

General Daun was soon informed of this energetic movement. He instantly placed himself at the head of sixty thousand troops, and also set out, at his highest possible speed, for Glatz.

Sunday, July 6, was a day of terrible heat. At three o'clock in the morning the Prussian troops were again in motion. There was not a breath of wind. The blazing sun grew hotter and hotter. There was no shade. The soldiers were perishing of thirst. Still the command was "onward," "onward." In that day's march one hundred and five Prussian soldiers dropped dead in their tracks.

General Daun thought that such energy as this could not be a feint. He was much nearer to Glatz than was Frederick. Monday, July 7, the Prussian troops rested. General Daun pressed on. Tuesday night he was two days' march ahead of Frederick. In the mean time the Prussian king, who had made this tremendous march simply to draw the foe from Dresden, suddenly turned, and with the utmost velocity directed his troops back toward the city.

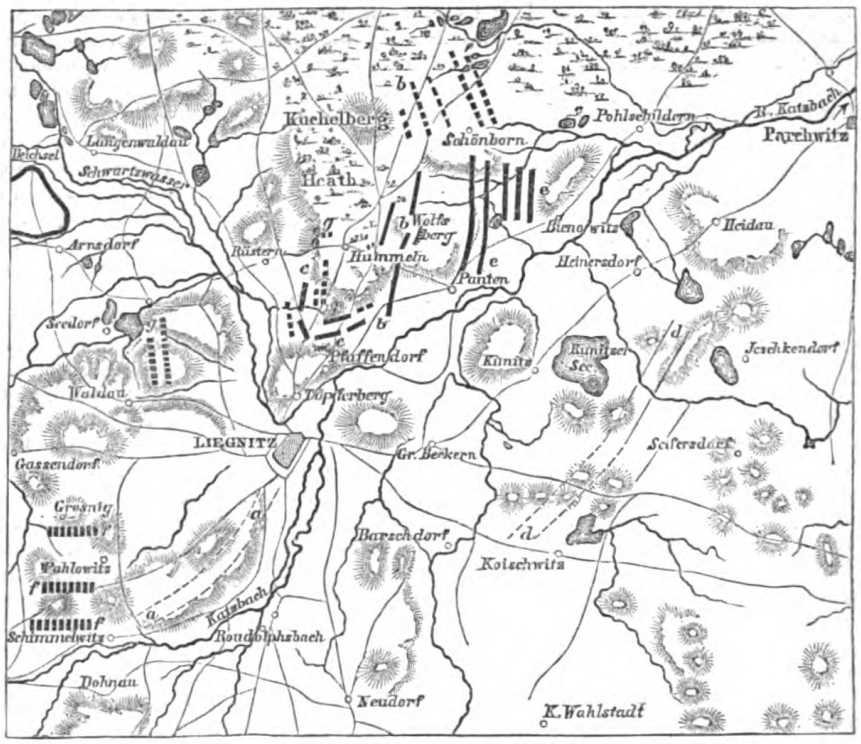
General Maguire had been left in Dresden with but about fourteen thousand men for its defense. On Saturday, July 13, the Prussian army appeared before the city. All the night they were erecting their batteries. Early Sunday morning the cannonade began. As Daun might speedily arrive at the head of sixty thousand troops for the relief of the garrison, the bombardment was conducted with the utmost possible energy. Day and night the horrible tempest fell upon the doomed city. Adversity had soured the king's disposition and rendered him merciless. He had no compassion upon the innocent inhabitants. It was his aim, at whatever cost, to secure the immediate surrender of the place. He cruelly directed his terrific fire upon the thronged dwellings rather than upon the massive fortifications. Street after street blazed up in flames. It was Frederick's relentless plan by "fire torture" to force the citizens to compel Maguire to the surrender. But the Austrian commander hardened his heart against the misery of the Saxon people, and held the place.

General Daun was proverbially slow-footed. For thirteen days the wretched city burned and bled. In a memorial to the world, which the king of Poland, as elector of Saxony, published on the occasion, he said:

"Had the enemy attacked Dresden according to the rules and the customs of war, had

[1] "The symptoms we decipher in these letters, and otherwise, are those of a man drenched in misery; but used to his black element, unaffectedly defiant of it, or not at the pains to defy it; occupied only to do his very utmost in it, with or without success, till the end come."—CARLYLE.

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BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ, AUGUST 16, 1760.

a a. Prussian Camp, left with fires burning. b b b. Prussian Main Army. c c. Ziethen's Division. d d. Loudon's Camp, also left with fires burning. e e e. Loudon's Army attacked by the Prussians. f f f. Approach of Daun. g g. Lacy's Cavalry.

they directed their efforts against the ramparts, the king would, without doubt, have lamented the evils which would have resulted from it to his people. But he would have lamented them without complaining. But the Prussians made war on the innocent townsmen. Their fire was wholly directed against the houses. They endeavored to destroy a town which they could not take."

In truth, when general Daun approached, and Frederick saw that there was no possibility of his taking the city, he, in the wantonness of his rage, set fire to upward of a hundred houses in the suburbs which had hitherto escaped the flames. Three hundred and fifty houses were destroyed within the walls. More than that number were half destroyed, shattered by bombs and scorched with flames. These were terrible calamities falling upon a city already exhausted by four years of the most desolating war. The king of Poland closed his appeal by saying:

"The king thinks it scarcely worth while to mention his palaces and his gardens sacked and ruined, in contempt of the regard usually paid from one sovereign to another. Is there a man in all Europe who does not see in these terrible effects an implacable hatred and a destructive fury which all nations ought to concur in repressing?"[1]

[1] *Annual Register*, vol. iii. p. 209.

Frederick, being constrained by the approach of general Daun to raise the siege of Dresden, retired to his intrenched camp at Schlettau. Leaving fifteen thousand men to guard the camp, he, on the 1st of August, before the dawn, crossed the Elbe, and was again on the rapid march toward Silesia. His army consisted of thirty thousand men, and was accompanied by two thousand heavy baggage-wagons. In five days the king marched over one hundred miles, crossing five rivers. Armies of the allies, amounting to one hundred and seventy-five thousand Austrians and Russians, were around him—some in front, some in his rear, some on his flanks.[1]

On the 14th of August Frederick had reached Liegnitz. His foes surrounded him in such numbers that escape seemed impossible and destruction sure. General Loudon, with thirty-five thousand allies, was scarcely a mile east of him. General Lacy, with an immense swarm of cavalry, was at the distance of but a few thousand yards on the west. General Daun, with his immense army, approaching from the southwest, had taken possession of Liegnitz. Frederick was encamped upon some heights a few miles east of the city. To human view the position of his Prussian majesty was desperate.

"He was clinging on the head of slippery

[1] *Life of Frederick II.*, by LORD DOVER, vol. ii. p. 152.

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abysses, his path hardly a foot's breadth, mere enemies and avalanches hanging round on every side; ruin likelier at no moment of his life."

On the night of the 14th Frederick had stationed his lines with the greatest care to guard against surprise. At midnight, wrapped in his cloak, and seated on a drum by a watch-fire, he had just fallen asleep. An Irish officer, a deserter from the Austrians, came blustering and fuming into the camp with the announcement that general Lacy's army was on the march to attack Frederick by surprise. Frederick sprang to his horse. His perfectly drilled troops were instantly in motion. By a rapid movement his troops were speedily placed in battle array upon the heights of the Wolfsberg. They would thus intercept the enemy's line of march, would take him by surprise, and were in the most admirable position to encounter superior numbers. To deceive the foe, all the Prussian camp-fires were left burning. General Loudon had resorted to the same stratagem to deceive Frederick.

To the surprise of general Loudon, upon his advance-guard of five thousand men, as it was pressing forward on its stealthy march, in the darkness ascending an eminence, there was opened the most destructive discharge of artillery and musketry. The division was hurled back with great slaughter. Gathering reinforcements, it advanced the second time and the third time with the same results. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, were brought forward, but all in vain. Frederick brought into action but fifteen thousand men. He utterly routed the hostile army of thirty-five thousand men, killing four thousand, and taking six thousand prisoners. He also captured eighty-two cannons, twenty-eight flags, and five thousand muskets. His own loss was eighteen hundred men. The battle commenced at three o'clock in the morning, and was over at five o'clock.

Frederick remained upon the field of battle four hours gathering up the spoils. The dead were left unburied. The wounded were placed in empty meal-wagons. General Loudon fled precipitately across the Katzbach River. To deceive the Austrians in reference to his movements, Frederick wrote a false dispatch to his brother Henry, which he placed in the hands of a trusty peasant. The peasant was directed to allow himself to be taken. The plan worked to a charm. The other portions of the allied army, deceived by the dispatch, retreated as Frederick wished to have them. He soon formed a junction with his brother Henry, and being astonished himself at his almost miraculous escape, marched to the strong fortress of Breslau, which was still held by a small Prussian garrison, and where he had large magazines.

But notwithstanding this wonderful victory and narrow escape, it still seemed that Frederick's destruction was only postponed for a short time. He was in the heart of Silesia, and was surrounded by hostile armies three times more numerous than his own.

Twelve days after the battle of Liegnitz Frederick wrote as follows to his friend the marquis D'Argens, who was at Berlin. The letter was dated Hermannsdorf, near Breslau, 27th of August, 1760:

"Formerly, my dear marquis, the affair of the 15th would have decided the campaign. At present it is but a scratch. A great battle must determine our fate. Such we shall soon have. Then, should the event prove favorable to us, you may, with good reason, rejoice. I thank you for your sympathy. It has cost much scheming, striving, and address to bring matters to this point. Do not speak to me of dangers. The last action cost me only a coat and a horse. That is buying victory cheap.[1]

"I never in my life was in so bad a posture as in this campaign. Miracles are still needed to overcome the difficulties which I foresee. I do my duty as well as I can. But remember, my dear marquis, that I can not command good fortune. I am obliged to leave too much to chance, as I have not the means to render my plans more certain.

"I have the labors of Hercules to perform, at an age, too, when my strength is leaving me, when my infirmities increase, and, to speak the truth, when hope, the only consolation of the unhappy, begins to desert me. You are not sufficiently acquainted with the posture of affairs to know the dangers which threaten the state. I know them, but conceal them. I keep all my fears to myself, and communicate to the public only my hopes and the trifle of good news I may now and then have. If the blow I now meditate succeeds, then, my dear marquis, will be the time to express our joy. But till then do not let us flatter ourselves, lest unexpected bad news deject us too much.

"I live here the life of a literary monk. I have much to think of about my affairs. The rest of my time I give to literature, which is my consolation. I know not if I shall survive this war Should it so happen, I am resolved to pass the rest of my days in retirement, in the bosom of philosophy and friendship.

"As soon as the roads are surer I hope you will write more frequently. I do not know where we shall have our winter-quarters. Our houses at Breslau have been destroyed in the late bombardment. Our enemies envy us every thing, even the air we breathe. They must, however, leave us some place. If it be a safe one, I shall be delighted to receive you there.

"Here is business which I must attend to. I was in a writing vein, but I believe it is better to conclude, lest I should tire you and neglect my own duties. Adieu, my dear marquis. I embrace you. FREDERICK."[2]

Sieges, skirmishes, battles innumerable en-

[1] The king had a coat torn from him by a rebounding cannon-ball, and a horse shot under him.

[2] *Œuvres Posthumes de Frédéric II.*

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sued. The Russians and the Austrians, in superior numbers and with able leaders, were unwearied in their endeavors to annihilate their formidable foe. The conflict was somewhat analogous to that which takes place between the lion at bay in the jungle and a pack of dogs. The details could scarcely be made intelligible to the reader, and would certainly prove tedious.[1]

Frederick so concentrated his forces as, ere long, to have about fifty thousand troops with him at Breslau. Weary weeks of marchings and fightings, blood and woe, passed on. Painful blows were struck upon both sides, but nothing decisive was accomplished. In the midst of these harassments, perils, and toils the king wrote to D'Argens, on the 18th of September, from Reisendorf:

"I will not sing *jeremiades* to you, nor speak of my fears or anxieties; but I can assure you that they are great. The crisis I am in changes in appearance, but nothing decisive happens. I am consumed by a slow fire; I am like a living body losing limb after limb. May Heaven assist us, for we have much need of it.

"You speak of my personal safety. You ought to know, as I do, that it is not necessary for me to live. But while I do live I must fight for my country, and save it if it be possible. In many little things I have had luck; I think of taking for my motto, *Maximus in minimis, et minimus in maximis*.[2]

"It is impossible for you to imagine the horrible fatigues which we undergo. This campaign is worse than any of the others. I sometimes know not which way to turn. But why weary you with these details of my toils and miseries? My spirits have forsaken me. All my gayety is buried with those dear and noble ones to whom my heart was bound. The end of my life is melancholy and sad; but do not, therefore, my dear marquis, forget your old friend."[3]

To his brother Henry he wrote: "I have had a bad time of it, my dear brother; our means are so eaten away; far too short for opposing the prodigious number of our enemies set against us. If we must fall, let us date our destruction from the infamous day of Maxen. My health is a little better; but I have still *hémorroïdes aveugles*. That were nothing, however, were it not for the disquietudes I feel. For these three days I have had so terrible a cramp in continuance that I thought it would choke me. It is now a little gone. No wonder that the chagrins and continual disquietudes I live in should undermine, and at length overturn, the most robust constitution."

Early in October the allies planned an expedition for the capture of Berlin. The city had no defenses but weak palisades, which were garrisoned by but twelve hundred men. General Czernichef led a column of twenty thousand Russians, general Lacy another of fifteen thousand Austrians, and general Soltikof a third column of twenty thousand more.

On the 3d of October the van-guard of this army, three thousand strong, was seen in the distance from the steeples of Berlin. The queen and royal family fled with the archives to Magdeburg. The city was summoned to an immediate surrender, and to pay a ransom of about four million dollars to rescue it from the flames. The summons was rejected. General Tottleben, in command of the advance, erected his batteries, and at five o'clock in the afternoon commenced his bombardment with red-hot balls. In the night a reinforcement of five thousand Prussians, under prince Eugen of Würtemberg, who had marched forty miles that day, entered the city, guided by the blaze of the bombardment, to strengthen the garrison. Tottleben retired to await the allied troops, which were rapidly on the march. In the mean time, on the 8th, general Hülsen arrived, with nine thousand Prussian troops, increasing the garrison in Berlin to fifteen thousand. Frederick was also on the march, to rescue his capital, with all the troops he could muster. But the Russians had now arrived to the number of thirty-five thousand. The defenses were so weak that they could easily take or destroy the place.

The garrison retired to avoid capture. Berlin surrendered on the morning of October 9. For three days the enemy held the city. The semi-barbaric soldiers committed fearful outrages. The soldiers sacked the king's palaces at Potsdam and Charlottenburg, smashing furniture, doors, windows, mirrors, statuary, cutting the pictures, and maltreating the inmates. On the 11th it was announced that Frederick, with nearly the whole Prussian army, was within five days' march of Berlin. The allies held him in such dread, when he had any thing like an equality of numbers with them, that they fled from him at the rate of thirty miles a day. But terrible were the ravages which they inflicted on the Prussian people during this retreat.

The Russians marched to Poland. The Austrians returned to Saxony. As soon as Frederick heard of their retreat, instead of continuing his march to Berlin, he also turned his columns southward. On the 27th of October he crossed the Elbe, about sixty miles above Dresden, and found himself in the vicinity of general Daun, whose army outnumbered that of Frederick two to one. The situation of Frederick was extremely critical. Under these circumstances he wrote to D'Argens on the 28th:

"You, as a follower of Epicurus, put a value upon life. As for me, I regard death from the stoic point of view. Never shall I see the moment which will oblige me to make a disadvantageous peace. No persuasion, no eloquence, shall ever induce me to sign my own dishonor.

[1] "No human intellect in our day could busy itself with understanding these thousandfold marchings, manœuvrings, assaults, surprisals, sudden facings about (retreat changed to advance); nor could the powerfulest human memory, not exclusively devoted to study the art military under Frederick, remember them when understood.—CARLYLE, vol. vi. p. 59.

[2] Great in small things, small in great things.

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 139.

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Either I will bury myself under the ruins of my country, or, if that consolation appears too great to the *Destiny* which persecutes me, I shall know how to put an end to my misfortunes when it is no longer possible to bear them. I have acted, and continue to act, in pursuance of this conviction, and according to the dictates of honor, which have always directed my steps. My conduct shall continue, at all times, to be conformable to these principles.

"After having sacrificed my youth to my father, and my maturer age to my country, I think that I have acquired the right to dispose of my old age as I please. I have told you, and I repeat it, my hand shall never sign a disgraceful peace. I shall continue this campaign with the resolution to dare all, and to try the most desperate things, either to succeed or to find a glorious end.

"Indeed, how many reasons has one at fifty years of age to despise life! The prospect which remains to me is an old age of infirmity and pain, with disappointments, regrets, ignominies, and outrages to endure. In truth, if you really consider my situation, you ought to blame my intentions less than you do. I have lost all my friends. I am unfortunate in all the ways in which it is possible to be so. I have nothing to hope for. I see my enemies treat me with derision, while their insolence prepares to trample me under foot. Alas!

"'Quand on a tout perdu, quand on n'a plus d'espoir,
La vie est un opprobre, et la mort un devoir.'[1]

"I have nothing to add to this. I will only inform your curiosity that we passed the Elbe the day before yesterday; that to-morrow we march toward Leipsic, where I hope to be on the 31st, where I hope we shall have a battle, and whence you shall receive news of us as it occurs."

It is not strange that Frederick, being destitute of religious principle, should have ever contemplated suicide as his last resort. On the 2d of November the king came in sight of the encampment of general Daun at Torgau, on the Elbe, some score of leagues north of Dresden. The king was at the head of forty-four thousand troops. Marshal Daun had eighty thousand, strongly intrenched upon heights west of the city, in the midst of a labyrinth of ponds, hills, ravines, and forests. We shall not attempt to enter into a detail of the battle. The accompanying plan of the battle will give the military reader an idea of the disposal of the forces.

The position of the Austrians, on the heights of Siptitz, an eminence which rose two hundred feet above the bed of the river, seemed impregnable. Sixty-five thousand Austrians stood upon those heights, protected by earth-works and a formidable abatis. They had four hundred guns in battery, a larger number than had ever before been brought upon a battle-field. To attack then and there was an act of desperation. On the evening of the 2d the king assembled his generals, and said to them:

"I have called you together, not to ask your advice, but to inform you that to-morrow I shall attack marshal Daun. I am aware that he occupies a strong position. But it is one from which he can not escape. If I beat him, all his army must be taken prisoners or drowned in the Elbe. If we are beaten, we must all perish. This war is become tedious. You must all find it so. We will, if we can, finish it to-morrow. General Ziethen, I confide to you the right wing of the army. Your object must be, in marching straight to Torgau, to cut off the retreat of the Austrians when I shall have beaten them, and driven them from the heights of Siptitz."

At an early hour on the morning of the 3d Frederick broke up his camp south of the foe, and, by a circuitous route of fourteen miles, came down upon the Austrians from the north. General Ziethen marched in almost a straight line for Torgau, to cut off the retreat. It was two o'clock in the afternoon when Frederick, emerging from the forest, ordered his men to charge. The assault was as impetuous and reckless as mortal men could possibly make. Instantly four hundred pieces of artillery opened fire upon them.

"Archenholtz describes it as a thing surpassable only by doomsday; clangorous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the boughs of the trees raining down upon you with horrid crash; the forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal death-peal, comparable to the trump of doom."[1]

Frederick exclaimed, in astonishment, "What an infernal fire! Did you ever hear such a cannonade before? I never did."

The first assault was made by six thousand grenadiers upon the extreme western wing of the Austrian army. The terrible conflict lasted nearly an hour. The Prussians were driven back, leaving nine out of ten of the assailing force dead or wounded behind them. The Austrians pursued, and encountered slaughter equal to that which they had inflicted.

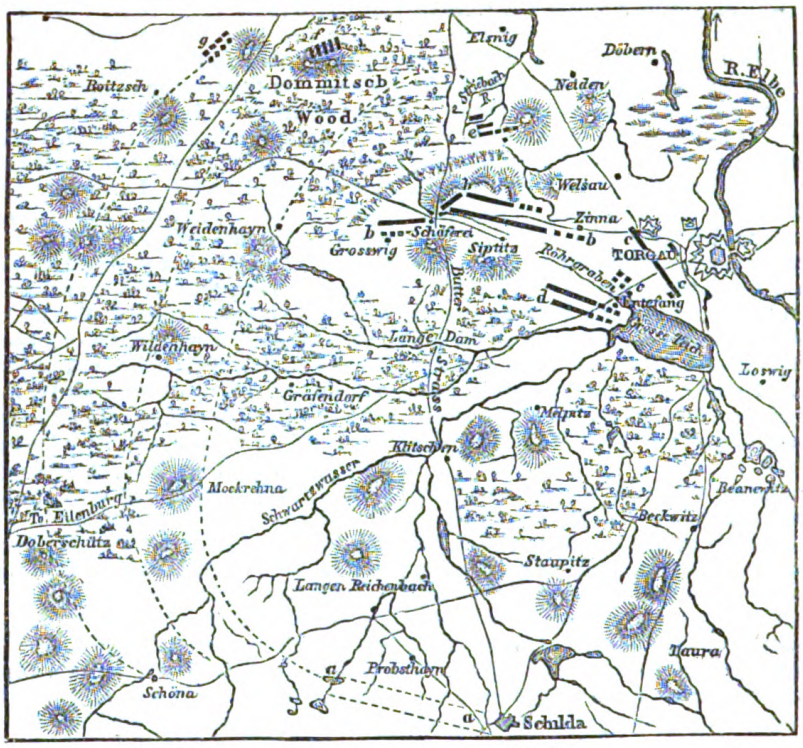
New columns were formed. Soon after three another charge was ordered. It was sanguinary and unsuccessful as the first. Frederick himself was wounded by a nearly spent case-shot which struck him on the breast. The blow was severe and painful. Had the ball retained a little more impetus it would have passed through his body. It is said that the ball struck him to the earth, and that for some time he was void of consciousness. Upon reviving, his first words to his adjutant, a son of Old Dessauer, who was sorrowfully bending over him, were, "What are you doing here? Go and stop the runaways."

It was now half past four o'clock. The sun

[1] When one has lost every thing, when one has no longer hope,
Life is a disgrace, and death a duty.

[1] Carlyle.

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BATTLE OF TORGAU, NOVEMBER 3, 1760.

a a. Prussian Camp at Schilda. b b b. Austrian Army. c c c. Rear-guard, under Lacy. d. Prussian Detachment, under Ziethen. e. Frederick's Division beginning the Attack. f. Hülsen's Infantry. g. Holstein's Cavalry.

of the short November day was rapidly sinking. Hasty preparations were made for another charge, aided by a body of Prussian cavalry which had just reached the ground. The gathering twilight was darkening hill and valley as the third assault was made. It was somewhat successful. By this time the two armies were quite intermingled. Marshal Daun was severely wounded, and was taken into Torgau to have his wounds dressed. The hour of six had now arrived. It was a damp, cloudy, dark night. The combatants were guided mainly by the flash of the muskets and the guns. "The night was so dark," says Archenholtz, "that you could not see your hand before you." Still for two hours the battle raged.

Marshal Daun, as he retired with a shattered leg to have his wound dressed, resigned the command to general Buccow. In a few moments his arm was shot off, and general O'Donnell took the command. He ordered a retreat. The Austrian army, at nine o'clock in the evening, in much disorder, were crossing the Elbe by three bridges which had been thrown across the stream in preparation for a possible disaster. The king, disappointed in a victory which did not promise great results, passed the night conversing with the soldiers at their watch-fires. He had ever indulged them in addressing him with much familiarity, calling him Fritz, which was a diminutive of Frederick, and expressive of affection.

"I suppose, Fritz," said one of the soldiers, "after this you will give us good winter-quarters."

"By all the devils," exclaimed the king, "I shall not till we have taken Dresden. Then I will provide for you to your heart's content."

The king was not a man of refined sensibilities. Not unfrequently his letters contained coarse and indelicate expressions. He was very profane. Voltaire says of him: "He has a pleasing tone of voice even in swearing, which is as familiar to him as to a grenadier."

The battle of Torgau is to be numbered among the most bloody of the Seven Years' War. The Austrians lost twelve thousand in killed and wounded, eight thousand prisoners, forty-five cannon, and twenty-nine flags. The Prussian loss was also very heavy. There were fourteen thousand killed or wounded, and four thousand taken prisoners.

The Austrians retired to Dresden for winter-quarters. Frederick was left in the field which he had won. Gradually he withdrew to his old camping-ground at Freiberg, where his troops had been cantoned the previous winter. On the 10th of November, 1760, he wrote from Meissen to the marquis D'Argens at Berlin:

"I drove the enemy to the gates of Dresden. They occupy their camp of last year. All my skill is not enough to dislodge them. We have saved our reputation by the day of Torgau.

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But do not imagine that our enemies are so disheartened as to desire peace. I fear that the French will preserve through the winter the advantages they have gained during the campaign.

"In a word, I see all black, as if I were at the bottom of a tomb. Have some compassion on the situation I am in. Conceive that I disguise nothing from you, and yet that I do not detail to you all my embarrassments, my apprehensions, and troubles. Adieu, my dear marquis. Write to me sometimes. Do not forget a poor devil who curses ten times a day his fatal existence, and could wish he already were in those silent countries from which nobody returns with news."

The next day, the 11th, Frederick wrote from Neustadt to the countess of Camas, who at Berlin was the grand mistress of the queen's household. The trifling tone of this letter, which was penned in the midst of a struggle so awful, is quite characteristic of the writer:

"I am punctual in answering, and eager to satisfy you. You shall have a breakfast-set, my good mamma; six coffee-cups, very pretty, well diapered, and tricked out with all the little embellishments which increase their value. On account of some pieces which they are adding to the set you will have to wait a few days. But I flatter myself this delay will contribute to your satisfaction, and produce for you a toy that will give you pleasure, and make you remember your old adorer.

"It is curious how old people's habits agree. For four years past I have given up suppers as incompatible with the trade I am obliged to follow. On marching days my dinner consists of a cup of chocolate.

"We have been running about like fools, quite inflated with our victory, to see if we could not chase the Austrians out of Dresden. But they made mockery of us from the tops of their mountains. So I have withdrawn, like a naughty little boy, to hide myself out of spite in one of the most cursed villages of Saxony. We must now drive these gentlemen of the imperial army out of Freiberg in order to get something to eat and a place to sleep in.[1]

"This is, I swear to you, such a dog's life [*chienne de vie*] as no one but Don Quixote ever led before me. All this tumbling, toiling, bother, and confusion have made me such an old fellow that you would scarcely know me again. The hair on the right side of my head has grown quite gray. My teeth break and fall out. My face is as full of wrinkles as the furbelow of a petticoat. My back is bent like a fiddle-bow, and my spirit is sad and downcast, like a monk of La Trappe.

"I forewarn you of this that, if we should meet again in flesh and bone, you might not feel yourself too violently shocked by my appearance. There remains nothing to me unaltered but my heart, which, as long as I breathe, will retain sentiments of esteem and tender friendship for my good mamma. Adieu."[1]

On Saturday, the 25th of October of this year, George II., king of England, died. The poor old gentleman, who had been endowed with but a very ordinary share of intelligence, was seventy-seven years of age. On Monday he had presided at a review of troops in Hyde Park. On Thursday he stood upon the portico of his rural palace in Kensington to see his Guards march by for foreign service. Saturday morning he rose at an early hour, took his cup of chocolate as usual, and, opening his windows, said the morning was so fine he would take a walk in his garden. It was then eight o'clock. His valet withdrew with the cup and saucer. He had hardly shut the door when he heard a groan and a fall. Hurrying back, he found the king upon the floor. Faintly the death-stricken monarch exclaimed, "Call Amelia," and instantly died.

"Poor deaf Amelia (Frederick's old love, now grown old and deaf) listened wildly for some faint sound from those lips now mute forever. George II. was no more. His grandson, George III., was now king."[2]

George II. had always hated his nephew Frederick. His only object in sustaining the war was to protect his native electorate of Hanover, and to abase France.[3] The new sovereign, in his first speech to parliament, said:

"I rely upon your zeal and hearty concurrence to support the king of Prussia and the rest of my allies, and to make ample provision for carrying on the war, as the only means of bringing our enemies to equitable terms of accommodation."

It seems that in England there were two parties in reference to the war. Sir Horace Walpole, in a letter under date of December 5, 1760, wrote to sir Horace Mann, at Florence:

"I shall send you a curious pamphlet, the only work I almost ever knew that changed the opinions of many. It is called 'Considerations on the present German War.' The confirmation of the king of Prussia's victory near Torgau does not prevent the disciples of the pamphlet from thinking that the best thing which could happen for us would be to have that monarch's head shot off."[4]

Notwithstanding the opposition, parliament voted to continue the subsidy to Frederick of about three million four hundred thousand dollars (£670,000). This sum was equal to twice or three times that amount at the present day.

Frederick, having cantoned his troops at Freiberg and its vicinity, on the 27th of November wrote again to the countess of Camas:

"We have settled our winter-quarters. I have yet a little round to take, and afterward I shall seek for tranquillity at Leipsic, if it be to be found there. But, indeed, for me tranquilli-

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 204.

[1] *Correspondance Familière et Amicale de Frédéric, Roi de Prusse*, t. ii. p. 140. [2] Carlyle.

[3] *Life of Frederick II.*, by Lord Dover, vol. ii. p. 170.

[4] *Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann*, i. 6, 7.

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ty is only a metaphysical word which has no reality."

Frederick was so busy cantoning his troops that he did not take possession of his head-quarters in Leipsic until the 8th of December. He occupied the Apel House, No. 16 Neumarkt Street, the same which he had occupied before the battle of Rossbach. The same mistress kept the house as before. Upon seeing the king the good woman exclaimed, in astonishment:

"How lean your majesty has grown!"

"Lean, indeed, I am," the king replied. "And what wonder, with three women[1] hanging on the throat of me all this while!"

Thus ended the fifth campaign of the Seven Years' War. Though the king had thus far averted the destruction which seemed every hour to be impending, his strength and resources were so rapidly failing that it seemed impossible that he could much longer continue the struggle. Under these despairing circumstances, the king, with an indomitable spirit, engaged vigorously in gathering his strength for a renewal of the fight in the spring.

"In the midst of these preparations for a new campaign against a veteran army of two hundred and eighty thousand enemies, Frederick yet found sufficient leisure for peaceable occupations. He consecrated some hours every day to reading, to music, and to the conversation of men of letters."[2]

D'Argens spent the winter with the king at Leipsic. He gives the following incident: "One day I entered the king's apartment, and found him sitting on the floor with a platter of fried meat, from which he was feeding his dogs. He had a little rod, with which he kept order among them, and shoved the best bits to his favorites."

The marquis looked for a moment upon the singular spectacle with astonishment. Then raising his hands, he exclaimed:

"The five great powers of Europe, who have sworn alliance, and conspired to ruin the marquis of Brandenburg, how might they puzzle their heads to guess what he is now doing! Scheming some dangerous plan, think they, for the next campaign, collecting funds, studying about magazines for man and horse; or is he deep in negotiations to divide his enemies, and get new allies for himself? Not a bit of it. He is sitting peaceably in his room feeding his dogs."[3]

The king was quite unscrupulous in the measures to which he resorted to recruit his army. Deserters, prisoners, peasants, were alike forced into the ranks. Even boys but thirteen and fourteen years of age were seized by the press-gangs. The countries swept by the armies were so devastated and laid waste that it was almost an impossibility to obtain provisions for the troops. It will be remembered that upon the capture of Berlin several of the king's palaces had been sacked by the Russian and Austrian troops. The king, being in great want of money, looked around for some opportunity to retaliate. There was within his cantonments a very splendidly furnished palace, called the Hubertsburg Schloss, belonging to the king of Poland. On the 21st of January, 1761, Frederick summoned to his audience-room general Saldern. This officer cherished a very high sense of honor. The bravest of the brave on the field of battle, he recoiled from the idea of performing the exploits of a burglar. The following conversation took place between the king and his scrupulous general. In very slow, deliberate tones, the king said:

"General Saldern, to-morrow morning I wish you to go with a detachment of infantry and cavalry to Hubertsburg. Take possession of the palace, and pack up all the furniture. The money they bring I mean to bestow on our field hospitals. I will not forget *you* in disposing of it."

"Forgive me, your majesty," general Saldern replied, "but this is contrary to my honor and my oath."

The king, in still very calm and measured words, rejoined, "You would be right if I did not intend this desperate method for a good object. Listen to me. Great lords don't feel it in their scalp when their subjects are torn by the hair. One has to grip their own locks as the only way to give them pain."

"Order me, your majesty," said general Saldern, "to attack the enemy and his batteries, and I will cheerfully, on the instant, obey. But I can not, I dare not, act against honor, oath, and duty. For this commission your majesty will easily find another person in my stead."

The king turned upon his heel, and, with angry voice and gesture, said, "Saldern, you refuse to become rich."

In a pet Frederick left the room. The heroic general, who had flatly refused to obey a positive command, found it necessary to resign his commission. The next day another officer plundered the castle. Seventy-five thousand dollars of the proceeds of the sale were appropriated to the field hospitals. The remainder, which proved to be a large sum, was the reward of the plundering general.

"The case was much canvassed in the army. It was the topic in every tent among officers and men. And among us army chaplains, too, the question of conflicting duties arose. Your king ordering one thing, and your conscience another, what ought a man to do? And what ought an army chaplain to preach or advise?

"Our general conclusion was that neither the king nor general Saldern could well be called in the wrong. General Saldern in obeying the inner voice did certainly right. But the king, also, in his place, might judge such a measure expedient. Perhaps general Saldern

[1] Maria Theresa of Austria, Elizabeth empress of Russia, and the marchioness of Pompadour, who was virtually queen of France.

[2] *Vie de Frédéric II., Roi de Prusse*, t. ii. p. 141.

[3] *Prusse*, ii. 282.

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himself would have done so had he been king of Prussia."[1]

The duke of Mecklenburg had a sister, Charlotte, a bright and beautiful young girl of seventeen. Her heart was so moved by the scenes of misery which she witnessed every where around her that she ventured to write a very earnest appeal to Frederick for peace.

"It was but a few years ago," she wrote, "that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance. The country was cultivated. The peasants looked cheerful. The towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration at present from such a charming scene! I am not expert at description, neither can my fancy add any horrors to the picture. But sure even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospect now before me.

"The whole country, my dear country, lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity, and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued. The husbandman and shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formerly occupied. The towns are inhabited by old men, women, and children. Perhaps here and there a warrior, rendered unfit for service by wounds and want of limbs, is left at his door. His little children hang round him, ask a history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field.

"But this were nothing did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army as it happens to advance or retreat. It is impossible to express the confusion which even those create who call themselves our friends. Even those from whom we might expect redress oppress us with new calamities. From you, therefore, it is that we expect relief. To you even women and children may complain; for your humanity stoops to the most humble petition, and your power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice. I am, sire, etc.,

"CHARLOTTE SOPHIA,
"Of Mecklenburg-Strelitz."

This letter was extensively circulated in England. It was greatly admired. It so happened that the court was then looking around for a bride for their young king. The result was that in the course of a few months Charlotte became queen of England, as the wife of George III.

It is not known that Frederick paid any attention to this appeal. Impoverished as his realms were, large sums of money were absolutely necessary for the conduct of a new campaign. The king levied a contribution upon Leipsic of nearly a million of dollars. The leading citizens said that in their extreme destitution it was impossible to raise that sum. The king threatened to burn down the city over their heads. The combustibles were gathered. The soldiers stood with the torches in their hands to kindle the conflagration. But then the king, apparently reflecting that from the smouldering ashes of the city he could glean no gold, ordered the city to be saved, but arrested a hundred of the chief merchants and threw them into prison.

These men, of the highest distinction, were treated with every indignity to extort the money from them. They were incarcerated in gloomy dungeons, with straw only for their beds, and with bread and water only for their food. But even this severity was unavailing. Seventeen were then selected from their number, and were informed that they were to be forced into the ranks as common soldiers. Their muskets and their knapsacks were given to them, and they were ordered to Magdeburg to be drilled. By this application of torture the money was obtained. And now, while the storms of winter were sweeping the frozen fields, both parties were gathering their strength anew for the struggle of the sixth campaign.

[1] KUGLER. *Charakterzüge des General-Lieutenant v. Saldern*, p. 40.

AN AFFAIR ON A TOMBSTONE.

FOURTH of July seems to be such a bore nowadays to every body but the children! They, poor things, dote on every minute of it from three in the morning, when they take such mysterious delight in making hideous noises, and firing off pistols and fire-crackers in the pitch-dark, up to the blaze of the last fireworks in the evening. For myself, being on this memorable Fourth a young lady of twenty-three, it brought no special pleasure—was, in fact, as I thought, the very dreariest day I ever knew—being particularly dull in the way of public shows. Portland isn't big enough to be very lavish at such times; and then I do hate an east wind, and there was a raw east wind blowing all day, that increased steadily. By night it had become a terrible gale, before which man was utterly powerless, as it swept before it the pitiless flames which burned to the ground half a city, and made ten thousand people homeless that night. Father and mother had gone to Niagara for a week, and I was left as housekeeper, with Sarah, who is two years younger than I, and Bessie, who was only five. My heart aches with love and sorrow as I write her name, our little crippled sister, the pet and darling of the house, the pivot round which every thing moved, as we all strove to make up to her by our care and tenderness for the life-long suffering and privations that must be hers. But God was even more sorry for her than we, and in the little grass-covered bed where Bessie is lying now her small tired body will never suffer or be weary any more.

We were sitting all by ourselves that afternoon in the front parlor, Sarah and I; for Mrs. Martin had insisted on Bessie's spending the afternoon with her two little girls, and Mr. Mar-

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tin had promised to bring her home in his buggy punctually at seven. The Martins lived on Middle Street, a long way from our house, though we lived "down town" too. Sarah was writing to her *fiancé* in New Orleans, and I sat by the window watching the whirling clouds of dust, and looking doubtless, as I felt, the most melancholy of damsels. Now when you find a young girl in full health and in a happy home in such a mournful state of mind, you are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, safe in concluding that there is a lover in the case. I was no exception to the rule. As I looked at Sarah bending over her letter with a half-smiling, happy face, I envied her, and my heart was sad and lonely, thinking of my own strong, handsome, manly lover of only a year ago, who had so utterly forgotten me now—Philip Armstrong, whom I had secretly looked up to and worshiped afar off ever since I was a school-girl, when only to get one of those merry, careless smiles of his, as he passed me with my books on the street, would make my cheek flush with pleasure, and put my lessons out of my head for the day. Then came the happy time when, to my surprise, he began to single me out for his special attention—thereby making me the envy of all the girls—becoming gradually more and more devoted, till I was as happy as a dream all day long in the consciousness of his love, though there was as yet no positive engagement between us, only one of those "understandings" which have all the delicate charm and mystery of the dawn before the full blaze and glory of the sunrise. Then, alas! came one day our first quarrel, our estrangement. We were both to blame, I think, and yet I the most, for I would not say the one warm, frank word that, spoken at first, would have made all right. I did not think he was so deeply offended, and was sure he would soon come back to me of his own accord; and he, having thus made the first overtures toward peace, oh how penitent and sweet and loving I meant to be! But the days went by, and the weeks and the months, and he came no more; and now we had drifted far apart, and it was too late! I would not believe at first that it would end so. Oh the days when I said to myself, with my heart full of sunshine at the thought, "He will surely come to-night!" and so, after tea, with what infinite care I arrayed myself to please his critical eyes! fussing over my locks till every hair was right, trying on first one collar and then another, to see which was most becoming, as I put on the black silk, with my coral pin and ear-rings, which I knew he liked, because he said once that it all "matched"—the dress with my hair and eyes, and the coral with my lips. Then I would seat myself in the parlor with a book, and pretend to read, answering Sarah's wondering question, "what in the world I was dressed up so for to-night," with a withering glance, and an indignant "I'm sure I'm not dressed up at all," while I was literally all ear as I listened for every coming footstep on the street, sure that it must be Philip's. If the bell did ring, how tumultuously my heart beat, and I would feel the color leave my cheek, while I still bent over my book! Then the revulsion of feeling, the bitter disappointment, when it turned out to be only a boy with Sarah's new boots, or some prosy neighbor. With what a sickening heart I took off my finery when I went to bed, and, as I crept quietly in beside Sarah, kept back the tears till I was sure she was asleep!

A year had passed in this way, and we never saw each other now except as we passed, with formal bows, in the street, or when we met in society; and my family—who all admired him from father down to little Bessie, whom he was so good to always—regarded it as an affair which had blown over and never come to any thing, and thought no more about it, never dreaming of the nights when I lay awake crying, or of the wretched days I spent taking long walks for the mere pleasure of passing his home—a beautiful, old-fashioned house, surrounded with stately elms, in the upper part of the city—or going out to church in the bitterest winter storms just for the one glimpse of the back of his head I could get from our pew. Do you wonder now that I was so sad as I sat there alone by the window that day, and thought of the last Fourth of July, how happy it had been, because he had been with me all day long? I remembered the yacht-party he got up to go down the harbor and see the regatta; how merry and splendid he was that day, the life of the whole party, and yet so careful of me; how he sang and how he talked, and how proud I was of him as he stood in the bows of the boat, his cap off, his brown hair blowing in the wind, his brown eyes gleaming with enthusiasm as he cheered the skillful rowing of the winning boat when she shot past us. All this was over now for me, and all the zest and the charm were gone out of my life.

Presently Sarah looked up. "By-the-way, Alice, I meant to tell you that I heard yesterday that Philip Armstrong is engaged to that beautiful Miss Sheldon—her father bought that handsome house next the Armstrongs' lately, you know. He has been very attentive to her for some time, they say."

Ah, as if *I* did not know that, and every thing else about him! But I said nothing, and Sarah rattled on:

"I met them walking together Monday. I declare she was as pretty as a picture, and he was looking down into her face and talking in that devoted manner of his, and I don't know when I have seen a handsomer couple!"

"I should think they must be," said I, quietly; then, as Sarah went on with her letter, I turned my face to the window, and pressed my fingers on my eyes to keep back the hot tears that would come.

Just then I heard the alarm of "Fire!" far off, and in a little while the bells began to ring. A man passing called out to another that the "sugar-house" was burning, and he was afraid that with such a wind we should have a bad fire.

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But as the sugar-house was nearly a mile off I felt no concern, and only tried to divert my mind by watching the thick black smoke and sparks, as I could see them over the tops of the trees. By tea-time, however, there was a good deal of noise and excitement in the street; what with the steam fire-engines snorting past, and crowds of men hurrying down toward the fire, while already some poor people who had been burned out were coming from it, the few things they had saved in their arms. As I got up from tea one Irishwoman whom I saw specially roused my sympathy, and I called to Sarah, who still sat placidly eating her strawberries and cream, to come and look at her—a child's chair in one hand, a little kerosene lamp in the other, and crying as she went—we little dreaming that in a few hours we, too, should be flying through the streets in the same way, with our household gods in our hands.

"Oh dear!" said I, "how I wish Bessie were at home! She's so frightened always at the mere sound of the bells that I believe she would be perfectly frantic if the fire should come near Mr. Martin's before she gets away. There's no knowing but that we shall be in danger ourselves yet."

"Nonsense!" answered Sarah; "as if the fire *could* spread to Middle Street, and still less to us, away down here."

"Well, but you see, Sarah, we are so exactly in the range of the wind; and oh! look at those great sparks falling in the yard now!"

Showers of sparks and cinders hurled along by the wind began to fill the air; people stood at their doors looking anxiously about, or mounted their roofs, and a policeman called out to us as he passed that we ought to have some one on our roof to watch lest it took fire any where. There was no one to do it but me, for Hannah, "the girl"—we kept but one—had gone to the circus with her lover, and Sarah was much too timid. So I went up garret, threw back the heavy wooden scuttle, and seating myself on the edge of it, watched there alone for nearly an hour.

What a solemn watch that was! the lull before the hurry and terror and excitement so soon to come; and how eagerly I looked at the lowering clouds that seemed to promise rain, and thought of the hundreds of hearts at that moment alternating like mine between hope and fear! All the roofs in sight had people on them watching or pouring on water; the wind was blowing a hurricane, bearing a broad, fiery banner of smoke and cinders athwart the sky directly over my head; the grand old elms, which were the glory of our street, were swaying wildly to and fro, chanting mournfully their own requiems for the morning that was to find them black and bare; the frightened birds flew with cries in and out the branches, and the sparks pattered like hail on the slated roof around me. In the distance there was a sound of wild alarm, fire-bells ringing furiously, shouts of men, and the rattle of carts and fire-engines. I thought of the possibility of our timid, helpless Bessie being in the very midst of that terrible tumult—for the fire was spreading rapidly in the direction of Middle Street, and, though it was long past eight, she had not yet come—and my distress for her became almost unendurable; and, bending my head down on the slates, I prayed as I never did before. Then I came in, shut carefully the scuttle, and going down stairs found the frightened Sarah still watching at the window for Bessie, with a panic-stricken face.

"Sarah," said I, putting on my hat and shawl, "I am going to the Martins' after Bessie, if you will stay and take care of the house while I am gone. I won't be gone long; perhaps Miss Jones next door will come in and stay with you."

"Oh," said Sarah, half crying, "but I am so frightened! and then how can you go to Middle Street all alone? It's past nine o'clock, and then the streets must be in such a terrible state so near the fire!"

"Some one must go, for who can tell what will become of Bessie?"—and in spite of myself my voice choked. "There is no one to go with me, and there is not a moment to lose." And with a beating heart I plunged into the darkness of the street, mortally afraid, I will confess, but nerved by the thought of Bessie's danger.

The streets near us were comparatively quiet, and all I met too intent on their own business to mind me, so I hurried along unmolested; but as I approached nearer the scene of the fire all was in the wildest excitement and confusion, the sidewalks blocked up with furniture, dense crowds rushing hither and thither, carts and engines, with firemen shouting hoarsely, and over all the roar of the steadily advancing flames. It was frightful to be in it, a young girl and all alone; but I would not stop even to think, and through the masses of people I pushed my way.

"Tell me where the fire is now?" I asked appealingly of a kind-looking man carrying in his arms a great looking-glass. Why is it that at a fire the Irish impulse is always first to rescue crockery and looking-glasses?

"Middle Street is all of a blaze now, mum," he answered; "and if this wind don't go down, or God Almighty send us rain soon, the whole city will have to go, for what I see."

"But Mr. Martin's house?" I asked, trembling from head to foot; "the fire hasn't reached *that* yet, has it?"

"Lor' mum! that just went like a heap of shavings not more than quarter of an hour ago. I see it myself; it was all of one light blaze not five minutes after it took, so sudden like the family barely had time to get out; never saved a thing, I guess. I see some of them running out of it just afore the roof fell in!"

I waited to hear no more, but half wild as I thought of little Bessie, perhaps left forgotten in the burning house, or escaping through those

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rough crowds to be crushed to death, I pressed on till within a block of Middle Street, where I was stopped by the engines, and by a strong-armed policeman, who seized me and pulled me back. "You can't get through there, girl," said he, roughly; "you'll be burned to death! What are you after?"

"Oh, my little lame sister!" I answered, almost with a scream; "I must find her; she was in the Martins' house!"

"They all went through that side street"—pointing with his finger—"a few minutes ago. Go down that way, and perhaps you'll find your sister. This ain't no place for you, any way."

I ran in the direction he pointed out; I was faint and dizzy with fear and exhaustion; the glare blinded my eyes; the heat from the flames was intense; still I stumbled on, when a piercing scream—a child's scream—reached my ear. I heard Bessie's voice calling me. In an agony I turned and saw the child in Philip's arms, her little hands clasped tightly round him, while they hurried toward me, she shouting my name. In another minute Bessie's arms were round my neck, and Philip had drawn my arm closely within his. The sudden relief, the revulsion of feeling, were too much for me; I couldn't speak one word; but, leaning my head against Bessie's dress for one moment, I cried as though my heart would break. Woman-like, I could keep up as long as nerve and strength were needed, and then I broke down utterly. Philip said nothing, but clasped my arm the more closely to his; and Bessie, astonished, patted my cheek with her soft little hand. "Dear Allie! Don't cry, Allie! I'm all *safed!*"

With a strong effort I controlled myself and swallowed down my remaining tears, and lifted up my head. "There!" I said, wiping my eyes, "I feel better now. But I was so frightened about you, Bessie! Oh, Philip! where did you find her?"—I meant to have said Mr. Armstrong, but the Philip slipped out before I thought.

"On the Martins' steps," he answered, his full voice softened with sympathy. "I had just left my office—it has all 'gone up,' Alice! books and papers and every thing—and was going to see if I could help any body any where, when, passing the Martins' house, which had just taken fire, I espied through the crowds the poor child trying, with one crutch, to hobble down the steps all alone. She was crying so and trembling, that in another moment I believe she would have fallen down and been trodden under foot in the excitement; and I reached her just in time to snatch her up in my arms and bring her through this way, when she saw you before I did, and screamed for you."

I didn't try to thank him, but I am sure he saw the gratitude in my eyes as I raised them to his face, but let them fall as I met the long, pitying look with which he answered me.

"Poor Alice!" he said, in a voice in which there was all the thrill of tenderness I used to love so well; "how terrible it must have been for you here, and no one with you to take care of you!"

"Never mind," I said; "it's over now. Oh! but it was so like some frightful nightmare, Philip! I feel equal to any thing since Bessie is safe, and you—" "are here," I was going to say, then stopped short, suddenly remembering Mary Sheldon, with a pang.

"What were you going to say, Alice?" he asked, quickly bending down his head—he was so tall, and I so short.

"Oh, nothing! Now let us hurry home, for father and mother are both away, and I left poor Sarah alone. The fire is spreading *so* rapidly in our direction—still it can't reach us, can it?"

"With such a wind as this, no one can tell where it will stop. The wind may change though, and then you will be out of danger," he added quickly, as Bessie began to cry, and hid her face on his shoulder. I saw from his face that he feared the worst, and my heart beat fast, and I quickened my steps almost into a run. Behind us were the pitiless flames sweeping on with a fury that seemed to mock at every effort to quell them, licking up every thing before them, surging on like angry waves, leaping up till the whole sky for miles around was filled with the red glare. Already the belt of fire reached nearly across the city, so that we had to wind our way in and out circuitously to avoid it. Oh, what a walk that was! and what sights we saw! Women sitting weeping on the sidewalk, with their choicest treasures piled up round them, but with no means of conveying them away; for where could one find drays enough for half a city moving at once? Men throwing furniture, pictures, mirrors even, out of the windows of burning houses; others running wildly about, as though bereft of their senses. In the midst of all the uproar and excitement we saw a little child lying asleep on a pile of bedding and furniture in the street, as quiet as if in his own little crib. Further on, a slender girl was trying to help two men drag a piano out of a little house. Philip caught her imploring look, set Bessie gently down, and, bending his broad shoulders to the load, helped them place it safely on the dray waiting for it. The tragic and the comic were mingled, as they always are. In front of us was a woman running from a house on fire, and saving in her arms—what?—but a green window-blind!

"It will be such a charming little souvenir for her to keep always," said Philip, whose sense of the ludicrous is irrepressible, "besides being so valuable in itself, you know."

As we threaded our way with what speed we could through the crowds, I clung closely to Philip's arm, thankful for its support and protection, thinking, as perhaps he was, how strange it was to be walking with him once more. Once he looked down and said, in a low voice:

"This is so like the dear old times, Alice!"

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"Yes; the old times that can never be any more," I said, quietly.

"And why never any more?" he asked, gently, looking down into my eyes as he spoke with what Sarah calls "that devoted manner of his." The expression flashed across me, and the little scene she saw Monday and described to me, and my pride rose up at being trifled with by Mary Sheldon's acknowledged lover.

"Because I do not wish it," I answered, firmly; "and besides," with a little careless shrug of the shoulders, "you know 'we have changed all that,' as the French say."

What creatures we women are! I am sure my manner would have deceived any man into believing my entire indifference, and all the time I was inwardly in a perfect tempest of feeling.

A look of pain passed over Philip's face. "It shall be as you wish, certainly," he replied, gravely. "I did not suppose, though, you could so quickly forget, and wish the past wiped out. You women take such things so lightly; I wish that I could. I congratulate you."

"But it is *I* who must 'congratulate' you," said I, with spirit, thoroughly roused. He had no chance to reply, for we had reached our door now, where Sarah met us with a face pale as death.

"Oh, I thought you would never come!" she burst out. "Why, Mr. Armstrong, was it you who found Bessie darling? But oh, Alice, what shall we do without father and mother? Miss Jones has been staying with me, and she has run home, because they are all frightened to death in there. The Third Parish Church is burning now, and they say the fire is coming this way, and nothing can save us, and we must pack up every thing, and not lose a minute; and, oh dear! there are the books, and the silver, and the portraits, and my jewelry, and our best dresses, and how are we ever to get them all away?"

All this in one breath. Sarah, though twice as useful as I on ordinary occasions, never has my presence of mind in an emergency; so, having said her say, down she sat on the entry stairs and began to cry.

Philip tried to comfort her with the assurance that the danger was not really so near as she thought. "Only keep cool," said he, "and lose no time, but pack up whatever is most valuable in trunks, and I will get a carriage for you if it is in the power of mortal man to do it, and be back to help you as soon as I can."

"What a comfort a man is when one is in trouble!" ejaculated Sarah, mournfully, as he hurried off. "How I wish James was here!"

James was her lover. "Thank goodness he isn't!" I thought to myself. "What use would a little, languid, dainty fellow like him be now, with his white hands and dandy ways? But a man, like Philip Armstrong!"

How we flew round the house snatching up our treasures, bewildered to know which to choose, piling things hastily into trunks, stopping now and then to comfort Bessie, who tried hard to be brave and not cry, and insisted on our saving her huge wax doll, that took up such a deal of room, when every inch was precious. We actually laughed too, as well as cried, sometimes.

"Where's your green silk, Sarah?" said I, down on my knees before a trunk I was packing.

"Hateful, unbecoming old thing!" said she; "haven't I worn it to every party during the last two years? Catch me saving *that!*" and she chuckled as she left it in the closet.

"Oh, Sarah, think of our piano!" I said, almost with a sob; "there will never be any piano to us like that."

"And all father's books and mother's beautiful old china she thinks so much of. Oh, if they could only see us now!"

We were only half through when Philip strode into the house, all out of breath. "There is not a carriage to be had, though I have been everywhere, and offered any price. I have got a little dray, though, at the door; it's the best I could do. I'm sorry, but the man says he can't wait a minute."

The trunks were dragged down stairs and placed on the dray, and directions given to the driver to take them to our aunt's in the upper part of the city. "There's room for two of you if you'll sit on the trunks," said Philip, cheerfully.

"Let me go, and take Bessie!" exclaimed Sarah. So on the trunks they sat, Bessie in Sarah's lap, and holding a little woolly lamb on a truck in her arms—next to her doll her chief treasure—and off they went, while Philip and I stood together on the sidewalk watching them anxiously.

The scene now around our house was one of tremendous excitement—a lurid glare over every thing; the rush of the flames coming nearer and nearer; church bells in the distance pealing out wild calls for help; a thick hail-storm of fire filling the air; distracted crowds hardly knowing where to fly! Ah, that night was more like the "Last Great Day"—*dies iræ, dies illa*—"day of wrath and day of mourning"—than most of us will ever see again till death shall set us face to face with eternity!

I turned, trembling, to Philip. "What is to be done now? I have no one to help me but you."

"I am glad of that," he answered, "though it's selfish to say so. I will take care of you. We must not stay here longer, the danger is too great; let me go with you to your aunt's."

"I have forgotten my watch!" I cried. "It won't take me a moment to get it; just wait here for me," and I sprang into the house, and up the stairs to my room. As I took my watch from the hook where it hung I stopped to take one last lingering look of the dear old chamber I loved so well. "My castle," as I used to call it, where I had enjoyed and suffered so much; how could I leave it all? My ivy train-

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ed round the pleasant window looking out into the elms; the chintz-covered lounge under it, where I sat and read, or lay back and looked at the sky through the trees and dreamed a girl's romantic dreams; the photographs and passe-partouts on the walls; Sarah's work-box open on the table; the comfortable little rocking-chair by it; my books and my old writing-desk; the willow chair by the bed where I had kneeled down to say my prayers at night ever since I was a little girl—

"Alice! Alice!" shouted Philip from below, in a voice of agony, and in another moment he was in the room and his arm around me, drawing me almost fiercely away. I caught sight of a little tongue of flame leaping up from the floor in the entry, and there was a suffocating smell of smoke in the air. "The back part of the house is on fire!" he cried. "For Heaven's sake come quickly, there is no time to lose," and he almost carried me down stairs, and out into the street. "The fire has cut us off! the street below is all one blaze! The only place for us now is the grave-yard; we shall be safe there, if any where."

Through the side street we flew, running the gauntlet of fire alone, for every one by this time had deserted the street, till we reached Congress Street, where, the danger being less imminent, we paused for breath, watching in silence the swift destruction of my home; the old-fashioned, cheerful house where father and mother had lived so many years—where all of us children were born—with its smooth grass-plot each side of the broad stone steps, and the wide portico where we had sat so many summer evenings talking and laughing in the moonlight; the long kitchen garden in the rear, with its currant-bushes and beans round the fence, and mother's flower-bed, where the roses were all in bloom now, in the centre; the white latticed summer-house in one corner, where Sarah and I had played baby-house with our dolls so many Saturday afternoons. I watched it all go, and never knew till then how much I loved every inch of it. The windows in mother's room were open, and I saw the white, fringed curtains blow out with the wind, then flare up in a blaze, and tongues of flame dart out from the roof every where; then suddenly the whole house was wrapped in one sheet of fire that towered up to the sky; then the walls fell, and there was only a great space in the darkness, and a smoking mass of ruin. It hardly took as long to see as it has to write it, and I would not move till it was over; then Philip and I ran up Congress Street to the grave-yard, where, with scores of others, we found refuge till the morning.

It is a large, old-fashioned burying-ground at the foot of "The Hill," and from its extent and situation—being surrounded on two sides only by houses—was really as safe a place as we could find.

I thought of the grief of father and mother when they came home—but no! they could come *home* no more—of the misery and desolation of hundreds of homeless, ruined families that night. My head ached, and I was weary beyond expression; and completely overcome, between grief of mind and pain of body, I sat down on a low tombstone with a feeling that I could bear no more. I leaned my head on the marble, but it was so heated that it made my head ache more, so I hid my face in my hands and gave myself up to my wretchedness. The mere sense that Philip was at my side, and sorry for me, would have been some comfort, but he had to leave me at the cry for help of a poor woman near us, whose little bundle had taken fire from the sparks, and whose child, frightened by the blaze, had run away into the worse dangers of the street.

Happy Mary Sheldon!—I thought—with her beauty, and her riches, and her home untouched by the fire, and, above and beyond all, *my* Philip; why does God take every thing from me who have so little, only to add more to her who has so much? And my heart grew bitter. Then I pictured the life before me, a lonely old maid—Sarah married, I left forlorn—living with father and mother and Bessie in some strange, dreary, new house, a sad, uneventful existence, which seemed to stretch out before me a long, barren, tedious road, where all the colors were a dull gray. With all my being I shrank from it with a feeling of agony, and a despair in which there was no God. How I wish now that in that, my darkest hour, I had still clung to Him with the resolve, "Though He slay me, *yet* will I trust in Him!" It humbles me to remember how, when He proved me, my faith failed utterly.

I was roused by Philip's cheery voice beside me. "It won't do to stay here, Alice, so near the fence that is burning; besides, it is hotter here, I think; let's go farther down."

As I lifted my head wearily, he was struck by my expression, and stopped short.

"Why, Alice, my poor child!" he exclaimed, in the gentlest tone of sympathy; "you are completely heart-broken and wearied out. If I could only do something for you, and get you away from this dreadful place, so that you could lie down and rest somewhere!"

His kindness was like a draught of cold water to a man dying of thirst.

"I know you would if you could," I answered; "but I suppose we ought to be thankful that we have even escaped with our lives, and it will soon be morning, and then we can try and reach my aunt's."

"It's only midnight now," he said, pityingly; "how can you stand this four hours longer?"

"As well as all these other poor creatures round us. Where shall we go now, Philip? You said we must go somewhere, didn't you?" And I rose, with a tired sigh.

"I wish you would let me carry you," he said.

I shook my head, with an attempt to smile that was a failure. Then he led me to the lower end of the grave-yard, where the flames that

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encircled us like a wall on every side were borne a little more away from us by the wind; but their hot breath fanned our cheeks, and a fiery rain filled the air, setting fire here and there to the grass and bushes, and keeping in constant terror the groups who were scattered dismally about; some guarding valuables they had snatched from their houses; others excitedly comparing their experiences with their neighbors and friends. Even then, when at my dolefulest, I couldn't help smiling as I pointed out to Philip a little portly old gentleman who stood by a tall monument, and held down closely over his head an immense blue cotton umbrella, and so protected himself from the sparks!

"What do you suppose inspired that man with the happy thought of bringing his umbrella *here*, of all places under the sun?" exclaimed Philip, with such a sudden, hearty laugh that at the strange sound every body turned to look round. After a time, the fire having now swept off every thing in the immediate neighborhood of the burying-ground—though it was still raging farther on, never stopping till noon, when, having reached the water's edge, there was no more for it to destroy—the shower of fire abated, enabling us to breathe more freely, while we watched for the morning and release. Philip and I were leaning on an old tomb, as we found by looking, the very one where lay buried the heroes of the ships *Boxer* and *Enterprise*, of revolutionary memory.

"You remember Longfellow's lines, Alice, don't you?" asked Philip, who was doing his best, poor fellow, to divert me, and make the time pass more quickly. "I wonder if it would bore you to hear me quote them now. I feel just like it; and this is the very spot he speaks of, you know:

"I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thunder'd o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

"A man's will is the wind's will sometimes," I said, thinking how soon a new love had supplanted me.

"No, it is you, not me, who are fickle," he answered, in a low voice, watching me as he spoke.

I lifted my eyebrows, and my lip curled a little. "There are exceptions to every rule, though;" and then, quickly, "You find Miss Sheldon very charming, do you not?" How angry I was with myself the moment the words had left my lips! for I felt that I was betraying myself.

"Miss Sheldon!" exclaimed Philip, starting, his face flushing; "so you have heard *that*, have you?" Then he paused, and scanned me keenly, till my eyes fell beneath the searching look, while an odd expression began to come over his face and light it up.

"I begin to understand a little better now certain things you have said to-night; but you don't know how they hurt me at the time. Alice, darling"—I started, but as he leaned closer to me on the tombstone he laid his hand so tightly over mine that I could not stir—"do you really believe that I am engaged to Miss Sheldon, and have forgotten you, the woman I have loved so long?"

"Yes," I answered, resolutely, looking up into his face, though I knew that the sudden light in my eyes gave the lie to my lips.

"Then, dearest, you are a goose!"—bending down his head till it touched my hair, his whole manner a caress. "Believe me when I tell you that Mary Sheldon is engaged, not to me, but to my brother John, who is in the navy, you know, and is expected home this fall. For some reasons both of them preferred keeping it a secret till then. Alice, say that you were jealous, just a *little* jealous of Mary Sheldon. It will make me so happy to know that you care for me even so much as that."

"I do care," I almost whispered. Then, turning suddenly toward him, with all my pride, my reserve, every thing swept away by a flood of uncontrollable feeling, I held out both hands to him, and, leaning my head down on the marble, sobbed out, "Oh Philip, I have missed you so!"

He drew me close to him: "Not half so much as I have you; but nothing shall part us again, Alice."

What possessed the fat party to put down his umbrella at that precise moment, and to come stalking over to us with the question, "Can you tell me, Sir, the time?" I don't know; but I do know that we both sincerely wished him in Jerusalem. However, Philip took out his watch and politely answered, "Just four minutes past three, Sir."

"Thank you; my watch is now unfortunately reposing along with other rubbish in the cellar of my house, otherwise I should not have troubled you. Good-morning," and, with as stately a bow as such very short legs would admit, he strode away.

"What a queer old cove!" said Philip, laughing. "After all, Alice," and under his bantering tone I felt a world of tenderness, and liked it better than any show of sentiment, "I don't believe most lovers know the exact minute when they were engaged, as we do now, thanks to him. It was four minutes past three precisely," and then he took up my hand and kissed it. And so it was all settled between us, and when the sun rose clear and beautiful over the waters of "the tranquil bay," and over the smoking mass of ruin that stretched for half a mile around us, and over the red flames that were still sweeping on, it shone on two faces at least in the old burying-ground that were full of hope and happiness as they watched the growing splendors of the clouds, and talked in low tones

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of the sad past and the future before them, that, however sad sometimes, could not be desolate, since they should share it together.

It was a perilous walk that Philip and I had to reach my aunt's, at the extreme end of the city, for we had to pass right through the track of the fire—over bricks that scorched our feet, picking our way among smouldering heaps of stone and mortar, trembling lest the tottering walls and chimneys left standing should fall and crush us, actually bewildered sometimes to know where we were, for some streets were wholly undistinguishable in the masses of ruins that filled them, and all the old landmarks were gone. As we slowly prowled along through this strange, deserted plain of desolation, we felt more like travelers exploring among the ruins of some "Tadmor in the wilderness" than two every-day people passing through what had been their familiar haunts for years. It was like some horrible dream. The perfect stillness, too, that reigned was appalling, when one thought how, only the day before, these very streets had been full of busy stores and pleasant homes, the noise of holiday crowds, the laughter of children, and the singing of birds in thick, overarching trees. We received a joyful greeting when at last we reached Aunt Mary's, where Philip left me; for Sarah and Bessie, who had their own tale to tell of the perils of their ride on the dray, had been half distracted with fears on our account, and overwhelmed me with pity, and insisted on my going at once to bed.

"I must say, Alice, that you do bear this great calamity that has come to you *wonderfully*," said my aunt, as she pulled down the shades and charged me to "try and get some sleep." "Why, I haven't seen your face look so bright and cheerful for months." I was ashamed of myself that I couldn't help feeling so happy in spite of every thing, and was thankful to hide my "cheerful face" in the pillow, where I rested peacefully, dreaming of Philip. We of course telegraphed at once to father and mother, who were already on their way, and arrived the next day. The meeting was not so sad as we had pictured it, for they both insisted on being so thankful to find us all safe that at first they would think of nothing else. Father compressed his lips tightly, though with a look of pain, when I began to describe to him the burning of the old home he loved so well; and mother caught up little Bessie and kissed her—on purpose to hide her tears, I think—exclaiming, "Well, darling, you were not in it, then; so we mustn't say a word!" But, notwithstanding our own private causes for thankfulness, those were strange, sad days that followed, every hour bringing some new tale of sorrow. Now it was of some widow with little children, who was left without money, house, or clothes even; now of some old man, the day before the possessor of a comfortable fortune, to-day dependent on charity; whole families reduced to utter poverty; poor seamstresses who saw the hard-earned savings of years consumed in a moment. The nights, too, were nights of terror, for the gas had to be shut off from the whole city; and as we moved round our houses by the feeble light of a candle or lamp hunted up from some old corner, or peered out into the inky darkness of the streets, we started at every sound, knowing of the gangs of thieves lurking every where, who had flocked to the city to take advantage of our misery. Private houses, containing now the contents of the banks destroyed, had to be surrounded night and day with an armed guard. I hardly saw Philip except in the day, for, with other young men, he had to do patrol duty every night, to guard their houses, where much that was valuable was known to have been carried. On other streets sentinels from the fort were stationed; and as in the darkness I heard their steady tramp, tramp, under my windows, or caught the gleam of their bayonets, I felt as if I were in some foreign city in a state of siege.

But the sympathy and the magnificent contributions that poured in upon the city from every part of the Union! They warmed one's heart with a new belief in the nobleness of human nature. I am sure we never felt before how many warm, generous hearts there were in the world as when we saw the great carts piled up with food for our hungry, homeless thousands that came rolling into the city in a long procession from every adjoining town and village that Sunday morning after the fire. As for Philip, he just gave himself up to helping every body he could find that was in trouble. I never loved or admired him so much, and looked forward with eager anticipations to the cozy little home of my own that was soon to take for me the place of the one that Bessie declared "flew up into the sky in the fire."

Sarah says she is going to give us for a wedding present an old-fashioned engraving of a tomb, with a very weeping-willow, and two people beside it, who are not holding handkerchiefs to their eyes, but are embracing each other with rapture. Philip protests, because he says we didn't embrace each other, and suggests in the back-ground a stout man with an umbrella, and a church clock at four minutes past three.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

THE magic mirror makes not nor unmakes;
Charms none to sleep, nor any from it wakes—
It only giveth back the thing it takes.

'Tis but the heart's own cheer that makes it glad,
And one's own bitterness will drive him mad;
It needeth not that other help be had.

Dame Fortune maketh none to rise or fall:
To him that hath not doth no portion call;
To him that hath is freely given all.

They see themselves who look in Fortune's face;
Unto the sad is sadness Heaven's grace;
And to the souls that love is love's embrace.

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WALLENSTEIN AND GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

A MAN of destiny, the favorite of the stars, Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, in the opening of the seventeenth century ruled over Germany, and threatened the subjugation of Europe.[1] From poverty and obscurity he had risen, under the guidance of the astrologers, to enormous wealth and unbounded renown. His palace in Bohemia, the centre of a lavish opulence such as Europe had never witnessed before; his immense estates, won from the desolation of countless cities and the ruin of his native land; his vast army of obedient soldiers, that had never failed to crush with unsparing energy his mightiest foes; the cruel rigor of his success, the magnificence of his ambition—had made him the terror and the wonder of his age. The Emperor Ferdinand II., who had raised him from obscurity, trembled before his impassive subject. The Protestant powers of Germany, who lay prostrate at his feet from Bohemia to the Baltic, felt that the man of destiny might eradicate at a word the faith of Luther and the germs of Christianity. The Catholics and the Jesuits, who had hoped to reign with Wallenstein, were repelled from his confidence. He was to all men a mystery and a terror. No such example of cold, unpitying cruelty had ever passed before the eyes of Europe. He had reared the fabric of his own prosperity from the woes of millions. He exulted with a strange joy in the general desolation. Confident alone in the supremacy of the stars, he passed his leisure in his stately abode in calculating the nativities of his friends and foes, and watching the conjunctions of the silent luminaries that to him spoke audibly from the skies.

Little cared Wallenstein for the cries of widows and orphans, for the wasted cities tenanted only by the dead, for the happy land he had sacked with fire and sword, so long as the stars were propitious, and he could move cheerfully onward to that glorious doom which they nightly wrote out for him in their mazy wanderings.[2] His dreadful enthusiasm seemed to shield him from all sense of guilt and every pang of remorse. It was not he that did the deed, but his celestial monitors. His sincerity can scarcely be doubted; his faith in his supernal mission blinded him to every sentiment of humanity or truth. Wherever he went he was attended by his most trusted astrologers, and in every emergency he consulted with unfailing assurance the careful calculations of his inspired friends. To them the great warrior, scoffing at all human opposition, bowed with servile reverence. To the grand scheme of his future career, written out for him with mathematical clearness by their incessant labors, he gave his implicit trust. What vast projects he entertained, what superhuman prosperity was promised to Wallenstein by his celestial guides, is still a historical mystery. Yet it is believed that he meditated nothing less than the conquest of Germany and of Europe; that he designed to crush and annihilate the inferior princes, and perhaps the emperor himself; that he planned the subjugation of France and the sack of Rome; that the stars had given into his hands the destinies of mankind, and had foretold that he was to become a hero more renowned than Cæsar, an emperor more powerful than Charlemagne.

John Kepler,[1] one of the most eminent of astronomers, was also an astrologer, and calculated with severe accuracy the nativity of Wallenstein. He discovered that a wonderful conjunction had presided at his birth. The dark, the solemn, the mysterious Saturn had joined with the proud, magnanimous Jupiter to fill with grand and unprecedented designs the mind of the young Bohemian. He was to walk among men clad in the gloom and mystery of Saturn, without love and without faith. He was to be merciless, relentless, engaged in endless warfare, and ever victorious. He was to win his way to grandeur by unprecedented means, and shine with a clouded but superhuman lustre before the eyes of men. But the nobler influence of Jupiter, the astrologer hoped, might soften the harsher inspirations of the gloomier planet. Wallenstein must thirst for glory, possess a boundless courage, have countless enemies, and conquer all. He was born under the very conjunction of planets that impels men onward to the loftiest fate.[2]

Nature, equally liberal, and perhaps more efficacious than the stars, had endowed Wallenstein with singular advantages. His figure was tall, his frame vigorous, his appearance commanding. His thick, dark hair waved around his lofty brow. His eyes, bright and penetrating, seemed ever gazing into a future that was hidden to other men. Born a Bohemian Protestant, he had been sent by a Roman Catholic uncle to a Jesuit school, and soon exchanged his early faith, with characteristic indifference, for that of his teachers. He was probably carefully educated, and was accustomed to say that he owed all he knew to a Jesuit father. But Wallenstein was poor, and two insatiable passions became soon his leading impulses. He was eager for boundless wealth; his ambition was limitless. To gratify the one passion he gave himself to the study of alchemy, and consulted the most eminent professors of the science in a vigorous effort to transmute dross into gold. He visited learned astrologers, and strove to read his future grandeur in the stars.

[1] Ges. Wallensteins, Ranke. Gustavus Adolphus, Chapman; Harte; Mauvillon. [2] Ranke, i. 1.

[1] Johann Kepler hat sich die Mühe genommen, die Constellation, unter welcher Wallenstein zur Welt kam, etc. Ranke. [2] Ranke, p. 3.

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Two less promising pursuits could scarcely be found for an impoverished scholar; yet Wallenstein was only following the general fashion of his age. Alchemy was the favorite study of the sixteenth century. The crucible and the alembic were found in almost every palace and every cottage, and kings and nobles strove to repair their wasted fortunes by endless vigils over a mysterious furnace. The good-natured Emperor Rudolph had lately lost a crown rather than abandon his alchemic labors; and the alchemist was usually known by his intense poverty, and his insane devotion to a vain pursuit of riches. For astrology a still wider enthusiasm prevailed. The popes led the way in a firm belief in the stars; the infallible heads of the church read their destiny in the skies; the astrologer, half reverenced, half feared, passed from court to court, from palace to palace, was the companion of kings and the terror of the multitude, and pointed the imaginations of men to the wonderful and entrancing wanderers of the heavens. It was with no feebleness of intellect, therefore, that Wallenstein studied at the feet of alchemists and astrologers—that he passed the best years of his life over the crucible and the figments of mathematics.[1]

A wealthy widow, well stricken in years, at length bestowed her hand, her fortune, her cosmetics, and her love-philters upon the young Bohemian; and as Wallenstein seems to have left out the element of happiness from all the schemes of his future life, he was now content. His wife nearly poisoned him with a love-potion; her asperity left him little rest in his new magnificence. Wallenstein grew more sharp and bitter in his conversation; more cold, silent, ambitious, and resolved; his avarice grew tenfold; he lived only to get money and to beat down his rivals; he went into military life, and was soon renowned for his desperate valor; he had returned with fresh ardor to the study of the stars, and sprang upon the enemy with serene valor, for he knew that Jupiter and Saturn had promised him a glorious fate.

Yet his blind confidence never seduced him to rely on any other arts than his own ceaseless activity and iron will; obstacles melted away before him; his rivals fled like chaff before the storm. Some supernatural power seemed certainly to lift him to fortune; and men, as they saw the tall, gaunt, merciless Bohemian, the renegade Protestant, the scourge of his ancestral faith, rise above them all, attributed his progress to the direct agency of Satan.

It was the period of the opening of the Thirty Years' War. The young Emperor Ferdinand II., educated in the school of the Jesuits, was convinced that the doctrine of toleration, entertained by his liberal predecessors, was a most dangerous heresy. He had resolved to enforce a perfect unity of faith wherever his imperial rule extended. Yet in the opening of the contest Austria and Bohemia, filled with Protestants, rose in revolt, and had nearly forced from the unwilling emperor a renewal of the generous policy of Maximilian. Ferdinand was besieged in Vienna. The fall of the capital seemed near at hand. Count Thurn, with thirty thousand men, pressed it from without; disaffection ruled within; the triumph of Protestantism could scarcely be long averted.

Ferdinand one day (1619) stood within his stately palace, surrounded by a throng of the ancient nobility of Austria and Bohemia. They filled the courts, the staircase, the audience-chamber, and with drawn swords demanded that the emperor should sign an edict of toleration. Vienna was full of lamentation; the women, the children, and the priests wept together, and Ferdinand was a captive in the hands of his subjects. Happy for him and for the world had he yielded. "Sign," cried an ancient noble to him, laying his hand on his sword. "Sign," murmured the great host that filled the castle halls. Ferdinand refused. Countless swords flashed before his eyes, and the enraged nobles were about to seal their triumph in the death of the courageous king, when the peal of a cavalry trumpet and the clash of horses' hoofs rang through the streets of Vienna. "Hark! what is that?" cried a noble whose sword had been pointed at the breast of the emperor. A sudden dread fell upon the conspirators as a band of horsemen, in shining armor, rode into the palace court with loud shouts of defiance. At their head appeared the man of destiny, tall, gaunt, with dishevelled hair and glittering eyes. He dismounted, and led his forces up the palace stairs into the midst of the angry throng. "'Tis Wallenstein!" exclaimed Ferdinand, overjoyed in the hope of escape. "'Tis Satan!" exclaimed the nobles, as they turned away, and were glad to steal with downcast eyes from the palace gates. Yet in their saddest visions of the future they could scarcely have foreseen the dismal fate that was to be entailed upon them by the unlooked-for appearance of their foe. The whole ancient aristocracy of Austria and Bohemia was to be swept away in the coming wars. They were to fall on the scaffold or the battle-field. They were to die in prison and in exile. Their immense possessions were to pass into the hands of the favorite of the stars, whose rapacious avarice was to be gratified by the acquisition of the richest estates of Bohemia, and who was to become the possessor of such enormous wealth as has never fallen to the lot of any other man.

From this period Ferdinand seemed to triumph over all his foes. The Protestants of Austria and Bohemia were crushed by an intolerable oppression, and emigrated in great

[1] Dieser imaginären Welt durften wir wohl gedenken, weil die Menschen der Epoche und zwar selbst die Thatkräftigsten und die Gelehrtesten, nun einmal in dem Glauben daran befangen waren. Ranke.

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throngs to Northern Germany.[1] The imperial armies, led by the merciless Tilly, overran the Protestant states. At length, in 1627, Wallenstein, gathering together a vast force, bound to their commander by an unsurpassed devotion, swept through the heart of Germany, chased Mansfield, his bravest opponent, into the wilds of Transylvania, and saw him die defeated and broken-hearted. From the south he moved swiftly to the shores of the Baltic, conquered half Denmark, and ruled over Mecklenburg and Pomerania. He had taught his savage soldiery to live upon the plunder of their countrymen, and his vast host, fed by the sack of towns and villages, and the pillage of a thousand homes, clung to their chief with the fidelity of a band of robbers.

Of Wallenstein's army, the sole stay of the Catholic party, a singular picture has come down to us. It numbered more than one hundred and twenty thousand men. In its midst waved the green standard of the conqueror, emblazoned with a golden figure of the goddess Fortune, the only deity worshiped in the impious host.[2] No priest nor pastor was allowed within the lines. Beneath the great standard rose the tent of the commander, guarded by sentries, who moved in utter silence around their post—their swords and spurs were bound with silken cords to prevent the faintest sound from disturbing the studies of the evening hour. Wallenstein sat within, with his companion Kepler, the most renowned astronomer of his age, consulting the stars. Around them were all the most perfect appliances of astrology; and the hero and the man of science united in abstruse calculations in mathematics, correcting each other's errors, and discussing each doubtful point. They traced, with keen attention, the course of the fiery Mars or the ungenial Saturn; and, with servile credulity or curious wonder, foretold the future of mankind.

A similar superstition—a strange longing to discover the unknown—prevailed throughout all the vast army, and the savage throng of marauders and robbers who followed the banner of Fortune had adopted the faith or skepticism of their chief. In every part of the encampment fortune-tellers and sorcerers abounded. Here wandered a professor of the mystic art, who could render men impervious to bullet or steel. He sold for golden ducats a magic scroll, inscribed with singular characters, which the happy possessor need only swallow before going into battle to become as invulnerable as Achilles. Few of Wallenstein's soldiers but had purchased the powerful charm. Not far off sat an astrologer, renowned for his knowledge of mathematics, who passed hour after hour in answering the questions of eager throngs, and promised the gamester a happy run at cards, or the lover the favor of his mistress. The camp was filled with the plunder of the nobles and the peasantry, and throngs of peddlers purchased at low rates rich armor or rare goods, sometimes stained with the blood of the owner. Prisoners were sold or ransomed; fair women became the prey of human monsters; dreadful deeds of violence amused the godless host; deserters were hung or shot on every side; and the army of Wallenstein was believed to have exceeded the enormities of all other armies, and to have sold itself wholly to Satan.

Yet the great chief, wrapped in his fearful dream of ambition, looked coldly on all its crimes. He rewarded liberally the daring soldier; he punished with extreme severity every neglect of duty. His keen eye watched over all his host, and nothing escaped his attention. The vast throng moved mechanically, obedient to his will, whether he directed it to the fertile plunder of Saxony, or held it chained, like a furious whirlwind, on the shores of the Baltic, prepared to sweep, with irresistible rage, upon the opposite coast of Protestant Scandinavia. His projects had risen with his fortune, and Wallenstein now proposed to cross the sea and conquer Sweden. But one check in his career of triumph might have served to warn him that there was a power more terrible than even the influence of his guiding stars. The free city of Stralsund, on the Baltic, had presumed to defy his commands. Nursed by commerce and filled with a passion for freedom, the brave citizens repelled with disdain every demand of submission. They would die within their imperfect fortifications rather than receive a garrison from Wallenstein's hated army. The enraged conqueror besieged the little city, and directed all his immense force to insure its complete destruction. "Though Stralsund were linked by chains to the heavens above," he cried, in his elation, "I swear it shall fall." But weeks passed on; the heroic citizens beat back the besiegers; the King of Sweden sent them aid; twelve thousand of Wallenstein's best soldiers fell in vain assaults; he was forced to abandon the siege, and admit that Heaven watched over the free.

Still his great army hung like a storm-cloud over the shores of the Baltic, and held in abject submission the whole of Northern Germany. The Catholic emperor saw himself once more the master of the lives and fortunes of his Protestant subjects. The King of Denmark made a hasty peace; no Protestant leader of any eminence remained to contest the field with Wallenstein, Tilly, or their brilliant chief of the cavalry, Pappenheim; the reformed cities and states sank into hopeless despondency, and awaited in resignation the moment when it should please Ferdinand and his Spanish counselors to decree the total extinction of the faith of Luther and of Calvin. Nor was the moment long deferred. The restitution act was passed

[1] Menzel, Deutsche Ges., 1625. Der Triumph der Katholiken war vollständig, etc. The pope looked for a complete extinction of heresy.

[2] Die Fortuna war seine Göttin und wurde der Wahlspruch des ganzen Heeres, says Menzel. Deutsche Ges., c. clv. p. 782.

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by the Catholic powers.[1] The property of the church which had been confiscated at the Reformation was to be reclaimed; the free cities that had thrown off the Catholic rule were to be forced to receive back their bishops. Even the powerful city of Augsburg, which for nearly a century had been the chief centre of Protestant thought, was obliged to renounce the Reformation. The monasteries of Würtemberg were revived in all their splendor. The free cities of Bremen and Magdeburg were once more to be subjected to their archbishop; and the Catholic emperor seemed resolved to revive the authority of the ancient church to the farthest limits of the German rule.[2]

But for Wallenstein, the author of their triumph, the Catholic party entertained only a bitter hatred. They saw in the dark, gloomy, unscrupulous hero an enemy no less to be feared than Protestantism. Of all men in Germany, indeed, the favorite of the stars was the most universally hated and abhorred. The horrible atrocities of his army, felt in every German home, had united against him all ranks of his countrymen. The unparalleled heartlessness with which, in the midst of starving multitudes, he indulged in the wildest luxury, the most unheard-of wastefulness, his camp teeming with the plunder of perishing families, his palaces rising in the midst of famine-stricken districts, were traits of barbarity scarcely equaled by Genghis-Khan. His skepticism and his blind faith in the astrologers shocked both Catholic and Protestant. His stern, imperious, defiant temper, his bitter speech and scornful sarcasm, roused the hostility of every German prince or general; and by none was he more bitterly hated than by the cruel but successful Tilly. Yet the Emperor Ferdinand had covered him with honors and enormous wealth; had made him General of the Ocean and the North; had overlooked his rapacious frauds, his false coining and his robberies, his inhumanity and his crimes, until he had, perhaps, discovered that Wallenstein was secretly planning to overthrow the empire itself, or had hoped by the general massacre of the German princes to make himself the sole ruler of Germany, with Ferdinand as his nominal chief.

In 1630 Wallenstein fell before the jealousy of his master and the hatred of his countrymen. Timidly, and with abject hesitation, Ferdinand ventured to remove him from his command. He might have resisted, and with his powerful army have swept into oblivion the empire and its head. But he obeyed. The stars had been consulted; they warned him that it was his destiny to yield. Yet when his well-disciplined army was disbanded he could not forbear exclaiming that the emperor was casting away the richest jewel of his crown. Wallenstein retired to his estates in Bohemia. His avarice was still insatiable, and he employed his leisure by adding to his enormous wealth. His knowledge of alchemy was now of use to him, for he often paid for his purchases with debased coin. He was a skillful counterfeiter. He was once more lost in the wild visions of astrology. His dark, desponding nature sought for hope in the stars.

But Ferdinand remained the master of Germany, and an army of two hundred thousand men insured the submission of the Protestant princes. The Evangelical Union had been shattered and dissolved; the Lutheran princes suffered the penalty of their cowardice or their treachery; the Catholic faction urged steadily onward the labor of restoring to the bosom of the church the chief centres of the Reformation. With the electors and the higher ranks they had comparatively little trouble; but deep within the heart of the German people the convictions of a purer faith had fixed themselves indelibly, and the priests and the Jesuits vainly strove to eradicate the teachings of Luther. One example of heroic courage still served to keep alive the dying cause of Protestantism. The wonderful city of Magdeburg scornfully rejected the offers and repelled the arms of the Catholics. Twice had the savage generals of the League been driven shamefully from its walls. Alone in the midst of a fallen country, forsaken and betrayed, its generous citizens mocked the great hosts of Ferdinand, and amidst the admiration and awe of their less fortunate brethren, cried out to Germany to rise against its oppressors. But no help came to them, and it seemed scarcely possible that Magdeburg could long survive, the last of the Protestant cities.

From the barren and clouded North, from the icy mists of Scandinavia, the deliverer of Europe and the friend of mankind now suddenly appears upon the scene. The attention of the world was arrested and startled by the romantic daring of the young King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus.[1] Sweden was scarcely known to the rest of Europe. It had played no important part in European affairs since the Norse kings had ruled the seas, and ravaged the coasts of civilization. Its people were believed to be extremely poor, and to live in a state of semi-barbarism. To powerful and populous Germany it seemed a barren outskirt of the world, where perpetual snow and ice fettered the intellect and depressed the courage, whose scanty population and feeble resources must forever prevent it from joining in the contests of powerful nations; and when Wallenstein was told that Gustavus meditated an invasion of Germany, "I will whip the school-boy," he cried, "back to his home." Yet it is said he calculated the nativity of the Swede, and found that his fate was intimately blended with his own, and that he made treasonable offers of union to Gustavus, hoping by his aid to become

[1] 1629. Ranke, 162.

[2] Schiller, Ges. des dreissigjährigen Kriegs, p. 136. The edict was ein Donnerschlag für das ganze protestantische Deutschland—a thunder-clap to the Protestant world—freedom must fall with religion.

[1] Chapman, Gustavus Adolphus; Harte.

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the ruler of Germany; that the pious king rejected with disgust the alliance of the skeptic and the traitor, and prepared to meet upon the battle-field one whom he hoped to conquer despite all the arts of Satan.

Few in that superstitious age had doubted that the gaunt, dark, daring Bohemian was guided by the spirits of the infernal world; but no one could gaze into the mild, large blue eyes and honest countenance of the pious Swede without being filled with confidence and love. Gustavus seemed, even to his enemies, one of the noblest and purest of men. Catholics as well as Protestants discovered with joy that there was some one whom they could trust, and reverenced the conscientious chief who neither robbed nor plundered, and who never violated his word. In appearance Gustavus revived the memory of his Gothic ancestors, who had sacked the cities of France and England, and colonized the shores of Greenland. He was tall, vigorous, graceful; his yellow hair flowed thick and plentiful; his expression was mild; his manners singularly engaging. He was highly-educated, and spoke many languages with ease and grace; and his later life had ever been governed by the strict rules of the Protestant faith he had learned from his father. His hopeful temperament, his pure morals, his yellow hair, and gracious smile, were contrasted by his contemporaries with the gloomy frown and perpetual bitterness, the seared conscience, the wan features, the dark locks, and bronzed complexion of his Bohemian foe.

Gustavus was born in 1594, and, according to the common practice of his age, the famous astronomer, Tycho Brahé, was employed to calculate his nativity. It was found that the most propitious star watched over his birth;[1] no baleful Saturn, as in the case of Wallenstein, threw odious shadows over his horoscope; but Tycho's calculations were made over the smiling babe, while Kepler knew too well the mature vices of his friend. The young Swede grew up fair and gifted. His mental powers were remarkable; he was a poet, a scholar, a musician; but the exigencies of his country demanded a soldier, and Gustavus resolved to perfect himself in the military art. He soon became its greatest master, and so improved the tactics of his small army as to make it almost invincible. He fought with success against his powerful neighbors, the Russians and the Poles, and allied himself by marriage with the house of Brandenburg. His wife was Eleonore, a sister of the ancestor of the Kings of Prussia. Their only child was the too famous Christina.

In 1611 Gustavus ascended the throne of Sweden. When the great war broke out between the Emperor Ferdinand and his Protestant subjects the young king watched with keen attention the progress of the contest, and saw with sorrow and alarm the fatal triumph of Wallenstein. His timely succors had saved the city of Stralsund from the hitherto irresistible army of the dreaded Bohemian, and he probably felt that his own safety was involved in the fate of Protestant Germany. Bold, romantic, full of pious enthusiasm for the faith of his ancestors, Gustavus began at once to prepare himself for an effort to save it from extinction. With a small army and few resources, trusting only in the favor of Heaven, he resolved to invade the immense empire of Ferdinand, now spreading from the Baltic to the Alps, defended by a force ten times his own in numbers, led by the greatest generals of the age, and teeming with an almost impregnable line of powerful fortresses; to throw himself in the midst of his enemies, and call upon the people to rise. Ferdinand only smiled when he heard of the vain design of the ardent Protestant. "The snow-king," he said, would soon dissolve before the fiery zeal of his Catholic troops.

The army led by Gustavus numbered only fifteen thousand men, but its composition was very different from that of the impious hosts of Wallenstein and Tilly.[1] It was a band of Christian heroes. For the first, perhaps the last time, Europe saw an army that was governed by a conscientious rectitude; that sought rather to preserve than to destroy; that contained not a single robber nor a single criminal. No deeds of violence were to attend the generous legions of Gustavus; no ruined cities nor desolated districts were to mark their course of victory. The soldiers chanted, as they went into battle, the powerful hymns of Luther or the poetical compositions of their king, and knelt each morning in prayer as they pressed through the hostile country. A chaplain attended every regiment. The morals of his soldiers were studiously observed by their king. He led them in their devotions, and inculcated a rigid austerity of conduct. His generosity to his enemies was often almost excessive, and with pitying eye he watched the necessary evils of warfare and of battle. Cromwell, at a later period, seems to have imitated the discipline of Gustavus; but the fierce fanaticism of the Puritans often led them into savage excesses that had no parallel in the career of the Swedes. And the Germans, in their love and veneration for their deliverer, would often fall on their knees before him, and strive even to kiss his feet. Accustomed only to a Tilly or a Wallenstein, they saw in the humanity of Gustavus something half divine.

At Stockholm, May 30, 1630, the king assembled around him the Diet of Sweden, and bade them, with tears and prayers, farewell. He took his little daughter Christina in his arms, and recommended her safety to the faithful nobles. A gay banquet succeeded, in which the engaging manners of the gracious king enlivened his last entertainment. His fleet was waiting for him by the quays of Stockholm; but the scanty

[1] Chapman, 44. Scondia, viii. p. 26.

[1] It embraced many Scotch, English, and foreigners who were not so rigid as the Swedes. It was afterward corrupted by an infusion of Wallenstein's troops.

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resources of his Northern kingdom had enabled him to provide but an insignificant armada for the invasion of the great empire of Germany. He had thirty ships of war, two hundred transports, and his well-disciplined army of fifteen thousand men—a feeble armament compared with that mighty force which Catholic Spain had sent against England, or that nobler expedition with which William of Orange was to give freedom and Protestantism to the Anglo-Saxon race. Yet in the romantic daring of its purpose, and the importance of its results, the Swedish invasion was scarcely surpassed by any that has crossed the treacherous seas. To its care was committed the destinies of a great people; and had the waves of the Baltic dashed to pieces the little armada, the world must have wanted the best fruits of German culture, the genius of a Goethe or a Humboldt, the magnificent results of Teutonic civilization.

The king gave the signal; the fleet set sail amidst the roar of cannon and the cheers of an immense throng assembled on the shore. A fair wind bore the vessels from the harbor, and Gustavus looked for the last time on the towers of Stockholm. Soon, however, the wind changed, and drove the fleet back. It put out again; and as the sun was setting on the 24th of June, 1630, the anniversary of the Augsburg Confession, Gustavus reached the island of Rügen, on the northern shore of Germany. He landed among the first; he threw himself on his knees and prayed that the favor of Heaven might attend his doubtful enterprise. He gave thanks for his fortunate voyage, and as his manly voice ascended in earnest supplication his officers burst into tears of sympathy, and all his army prayed with him. The river Oder flows from the heart of Germany, and at Stettin, near its outlet, Gustavus fixed the basis of his campaign. His plan was to move up the Oder and win over to his side, by force or persuasion, the northern states of Brandenburg, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania. From the Protestant powers he at first received no support, and the city of Magdeburg, with a rash daring which he could scarcely approve, was the only ally that ventured to defy the arms of the emperor. The two great Protestant electors of Brandenburg and Saxony held aloof, and the king contended for many months alone with the best troops of his imperial foe. Yet he made constant progress, and throughout the summer and winter gained a complete control of Mecklenburg and Pomerania. He awed, he threatened, he reduced to an unwilling compliance with his demands his connection, the Elector of Brandenburg. Meantime a dreadful event had occurred that seemed to forebode the final doom of every Protestant community in Germany.

Seated on the rapid Elbe, the fair city of Magdeburg had known for many centuries a succession of almost unparalleled prosperity. It had early become one of the chief centres of manufactures and trade; its riches had been won from the commerce of the South and the East; its wealthy burghers lived in palaces, and their coffers were stored with gems and gold. Its magnificent cathedral, its fine churches, its crowded streets, its busy people, had long awakened the envy of the dull and haughty nobles; its vigorous Protestantism aroused the bitterest hatred of the Catholic League. Magdeburg, which had first risen in revolt against the imperial rule, was now to be made an example and a warning to Protestantism. Tilly enveloped it with a well-trained army; Pappenheim swept its neighborhood with his invincible horsemen; yet the proud citizens refused to surrender, and waited in patience for the approach of their deliverer, Gustavus. But the king was detained by the cruel indecision of Brandenburg and Saxony, and without their permission could not approach the beleaguered city.

One night the weary citizens of Magdeburg believed that the end of their trial was near. The rain of shot and shell, which had for many weeks poured in upon them from the lines of the besiegers, suddenly ceased. An unusual silence ruled over the river, the city, and the plain. The brave burghers thought the siege was raised. They left the walls, and went each to his home to sleep. The joy of peace descended upon many happy families and quiet dwellings, and parents and children once more reunited around the familiar hearth. They were awakened after a quiet night by the fearful clamor of an assault. The bells clashed wildly from every steeple; the tumult of despair filled the city, for the enemy were already clambering over the shattered walls, and Magdeburg had fallen.

Croat and Hungarian, Spaniards and Italians, the savage followers of Pappenheim and Tilly, crowded to the plunder of the wealthy city, and floating down the Elbe on fragile boats, or wading through the shallow ditch, swarmed over the defenses, and commenced a general massacre of the citizens. A clergyman was coming from church when he was told that the enemy were in the town. He rushed to his home, and with his wife strove to hide from pursuit. His money was taken from him; he was beaten on the head by a savage Croat, and at length escaped amidst the roar of the flames and the shrieks of the multitude, bruised and trembling, to relate the fall of Magdeburg. A school-boy was in school when the news came. The master dismissed his scholars, praying Heaven to save them. The boy ran to his home; it was empty. He fled into the street, and by some strange chance survived to tell in his old age how the soldiers of Tilly cut down men, women, and children, and how the great city was set on fire and consumed to ashes. Of all its busy population only a feeble train of prisoners remained. Of all its fine buildings the cathedral alone was saved. A dismal waste of ruin, filled with the dying and the dead, marked the spot where had flourished, a few days before, commerce, industry, and peace. In the morning Tilly, it is said, came to survey his conquest, and to exult over the ruin of

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Magdeburg. His tall, thin form was clad in green satin; a long feather hung over his wrinkled brow; his ghastly countenance was tinged with a faint smile as he beheld the horrors of the scene, and reviewed the woes he had occasioned.[1]

A cry of indignation arose over Germany when the fate of Magdeburg (May, 1631) was told in its sister cities. Gustavus was blamed for not having saved it from the foe, and doubt and gloom hung over the Protestant cause. But the king, eager for revenge, now fixed himself in an intrenched camp at the confluence of the Havel and the Elbe, and sheltered his small army behind a wonderful series of intrenchments, that proved his skill as an engineer. Tilly approached him with forty thousand men. Gustavus had but sixteen thousand, yet the Swedes beat off the foe, and Tilly moved against the Elector of Saxony, who had now declared himself the ally of the king. Tilly occupied Leipsic; the elector claimed the aid of the Swede; and Gustavus, strengthened by the Saxon forces, marched to meet the invincible conqueror—the hero of a hundred battles.

It was a moment of deep excitement, for the liberties of Germany depended on the success of the Swedish king; yet few could believe that the event of the contest would be favorable to freedom, or that the soldiers of the North would be able to resist for a moment the victorious legions of the conqueror of Magdeburg. The Catholic League were full of confidence in their favorite chief; the Emperor Ferdinand looked to see the snow-king and his squadrons melt swiftly away before the invincible soldiers of Tilly; the Protestant cities of Bremen, Nuremberg, and Augsburg watched in terror the first battle of Gustavus; the Protestant princes still refused to join the invader and brave the vengeance of the emperor. As the two armies drew nearer to each other the interest deepened; and Europe watched with singular attention the rival chiefs who were to determine its destiny for ages. Holland, Denmark, the Scandinavian cities, and the English Puritans or churchmen awaited in solemn awe that shock of battle that might re-establish the tyranny of the Catholic League, and create a papal empire in Germany, pledged to extirpate every trace of heresy from European soil.

Around Leipsic spreads out a broad, almost unbroken plain, renowned in the annals of warfare as the scene of several of its most important conflicts. Here, nearly two centuries after the death of Gustavus, the Prussians, led by Blücher, and the allied forces of Europe, pierced with terrible persistence the lines of the first Napoleon, and drove his brave but decimated legions in a wild flight across the Rhine. It was known as the Battle of the Nations; it was the revolt of Germany against imperialism. At Breitenfeld, along the plain of Leipsic, runs a slight ridge or eminence, and here Tilly had arranged his victorious soldiers in a single line, his cannon pointing down the descent, while on either wing a cloud of the best cavalry of the age hung ready to envelop the approaching Swede. He had, perhaps, thirty-five thousand men. Pappenheim commanded his cavalry; his artillery was better than that of Gustavus; and Tilly had no fears of the result. Gustavus, with thirty-two thousand men, crossed the Mulda, and approached (September 7, 1631) within two miles of his opponent.

On his left he placed the Saxons, led by Arnheim and the Elector John George. Clad in rich armor and waving plumes, but as yet untried in actual war, their fine appearance and brilliant trappings formed a bold contrast with the torn uniforms and plain array of the war-worn Swedes; yet Gustavus felt that his chief reliance must be placed in the heroic band he had brought from the shores of the Baltic. He arranged his troops in small battalions; he had taught them to throw aside the heavy armor of the day and to fight with few encumbrances; he strengthened his cavalry with musketry, to compensate for the superior vigor of the enemy's squadrons. He wore, himself, a plain gray coat and a simple green feather. Then, kneeling down, the point of his sword bent to the earth, he besought the favor of Heaven.

The battle began about mid-day. For two hours the cannon roared from the hostile lines. But Tilly at length discovered that his thick array was being decimated by the Swedish balls, while his own artillery did little service. He ordered a charge upon the Saxons. They fled almost at once before the vigorous attack, and were seen no more on the field of battle. John George, the elector, led the flight of his troops, and that night consoled his mortification in a drunken debauch. Meantime the victorious Tilly and his heavy troops, with Pappenheim at the head of his cavalry, charged fiercely upon the inferior forces of the Swedes, and hoped to break with ease their thin battalions. It was a new era in military science when it appeared that the slight and active squadrons could not be ridden down or broken, and when the heavy horsemen and practiced soldiers of Tilly were hurled back seven times from the invincible line of Gustavus. The fine army of Tilly, which had never yet been conquered, melted slowly away in its vain but unflinching charges; the field of Leipsic was strewn with Austrian dead; the hearts of the veteran leaders, Pappenheim and Tilly, must have been torn with shame as they felt that all Germany would soon ring with their defeat. The Swedes now attacked in turn, and pressed the foe toward Breitenfeld; Pappenheim's cavalry were routed; an enfilading fire swept down the ranks of the weary imperialists, and as the sun sank over the plains of Leipsic they threw down their arms and, for the first time, fled.

What wild carnage followed we may well con-

[1] Several modern historians have sought to exculpate Tilly, but he plainly permitted the massacre. Chapman, 311; Menzel, iii. 348.

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ceive. But little mercy was shown to the ruthless destroyers of Magdeburg. The Swedish cavalry and foot chased the enemy far over the famous plain, cutting down stragglers, and completing the dispersion of that fine army which had been in the morning the terror of Germany and of Europe. The peasants came out from their hiding-places, where they had hidden with their helpless families, to destroy the weary fugitives with their axes, and plunder the dead bodies of their tyrants. The woods were filled with the murdered soldiers of Tilly. The great general himself was nearly captured; a huge Swede struck him a severe blow with a pistol handle, but was shot as he strove to seize his valuable prey. Seven thousand of Tilly's soldiers fell in the battle, five thousand were taken prisoners; the Swedish cavalry and the peasants nearly completed the destruction of the remainder. When Pappenheim joined Tilly that night, at Halle, only a few squadrons remained of the magnificent horsemen that had so long ravaged the fair landscapes of Protestant Germany.

The day of Leipsic proclaimed Gustavus the greatest general of his age, and his swift advance to complete his victory added to his renown. He might now have moved upon Vienna, to drive the emperor from his capital, but he preferred to hasten toward the Rhine and set free the Protestants of the South. He sent the Saxons to invade Bohemia, where Wallenstein lingered in silent abstraction; he pressed, himself, through the wilds of the Thuringian forest, and, followed by his active Swedes, marched through the desolate woods, often marking his way in total darkness by the light of lanterns and torches, until all Franconia yielded to his arms, and he was enriched by the spoil of its fallen castles. The summer passed away in laborious sieges and assaults, and in the midst of the terrors of a severe winter he took Kreusenach, and commanded the Rhine. Nuremberg received him with joy; he reoccupied Mentz; he threatened the subjugation of Bavaria; and the Elector Maximilian once more summoned Tilly to a new effort against the victorious Swede.[1]

Meantime Gustavus was surrounded by throngs of Protestant princes and nobles who had ventured from their obscurity; and his army was recruited by the swift uprising of the Protestant population. He was the hero of the people. His probity, generosity, and dauntless valor, his gracious manners and winning words, his piety and faith, gained for him the adoration and love of the multitudes he had preserved. His humility was even more unusual than his rare achievements. "I am but a poor sinner from the North," he said to those that would salute him as the chief of conquerors. He repelled the adulation that others craved, and felt in himself the feebleness of his humanity. He was even saddened at the thought of being a conqueror, and was scarcely consoled by the consciousness that he had saved Protestantism. His tender heart shrank from the necessary woes of warfare, and he fought almost unwillingly the battles of faith. A consciousness that his career must be short seems to have ever filled him with humility.

Tilly was now seventy-three years old. He was as brave as he was remorseless, as eccentric as he was severe.[1] An ingenious and cunning animal rather than a man, he had preyed upon his species, and had won the renown of a great commander by his contempt for all the gentler instincts of his race. But since the fearful atrocities at Magdeburg a cloud had rested upon his fortunes, and men believed that the avenging hand of Heaven followed the merciless destroyer. He had recovered from the wounds he had received at Leipsic, and with a new and powerful force watched the progress of Gustavus, without venturing to disturb his march. The veteran commander shrank from a fresh encounter with his young and active foe. At last he took a position on the banks of the river Lech, surrounded himself with intrenchments, and believed that no human power could drive him from his almost impregnable post.

The Lech flows down from the Tyrolese mountains, in winter a deep and rapid stream, sweeps by the great city of Augsburg, and mingles with the Danube. Its banks are rough, precipitous, and marshy, and Tilly had placed himself at a bend of the river, in the midst of a semicircle formed by its channel, and protected in front by steep declivities and an osier-covered swamp. Gustavus appeared on the opposite side of the stream with nearly equal forces. He resolved to cross and attack the foe. His best officers remonstrated; his plan to them seemed madness. But the king was confident of success, and began with rare engineering skill and incessant labor to provide means to deceive and embarrass Tilly. In the pits by the river he burned damp hay until a veil of smoke concealed his operations; his cannon lined the heights; a bridge was built beneath the fire of the enemy; the imperialists retired from the river; a band of Finnish cavalry swept over the stream, and the whole Swedish army clambered up the banks of the Lech (April 5, 1632), and entered the hostile batteries. Tilly fell, mortally wounded, early in the conflict, his army gave way, and Gustavus had avenged Magdeburg.[2]

Two years had not yet passed since the Swedish king had sailed from Stockholm on his doubtful enterprise, and now, far away in the south of Germany, he had subdued every enemy, and menaced even Italy itself. Rome trembled lest the heretical Goth might once more sweep over the Campagna with fire and sword. France was alarmed at the success

[1] Harte, ii. 195-207.

[1] He was the greatest general of his age next to Gustavus, says Mauvillon, ii. 80. Ce grand capitaine (car enfin il c'était) était toujours vêtu d'une manière bizarre. He was very eccentric, ii. 78.

[2] Mauvillon, iv. 180.

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of its ally. Vienna lay within the grasp of Gustavus. The spring of 1632 passed away full of triumph and rejoicing in all Protestant Germany; Gustavus occupied Augsburg, and restored the reformed faith in its ancient stronghold; his queen, Eleonore, had joined him; Munich fell before his arms, and the Swedish rulers made a triumphal entry into the magnificent capital of Bavaria, the centre of German elegance and taste. The Protestant worship was celebrated for the first time in its ancient churches, and the spirit of Luther ruled over the citadel of the Catholic League. Yet it was observed that Gustavus showed equal tolerance to every form of religion, that he persecuted and oppressed no one, and that he strove to teach to all men the primeval laws of divine benevolence.

Historians have been fond of accusing Gustavus of ambition, and one ardent partisan has declared that he entered Germany like a robber. It need not be denied that he was ambitious. It is possible, indeed, as he surveyed the wide extent of his conquests, heard the fond congratulations of the people he had saved from religious tyranny, saw the great cities and states of Germany eager to claim his protection and submit to his control, that some grand vision of an imperial rule may have floated before his fancy; that he may have hoped to drive Ferdinand from the power he had abused, and himself ascend the throne of the Hapsburgs. Nor would the realization of his ambition have proved injurious to mankind. A Protestant emperor ruling over a united Germany must have satisfied the wants of its progressive people. The union of the early home of the Goths to Germany, the acceptance of Sweden as a German state, the prevalence of religious toleration from the Tyrol to the Northern Cape, the consolidation of an immense empire under a beneficent and cultivated ruler, could scarcely have failed to have checked many internal convulsions, and to have saved Europe many of its later woes. The house of Hapsburg can scarcely be said to have contributed to the repose of Germany.

But where was Wallenstein? The fallen chieftain had no doubt watched with stern satisfaction the humiliation of his imperial master and the rapid conquests of Gustavus. He lived upon his estates in Bohemia, dark, thoughtful, mysterious. Yet, in his passion for ostentatious luxury, he surrounded himself with royal magnificence; he wasted his immense revenues in more than Oriental splendors. His palace at Prague was a master-piece of architecture and decoration. Its stately halls were adorned with paintings by the most renowned artists of Italy, and on the walls of its state saloon Wallenstein was represented in fresco as a conqueror seated in a triumphal car drawn by four milk-white steeds. His head was crowned with laurel, and above it shone a glittering star. Sixty pages of noble birth, clad in blue and gold, attended him; three hundred magnificent horses filled his stables; and his palace was the resort of throngs of nobles and eminent strangers, who came to visit the most renowned of all the Germans. Yet time and disease had produced a marked change in the appearance of the hero. He suffered almost incessantly from attacks of gout. His tall, gaunt frame was bent and feeble; he was obliged to use a cane when he walked. His emaciated body, his swarthy countenance, his fiery eyes, his crimson plume, and scarlet mantle have survived in the labor of the artist, and indicate his decay. He still watched the stars incessantly, and obeyed implicitly their commands.

So rare is the military talent, and so few in every age possess the keen insight of the soldier, that, of all their princes and warriors, the imperial party felt that there was none capable of resisting the rapid progress of Gustavus. Two years had sufficed to complete the ruin of the Catholic empire. The Swedish soldiers were scattered in strong garrisons over the country from the mouth of the Oder to the sources of the Danube, from the isles of Rügen almost to the mountain home of the Tyrolese. A band of Swedish cavalry had alarmed the borders of Italy; Wallenstein had been driven from his palace at Prague; the Emperor Ferdinand was prepared to fly from his capital at Vienna; Gustavus and Eleonore of Prussia ruled at Munich or Augsburg, the true king and queen of Germany.[1]

To the pale and abstracted dreamer, the bitter and haughty recluse, the gaunt and feeble Wallenstein, Ferdinand and the Catholic League were now forced to turn for aid; to the man they had treated with singular contumely and injustice they now made abject supplication.[2] They had cast him aside in the moment of prosperity two years before. They hoped to use him once more as a pliant instrument, and once more remove him from their path. Wallenstein met the appeals of Ferdinand with a cold refusal. The emperor wrote him a suppliant letter soon after Leipsic. "Do not abandon me," he cried to his offended subject, "in my great need." But Wallenstein replied that he was weary of glory, of conquests, of royal favor, and wished only for repose. Ferdinand persisted. "Would not Wallenstein serve at least for three months? would he not collect, by his great popularity, a new army, and save the state?" Wallenstein consented. In January, 1632, he issued a proclamation summoning all good Germans to his standard; and the wild robbers and assassins who had tasted the license of his camp and service rapidly gathered around him. Spain sent its gold to the Catholic cause; the Jesuits raised five regiments; the people groaned under new impositions, and the very maid-servants were forced to pay fifteen kreutzers apiece. An army of fifty thousand men was collected

[1] Harte, ii. 207. France began to be jealous of Gustavus. Europe was alarmed.

[2] Schiller, p. 250–253.

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by the 1st of April, and was ready to march beneath the golden banner of Fortune wherever Wallenstein might lead. But now Wallenstein resigned the command. The three months he had promised were passed. He retired, and the great force he had collected refused to serve under any other chief, and was rapidly melting away. What Wallenstein really desired was an uncontrolled command of the army, a dictatorship over Germany; and this the emperor and the Catholic League had still refused to give.

The battle of the Lech followed in April. Tilly was dead. Gustavus was in Munich, and might soon march upon Vienna. His army, scattered from the Iser to the Baltic, held Germany in its iron grasp. He might soon claim the throne of the Hapsburgs, and publish the Augsburg Confession in the capital of Austria. The emperor, broken-hearted, yielded. He submitted himself wholly to Wallenstein. The skeptical Bohemian was made dictator and supreme commander of all the Catholic forces. Once more his strange army rallied around the green banner; once more Wallenstein with keen rapidity swept up toward the Protestant North. The tide of war turned against the Swedes. The drunken and careless Saxons were driven out of Prague; and all Bohemia fell. The insolent and haughty Wallenstein, scoffing at the German nobles, trampling upon his rivals, and scorning to answer their appeals for aid, left Bavaria to be ravaged by Gustavus, and planned a more brilliant campaign. He would cut like an avenging sword the long line of the Swedish posts in its midst; he would sack the rich city of Nuremberg. Gustavus must follow him, not he Gustavus.

Rapid as of old, when he had swept over the heart of Germany to the shores of the Baltic, Wallenstein moved by quick marches upon the wealthy city, with a fine army of sixty thousand men, eager for plunder and confident of success. But, still more swiftly, Gustavus, when he heard of the danger of Nuremberg, had gathered together a small force of fifteen thousand Swedes, and, rushing to its rescue, had intrenched himself before its walls. His favorite weapon of warfare was the spade. When he had landed on the shore of Pomerania he was the first to plant a spade in the hostile soil. At Werben he had so covered himself with lines of formidable earth-works that Tilly and Pappenheim had turned away from them in despair. And no sooner had he reached Nuremberg than eight thousand men were at once employed, spade in hand, in breaking up the fertile plain into a wonderful series of intrenchments. The whole city was encircled by a chain of redoubts and crescents, of long connecting lines and powerful forts; and three hundred cannon of various calibre were mounted on the earthen walls. His earth-works were the admiration of engineers, the perfection of their art, and must have resembled those endless lines with which Grant encircled Vicksburg or covered his encampment at Richmond. Nuremberg was made impregnable. A few days later the green banner of Wallenstein appeared over the plain; but his prey was beyond his reach. Croat and Hungarian, Bavarian and Italian, gazed hopelessly on the rich spoil that had escaped their grasp; and Wallenstein encamped on a height a few miles from the city, hoping to starve the king into a disastrous retreat.

His plan, however, had been in part a success.[1] Gustavus was forced to call in his scattered forces from Bavaria and the North; the country was set free by a skillful movement, and Vienna and Prague were safe from attack. The Swedes rapidly concentrated at Nuremberg, and it was not long before the army of the king outnumbered that of his opponent. But he vainly endeavored to draw Wallenstein to an engagement on the open plain. Immovable, cold, unsparing, the Bohemian kept for two months in his strong position, while all Europe waited in awe for the result of the conflict, and wondered that two great armies could remain so long in front of each other scarcely exchanging a shot. Meantime the hot summer, the parched fields, the want of forage, and the failure of the springs, produced a pestilential disorder, that prevailed in both camps, and a dreadful scene of suffering and dismay ensued, that might have touched any heart but Wallenstein's. Men, horses, cattle, lay putrefying upon the plain. The air was filled with noisome odors.[2] In the general want even the well-trained soldiers of Gustavus grew disorderly, and committed excesses which he condemned with severe reproaches; and even Wallenstein was forced to send off part of his army to seek food and health in Misnia. As he saw famine and pestilence wasting the fine troops on either side, he only exclaimed, "I will see which of us will starve first," and kept more closely than ever within his lines.

Some trace of timidity seems to have led the fanciful Bohemian to shrink from an equal conflict with the anxious Swede, and the stars may have warned him to avoid the shock of the Finnish cavalry on the open plain. But when the king heard that Wallenstein had sent away part of his troops, he determined to attack him in his lines. A ruined castle, a high hill covered with woods, and a rocky height commanded the imperial camp, and Gustavus believed that if he could occupy the hill he might divide and destroy his enemy. Wallenstein discovered his design, and filled the height with his best troops. The king led the attack, and his brave Swedes strove all day,[3] with incessant charges, to clamber up the steep rocks among the thick trees and drive the enemy from their fastness. Exposed to a constant fire from a hidden foe, repelled by the rugged height, they retreated with severe loss, but only when night enforced a general truce. Gustavus had suffered his first re-

[1] Harte, ii. 260–265.
[2] Schiller, p. 273.
[3] August 24, 1632.

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verse, and Wallenstein might claim a victory. Yet still he refused to come out from his lines to meet the king; and Gustavus, leaving a garrison in the city, broke up his pestilential camp, and marched in open day, in front of his enemy, toward Bavaria. Still Wallenstein did not dare attack him, and seemed to shrink from his rival as if he were covered by a spell.

But no sooner was Gustavus gone than he resumed all his old activity and all his cruel vigor. He saw clearly that he had no need to follow the king; that his rival was linked to him by a necessary tie. He sent his detachments, like tongues of fire, into the dominions of John George, wasted the fertile fields of Saxony with terrible pillage, let loose his horde of robbers on the villages and towns of the unhappy elector, and drove him mad with terror. He wavered in his allegiance, and meditated a peace. The rapid movements and terrible devastations of Wallenstein alarmed all Northern Germany, and it was time for its preserver to appear. In the midst of a successful campaign in Bavaria Gustavus heard of the danger of the North, and turned with fierce energy upon its destroyer.[1] He had long declared that he would unearth Wallenstein; the moment drew near; he swept with rapid marches through the Thuringian forest, through Erfurt and Naumburg, and came upon his foe at Lützen. "The Lord, I believe, has delivered him into my hands!" he cried, when he heard that Wallenstein still remained in the open plain, scarcely expecting an attack.

Wallenstein was plainly taken by surprise, and had even sent off Pappenheim with ten thousand men on a useless foray, while the king was rapidly approaching. Gustavus rushed eagerly upon his prize. One singular natural defect had often led him into dangerous errors; he was so short-sighted as to be incapable of estimating distances without a glass, and he mistook by several miles the length of the road to Lützen. He pressed on, followed by his faithful Swedes, hoping to fall at once upon the foe; but the march proved long and wearisome; the troops were detained by the fresh-plowed ground, a morass, and a stream, and night fell before they reached the hostile lines. That evening a standard was captured, a post driven in; and then the weary soldiers slept on their arms in front of the enemy, prepared to give battle in the morning. Wallenstein had thus the whole night to prepare for an attack, to assemble his scattered forces, and to recall Pappenheim.

For many months the eyes of Europe had been fixed upon the rival chiefs, and of all the millions who dwelt on the fair fields of Germany, Wallenstein and Gustavus seemed only worthy of attention. Their merits and their purposes had been eagerly discussed; the result of the contest had been variously foretold. There was little difference, however, in the common opinion formed of the character of each; and while all men believed that Gustavus was generous, modest, merciful, and true, his less popular rival had been endowed with every evil quality that produces terror and disgust. Friends he had none. It is probable that his employers, the emperor and the Catholic League, had already resolved to destroy him should he prove successful, and that he had long been destined to fall by the hand of an assassin. Wallenstein, reserved, cold, inscrutable, perhaps felt his danger, and with bitter contempt for his ungrateful sovereign, was already a traitor and a rebel. But in the gentle breast of Gustavus, as he went into battle, ruled no unworthy impulse; he fought, as he believed, for the preservation of the true religion and of his country; and should he triumph, no ruined cities and wasted districts would mark his success, but wherever he went he would scatter with liberal hand the blessings of peace, and spread among mankind the virtues of truth and justice his enemies had so nearly succeeded in banishing from the earth.

The battle of Lützen (November 6, 1632) was one of the most memorable in the history of Europe, for it was a conflict of opinions. It was the protest of the rising liberties of the North against that dull dream of rigid repression that sprung from the diseased brains of Italian priests and despotic rulers, and with which they hoped to enchain once more the mighty intellect of Germany. Around the Swedish army, we may well imagine, hovered the kindred shades of Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, of the martyred Huss, of the persecuted of every land; upon its success rested the hopes of all coming generations, of the freemen of England and America, of the reform of the church, and the purification of mankind. If Wallenstein should conquer, the world must linger for many a century under the gloom of physical and mental slavery. The free schools of Saxony and Prussia would have been closed; the press of Germany, and perhaps Holland, might have been silenced; the freemen of England would have wanted the example of German progress, and the freemen of America might never have been born. Lützen, therefore, was the battle of the people; the struggle of labor against indolence; of intellect against medieval violence: an earlier Vicksburg or Bunker Hill.

The severe winter had set in early, and on the night before the battle a chill November mist hung over the two armies as they lay expectant on the fatal plain. There could have been little rest on either side. Wallenstein employed his soldiers in the gloom in deepening a ditch that lined the road in front of his forces, and in filling it with musketeers. His messengers galloped over the country, calling in his distant posts. He prepared his batteries, and stationed his men. He wrote a letter to Pappenheim, directing him to return, which is still preserved in the archives of Vienna, stained with

[1] Schiller, p. 281. Schnell zog er seine Truppenzusammen, und folgte dem Wallensteinischen Heere durch Thüringen nach.

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Pappenheim's blood. He covered himself with intrenchments, but never excelled in using the spade; his lines seem to have been badly constructed. Gustavus passed the night in his coach, awake, and conversing with his officers. He had resolved to attack Wallenstein two hours before daybreak, but the mist rose heavily over the plain, and he waited for the sun. His soldiers stood or slept upon their arms through the weary night; but the pious king, as the morning came, ordered prayers to be said in every regiment, and knelt himself in silent adoration. He is said to have been conscious of his approaching fate.

His soldiers chanted Luther's hymn and one composed by Gustavus himself; and their powerful voices must have swelled over the misty plain through the morning air, and struck with a strange solemnity upon the watchful ears of Wallenstein. The king mounted his horse. He had no armor, and wore a plain buff coat. He addressed a few words to his soldiers. "Advance!" he cried; "by God's help not to fight only, but to conquer." The two armies were nearly equal in numbers; the field of battle was an almost unbroken plain; but in front of Wallenstein's forces ran a deep ditch, and his artillery was heavier than that of the king. About ten o'clock, as the mist rose, Gustavus gave the signal of attack, and the roar of cannon and musketry succeeded the solemn note of the battle-hymns. Four magnificent columns of Swedish infantry threw themselves across the ditch, and captured several of the hostile batteries; a body of heavy cavalry stopped their advance. "Charge the black horsemen!" cried Gustavus, and led his own cavalry to the attack. But the mist descended; his horsemen retired; his imperfect eyesight prevented him from seeing that he was left nearly alone, surrounded by his foes. A pistol-ball broke his arm, and as he was leaning on the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg for support, a soldier rode up and shot him in the back. He fell upon the ground. The enemy gathered around him, stripped his body, and pierced him with many wounds. The news of his death spread among the hostile chiefs, and each strove to carry away some trophy of the immortal dead.

A horse galloped wildly over the plain; the Swedes knew it was the king's; the Swedish cavalry swept up to the place where he lay, beat off the plunderers, and reverently bore away the body of Gustavus. An unspeakable grief filled their faithful hearts; but there was now no leisure for tears, and they thought only of revenge. Duke Bernard, of Saxe-Weimar, the young hero of Germany, led them as they rushed sternly on the foe, and the bravest legions of Wallenstein broke and fled before them.[1] The battle was nearly won when Pappenheim, with a large reinforcement, rode in upon the field, and once more the Swedes were beaten back. Pappenheim fell, mortally wounded, but rejoicing in the death of Gustavus; his soldiers, led by Piccolomini, restored the fight; the Swedes charged again, but the mist concealed the foe; and at last, as the evening was sinking on the field of battle, they made their fifth charge; their cannon crashed through the ranks of the imperialists, their musketry swept down the thick files of the enemy, and Wallenstein fled in the darkness, before the spirit of Gustavus.

Victorious in death, the Swedish hero had conquered the hearts of friends and foes. Stockholm was plunged in grief, and grave senators wrung their hands and wept aloud when they heard of his glorious fate. Germany lamented the hero who had died to save it from centuries of tyranny, and historians of every creed have seldom failed to do honor to the memory of Gustavus. He was the first to rescue warfare from its medieval barbarity, and to soften the dreadful traits of the worst form of human malignity. He was the most generous of conquerors, and when the wild rage of battle was over never forgot that he was a man.

By the death of his only rival, Wallenstein was raised to a dizzy height, of whose dangers he was deeply sensible. He rallied anew his army; he was surrounded by his devoted soldiers; but he knew that his enemies were planning his destruction, and that Ferdinand and the Catholic League, now that they no longer needed his aid, would soon remove him from their path. Isolated, gloomy, mysterious more than ever before, with no faith in man, and perhaps doubtful even of the stars, he entered upon a series of intricate plots that have yet scarcely been unraveled. He hoped, by the aid of his devoted army, to overthrow the empire. He offered to ally himself with the Swedes and the Protestants. He believed his projects enveloped in mystery, and still corresponded with Ferdinand, whom he hoped to betray. But there were spies every where around him, and the priests and the imperialists watched him with incessant vigilance. His chosen friend, Piccolomini, was an agent of the emperor; the secrets of the confessional were revealed to save the church; even his army, which had sworn to defend him, was corrupted; he was removed from his command, and orders were secretly issued to arrest him alive or dead.

In February, 1634, Wallenstein, no longer the favorite of the stars, fled swiftly from his camp, a feeble and suffering cripple, borne in a litter and followed by a few soldiers, hoping to find refuge with the Swedes.[1] He stopped at the little town of Egra for the night, and strove to win over its commander, Gordon, and Leslie, his second in command. They pretended to yield. But that night Butler, an Irish Roman Catholic, who had joined Wallenstein, with Gordon and Leslie, met secretly in the citadel, and swore to make away with their

[1] Mauvillon, iv. 409. The accounts of the battle vary greatly, and even the numbers engaged are not known.

[1] Ranke, 438.

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unsuspecting chief. Devereux, another Irishman, joined the conspirators, and no German could probably be trusted with the fatal secret. The plan of the conspiracy was to invite Wallenstein's few faithful officers to a banquet in the castle; and having assassinated them, to proceed to his quarters, which were in the best house in the town, and there destroy him who had so lately saved the empire and the church.

It was a dark and dismal night. The rain dashed against the castle walls, and the wind raged wildly over the scene of the approaching tragedy;[1] but the revelers gathered around their luxurious feast, and wine and mirth served to gladden the gloomy hours. There were Illo, Tersky, and two other friends of Wallenstein; there were Butler, Devereux, Leslie, and Gordon, the assassins. The time passed swiftly, and the storm without seemed to rage in vain. At length the castle clock struck nine. Gordon, starting up, ordered the servants to leave the room; a door was flung open; a party of soldiers entered. "Long live Ferdinand!" cried Butler, Gordon, and Leslie; and, drawing their swords, ordered the soldiers to fall upon their unsuspecting guests.[2] A while the brave victims resisted; the sentinels, as they paced the castle walls, heard faint shrieks and groans from the festal chamber, and then all was still.

Devereux and a party of soldiers next rushed from the castle to the house where Wallenstein was sleeping, and broke in the door. They crept stealthily up stairs, and Devereux stabbed a servant who had just come from his master's chamber. Wallenstein had been warned by a favorite astrologer that some great danger threatened him; he had probably heard noises in the street and a cry of distress, and was standing in his night-dress at the window.[3] But the stars had abandoned him, and the man of destiny, dark, gloomy, disheartened, could have found no pleasant subject of reflection in the last few moments of his life. The door was dashed open; Devereux and the assassins rushed in; Wallenstein turned to meet them, and, opening wide his arms, and standing erect and fearless, received the fatal blow. "Die, villain, die!" screamed the Irishman, and pierced him to the heart.

Ferdinand, the infamous emperor, when Butler brought him the news of Wallenstein's death, ordered the Archbishop of Vienna to hang a golden chain around his neck, and give him a solemn blessing. All the assassins were loaded with honors, and were enriched from the large estates of their victim.

Thus died Wallenstein and Gustavus,[4] linked closely together in death as in life. Seldom have two rival intellects so fixed the attention of mankind. Yet they had little in common except their achievements and their fate. Gustavus possessed a clear, calm mind, seldom clouded by passion or obscured by the usual selfish instincts of the conqueror. He was neither a Cæsar nor a Napoleon; he fought to preserve rather than to destroy; he was a vigorous agent in advancing the hesitating progress of mankind. He swept down from his icy home, simple, austere, pure, and dashed to pieces, with Northern vigor, the rude barrier which priests and princes had raised to check the rising tide of mental advance. But Wallenstein's clouded intellect, confident only in his destiny, the servant of the stars, passed over the earth the source of general woe to man. His palaces and his host of retainers, his immense estates, his lavish opulence, his mysterious ambition, his gloomy pride, were the only fruits of a career that seemed, even to his contemporaries, filled with the wild achievements of a madman.[1]

Gustavus had saved Protestantism; but the war continued until 1648, when the peace of Westphalia secured the liberties of Northern Germany. The lessons Luther had taught to his countrymen were sedulously remembered. Schools and colleges, the church and the lecture-room, were permitted to form the intellect of a great nation; the battle of Lützen tended to produce a united Germany; and the spirit of Gustavus still seems to watch over the welfare of that Gothic race of which he was once the natural protector.

Yet, in the two centuries and more that have passed since the memorable battle, the struggle between the North and South has never perfectly ceased. The hand of the Italian priesthood has been visible in many a German disaster. Disunion and delay laid Austria and Prussia at the feet of the first Napoleon. Upon the dissensions of the Germans the second counted when he summoned his legions to a foray over the Rhine. But the fruits of Lützen seem at last to be reaped. Gustavus did not die in vain. Man to man, and heart to heart, the Germans stand before their beautiful river in united and fraternal ranks. They fight for freedom beneath the walls of Paris. The plotting of no Italian priesthood can divide them now; the cunning policy of the man of destiny has failed. Munich rejoices in the triumphs of Magdeburg, and all Germany exults in the consciousness of a common safety.

The plains of Leipsic—twice hallowed as the battle-ground between medieval tyranny and German freedom, between men of destiny and men of thought—repose once more in fertile peace. The clang of war sounds afar off. The battles of Germany are now fought on foreign soil. The lesson of every war is that it ought to be the last. Yet happy is the nation that can keep the dreadful scourge from its own borders by union and public virtue.

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[1] Ranke, 449. Ein starker Sturm, der bis Mitternacht anhielt, etc.

[2] Chapman, 397. The accounts of the scene vary in some particulars. Ranke, 448.

[3] Chapman, 398. Khevenhiller, xii. 1161.

[4] Wallenstein left an only child, a daughter, by a second marriage; Gustavus, the erratic but talented Christina.

[1] Harte, ii. 114.

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ANTEROS.

By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," "Sans Merci," "Breaking a Butterfly," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ERRISWELL was better adapted than many more imposing mansions for a modest entertainment, such as was now in progress. Besides the drawing-room and dining-room, devoted respectively to dancing and supper, there was available a library, opening out of Mrs. Malcolm's morning-room; and, if these were not sufficient, those in search of coolness or seclusion might penetrate through the billiard-room into a spacious *fumoir* beyond, where two or three whist-tables were laid out. Evidently an artist's eye had supervised the decoration of this ground-floor. There were flowers every where; but not in such profusion as to load the air with perfume, or to entrap flying skirts and trailing dresses. There were sconces and lustres enough in the hall and drawing-room (the dining-room was closed up to midnight) to bring out the sheen of silk and the glimmer of jewels without putting complexions to a crucial test, while in the boudoir and library the light was gradually toned down from the central brilliancy till at the further end of the latter it faded into semi-darkness. Indeed, in all these arrangements Glynne had displayed a tact and energy that surprised his host, and threw his hostess into a tremor of gratitude. He only stipulated that his exertions on their behalf should be kept a secret from each and every one of the guests.

"You shall have all the credit, *petite cousine*," he observed, "and, selfishly speaking, I wouldn't establish a precedent on any account. I'd rather be asked to people's houses on my own merits, such as they are, than professionally."

A goodly company mustered at Erriswell, including, besides all with whom you are already acquainted, some sixscore more of honorable folk, who must, perforce, be nameless here. Only the Duke of Devorgoil and his daughters, who had not settled at Grandmanoir for the winter as yet, were absent; and it is probable that the void did not cause the hearts of any present seriously to ache.

The moon, perfect as all the other accessories, gave no excuse for unpunctuality; but it was very late when the Templestowe party arrived.

Neither Lena nor Marian was apt to linger unreasonably over their toilet; however, before the finishing touches that evening were completed, Ralph, albeit exceeding patient in such matters, and by no means keen about festivity, had begun to grumble about the dilatoriness of his womankind; but his brow cleared as his wife entered the room in which he was waiting a few minutes in advance of her step-daughter.

Though to him, at least, her beauty had always seemed peerless since she came to meet him through the twilight at Kirkfell, he thought he had never realized it till now. In very truth, Lena did look wonderfully handsome; perhaps, to make the picture perfect, there might have been a slight heightening of her color; but that very pallor only seemed to enhance the lustre of her great brown eyes; and her toilet, without a single meretricious detail, did ample justice to her superb figure.

She wore a tunic of maize satin over a *tulle* skirt of a somewhat paler shade. Among the soft, thick *ruches* were scattered, rather sparsely than profusely, small pomegranate buds, and on her head was a light chaplet of the same flowers interspersed with diamond sprays.

Lord Atherstone's eyes glittered with a loving pride as he stooped over his wife and brushed her brow with his lips.

"If it is forbidden to compliment *you*, I should like to compliment Coralie," he said; "she deserves it, even if she has only carried out some one else's ideas."

"All the credit is Coralie's," Lena answered, indifferently; "for, till I tried it on, I never saw the dress. She'll be glad that you approve; but she's rather in despair just now, for she never reckoned on my being so pale, and I won't allow her to correct this."

"Quite right," he answered. "Our neighbors will be very hard to please if they're not satisfied with you as you stand. Besides, after the first waltz the color will come back, you'll see."

It was coming back already; for her cheek flushed a little as she drew back and went on buttoning her glove.

"I'm not quite sure that I shall waltz at all," she had begun, when the door opened and Lady Marian entered.

She, also, was looking particularly well this evening. She was dressed very simply, according to her wont; but her gray and cerise were artistically blended, and harmonized better with her somewhat dark complexion than either dead white or striking contrast of color could have done. She seemed in great spirits, too, and did almost all the conversation during the drive to Erriswell; for, though he was ready enough to accompany his wife, the prospect of the unwonted dissipation made Lord Atherstone more taciturn than usual, and Lena only occasionally roused herself to make a necessary reply.

The last crash of a galop had just died away when the Templestowe party made their entry; and the hall was soon half filled with couples errant hither and thither, or availing themselves of the resting-places, of which there was no lack. Among these last was Mrs. Devereux. It is needless to name her cavalier.

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Cissy was in the highest possible feather. She was quite conscious that her colors—white and mazarine blue—became her infinitely; and she was conscious, too, that the galop just over was a triumph, for she was a wonderful mover when handled by an artist. Furthermore, her good opinion of herself in both these particulars had just been indorsed by Caryl Glynne—not very rapturously, to be sure; but she had learned to be grateful for very small mercies, and looked for no enthusiasm in this quarter.

She was a good-natured creature, in the main, and, so far as in her lay, wished to be in charity with women no less than men; and when she expressed penitence for having shown temper about that Templestowe dinner, she really meant what she said. She had met Lady Atherstone twice since then, and on both occasions had rather gone out of her way to be amiable. Now, happening to glance toward the entrance door, she checked herself in the midst of her chatter.

"Don't you see who have just come in? I should like to go and speak to them at once."

Languidly, and, as it were, reluctantly, Caryl looked up; but, luckily for his companion's peace of mind, she did not notice the flash that, a second later, lighted up his eyes.

"Is there any hurry?" he said, without moving. "I thought we were settled here for ten minutes at least. What makes you so polite all of a sudden?"

"It's not exactly politeness," she answered, coloring slightly; "but since I was—well—unjust to Lena the other day, I have been trying to make amends. She didn't know of it, to be sure, but it's on my conscience all the same."

"If it's a case of conscience, that's another matter, and I won't balk you."

But the hall was still somewhat crowded, and before this pair reached Lady Atherstone's side she had been welcomed by the Malcolms and accosted by Mr. Corbett.

A zealous dancer, as a rule, Arthur had as yet taken no active part in the festivities, but had loitered backward and forward from drawing-room to hall, with what purpose, looking now on his eager face, it was not difficult to divine. Almost immediately he began to solicit the honor of the next waltz with Lady Atherstone; and it must be owned that he made the request with the confidence of one who thinks a refusal most unlikely. Indeed, that self-satisfaction, before alluded to, was more noticeable than ever to-night—there was an airiness in his tread; and even in his attire, gorgeous beyond his wont, there was something triumphal. He looked rather blank when, instead of the ready assent on which he had reckoned, he was met by Lena's doubt about waltzing at all; however, before he could express disappointment, Mrs. Devereux and Glynne came up. Corbett stood aside, of course, while greetings, rather demonstrative on Cissy's part, were exchanged; but as soon as he could do so decorously, he began once more to urge his claim, for such he evidently considered it. Still Lena hesitated; and while she did so—improbable as it would seem—a swift appealing glance toward one of the by-standers escaped from under her long eyelashes; and almost imperceptibly Caryl bent his head.

You may read the riddle as you will; only remember that, beyond those three whispered words in the Templestowe drawing-room, not a word or sign of intelligence had passed betwixt these two since the morning when they parted, or meant to part, forever and aye. We can no more analyze these marvels than we can trace a message along electric wires; but surely they are not the less wonderful because they happen hourly.

The propitious reply, more grateful perhaps when it came than if it had been granted as a matter of course, made Corbett jubilant again. The banker had never quite got rid of the dread and dislike that assailed him when he first looked on Glynne's face. Would he have liked him better or feared him less if he could have guessed that to this man, and none other, he owed the favor in which he exulted now? Hardly so.

"Perhaps later in the evening, Lady Atherstone, you'll bestow one waltz on me just for old acquaintance sake?" Caryl said in his laziest voice, as if he was going through a necessary ceremony. ("I couldn't do less," he said to Cissy a few minutes later; and she, being still on the penitent tack, managed to believe him.)

Though she had not resolved on any definite line of action, Lena had come hither to-night braced for trials of her nerve, and she was able to answer quite as indifferently:

"I shall be very happy. I have no other engagements, so you can write your name where you please."

He took the card she held out, and scribbled his initials, at hap-hazard as it seemed, about the middle of it, opposite to the Soldaten Lieder.

Then the group broke up. Lady Atherstone passing on into the dancing-room, with her husband and Lady Marian—Corbett, of course, in close attendance—the other two strolling back toward the corner they had lately left.

Lena's self-possession during the next hour or so was truly admirable. She got through her duty-talk with her friends and acquaintance, and some more confidential converse with Arthur Corbett, without once betraying that her thoughts were wandering. Nevertheless her hand trembled exceedingly as she laid it on Caryl's arm when the notes floated forth of the prelude to the Soldaten Lieder, and the tremor spread through every fibre of her frame as his arm encircled her waist. Even when they were all in all to each other they had never stood as they stood now, since those May days that first brought them together. Before one turn was completed she grew faint and dizzy; the walls seemed to swim, and the floor to sway under her feet.

"Stop—you must stop," she whispered, or

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tried to whisper, for the words were quite inaudible, and it was only by the working of her lips that Glynne guessed her meaning.

They halted just opposite the doorway, and it was easy to escape into the hall unobserved; but the faintness was still so strong upon her that Lady Atherstone hardly knew whither she had been led, when she found herself resting on a couch at the further end of the library, where the lights were dim. She had so far recovered that she had begun to think how she could excuse her weakness, when there came a whisper—a whisper quite close to her ear—"My own!"

Lena started violently, just as she had done when waking from one of the tormenting dreams that had haunted her so often of late; only this was no dreaming, but a fatal reality. She was not tempted now by the phantasm of Caryl Glynne, but by himself, in flesh and blood, looking down on her with such love in his eyes as she had never seen there in the most passionate of the old days, when, if in such words there was folly, there was at least no guilt.

CHAPTER XXXV.

So the very turning-point of this woman's life had come at last.

There was no occasion for any display of wrathful virtue or offended dignity: just so much courage and coolness, and no more, as had carried Lena Shafton through that interview under Grace Moreland's roof were needed to place Lena Atherstone safe out of harm's reach, not then alone, but probably for all coming time. A free agent then, at the worst she could only have marred her own fortunes, and blighted, not for the first time either, her mother's hopes. Now she was fettered not only by consecrated vows, but by the knowledge of having wholly in trust the happiness of as brave and loyal a gentleman as ever drew sword. It was no question of money troubles here, but of a ruin, to escape from which most honest hearts would welcome penury. Yet her strength of that morning, compared to her strength of to-night, was as a giant to a sickly child. If any good impulses yet abode in Lena's breast that evil whisper dealt with them as effectually as did the fratricidal poison with the royal Dane. Fears and scruples all vanished before the consciousness that Caryl had spoken truth—sinful and shameful, no doubt, but none the less the truth; and that she was absolutely his own. Ay! and more—deride her credulity as you will—she felt sure that, in spite of appearances, no other had filled the place she left void a year ago. She meant no reproach when she murmured:

"I have been so unhappy."

Was that confession ample enough? Glynne, at least, thought so as he leaned over the speaker closer, yet so guardedly that it need have excited no comment even if they had not been quite alone.

"Darling, were you jealous, then, of that pretty puppet yonder? I was never so with your *amant pour rire*."

He smiled as he spoke, but not at all cynically; indeed, all the softness left in his nature was waked just then, and a half contrition abated the flush of victory. He knew—none better—how one-sided are those devil's-bargains. What did he risk here? The dregs of a reputation, the wreck of a fortune, when all was told. As for Lena? well, she might dispose of his after-life, and he would cleave to her till death should part them; but would that make amends for what he felt she was now ready to resign?

Her answer was inaudible; and henceforth they talked always in the lowest whispers, and hurriedly, like those who know that even seconds are precious.

While the last bars of the waltz were being played Caryl proffered his arm to his companion without speaking. She took it almost submissively, and her neck drooped a little as she rose, but her fingers did not tremble as they did a few minutes agone. Certainty—even the certainty of evil—will steady weaker nerves than hers; and, for the moment, she felt a strange sense of relief, like one who, weary of groping to and fro in the darkness, sees a light hard by, and is glad, though it may stream from an enemy's watch-fire.

When they whispered, no promise was asked for or given; but none the less betwixt these two a compact had just been made such as may not easily be annulled even in this light-minded world of ours, and may possibly bind such as once set their hands thereto in that other world, where some of our gayest cynics may find it hard to sustain the supercilious smile.

They passed quickly into the morning-room, in time to mingle, unremarked, with the first stragglers from the crowd without; yet not so quickly but that, before they crossed the threshold, there vanished through the opposite door a train of silk too soft to rustle, and the color of it was a tender gray.

Though the Soldaten Lieder was the longest waltz of that evening, many of those moving to its music held that it ceased too soon; but among such insatiables Corbett was not numbered. To begin with, he was a little, just a little, overmatched. He had been guided chiefly by politic motives in the choice of his partner: the damsel was the daughter of a good as well as an old customer, and a débutante; so Arthur was bound to patronize her; but he had not reckoned on his energies being taxed so severely. Ella Thorold meant to make the very most of her first ball; and, during their brief intervals of rest, she kept marking time pettishly, glancing up half reproachfully at her panting cavalier. Now Corbett, despite an increasing portliness, if he went his own pace, could

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still hold his own with the best of second-rate waltzers; but, if he was hustled, he was sure to get into difficulties; and the result, as in the present instance, was any thing rather than a success. However, there was a heavier trouble on his mind than the mere mortification of a small vanity.

Notwithstanding the plea of old acquaintanceship, he had been inclined inwardly to dispute Glynne's claim to this waltz. He had not so much as hinted at this to Lena—indeed, a feeling which he could not define made him always evade the mention of Caryl's name—but the discontent was there; and this increased rather than abated when, after the first turn, he missed them from among the crowd.

"Sitting out" was quite beside the bargain; and he felt he had a good right to be aggrieved. Altogether, by the time the waltz was ended, he had worked himself up into a very uncomfortable state of heat and worry.

"Poor dear old thing! I quite pitied him. It was my fault for hurrying him so," said Ella later in the evening to a certain cornet, as light-footed and as light-hearted as herself.

To be compassionated where he had meant to condescend, and on the score of his age—it was almost as bad as the *amant pour rire:* though he overheard neither remark, it was a wonder that those shapely ears of Arthur's were not set a-burning. However, when he contrived to rejoin Lady Atherstone, he was not further disquieted by any signs of agitation in her face. A very close observer might have noticed that it was a shade or two paler; but, so long as the surface of things satisfied Corbett, he was not wont to look deeper; and if he had nourished any suspicions, these would have been cured by the perfect tranquillity of Lena's tone, as she stood chatting with Mrs. Malcolm. Glynne was no longer by her side; but if Arthur had wished to be querulous, opportunity would have been wanting, for almost immediately supper was announced, to which Lady Atherstone was escorted by the host, while Arthur was compelled to pair off with a portly squiress; and directly afterward the Templestowe carriage was ordered.

In reply to Mrs. Malcolm's remonstrances Lena pleaded that she was tired—very tired; and no one, looking at her face, would have thought it an idle excuse; indeed, several people confessed to being disappointed in Lady Atherstone that evening, while it was allowed on all hands that her step-daughter had never looked so well. Certainly there was a strange sparkle in Lady Marian's black eyes, and the unwonted flush of her cheek—her complexion was not her strong point—was wonderfully becoming. When she assured her hostess that she had thoroughly enjoyed her evening she spoke nothing but the truth; but if the whole truth had been laid bare, she herself might have shrunk before its baseness.

For you who have had patience to read thus far may guess over what she triumphed.

Lord Atherstone, too, seemed well satisfied with his entertainment; for he was a keen though indifferent whist-player, and was in vein to-night; but at the first hint of Lena's fatigue he was only too anxious to depart; and, in spite of Lady Marian's high spirits, it was a very silent drive homeward through the darkness.

Mrs. Devereux's recollections of that famous waltz were not much pleasanter than Mr. Corbett's. She was mated with Sir Manners Mannering, whom she detested, and only tolerated for her husband's sake, knowing that, if she once spoke her mind, Dick would have fired his last shot in the best coverts in Loamshire. It was bad enough, while in motion, to be trampled on and dragged out of time by her clumsy partner—worse still, while standing at ease, to have insolent flattery panted into her ears in his thick, vinous tones—worst of all to have to endure a double dose of the same assiduities at supper, when deep draughts had brought a coarser flush on the baronet's bloated cheeks, and a wickeder gleam into his truculent eyes. She did think Caryl might have interfered to save her this last infliction; though he had told her, at the beginning of the evening, that he really must do a certain amount of duty-work, and though he could hardly have any private motives for ministering so sedulously to the large requirements of Mrs. Hubert Ashleigh. She caught herself thinking half-regretfully of poor Godfrey Colville, whose duty-work was entirely professional, and who would even have risked a court-martial sooner than fail in his fealty to her. However, Cissy brightened up when Caryl came to claim her for the after-supper galop; and, thenceforth, engrossed quite as much of his attentions as she had a right to expect—perhaps rather more; and yet it struck her at the time, though not so forcibly as when she looked back on these things afterward, that he was more silent than usual, and that he answered occasionally in an odd, absent way—once or twice almost at random. Somehow she had her fill of festivity rather earlier than usual that night; and when Dick came up with his stereotyped question as to when she would be ready to go, she startled the honest fellow out of a yawning fit by bidding him look for the carriage directly. The Driver was so overcome by the unlooked for clemency that he felt in charity even with Caryl Glynne; and, standing discreetly aside, did not seek, either by word or gesture, to hurry the protracted cloaking-process which ensued.

And so the Erriswell entertainment came to an end, if not to the satisfaction of each and every one bidden thereto, very much to the satisfaction of the host and hostess.

As the last wheels rolled away Emily Malcolm sank back on a sofa with a sigh rather complacent than weary.

"I'm almost sorry it's over," she said; "for I don't feel the least exhausted yet; though, perhaps, I shall be a wreck to-morrow. Come

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here and be thanked, Caryl. I shall never call you lazy any more. I am sure quite half the success is owing to you. Well, if you won't allow that"—the shrug of Glynne's shoulders was very expressive—"at least allow that it *was* a success."

But Caryl still stood aloof, leaning his elbow on the mantel-shelf, and shading his eyes with his hands. Absurd as it may appear, it was nevertheless true, that a keener thrill of remorse shot through his breast just then than any that had visited him since he dropped that fatal whisper into Lena Atherstone's ear. There were few things—terribly few—from which he shrank; but he did shrink from accepting the gratitude of that gentle, true-hearted woman for this night's work, knowing what manner of success *he* had achieved. The feeling lasted some seconds before he could quite shake it off; and his laugh was rather forced when he answered, at last:

"Be just before you're generous, *petite cousine*. Husbands seldom get credit from the best of wives, or you would have given yours his due. The whole burden of the evening was on those broad shoulders of his, and he carried it like a man. I deserve no thanks for being well amused; but, if you must pay me for settling the flowers, I'll smoke one of Robin's *excepcionales* before we sleep, and we'll cry quits. Now you ought to be sent to bed; and if you don't look ghost-like at luncheon to-morrow, I'll own that you've a right to be proud of your housewarming."

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

EXTRACT FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THURLOW WEED.

ON the 9th day of November, 1861, I left New York for Havre in the steamer *Arago*, and was fortunate enough to meet on shipboard Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, who contemplated passing the winter in the south of France. We had a rough fifteen days' voyage. Passengers, as usual, beguiled the time at whist. General Scott, Colonel Winthrop of New Orleans, Mr. Green, a retired merchant of New York, and myself, made a table for the voyage. After the first day, instead of "cutting," as usual, for partners, Messrs. Winthrop and Green played constantly against the General and myself. I mention this circumstance for the purpose of surprising gentlemen who, as whist-players, knew General Scott so long and so well, with the additional circumstance that during the whole voyage the General's equanimity was undisturbed—that not a word of reproof, nor even an impatient gesture, was heard or observed.

One evening after our rubber I said to the General, "There is one question I have often wished to ask you, but have been restrained by the fear that it might be improper." The General drew himself up, and said in his emphatic manner, "Sir, you are incapable of asking an improper question." I said, "You are very kind; but if my inquiry is indiscreet I am sure you will allow it to pass unanswered." "I hear you, Sir," he replied. "Well, then, General, did any thing remarkable happen to you on the morning of the battle of Chippewa?" After a brief but impressive silence he said, "Yes, Sir; something did happen to me—something very remarkable. I will now for the third time in my life relate the story:

"The 4th day of July, 1814, was one of extreme heat. On that day my brigade skirmished with a British force commanded by General Riall from an early hour in the morning till late in the afternoon. We had driven the enemy down the river some twelve miles to Street's Creek, near Chippewa, where we encamped for the night, our army occupying the west, while that of the enemy was encamped on the east side of the creek. After our tents had been pitched I observed a flag, borne by a man in peasant's dress, approaching my marquee. He brought a letter from a lady who occupied a large mansion on the opposite side of the creek, informing me that she was the wife of a member of Parliament, who was then at Quebec; that her children, servants, and a young lady friend were alone with her in the house; that General Riall had placed a sentinel before her door; and that she ventured, with great doubts of the propriety of the request, to ask that I would place a sentinel upon the bridge to protect her against stragglers from our camp. I assured the messenger that the lady's request should be complied with. Early the next morning the same messenger, bearing a white flag, reappeared with a note from the same lady, thanking me for the protection she had enjoyed, adding that, in acknowledgment of my civilities, she begged that I would, with such members of my staff as I chose to bring with me, accept the hospitalities of her house at a breakfast which had been prepared with considerable attention, and was quite ready. Acting upon an impulse which I have never been able to analyze or comprehend, I called two of my aids, Lieutenants Worth and Watts, and returned with the messenger to the mansion already indicated. We met our hostess at the door, who ushered us into the dining-room, where breakfast awaited us, and where the young lady previously referred to was already seated by the coffee-urn. Our hostess, asking to be excused for a few minutes, retired, and the young lady immediately served our coffee. Before we had broken our fast Lieutenant Watts rose from the table to get his bandana (that being before the days of napkins), which he had left in his cap on a

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side-table by the window, glancing through which he saw Indians approaching the house on one side, and red-coats approaching it on the other, with an evident purpose of surrounding it and us, and instantly exclaimed, 'General, we are betrayed!' Springing from the table and clearing the house, I saw our danger, and remembering Lord Chesterfield had said, 'Whatever it is proper to do, it is proper to do well,' and as we had to run, and my legs were longer than those of my companions, I soon outstripped them. As we made our escape we were fired at, but got across the bridge in safety.

"I felt so much shame and mortification at having so nearly fallen into a trap that I could scarcely fix my mind upon the duties which now demanded my undivided attention. I knew that I had committed a great indiscretion in accepting that singular invitation, and that if any disaster resulted from it I richly deserved to lose both my commission and my character. I constantly found myself wondering whether the lady really intended to betray us, or whether we had been accidentally observed. The question would recur even amidst the excitement of battle. Fortunately my presence and services in the field were not required until Generals Porter and Ripley had been engaged at intervals for several hours; so that when my brigade, with Towson's artillery, were ordered to cross Street's Creek my nerves and confidence had become measurably quieted and restored. I need not describe the battle of Chippewa. That belongs to and is part of the history of our country. It is sufficient to say that at the close of the day we were masters of the position, and that our arms were in no way discredited. The British army had fallen back, leaving their wounded in our possession. The mansion which I had visited in the morning was the largest house near, and to that the wounded officers in both armies were carried for surgical treatment. As soon as I could leave the field I went over to look after my wounded. I found the English officers lying on the first-floor, and our own on the floor above. I saw in the lower room the young lady whom I had met in the morning at the breakfast-table, her white dress all sprinkled with blood. She had been attending to the British wounded. On the second-floor, just as I was turning into the room where our officers were, I met my hostess.

"One glance at her was quite sufficient to answer the question which I had been asking myself all day. She *had* intended to betray me, and nothing but the accident of my aid rising for his handkerchief saved us from capture.

"Years afterward, in reflecting upon this incident, I was led to doubt whether I had not misconstrued her startled manner as I suddenly encountered her. That unexpected meeting would have occasioned embarrassment in either contingency; and it is so difficult to believe a lady of cultivation and refinement capable of such an act, that I am now, nearly half a century after the event, disposed to give my hostess the benefit of that doubt.

"And now, Sir," added the General, "this is the third time in my life I have told this story. I do not remember to have been spoken to before on the subject for many years." He looked at me, and seemed to be considering with himself a few moments, and then said: "Remembering your intimacy with General Worth, I need not inquire how you came to a knowledge of our secret."

"Well, General," I replied, "I have kept the secret faithfully for more than forty years, always hoping to obtain your own version of what struck me as a most remarkable incident in your military life."

We then chatted pleasantly about other incidents of the war of 1812. On remarking that when I saw him in September, 1812—then a major of artillery—he was at once the tallest and the slenderest person I had ever seen, he replied, "Yes, Sir; you recall a physical fact which to those who see me now must appear incredible; yet I remember that, in those days, the soldiers drew irreverent comparisons between their commanding officer and a ramrod or a bean-pole."

Our passage was a protracted one, during which I had long and frequent conversations with General Scott, from whom I derived much valuable information. He was, though physically infirm, in full possession of his intellectual faculties. We remained a day at Havre, for the purpose of accompanying him to Paris. The steamer which followed us from America brought the news of the taking of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Confederate commissioners, from the British vessel. This aroused a storm of official and popular indignation throughout England, with which the French press, if not the French government, sympathized. The Hon. Mr. Dayton invited Lieutenant-General Scott, Archbishop Hughes, Mr. John Bigelow (then our consul at Paris), and myself to his house for consultation. General Scott, then suffering from a fresh attack of gout, was unable to attend. In the hope of allaying the excitement which the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell had occasioned, it was deemed important that a letter from General Scott should immediately appear in the French and English journals. We all knew, however, that the General —then suffering acute pain, and his hand much swollen—was, physically at least, incapacitated. All knew how fastidiously careful the General was of his literary reputation, and how difficult it would be to induce him to adopt a line or a sentence not written by himself. But the emergency was so great that an effort had to be made, and the delicate and difficult duty of "belling the cat" was put upon me. Receiving my instructions in regard to the points to be presented in the proposed letter, I repaired, not without many misgivings, to the Hôtel Westminster, where I found the General suffering

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from rheumatic gout. He was much excited by the threats of war, and had already made up his mind to return home in the steamer which brought us to France, saying that, "old and infirm as he was, if England was to seize her opportunity to make war upon us, he could not, with his sense of duty and honor, remain abroad." He said that, in the event of a war, England would make the city of New York her first point of attack; that, in view of the importance of protecting our great commercial metropolis in such an emergency, he had matured a plan of operations insuring its safety; and that, if too infirm to take the field, he could and would save the city of New York.

After listening attentively to my message, he said that he concurred in the importance of the suggestion, and would promptly act upon it, if it were not a physical impossibility. I replied that, knowing how severely he was suffering, nothing but a matter which deeply concerned the welfare of a country that he had served so long and faithfully could have induced me to have preferred such a request; that on my way from the Legation it had occurred to me that if I could obtain from him in conversation his views of the points to be submitted, and an idea of the spirit and temper which the subject and occasion would inspire, they might be written out and submitted to him for revisal and correction. To this suggestion he cheerfully assented, and I took my leave, promising to return with the draft of the letter as soon as it could be prepared.

Meantime, in my absence, Mr. Bigelow had been at work diligently preparing a letter—a letter which, three hours afterward, I handed to General Scott, who read it first with absorbing interest, and again with critical attention. After expressing his warm approval of every sentiment, and his admiration of its style and tone, he attached his large, bold autograph to the letter, without making the slightest change even in the punctuation, in regard to which he was known to be particularly tenacious and sensitive. I returned to the Legation, where my friends were as much surprised as delighted with the success of an enterprise which they had deemed almost impossible. I departed immediately for London, and on the following day General Scott's letter appeared in the *Times*, *News*, *Star*, and *Telegraph*. Mr. Bigelow prepared copies for the leading journals of Paris. It was accepted abroad and at home as an able and well-timed appeal to the judgment, reason, and good sense of both countries, and reflects equal credit upon the ability of Mr. Bigelow and the patriotism of General Scott.

General Scott entered the army of the United States, as a captain of artillery, in 1808. His name became illustrious as early as 1814, while his subsequent career in our Florida, Black Hawk, and Mexican wars served to brighten and freshen the laurels won in early life. I remember, immediately after the conquest of Mexico, to have listened, with several other gentlemen, at the Astor House, to a most interesting account of the various battles that occurred between Vera Cruz and Mexico, from my friend Kendall, editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, who was attached to General Scott's staff. In the course of this narrative he spoke of General Scott from two stand-points. When the army was in repose, and some of the officers inclined to relax their discipline, and others to "lay around loose," General Scott was as strict and vigilant as when preparing for battle. Officers were required at all times to wear their uniforms and side-arms. This occasioned annoyance, and they not unfrequently applied the epithet of "Old Fuss and Feathers" to the commanding general. But, added Mr. Kendall, on all occasions of difficulty and danger all thoughts and eyes were turned toward headquarters. In preparing for battle, and while the conflict lasted, not only the orders but the gestures of General Scott were as anxiously listened to and observed as they were promptly and cheerfully obeyed. In battle, confidence in the wisdom of their general inspired officers and soldiers alike, and rendered the army invincible. Those who laughed at him while the sun was shining turned to him for safety amidst the thunders and lightning of battle. When we arrived at the capital, and General Scott announced his purpose to ride with his staff, in full uniform, through the principal streets of the city of the Montezumas, the generals of his army, fearing that he would be fired upon by persons in concealment, urged him, unavailingly however, to desist. Mr. Kendall added that that ride through the conquered capital of Mexico was a most imposing and impressive military pageant; General Scott, splendidly mounted, a few feet in front of the staff, with his towering person and tall plume attracting and reflecting back the rays of a bright sun, being the "observed of all observers."

Of the political episodes in General Scott's life I shall have occasion to speak in another chapter. Meantime it may be proper to say here that while, during the last six or seven years, other friends had frequently suggested and occasionally urged me to work up into a book the material, personal and political, which during a long and somewhat eventful life in subordinate positions had been accumulating, I never even mentally entertained the idea until stimulated by the following letter:

"New York, *April* 21, 1865.

"Dear Sir,—I read a little faster than I recovered vision. Your very interesting 'Letters from Europe' well deserve a place in every American library. This is my candid judgment, independent of the frequent mention in the book, with honor, of my name. Two paragraphs near the close of the book, describing your first entrance into New York, remind me of Franklin's entrance into Philadelphia, and excite the hope that you may favor the world with a full autobiography. I can not expect to live long enough to read the work, but you can give it the power of exciting thousands of smart boys to conquer difficulties in the career of distinguished usefulness.

"With great esteem, yours truly,

"Thurlow Weed." "Winfield Scott."

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ANNE FURNESS.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Veronica," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

THAT week was passed by mother and me in a sort of dizzy apprehension. I think mother's state of mind must have been like that of some panting, hunted creature, conscious of a swiftly coming doom. I used to see her watching the clock above the stable door, or the creeping shadows stealing over the garden, with strained eyes and blanched cheeks, as though she were counting the minutes. My birthday came and went without my thinking of it. But when I went to rest, I found a bunch of wild flowers on my pillow, wrapped in a paper on which was written, "God bless my dear child with many happy years."

Horsingham was full of strangers. It was a very "good race-week," the people said. There was no hint of our visiting the race-course. Father went there daily; but mother and I knew that the great die was to be cast on the Wednesday afternoon—the last day but one of the races.

The sunbeam that fell upon my eyes and woke me on that Wednesday morning seemed to pierce me like a sword. It is very dreadful to wake to a consciousness of care, and to tremble at the thought of what we must do and suffer when we shall have left the shelter of our bed. I have never wondered at unfortunate and unhappy people growing to be sluggards. When a wintry, arctic world awaits us without, it is natural to cling to the dull, warm, stupefying atmosphere of even an Esquimaux hut.

At about twelve o'clock my father made his appearance down stairs. The table was spread for his solitary breakfast—mother and I had had ours hours before—but he could scarcely eat any thing. He called for some beer, and drank off a tumbler of the foaming liquor feverishly. He kept glancing out of the window at the sky. It was a bright, warm day; but mother happening to mention that there had been some heavy showers in the night, he asked, quickly, was the ground soft? And presently went out and looked at the lawn, and put his foot on it to feel whether the earth were soaked.

At last the time came for him to set off.

Flower brought the gig round to the hall door, and stood at the horse's head while my father was taking leave of us. It was a very slight and short farewell. He scarcely spoke a word. He had been silent all the morning.

"Anne, will you give me that other driving-glove from the hall table? Thank you. Good-by, Lucy. Give him his head, Flower."

He was gone. He had just kissed mother's forehead, jumped into the gig, and driven off very fast without once looking round.

I turned to take mother's hand. She pressed mine fondly, but did not speak, and hurried away to her own room with averted head. In a moment I heard the door shut and locked on the inside.

I could neither read, nor sew, nor sit still and idle in the silent house. I threw a broad hat on, and went out into the sunny garden. But I had not been there many minutes before I longed for the shade and shelter of the house again. An unreasoning fit of fear took hold on me that I should see or hear something from the race-course. There were voices in the road, of the throngs of people making for Horsingham; and the sound of them came in faint wafts to my ears, for they were a long way off. But I could not bear the tones in which my nervous fancy conjured up words and sentences about the great race. So I came back quietly to the house, and threw my hat off, and sank down, hot and panting, on a couch in the morning-room. And there I staid, half sitting, half reclining, with my arms folded on the square, old-fashioned pillow, and my head resting on my arms, hiding my face, and shutting out light and sound. And so at last I fell asleep. At first it was an uneasy doze; but I courted it, and remained as still as might be, trying neither to fear, nor to hope, nor to think, but to lull my mind into inaction; and so gradually, being young and healthy and weary, I sank into a deep, soft, dreamless slumber.

I was awakened by an agitated voice in my ear.

"Anne! Dear Anne! Are you not well? What is the matter?"

My first thought on waking was that it had been selfish of me to sleep there while mother was wrestling with anxiety and heart-sickening apprehension. I raised my head, and my eyes encountered Donald Ayrlie's. He was bending over me, with a perplexed face.

"No, no," said I, hastily pushing my hair back from my flushed face. "I am quite well; but I—I could not read, and I was so tired, and the heat— I fell asleep."

"You look like the little Nancy who sat on Doctor Hewson's knee, and cried when I went away to school," said Donald, sitting down beside me, taking my hand, and looking with an inexpressible tenderness into my face. And then in a minute—I can not tell how or in what words it was conveyed—I knew that he loved me, and that he was asking me to be his wife. Two hours before I should have denied that I was aware of this feeling in him, and not denied untruly; but now that the words were spoken, it seemed to me that I had always known it; and when he said, "Anne you must have seen how dearly I love you—I think I have loved you ever since we were children together"—I could utter no words of denial. I knew that I should be subjecting myself to an

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accusation of heartlessness and coquetry if I tacitly admitted that I had seen his love, and carelessly let it ripen, and then were to reject it after all. And at that moment hope and happiness were so out of tune with the dolorous strain of the life around me, that it seemed impossible to welcome them selfishly; and yet, for the life of me, I could not say a word.

"You did know it, Anne? It has seemed to me often as if any words of mine were needless to tell you how dear you are to me; and I have hoped that—that you felt this too. Won't you say a word, dearest?"

At this moment my mother opened the door, and stood looking at us. The contrast between her sorrow-worn face and Donald's, all aglow with hope and youth, brought the hot tears to my eyes. I ran to her, and hid my face on her shoulder, crying,

"No, no; don't ask me. I can not, I can not."

If I could not make mother happy, I would be sorry with her. That was no time to bask in the sunshine of joyful love.

I sobbed bitterly, and without thinking of giving myself any account of my emotion. But now I believe—I know—that I was pitying myself for renouncing his true love more than I pitied Donald. And yet I was sorry for him from my heart. Truly I had the most claim to pity, for I was never so blind as not to know him for better, stronger, nobler than I. He lost a slighter thing in losing me than I renounced in turning away from him.

A hasty word or two explained the scene to my mother. She had been startled at first with the dread that Donald was the bearer of ill news from the race-course.

"Have *you* no word to say to me, Mrs. Furness?" asked Donald, looking at my mother. He was quite pale now, and the light had gone out of his face.

Mother was greatly agitated. She loved Donald with a true affection. But she had lost her nerve and the mild self-possession that had once made all her words ring full and true like sterling coin. She trembled and stammered, holding me circled in one arm, and nervously stroking my hair with the other hand, as I kept my face still hidden on her shoulder.

"Oh, Donald, what shall I say to you? I can not at this moment urge Anne to accept your suit. It would not be just. It would not—I fear it would be dishonorable. I—I— Do not press it now, dear Donald, I implore you."

I well understood that mother was thinking that it would be neither just nor honorable to tie Donald's lot to that of a girl whose father might be at that moment an utterly ruined and—worse, far worse—a *disgraced* man. But he took her words differently.

"I shall not urge her, Mrs. Furness, be very sure. Although it were my life I was begging of her, I could not take it from a grudging hand. *If* it were my life! It is more to me than the mere right to go on living. If Anne had loved me—"

He stopped as if the words choked him, and there was a moment's absolute dead silence, which seemed to last an hour. Then he proceeded—

"Let her do that which is 'just' and 'honorable.' I am sure she will. I wish her happy. There is no one to blame. I have been a fool, and believed what I wished."

"Donald, don't go so! Stay a moment—let me say a word!" cried mother, releasing me from her arms, and making a step forward.

"I can not. For God's sake don't stop me! Let me go into the air. I shall—die—if—I stay here."

I looked up at hearing the broken tones of his voice and his labored breathing. His chest was heaving as though it would burst. He struggled hard to command himself. As he ran out of the room I rushed to the window, and followed him with my eyes; and before he reached the bottom of the garden I saw him lean his forehead against a tree, and burst into a passion of convulsive sobs.

The sun sank and sank. The sounds of clattering hoofs and trampling feet and rolling wheels, and loud, boisterous, whooping voices, began to be heard from the road. Our meal remained almost untasted on the table. Mother and I sat hand in hand, and gradually ceased all poor pretense of encouraging each other by words, and sank into silence. And thus we waited, waited, waited in the darkening room.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was quite dark before we heard the sound of wheels upon the gravel of the drive. The maid had brought the lamp into the room, but mother had bidden her shade it, and leave it on a side-table. We kept the windows open, partly because it was a close, sultry night, and partly that we might hear the sound of the gig's approach. A large, weird-looking moth flew in and fluttered and wheeled about the light, and, striking itself now and then against the glass globe, made a sound at which we started, and our pulses throbbed painfully. There was no other sound. Not a twig moved in the garden. The noises had died away in the road. There was, doubtless, some roistering mirth rife in Horsingham, but out there in the country all was brooding heat, darkness, and silence.

"Can you not catch the foolish creature?" said my mother, nervously twitching the fingers I held in mine, as the moth struck itself against the lamp with a dull thud. "It will be scorched. Put it out into the air."

Mother spoke almost in a whisper. I rose to obey her, trying to catch the insect in my handkerchief, when at that moment we heard the sound of wheels.

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"Anne, he is coming!" said mother, very faintly. Her face was ashy pale, and she leaned back on the sofa like one in mortal sickness.

It seems strange to me now to remember that before I ran to her I carefully enveloped the moth, with a sudden stealthy movement, in my handkerchief, carried him to the window, and shook him out into an unseen odorous garden-bed.

"Shall I go to the door?" I asked, standing close by my mother, but not touching her, and clasping my hands tightly together.

"Let Sarah open the door. He might be vexed at your going."

There was a short pause, more intolerable, as it seemed at the moment, than all the hours of waiting we had gone through, before the door-bolts were withdrawn. Then we heard voices, the stamping of hoofs, and Flower crying, angrily, "Woa then! We-e-y, lass! Damn thee, can't thee stand still half a second, thou cursed fidgety brute, thou!" And then a long string of muttered oaths and blasphemies, which died away, mingled with the noise of the vehicle being driven round to the stable-yard.

Footsteps came heavily along the hall, and the door of the room in which we were was flung roughly open.

"Thank God, you've got home all safe, darling George! I was beginning to be almost weary," exclaimed my mother. She spoke quite strongly, even cheerfully, and advanced toward my father, and put her hand on his shoulder. In her great pity and undying love for him she found strength to show him a brave, bright face in the first moment of his return. Let fate do its worst, he should have nothing but comfort from *her*. But my father seemed scarcely conscious of her voice or of her touch. He stumbled strangely, and fell heavily into a chair.

Gervase Lacer had entered with him, and his eyes met mine as I looked up at him in surprise at father's demeanor and aspect; but he glanced away, and did not support my gaze for an instant.

"I think," he said, hurriedly, "that you might as well send the servant-girl to bed. She can't do any good. Get her out of the way."

Then the truth flashed upon me that my father was intoxicated. I had never seen him so before in all my life. I glanced at mother, and saw in the anguish of her white face that she perceived it also.

"Lucy," muttered father, in a thick voice, and taking her hand in his, "you mustn't be cast down, my girl! Lucy—there's—there's been foul play. Damned foul play. But Whiffles, Lucy—Whiffles is a trump. We shall—we shall smash 'em next time. I have friends. Lacer is my friend. Whiffles is my friend. Lucy—h'sh! it's a secret. The bay colt 'll astonish them yet. Ha, ha, ha!"

He burst into a discordant laugh which made us shiver. Then all at once his heavy eyes became aware of me—they had rested on me before, but apparently without seeing me—and he said, still in the same thick tones, but with an altered manner, "Take her away, Lucy! Take the child away! She—she mustn't see this."

But all the while he held his wife's hand in one of his; and with the other he presently began to loosen his cravat, tearing it off with uncertain, helpless fingers. By-and-by his head drooped forward on his arms, which rested on the table in front of him—he still holding mother's hand, and drawing her down until she knelt on the floor beside him, although he continued to murmur, "Go away, and take the child, Lucy. Take the child. She mustn't see this." But soon his fingers relaxed their hold, and released her, and he fell into a stupor rather than a sleep.

None of us spoke a word until his heavy breathing had lasted some minutes. Then Mr. Lacer whispered to me once more to send the girl to bed. I went into the kitchen to dismiss her, and found her nodding and blinking sleepily beside a flaring candle. She was thankful to be allowed to go to bed. She had not bolted the kitchen door, Flower not having yet returned from putting the mare up in the stable. I told her that I would see to the fastenings of the house, and dismissed her up stairs.

When I went back into the sitting-room I found that father was partially aroused from his sleep, although he was far from being in full possession of his consciousness.

Mother's face looked rigid as stone, and her eyes unnaturally bright. Her force and courage amazed me. She spoke in a firm, steady voice.

"George, dearest, you must go to rest. We will talk together in the morning. We are all tired now. It is late."

"Lacer," stammered my father, letting his clenched fist fall heavily on the table—"Lacer—you're my friend. Are you or are you not my friend? Will you back the—the bay colt, to run against the field—the *field*, I say! Every horse! Every jockey—cursed swindlers! We'll—we'll *train a jockey ourselves*. H'sh! Wait a while! H'sh, h'sh, h'sh! It's a secret. But if the bay colt doesn't smash them all—you may poison him! Ha, ha, ha! you may poison—no, you may poison *me*, my boy! That would be the best. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

Again came that dreadful drunken laugh, which this time ended in a hoarse gasp; and he tore his shirt open as though he were choking. Then looking at me with a strange, vacant stare, he mumbled out once more, "Take away the child, Lucy. Take—take her away. She mustn't see this;" and then dropped his head again, hiding his face on his folded arms.

At a sign from mother I withdrew into a distant part of the room, standing behind my father, so that he could not see me. Then she

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bent over him and kissed his hair—the once bright curling hair she had been so proud of, now grizzled and dank and tangled and uncared for—and coaxed him and prayed him to be comforted and go to his rest.

"Come, Furness! Do as your wife wishes," said Mr. Lacer, taking hold of father's arm. Mr. Lacer's voice roused him somewhat. He made an effort to raise his head and steady himself.

"My wife!" he cried. "A good wife, Lacer! An angel! The sweetest woman—the sweetest woman in the world, I say! Poor Lucy! my poor girl!"

Here he began to moan weakly, and fell into a fit of sobbing, although only a few stray tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. Mother ran to take his hand, and kiss it; but he pushed her from him with the action of a peevish child, and murmuring that no one cared for him; that he was alone; that he had done all for others, and that they never believed him, never had any confidence in him; and alternately calling all men to witness that his luck had been infernal, and chuckling over the sure success of a new project which must be kept secret—secret as the grave—he gradually suffered Mr. Lacer to lead him to his chamber.

Mother sat quite still, with her two hands pressed upon her temples, staring blankly out into the darkness. I did not dare to speak to her. I scarcely dared to breathe or move. A strange feeling was upon me, which made me dread to break the stillness; a feeling as of a climber on a steep precipice, whom a panic fear suddenly unnerves, and who, incapable of making a step backward or forward, clings with clenched hands to the spot whereon he finds himself. So we remained silent until Mr. Lacer came back.

"He is asleep," he said, seating himself with his face in shadow, and leaning his head upon his hand. "He fell asleep immediately."

There was a pause.

"I need not ask—I will spare you the pain of trying to break it to me. Every thing is lost," said my mother, in a low voice.

"Every thing."

"I knew it."

But although she had, in truth, anticipated his answer, it gave her a blow when it came. Hope strikes many fibrous roots into the heart; and I think mother had scarcely known that any still lurked in hers, until she learned it by the pain of having it torn out.

Mr. Lacer began trying to explain to us how it had come to pass that the race had been so disastrous for father. I gathered little from his explanation beyond the fact that there had been fraud, and lying, and swindling; tampering with trusted agents, bribing, spying, villainy. "Our" horse had been beaten. But even that would not have involved utter ruin, if the favorite had won. "At the last moment I got Furness to hedge, so as to save something out of the fire, if only that cursed beast had got first to the winning-post." But the favorite too had been ignominiously beaten. Accusations of foul play had been in every mouth. The horses had returned to weigh in, surrounded by a mob of yelling and infuriated ruffians. One man had been roughly handled, and only escaped worse injury—perhaps death—by the protection of a gang of hired pugilists, with whom he had providently surrounded himself. There had been a fearful uproar, and one that was remembered in Horsingham for many a year afterward.

Mr. Lacer grew heated at the recollection of the scene. More than one deep, angry curse had escaped him, when mother shudderingly put up her hand to stop him. He ceased speaking on her gesture. But after a second or two he said, excitedly, "You know, Mrs. Furness, how I feel for you. I do, on my soul! But you must forgive me if I don't stop to pick my words like a young lady. *I* have been badly hit, too. This has been a black day for me."

"You too!" cried mother. Then she made a moan, wringing her hands, and murmuring, "What a curse this is! what a curse!" and rocking herself backward and forward.

Then—for he was genuinely sorry for her—he took back his words in a measure, and tried to comfort her. Though things were bad, they were, perhaps, not so desperate after all! For himself, he should tide over it. And Furness—if Furness could only get away out of the place—clean away—good luck might come back to him. She (mother) must be firm. *All* was not lost, so long as she was stanch.

Mother was walking up and down the room, with her hands again pressed to her temples, and made no answer. I doubt whether she heard what Mr. Lacer was saying. Then he turned to me, and spoke very earnestly, and said that I, too, must be firm, and not yield to the pressure of misfortune which might be frightened away by a brave front. Weak yielding never did any good. He insisted much on the necessity of our being *firm*. I did not understand the full purport of his words until afterward.

"Why did you let George drink?" said mother, stopping all at once with a strange sudden flash of anger, and disregarding what Mr. Lacer was saying to me. "You might, at least, have let him come home to us in his senses! Am I to have *that* horror? It would be the worst of all. I would rather beg barefoot by his side than see him degraded in that way. You don't know what George was. You have never seen him at his best, as *we* knew him. Such a frank, upright, manly nature! I thought my heart would break when I found—" She ceased, unwilling to finish her sentence, and walked wildly up and down the room again.

Gervase Lacer looked startled at first by this outburst, but he answered with a gentleness and forbearance that moved me. He assured mother that he had had no power to prevent her husband from drinking. A knot of men had gathered round him, losers like himself. Fur-

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ness had been so excited and upset by the whole scene on the race-course that he scarcely seemed to know what he was doing.

"I could not get him away from them, Mrs. Furness," he said. "How was it possible that I should have done so? But I stuck by him. I was determined not to leave him until he was safe at home. And God knows I dreaded facing you and Anne. But I thought I was acting a friend's part. I could do no more."

Mother gave him her hand, and piteously begged his pardon. "I'm half distracted, I think," she said. "But to see George in that state— You don't know what it is to me. No poverty could be so bitter, nor half so bitter. I have always been so—so—proud of him!"

Her lips trembled, and she burst into tears. It was almost a relief to see them. Her dry-eyed misery had been terrible to me. I signed to Mr. Lacer not to speak, and he stood watching her uneasily, as she sobbed with her face hidden in her hands. I did not approach her. I felt that it was best to refrain from speech at that moment. There was not antagonism, but division between us. Mother knew with her quick instinct of affection that even while I pitied my father—and God knows that I did pity him—I felt resentment against him at sight of her suffering. It was so. I could not help the feeling.

I had not forgotten that I had undertaken to see to the fastenings of the house. The kitchen door had been left open, and there was no reliance to be placed on Flower. In all likelihood he had come home in a state of drunkenness, as was his wont—a state in which, however, he seemed always to possess a mechanical power of attending to his stable duties. Flower had never been known to neglect a horse, father was accustomed to boast in speaking of the man.

I explained my errand in a word or two, and taking up a small lamp which had been left burning in the hall, I made for the kitchen.

In a moment I heard Mr. Lacer's footsteps following me, and I stopped, and turned, and bade him go back; I was not frightened. He pressed on after me, however, saying that it was not safe to let me do such an office alone at that late hour. I made no further remonstrance, but went straight into the kitchen, being bent on getting my errand accomplished as quickly as might me. The large, stone-flagged kitchen was empty and silent. All was undisturbed there. But the door, as I had conjectured to be likely, was left unbarred.

"Flower has gone to bed, and thought or cared nothing about the safety of the house," I said, bending down and using all my strength to move the heavy bolt that grated dolefully through the silent house. But Mr. Lacer bade me let him do it, and took my hand to remove it from the bolt, as I thought; but on a sudden he stooped, and kissed my fingers lightly—almost timidly.

I turned on him, drawn to my full eight, startled and flushed and indignant.

"Please to fasten the door, or let me do it. I must return to my mother."

Then he burst out with a kind of suppressed vehemence, clasping his hands tightly together with the action of one forcibly restraining himself from demonstrative gestures.

"Anne, don't be angry with me! You can't suppose I meant to offend you? I would die sooner than offend you. But I must say now what is in my heart—"

"No, no! Say no more! *Pray* say no more!"

"I *must* speak, Anne. I do not ask for an answer at this moment. But I can not leave you to-night without telling you that—that nothing can alter my love for you. Oh, Anne, if you would give me the right to love and cherish you, I would devote my life to making you happy."

Now that he had spoken, I felt strangely self-possessed. My agitation seemed to have fled. I answered him with a tremor in my voice, but scarcely any at my heart. "This is no time to speak of—of love to me. I can think only of *them*. You must know that it is so—must be so! I am not ungrateful. But you, too, are excited and unstrung. You are speaking from overwrought feeling—sympathy."

"Oh, stop, for God's sake! I can't bear that!" he cried, starting back from me as if I had stung him.

"I do not mean to hurt you, indeed! It would be heartless and ungrateful beyond measure. But I know that I ought not to accept seriously what you say now in a generous impulse of pity."

Again he interrupted me, this time gripping my wrist until the pressure of his fingers hurt me.

"I tell you I can't bear it, Anne! Don't, for God's sake, talk of my—*my* generosity!"

After a moment's pause he resumed more calmly, "I love you better than I ever did or shall love any mortal woman. Believe that, Anne, whatever happens. If I had known you sooner— But it is not too late. It shall not be too late. Cast in your lot with me, Anne. We are in the same boat."

"Nay! *Our* boat has made shipwreck. Keep out of it."

"I tell you, Anne, that we will sink or swim together."

He tried to take my hand again, but I drew back.

"You are not angry, Anne?" he said.

"Angry! No; I am not angry. I feel that it is generous of you to come forward at this moment of trouble and misery."

"I could not leave you to-night, dearest, without telling you that all the trouble only makes you dearer to me. I held my tongue while you were the prosperous heiress of Water-Eardley. But *now* I can speak without my sincerity and disinterestedness being suspected."

This jarred on me. I wished he had not said it. "Pray," said I, "let us speak no more of

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this to-night. Let me go to mother. She is, and ought to be, my first consideration."

"But *you* are mine, Anne! First and best and dearest. There, I will not try to detain you. I will press for no answer now. I have eased my heart by speaking. Think of me a little kindly if you can."

We returned to the sitting-room, where mother was standing at the open window.

"How close and heavy it is!" she murmured, without turning her head, as she heard us enter. "Not a breath stirring! Is the house secured?"

We told her that it was so. And then Mr. Lacer took his leave.

"You must walk? It is late. You have no apprehension? Our road is generally safe enough. But at this time—"

"Apprehension? None whatever. People will be about all night long. And, though it is late for Water-Eardley, it is really not such a terrible hour. It wants half an hour to midnight. God bless you, Mrs. Furness! I will be here betimes in the morning."

He went away into the sultry darkness.

I was so weary that I thought I must fall asleep the instant my head touched the pillow. But as soon as I was in my bed I was haunted and haunted by troops of thoughts and fears and fancies that rushed through my brain and broke my rest.

Only as the dawn began to glimmer through my window did I fall asleep. And I woke with a violent start, as if I had been struck, when the sun was high.

CHAPTER XXXII.

I WAS first in the breakfast-room; but mother presently stole down stairs, white and noiseless as a ghost.

"Your father is asleep," she said, almost in a whisper, although his room was far out of ear-shot. "I have no heart to disturb him. It is better that he should sleep."

In truth, we both dreaded the moment when, awaking from the heavy stupor that steeped him in forgetfulness, he should live to the full consciousness of all that had happened yesterday.

I persuaded mother to take some tea. For a long time she refused to attempt to eat, saying that she felt as if food would choke her. But I finally succeeded in getting her to swallow a few mouthfuls, on the plea that if she broke down and fell ill it would be an overwhelming blow for father. I told her, as we sat at the breakfast-table, what Gervase Lacer had said to me last night. She leaned her head on her hand, and looked at me thoughtfully. "I expected this," she said. "What answer did you make him?"

"I told him that I could make him none at that time, mother," I replied, casting down my eyes under her gaze.

"Do you love him, Anne?"

"Love him! I—I—don't know, mother."

"My darling, I have watched him closely, and I am afraid—afraid that he is not good enough for my Anne."

"Oh, mother!"

"It is not foolish mother's fondness that makes me say so, nor any prejudice against Gervase. I like him. He is genial and kind—"

"I am sure, mother," I broke in, "that we have reason to like him, and to be grateful to him."

She made no answer.

"Is it not generous and noble on his part to ask me to be his wife at the very moment when—when loss and trouble have fallen upon us?"

"Do you think he is the only one that could be so generous? Love does not reckon and balance in that way."

"I can not be insensible or unmoved by it, mother."

"That is pity and gratitude. Gervase is too chameleon-like. He has no holdfast in himself. He takes his colors from those he is with, and sways backward and forward weakly."

"He has been steadfast enough to father," I said, with a little touch of indignation; for I thought she was hard on Gervase.

"Against what temptation to be otherwise? His is just the nature to flatter itself that it is devoted to friendship at the very moment it is simply following the current of its own inclinations. But I will not vex you, my child. If you loved him indeed—"

She stopped and returned my glance with a wan half smile. "No, Anne; you do not love him. Ah, no, no, no! If you loved him, I should be anxious and uneasy. Many things would conspire to make me so—things that I am only now beginning to see in their true light. But as it is—hard! Was that your father's bell? Is he stirring yet?"

Mother glided out of the room and up the stairs with a light, stealthy tread.

The idea of my father's waking, and all that it involved, came to banish, in a measure, the thoughts called up by the conversation that had just come to an end. They remained in abeyance, as it were. I listened breathlessly for a long time. There was no sound to be heard up stairs. Mother must have been mistaken, I thought. I stole up to the door of my parents' chamber. It was open, and I entered softly. Father was up and dressed, sitting by a little table on which he leaned his elbows, while his face was hidden in his hands. A cup of tea stood untasted beside him. Mother was bending over him, with her hand upon his head. She looked up as I entered, but said no word.

Presently my father groaned aloud. "Go away and leave me, Lucy. I am a wretch. You can never forgive me. You must hate me."

"Oh, George, if you knew what a knife you

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plunge into my heart when you say so! Though I know, darling, you don't mean it—yet I can not bear to hear the words."

"I do mean it. You must hate me. You ought to hate me."

"Hate you, my own one! Oh, George, George! if I could hate you, whom should I love?"

"Those who have done you good, and not evil—who have not ruined and disgraced you and your child—your father." And he groaned again in his misery. It was the first time that he had voluntarily mentioned my grandfather for many a long day, and I noted it.

"You know, George," returned mother, with a quiet air of conviction, "that you are the first and dearest in the world to me. It would be late in the day for you to begin to doubt that, or for me to protest it."

"So much the worse for you, my poor girl! So much the worse—so much the worse."

Mother took up the cup and offered it to his parched lips. "Take some tea, dear George," she said. "It will do you good."

He turned away with a gesture of disgust. "Pah!" he exclaimed; "I can't touch it. I can't touch any thing, unless— Get me some brandy." He saw me standing hesitatingly just within the door, as he turned his head away from the cup mother was proffering to him, and fixed a haggard gaze on me.

What a face it was that I saw! White, with burning eyes and stubbly beard, and wild, unkempt hair! Father seemed to have grown ten years older since yesterday.

"Is that you, Anne?" he said, hoarsely. "Poor lass! It is a hard thing to have to be ashamed of thy father."

"Ashamed!" echoed my mother, fixing a kindling eye on me as though to prompt me to protest against the word. But I was tongue-tied. I *could* not utter a syllable.

"Ay, Lucy, ashamed. The girl would fain tell a lie and deny it, but she can not. You may thank God for that, Lucy. I mind the time when *I* could not have told a lie to save my life. Oh-h-h!"

He uttered a long-drawn, quivering sigh, partly extorted by bodily pain; for as he closed his heavy eyelids and pressed his hands to his brow, it was easy to see that he was suffering from a racking headache.

"Won't you try to take any thing, my darling?" said mother, in a coaxing tone. "And let me bathe your forehead. There—so. That's my own dear. Poor, burning forehead!"

She drew his head on to her breast as if he had been a child, and steeped her handkerchief in some sweet waters and laid it on his brow. Father remained passive for a second or two. Then his broad, strong chest began to heave, and the great veins stood out on his forehead like cords, and he burst into a terrible passion of tears. Terrible it was—very terrible to me, to see the powerful man's frame gasping and struggling, and to hear his laboring sobs.

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy, you are an angel from heaven! Oh, my poor, gentle Lucy! I—shall—die," he said, in a hoarse whisper, and drawing a long gasping breath between every two or three words.

Mother made a sign for me to go away. As I closed the door I saw her kneel down on the floor and put her arms round my father, and I heard the murmur of her voice lavishing every fond and loving epithet upon him she could think of, and beseeching him to be comforted.

Down stairs I found Mr. Lacer, who had just arrived. He asked for my father, and how Mrs. Furness was this morning, in nearly his ordinary tone. Then he looked at me wistfully, and said:

"How I wish, my dearest, that it were any comfort to you to know that I love you better than all the world besides! That your happiness and welfare are the dearest wish of my heart! Well, Anne, I will say no more at this moment if it distresses you. But—you will owe me some kindness for my patience, Anne? Throw me a crumb or two of hope to live on, won't you? Not even a kind look?"

This tone was distasteful to me. And as I felt that it was so—as I shrank away from the hand he stretched forth to take mine, mother's words came into my head: "You don't love him, Anne. Ah, no, no, no!" I own to a perverse vexation on remembering them. I was unreasonable, irritable, and altogether out of tune. But I made a struggle to conceal, if I could not overcome, the feeling.

Mr. Lacer began to move restlessly about the room. Now looking out of the window into the flower-garden; now idly fluttering the leaves of some books of prints that lay on the side-table. Where was my father? Was he not coming down? A headache? Well, some soda-water and brandy would cure that, and the fresh air; or, if not cured, it must be endured. Time was precious, and the morning was slipping away.

"What is there to be done that is so pressing? Must my father go into Horsingham?" I asked.

"Yes, yes; he must go, of course. And so must I. I have appointments with—several people. And this is the last race-day, and the Horsingham Plate will be run for at three—" Mr. Lacer checked himself, and turned away abruptly to the window.

"Oh, you are not going—father is not going again to that dreadful race-course?"

"I don't suppose Furness need show there."

"But you? Are you going?"

"I *must!*" he answered, sharply, and with an impatient frown on his face.

A week ago I should have remonstrated against this resolution. Now I felt it was impossible for me to assume any privilege of intimate friendship with Gervase Lacer. His sternness displeased me less than his tenderness. And again mother's words rang in my ears: "You do not love him, Anne. Ah, no, no, no!"

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"I wish," said I, after a minute's pause, "that grandfather were here."

Gervase turned quickly, and asked, with eagerness, "Has Doctor Hewson been here? When did you see him last?"

"He has not been at Water-Eardley for many weeks. Mother spoke of sending for him. But she feared it might displease my father if she did so without consulting him. And now, less than ever, would she dream of disregarding father's wishes. So she waited until she should be able to ask him about it, and hear what he would say."

"She was right. She was quite right."

"I should like grandfather to be at hand on *her* account. But self is her last consideration always."

"I trust that I should wish that which was best for her and you. But—I have no reason to desire Doctor Hewson's presence for my own sake."

"You? Why not?"

"He is an enemy of mine—or, at least, no friend."

I was taken by surprise, and felt that I flushed and stammered as I tried to combat this assertion. I had a secret conviction that it was true, although I could not in the least tell how I had arrived at the conviction.

"I do not think grandfather ever saw you in his life. How can he be your enemy? *Enemy!* Grandfather is too just and too sensible to entertain a baseless prejudice. And why should he be prejudiced against one who—who has shown such friendship for my parents?"

"H'm!" muttered Mr. Lacer, with closed lips, and tapping his foot impatiently on the floor. "But did it never strike you, Anne, that Doctor Hewson might not be disposed to like one who cherished a warmer feeling than friendship for your parents' daughter?"

"How could he know—?" I began, hastily, and left my sentence unfinished.

"Ha! Then you think that if he *did* know he would not approve? So think I. You need not try to deny it, Anne. It is no news to me."

"But—"

"And as to knowing—why, do you suppose all Horsingham does not know that I am your suitor?"

"All Horsingham," I answered, coldly, "concerns itself very little with me or my affairs, I am confident." But though I spoke coldly, my heart was throbbing painfully, and I felt some hot tears well up into my eyes. All my shy pride was in arms at the idea thus abruptly presented to me of having furnished food for vulgar gossip, and of my name having been bandied from mouth to mouth accompanied by comments and speculations and suppositions, whereof the most good-natured would have been humiliating in my eyes. I do not justify this over-sensitive pride. I merely faithfully record it.

I think he perceived that he had vexed me, for he said that he would go round to the stable-yard and hasten Flower in putting the horse into the gig, and by the time the vehicle was ready he supposed that father also would be ready to accompany him to Horsingham. And so left me.

Presently my father and mother came down stairs. Father was ready to go, he said. The servant had brought him word that Mr. Lacer was waiting for him. But in a very few minutes Mr. Lacer came hurrying into the house declaring that he could not find Flower, and that the two women-servants said they had not seen him that morning.

Father was sitting huddled together on the sofa, holding his hat in his hand. He scarcely raised his eyes at Mr. Lacer's intelligence.

"Is the mare in the stable?" asked my mother. Yes; the mare was safe in the stable, but Flower was nowhere to be seen.

"It's my belief the fellow has bolted," exclaimed Mr. Lacer. Father muttered something about a falling house, and the rats flying from it; but neither rose nor moved.

"Well, what is to be done? We must get into Horsingham somehow," cried Mr. Lacer, after standing irresolutely for a few seconds looking from one to the other. "If you will tell me where to find the harness, I'll put the horse into the gig myself."

"Is it absolutely necessary that you should go to Horsingham this morning?" I asked.

Mr. Lacer looked at my father as though expecting him to answer. But as father remained passive in the same bowed, despondent attitude, Mr. Lacer replied himself, with some heat, "I have told you that it is absolutely necessary for *me*. As to Furness, he must do as he pleases. But I should think there can be no doubt about his having to show. I took it for granted. I came out here on purpose to accompany him to town. *You* can tell Mrs. Furness and your daughter whether or not you ought to go, can't you?" he added, turning to my father with an impatient shrug. I felt that his impatience was justified. After all, he was here on our business—to serve us.

"I *must* go," said father, rising up from the sofa. He followed Mr. Lacer slowly from the room.

"George—George, darling! say 'good-by!'" cried my mother from the window, as the two men passed through the garden on their way to the stable-yard. Father stopped, turned, hesitated. Mother held out an imploring hand to him, and he came straight up to the open window, raised his tall figure to its full height, and, taking mother in his arms, pressed his lips to her forehead.

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy," he murmured, "how much better for you, my poor, dear lass, if this was the last 'good-by,' and you could be quit of me!"

He was gone before she could say a word. Mother's face was blanched to a deadlier white than it had worn that morning; and as she withdrew her head into the room again she shivered from head to foot, although the hot

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sunshine had been pouring its rays directly upon her.

I stole up to her side and took her hand. She returned the pressure of mine, but we did not speak for some time. There was still that shade between us to which I have alluded; for although it had never for a moment entered my thoughts to utter a reproach against my father, she knew that reproaches were in my heart—that my yearning compassion for her almost implied a reproach to him who had caused her so to suffer. This same slight shade between us had not been lessened by our conversation about Gervase Lacer. It seemed to me that mother's devotion to her husband made her unjust toward her husband's friend, and that she accepted Gervase's good offices with scant gratitude.

"Do you know what father has been obliged to go to Horsingham for, mother dear?" I asked at length.

"To meet the men who have claims on him," she answered, briefly.

"The—the tradesmen?"

"No, no, child—the men he has lost money to. My poor darling—my poor George! He who was afraid to look no man in the face. And now— He dreaded meeting these people so. He told me that he was going with a feeling of death at his heart."

"But he will be able to meet these claims?"

"If we sell the clothes off our backs, they shall be met! Surely there is property enough here to suffice. I told him that there is no sacrifice we will shrink from to save him from disgrace and humiliation. We will blot out the past—and forget it."

"And then, mother dearest, if we go away to some distant place, and begin life anew—"

"Yes, yes; that is what I told him. I begged him to look *forward*. You would not repine, my Anne?"

"I should thank God with all my heart for any change that promised you peace of mind."

"And peace of mind for father. You must pray God for dear father."

"And for dear father."

"That's my precious treasure!" cried mother, throwing her arms around me and pressing me to her breast. "Poor, dear, dear father! He loves you so, Anne. You were always his pet from a baby. He thought more of you than of any of the little ones that were born before you—more even than of our blessed little Harold. Do you know, Anne, that he wears a little flaxen lock of hair, like the down of a wee yellow fledgeling, that was cut off your head when you were two years old; and now look at the thick dark brown tresses! Well, father wears that flaxen baby hair in a little plain locket on his breast. He is so proud of you, Anne; and it would break his heart to believe that you no longer loved him."

The tears were pouring down her cheeks. But the constraint which had fettered her tongue was broken, and she talked, and wept, and eased her poor aching heart. And after a while she grew very calm, and I saw with thankfulness that her face had quite lost the rigid, stony look it had worn since last night.

"And will you not send to grandfather?" I asked. "Did you speak to father about doing so?"

"Yes; I said a few words. George had a confused idea that he had heard that my father was absent from Horsingham. But I will write to him. After to-day, when your father is more settled, he will meet your grandfather, and talk with him."

Then I coaxed mother to take a little stroll with me in the shade of the trees by the river-side meadows. The whole place was steeped in peace and sunshine. Not a creature was to be seen. Every one who could get leave was away at the race-course. We had no fear of coming upon Flower's insolent face. He was gone, it seemed, for good. I thought afterward that we had all taken his desertion with much indifference. It had scarcely caused even surprise. But we had no emotion to spare for Flower. The only sensation his absence caused in me was one of relief. And I believe mother felt as I did.

The sweet influence of the country sights and sounds, and of the serene autumn day, came down upon us despite of all.

Before we returned to the house mother and I had actually begun building castles in the air, to be inhabited in the new days that lay before us.

As we crossed the flower-garden we had a glimpse of a hired fly from Horsingham driving quickly up the avenue that led to the front-door. A hired fly was so unusual an apparition at our gates that we both stopped in surprise to look at it. As we did so the vehicle stopped also. Mr. Lacer jumped out of it, and ran toward us.

"Don't be frightened!" he cried, breathlessly; for mother was alarmed and trembling.

"George?" she exclaimed. "Where is George?"

"He's quite well. He's all right. I left him in Horsingham. There's nothing the matter, on my word. But I—I want to say a word to you and Anne."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"A FRESH trouble?" said my mother, seating herself in the little sitting-room, in the place where father had sat last night. She clasped her hands and leaned them on the table before her. Mr. Lacer placed himself opposite to her, and I sat down on the sofa by her side.

"No, not a fresh trouble," answered Mr. Lacer. "At least it need not be one, if you are collected and firm, as I am sure you will be."

He spoke eagerly, and yet with a certain embarrassment and abstraction, as though he had something to say which it was not easy to put

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into words, and were casting about in his mind how to say it.

"A trouble that it is in *my* power to avert!" exclaimed mother, with an incredulous shake of the head.

"Exactly. Yes, it is entirely in your power, and Anne's, to avert it," answered Mr. Lacer, catching at her words.

We sat silent and expectant.

"The fact is—" began Mr. Lacer, and then stopped, and began to pull to pieces a flower he wore in his button-hole. All at once he looked up with an air of decision. "Yes," he muttered, "there's no time to be lost. I must come to the point at once, Mrs. Furness. Your husband's liabilities are very heavy—very heavy indeed. Of course you were prepared to hear that. Race-horses are not bought and trained for nothing. And then he has had the devil's own luck, poor Furness! Well, now a way of meeting those liabilities has been suggested—by Whiffles and others—and I started off without loss of time to—to warn you, you know, and to beg you on *no* account to consent to it. Though I'm sure—quite confident—that your own sense would tell you to resist."

"Resist!" echoed my mother, quietly. She kept her eyes fixed on his face, and a little faint color flushed up into her cheek as she spoke that one word, and then it faded, and she sat pale and still again.

"Yes, resist. If not for your own sake—I'm afraid that wouldn't weigh with you—for your daughter's."

The color rose again, more brightly this time, in mother's face, and she put her hand out and took mine, but without withdrawing her eyes from Mr. Lacer's face.

"Well," said the latter, a little impatiently, "I suppose you can guess what it is that has been suggested?"

"I am very ignorant and inexperienced in business matters—more so, I'm afraid, than most women," answered mother, humbly. "Pray explain to me, as simply as possible—"

"Oh, it is simple enough. You are only to be asked to give up your marriage settlement."

The hand that held mine tightened its grasp with a start, but mother did not yet look at me. I remained perfectly still.

"Give up—! But *can* I?" asked mother, in a trembling voice.

"Can you, indeed? You may well ask, dear Mrs. Furness. The notion is a preposterous one. I was sure you would feel it to be so."

But though the words were confident, the tone in which Mr. Lacer said them was by no means so. He kept giving quick, restless glances at me, and pulling the stalk of the flower, from which the petals had long disappeared, into long fibrous strips.

"No; but I mean—*can* I? Have I the power to do this? I thought that a settlement was binding—irrevocable."

"In your case it can be done—could be done," he said, hastily, correcting his phrase, "with your daughter's consent. Anne is of age."

"Three days ago."

"But of course I need not point out to you the folly—the madness, I may say—of such a course. It would leave you utterly without any provision. It is not to be thought of."

"You know," said mother, slowly, "that George has the hope—almost the certainty, indeed—of a situation in Scotland?"

"In Scotland!"

"Did he not tell you of it? You know, at all events, that he has for some time past been thinking of giving up this place, and seeking employment?"

"Yes, I know that."

"Through my father's influence such a place as we were looking for has been found for George—through my father's influence, and that of a dear young friend of his, Donald Ayrlie."

Mr. Lacer's face changed, and a lowering expression came over it which I had never seen there before. "Oh!" he exclaimed, shortly.

"So that, you see," pursued mother, still in the same slow, quiet manner, "we should not be destitute even if—the settlement were to be given up."

"Good Heavens, Mrs. Furness, you don't mean to say you contemplate such a step!"

"It does not rest with me," answered mother; and with that she relinquished my hand, and rose and walked to the window, where she stood with her back to us, looking into the garden.

"Anne!" cried Mr. Lacer, "*you* surely understand that this would be fatal—simply fatal."

"Fatal to whom?" I asked, in a low voice. I saw in mother's attitude, in the turn of her head, in the tension of the hand which leaned on the window-sill, that she was listening with a painful concentration of attention. But she remained with her back to us, looking out into the garden.

"Fatal to whom? Fatal to all! Only think of it! Why, it seems too absurd to argue the thing."

"What did my father say? How did he receive the proposition?" I saw the hand upon the window-sill move nervously.

"Oh, Furness at once saw the matter in its true light. He rejected the idea altogether—*at first.*"

The hand on the window-sill stopped its quick movement suddenly, and the bent head was bent a little lower.

"He has too much sense and good feeling not to have done so," went on Mr. Lacer, following the direction of my glance toward the window, and speaking with emphasis. "And this ought to be considered—that Furness himself would be the first to regret such a step afterward, when excited, Quixotic feelings had had time to cool."

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"My father rejected the plan? Then why did you hurry here to warn us against it?"

"*At first*, I said—he rejected it at first. But Whiffles pressed it, and played upon his feelings so; and made out that it was the only chance—the only chance for *him*, he meant. That was merely his selfishness. Of course he'll be a loser; but he took a certain risk. He knew that Furness was not a millionaire."

"I wonder," said I, "how Mr. Whiffles came to know any thing about my mother's marriage settlement." I spoke in all simplicity, but my words had a strange effect on Mr. Lacer. His face grew dark crimson from brow to chin, and he turned away and walked across the room once or twice before he answered. When at length he did so it was with a curious air which I can scarcely describe—as if he were replying impulsively and instantly upon my words, instead of having suffered a minute or so to elapse before speaking.

"Wonder! There's no cause for wonder. The fact that Dr. Hewson's daughter had a marriage settlement is well enough known. It is no secret. I—I may have mentioned it in Whiffles's presence myself, for aught I know. Any way, he *is* aware of it. And he means to try to make use of it for his own interest. But if you and Mrs. Furness are only firm—as you will be, I am sure, dear Anne, remembering that it is your *duty*, your plain duty toward your parents—Master Whiffles will take nothing by his move."

"There would not be property here sufficient to meet all demands? I mean, by giving up every thing — farm, house, stock, furniture, every thing?"

"It can't be done! I mean there are claimants enough in Horsingham to swallow up all that, and more. No; your father must just quietly go through the Bankruptcy Court. He has been unfortunate. Well, men *are* unfortunate sometimes. It can't be helped. The thing is done every day."

"Mother," said I, getting up from my seat, and going a step or two toward her, "if you are willing to give up this settlement, I agree to it with all my heart."

"My child!" "Anne!" exclaimed mother and Gervase Lacer simultaneously, but in very different tones.

"I agree to it with all my heart."

"Anne, you are mad! Mrs. Furness, you won't let her sacrifice herself in that way!" cried Mr. Lacer, looking from me to mother, with a countenance of the greatest agitation.

Mother had turned round from the window, and was standing opposite to me. She kept clasping and unclasping her hands with piteous irresolution. She had been calm and strong up to this point, but now her own strong inclination to the step made her suspect the righteousness of it. For her to practice self-abnegation was so habitual that it appeared to her impossible that her duty could in this case coincide with the secret yearnings of her heart. I understood it all; and I assumed an air of decision and self-will, in the hope of strengthening her in this conflict of feeling.

"I am not in the least mad, Mr. Lacer," I said, haughtily. "This plan approves itself to my reason and to my conscience. And I very soberly and sanely intend to carry it out—with my mother's permission."

"My child! my child! ought I?—is it right that you should beggar yourself?"

"Mother dear, don't let us allow words to frighten us out of our senses. Beggar myself! What does that mean? I shall not have to beg any more than I should have had to beg if you had had no marriage settlement—which might easily have happened. Besides, it is *your* money that is in question; if you are content to devote it to a just and honest purpose, who has a right to oppose you?"

Gervase Lacer stood biting his mustache, and looking at me from beneath bent brows.

"Anne," he said, in a stifled kind of voice, "you say a good deal about 'reasons' and 'justice:' don't they suggest to you that *I* have a right to be heard?"

"A right!"

"You are very cold and statue-like in your pride and self-will; but *I*—I am made of flesh and blood, and—and—I think you are using me badly."

"No, Gervase," cried my mother, putting her hand on his shoulder. "No! Don't say that. We appreciate your motives. Of course I understand that you desired to serve Anne and me in coming here to say what you have said."

He gave a short, bitter laugh, and moved his shoulder—not roughly—from beneath her hand. "Thank you," he said. "That's kind!"

"You are angry with us," said mother, gently.

"Angry! I am hurt, and vexed, and disheartened. I don't deny it." The tears positively rose in his eyes as he spoke, and he turned away and sat down, resting his head on his hand.

I was sorry for him, and I would have soothed him if I could, even at some cost of the pride he charged me with. But it was not easy to me to find words that should avail. I went up to him, and held out my hand. "Don't take it in this way," I said. "You may think me foolish and mistaken, but you ought not to be *hurt* that I reject your advice. I don't thank you the less for it."

He caught my hand and held it as he answered, with a sudden return of eagerness and animation, "Anne, dearest Anne, I implore you not to be rash. Don't be led away by a mistaken idea of generosity! Or if you must be generous," he added, tenderly, raising his handsome eyes to mine, "be a little generous to *me!*"

"I have no power to be generous. But I shall try to do what my conscience tells me to be right."

"But this sacrifice is not right—can not be

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right!" he cried. And then he went over all the arguments he could think of to show me what wretched consequences must result from giving up the settlement. He spoke chiefly—almost solely—to me; merely throwing in an occasional appeal to mother to confirm what he was saying. Mother looked painfully distressed. I understood the mental struggle she was undergoing.

I listened patiently until he ceased. Then I said, "But granting all you say to be true—I think it exaggerated, but let that pass—even so, I see no reason to refrain from giving up this money. No—pray don't interrupt me! Hear me first. All you show me is that I should be very poor, and perhaps have to labor for my bread. Well, there are worse evils than that!"

"Anne! you talk like a child."

"Not so; I know what poverty is, and what hard work is. I have seen both. There is a great hope, as you have heard, of my father obtaining a good situation. I don't despair, at all events, of his finding *some* employment. I can look the future in the face. But could I do so if my father's good name for uprightness and honesty were to be destroyed? See, Mr. Lacer; perhaps to your town-bred notions all this seems overstrained. But we are country folks. My father's fathers have lived on the land for generations, and no man could say a word to blacken their good name. Furness, of Water-Eardley—it was as clear and bright as the sun at noonday."

"Why, Anne, let us speak plainly, since it must be so. Don't you know that all that is over? Don't you understand? Why, your father's name will be in every mouth in Horsingham before this evening! If you make this sacrifice in the hope of stopping people's tongues, you will make it in vain."

The tears poured down my mother's cheeks, and she hid her face in her hands.

I was shocked by this tone; it made my heart sink heavily. "I'm afraid," said I, "that we shall not be able to understand each other aright. 'Stopping people's tongues!' Do you suppose that is what I chiefly care for? We can not help their talking. I would prevent that if I could; I don't pretend not to mind it. But it is not merely what people will say. There is a real right and wrong that remains, let them say what they will. How can we keep money that is not justly ours? Would it make us happy to enjoy comforts that had been—*stolen?*"

"Pshaw! It is not stealing to hold your own."

"Nothing is ours so long as we are in debt."

"If your father gives up his own property, surely that is as much as his creditors can expect!"

"You have told me that there is not sufficient to satisfy all claims. Besides, I can not separate my interests from my parents."

"And you think nothing of *me?* You care not one straw—" Mr. Lacer sprang to his feet, wiping his heated forehead with his handkerchief, and began to walk wildly about the room, talking and gesticulating in much excitement. "It is heartless! Cruel! And for your own sake! Was ever such madness heard of? Good God! what can I say to persuade you?"

I stared at him in bewilderment.

"What does this mean?" I asked at length. "What possesses you?"

He came to me and took hold of my wrist. "Anne! Darling Anne!" he cried. "Mrs. Furness! Speak to her! Make her promise to wait, to reconsider this folly. Her father will be here soon, and then it will be too late! You know how I love her. You *know* it! Don't let this part us forever!" Then, as I stood speechless, less from disinclination than positive inability to speak, he changed his tone again, and shook my arm, which he still grasped, so roughly and impetuously that he broke a little simple bracelet which I wore, and it fell rattling to the ground, while he reiterated, "Anne! Promise not to do this thing! Anne! Do you hear me?"

"Gervase! Mr. Lacer!" said my mother, tremblingly. He released my wrist, or rather threw it from him, and folding his arms, stood looking at me and biting his mustache.

"Well," said he at length, in a bitter, angry manner, "I have done what I can. You are resolved, I suppose, to follow your own way. As for me, I have to go away—almost immediately. Not that you will care for that!"

I did not answer him; but my mother echoed his words, "You have to go away?"

"Yes, Mrs. Furness; I have spent too much of my life here already. I asked your daughter to be my wife; but—you and she must understand that if she persists in this obstinate infatuation it will part us."

Mother looked quickly and anxiously at me. Gervase Lacer kept his eyes averted from me, and went on speaking, still in the same bitter, angry manner. It is needless to repeat his words. They were a revelation for me of the vast difference in his eyes between Anne Furness comfortably dowered and Anne Furness without a penny. I was pained, deeply pained, and ashamed for him; as in his passion and disappointment he forgot all his former protestations of disinterested devotion, and heaped accusations of heartlessness and hypocrisy upon me. I was pained and ashamed, and yet—yet at the bottom of my heart there was a feeling of relief! And the relief came from the clear certainty which rose in my mind that I had never loved him. No, no, no! I had never, never loved Gervase Lacer. If I had loved him, I think the shame and anguish of this would have broken my heart.

Mother uttered a broken word or two of remonstrance now and then, watching my face the while. But I remained quite silent under all the taunts and reproaches which Gervase showered on me in his ungoverned temper. Perhaps my very silence exasperated him.

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"It is all over," he said, with his hand upon the lock of the door. "All over! I have tried —I did mean to change myself—to strive to undo the past and become worthy of you—or of what I thought you! But your 'good' people have no heart! Hypocrisy and humbug! Why should I care for the world's good opinion? There's not one living soul cares whether I go headlong to the devil or not. You might have saved me by stretching out your hand. Why did you fool me on? *You* knew well enough —you *all* knew—what the bait was that drew me here! But you may take this comfort to your conscience: let what will become of me now, it will lie at your door." He dashed out of the room, and in a minute or so we heard the wheels of the fly rattling at a furious pace along the road to Horsingham.

SIX-AND-THIRTY.

THE genial beams of the spring sun shone into the bay-window of Agatha's pleasant little room in the house of the Baroness Wallberg. The cheerful view of trees and flowers from this cozy room made ample amends for the noisy and dusty exposure of the front, which looked out upon the bustling street. This was fully realized by its occupant, as, sitting at her sewing-table near the window, and enjoying the fragrance of flowers that bloomed on the flower-stand, she industriously plied her needle.

Agatha Binau could remember the time when there was no necessity for her to earn her own living. She was the daughter of a man who held an important office, and she had lived in opulence and splendor; but not long after his death she was thrown upon her own resources, and, from being a favorite daughter, and the petted beauty of the circle in which she moved, had now for eighteen years borne resignedly her straitened circumstances. She had finally received, as her share of the inheritance, a yearly income of one hundred dollars, and her sanguine spirit was now encouraged by the hope of being able to attain that position of independence which she had all along proposed as the goal of her efforts.

In the various changes of her toilsome life she had at last become established in a large, bustling city, and had gradually dropped her early acquaintances and friends; and, in her dependent circumstances, there was but little opportunity for the formation of any new friendships. Her pure, womanly modesty had been a safeguard against any unworthy connections, and the restricted and solitary life she led had been an obstacle to gaining the acquaintance of any man who could appreciate her worth. Agatha's spring had passed into summer, and this was now almost gone, leaving her only one heart-felt joy, and that the purest of all—a stainless conscience.

The Baroness Wallberg had thrown an unexpected gleam of brightness into the dark and solitary life of the unprotected Agatha, whose cheerful endurance and whose noble spirit of resignation her clear and penetrating glance had recognized when she had occasion to employ her services.

Two springs had already been welcomed by Agatha in this pleasant room, and her inner and her external life became more and more peaceful, so that this late summer of her years might almost be called her spring-time. As she came in this morning from her bedroom in her simple and neat morning dress she was attracted by the cheerful sunlight to the window, which she opened to admit the warm, fresh air. Her pensive look gazed into the far-off horizon, then turned to the flowers glittering with dew-drops, and her heart was raised in silent prayer.

"Thirty-six years," whispered she to the air, and her clasped hands sank down. "Is it possible that I am to-day thirty-six years old? and I feel just as young, just as fresh, as when I was only eighteen, and looked out upon the fragrant garden of my home from my chamber window, full of gladness at the beauty of the May. Yes; it seems as if, from beyond that tower and the gardens, I could see the charming village to which I should drive with my young companions, and join in the merry dance. I could dance to-day as merrily as then, I think, especially if the young forester, whom the girls often teased me about, were by my side."

"The young forester!"—these words were repeated by Agatha as she sat by the window conversing with herself. "Strange how images that have so long slumbered—yes, been completely extinguished—can so suddenly reappear. For years I have not thought of him, who, after those three happy days, could not be banished from my recollection, however bravely I denied to myself and to others that he was pleasing to me. Oh, my God! how there comes thronging into my memory the sickness, the death, of my father; the sorrows that were my lot; and beneath them the buried hopes and joys of the happy youthful time! And away with them now—let me work, let me act! A foolish, a useless employment this for one who has entered her thirty-seventh year, to busy herself with thoughts that belong to youth, and should vanish when that has vanished!"

Rising from her seat, with the decision that was a trait of her character, Agatha turned away from the window, and went to the little round table in the centre of the room. What was her surprise to see lying there a prettily bound book, surrounded by a wreath of violets! "Can I doubt from whom it comes?" cried she, in delight. "From her, the good, the best woman in the world, comes also this kind attention. Yes, and just what I so much wished for, it is a 'Tasso.' What a noble gift! what a morning greeting!" With the happy feeling of security that it was all her own, she turned casually over the leaves here and there; but as her eyes fell upon one stanza she continued to read, and, as she read, a feeling of

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exalted joy inspired her heart. The verses were these:

"If men there were who could the secret know
Of woman's loving, faithful heart, and prize
The hidden treasure—if your glance, so keen
To penetrate the purposes of men,
Could look behind the veil which envious time
And sickness throw o'er all our inner glory—
With joy we'd celebrate our golden age."

"Ah, yes!" sighed Agatha, "if there were such men! If the young forester's regard for me had been something deeper than a momentary impression, something more than a passing desire to heighten the enjoyment of ordinary social intercourse, without considering how the hopes and the peace of a confiding heart may be thereby sacrificed, yes, I might now be a happy wife and mother—I, so alone in the world. But," she now said, admonishing herself, partly in good-humor and partly in displeasure, while she strove to repress her tears—"but what possesses me to-day to dwell in this ridiculous way upon the past? Where is the controlling reason that was my sure safeguard in the midst of youth's glowing feelings and upspringing desires? Has not renunciation also its crown? Is it not the becoming ornament of womanhood? Away, then, with this dreamy mood; let me at once engage in the active duties of life, and so find the best means of quieting my too excited state!"

In pursuance of her resolve, Agatha took up her embroidery-frame, when she heard a knocking at the door. She supposed it was the mistress of the house, who had risen earlier than usual, desiring to offer her congratulations, and to receive the acknowledgment of her gift of affection. She went quickly to the door; but instead of the countenance of the kind mistress there looked down upon her the face of a tall, portly man, whose assured mien and badge on the breast showed that he was one of the police. Scarcely raising his hat—for this little room in the rear of the house seemed not to impress him with the necessity of moving very far his three-cornered hat—he asked, in a gruff tone,

"Are you Ma'm'selle Agatha Binau?"

"Yes, that is my name," replied she.

"From Altenburg, in Osnabruck?" asked now the loud-voiced policeman, at the same time producing a paper, which he proceeded to unfold.

"My parents lived there," replied Agatha, in great uneasiness.

"Oldest daughter of the Superintendent Binau?" the harsh voice proceeded to ask.

"Yes, yes, I am. But what is it that you want of me?"

"You are summoned to appear, at eleven o'clock precisely, at the police-office in the City Hall!"

"And what is to be done there? Oh, do tell me, my good man," she cried, in affright.

"You will find out in good time, ma'm'selle, if you are there at the moment. Here is the summons, and that's sufficient."

The policeman now turned away, leaving Agatha in unpleasant suspense. She thought it all over, again and again; but she could not divine how she, in her strict seclusion, had come under the police jurisdiction, and she impatiently counted the moments until the hour should come for her to go to her protectress.

"Well, I thought you would not be satisfied until I should come to you on this happy day," cried the Baroness to Agatha, as she went into her room. "No thanks! But what is the matter with you? You seem downcast. Can I help you in any thing?"

Agatha did not hesitate to express her apprehensions in regard to the inexplicable summons, which she handed to the Baroness. The latter read it, and then said, in a serious tone:

"Dear Agatha, have you ever, in your life of vicissitude, done any thing which would bring you under legal liabilities? You may count upon my active assistance; but reflect, turn it over in your mind, so that you may be ready for whatever may happen."

But as Agatha affirmed positively that she had not the remotest notion how she had ever rendered herself liable to any interference of the police, the Baroness encouraged her to keep up a good heart, and ordered a servant to accompany her to the City Hall.

"As soon as you come back," she most urgently requested, "let me know, dear Agatha, what takes place. Perhaps some rich relative has made you his heiress."

Shaking her head in denial of this solution of the mystery, Agatha hastened to get ready to answer the summons.

At the police-office she proved by papers which she carried with her that she was Agatha Binau, and then the counselor, taking a sealed letter from his desk, gave it to her, saying:

"This letter has been sent here from the place where you were born, with orders that it should be given personally into your own hands; I trust that it contains good news."

Agatha stood now and surveyed the important document, which was directed, in a good, legible hand, to herself. She placed it timidly in her work-bag, and with a silent courtesy left the office; she took the way to her dwelling, now hurrying with rapid steps, and now lingering with an undefined feeling of apprehension and dread.

The Baroness was standing at the window, and, as soon as she saw Agatha, came to meet her at the door, and took the letter, which was gladly delivered into another hand to be opened. Agatha besought her to read it first, and watched with eager eyes the reader's face, which became brighter and brighter, until at last she cried, in a tone of friendly exultation:

"That's good; that's really good. It is a regular offer of marriage."

"An offer of marriage to me? Are you jesting, dear Baroness?" inquired Agatha, greatly surprised.

"Think of what you are saying. Who can jest in such matters?" replied the Baroness.

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"You know that I agree with the Bible, that it is not good for man to be alone, even if one can take as excellent care of herself alone as my dear friend can; the warmest congratulations, then, to this honorable suitor, who so suddenly offers himself. Here, read for yourself." Agatha took the letter, and read as follows:

"Will the kind Agatha Binau, if I succeed in my endeavors to have this letter placed in her hands, bestow one recollection upon a happy period of youth? In the manifold changes of life will the image, perchance, of a passing acquaintance, remain in her soul —an acquaintance whose hard destiny separated him from her society, and made it impossible for him during many years to see her again? Are you surprised? But I would fain hope that you have not wholly forgotten the man who retains in his heart such a lively remembrance of yourself. You can not have forgotten that day at Wallenrode, when we were present together at the baptismal service; those three days, with their happy and holy feelings, are too deeply impressed upon my heart to believe that they were consecrated by no deeper than ordinary emotions. If I could then have sued for your hand, should I have been rejected? I could not then act according to my own ardent longing without direct opposition to my parents, whose wishes in regard to my marriage I resisted until I saw that two families would be made wretched, and the health of her who was selected as my bride was declining; then I sacrificed my own wishes, and reluctantly yielded, to obtain the parental blessing. I had enjoined it upon myself to make no inquiries in regard to you, and I supposed that you were prosperous and happy: the name Agatha I enshrined in my heart until I had a daughter to bear it. I gradually overcame my early sorrow as I engaged in the business of active life; but my position as head-forester required me to visit Wallenrode after some years, and there I learned, to my most poignant grief, that Agatha Binau, whom I believed to be happily married, was alone in the world. While considering how I might render you some assistance, and before maturing any plan, my faithful wife became ill, and died more than a year ago.

"Yesterday I learned that you had been living in W—— a short time ago. I trust that my efforts to reach you may be successful, and I ask, from the depths of a sincere heart, whether you can and will take up the threads which were dropped nearly twenty years ago? Will you become a mother to my children, and the friend of my old age? If you will, you will make me the possessor of a happiness which shall realize the fondest hopes of the young man, and crown his future years with the bloom of a glad and flowery spring.

"Let your own heart decide. I most earnestly desire that it may decide in favor of him who can never forget. FERDINAND LÖBEN."

It would be impossible to describe Agatha's astonishment. On this very day, when the magic wand of memory had brought back her youthful hopes and love, to be asked to become the life-companion of him who had made a deeper impression upon her heart than any other man—to be asked, in all frankness and love, to become his wife! She could hardly realize it.

The Baroness had ample time to portray all the advantages of this turn of fortune's wheel while Agatha was making up her mind. At last the latter said that she must and should positively decline the proposal. Now the Baroness was amazed in her turn, and scarcely had patience to listen to the reasons which Agatha assigned. With good-humored indignation she tried for a long time to change this determination: but at last reluctantly assented that Agatha, uninfluenced by the seeming advantages of the proposed change in life, should do what her own delicate feelings prescribed in the matter.

Agatha now wrote a direct and simple reply to her suitor, telling him how different the woman of almost forty years was from the picture of his fancy; how disappointed his expectations would be in her; and her fears that his feelings would meet no adequate response. Her letter contained the following passage:

"Long-continued loneliness and sorrowful experiences have changed my cheerful and light-hearted disposition into one serious, and often gloomy. It would be venturesome, yes, even reprehensible, if the now faded friend of your youthful years should abuse the kindly confidence of a worthy man, and accept an offer which a moment of exalted recollection had drawn from him."

When this outburst of true womanly feeling had expressed itself in fitting and dignified words, and lay there upon the paper before Agatha, she felt most painfully that she had renounced what, in those moments when the sunlit peaks of the past stood forth in her memory, she had longed for as the highest bliss. But in the thought that she had chosen the right course, and had taken the step which alone could assure herself and an honorable man from the possibility of a future repentance, her feelings rose to a more elevated mood. Possessed by this inward peace, her pen flew rapidly over the sheet; her warmest thanks flowed forth for the fidelity with which he had held her in his memory; and she did not withhold the confession of her own recollection of that youthful time, and her appreciation of his manly worth.

The Baroness read the letter. Occasionally a dissatisfied expression would show itself on her fine features; but she endeavored with all tender sympathy to reconcile Agatha's sensitiveness of feeling with the dictates of good sense. On the same day the letter was on its way to Wallenrode.

We will not assert that the peacefulness, the feeling of calm serenity, which had characterized Agatha for years, remained wholly undisturbed by such an experience as this. On the evening of this birthday the stars shone with a friendly gleam into the little room where the solitary one was summoning all her strength to bring quiet into the excited breast; and for many nights she, whose slumbers had been so peaceful, remained in a state of feverish disturbance. At last this storm was allayed by the firm and earnest will; and Agatha recovered her former composure and calm content after she had waited a sufficient time in a variable state of feeling for an answer, and no answer came.

One morning she was sitting diligently employed, to make up for the time that had been lost during that period of restless excitement, when again a knock was heard upon the door. She was so lost in the thoughts and feelings which that previous knock had introduced into her quiet life, and of which she was now sud,

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denly reminded by this second rap, that she uttered "Come in" too timidly to be heard. She was obliged to repeat it louder. The door opened, and a tall man, with an open countenance, browned by exposure to the sun and air, stood on the threshold. The forester's dress, the dark eyes which looked into hers with earnest affection, as if twenty years had only subdued their former flaming brightness into a more tender glow—all this assured Agatha at the first glance who it was that now seized her hand, and who, trembling with emotion, said:

"You can not confirm the hard sentence of your letter."

And now for Agatha, also, the chasm between the past and the present was sunk in oblivion. Tremblingly she listened to the words of the true-hearted man, who put aside all her apprehensions and all her objections that he would find her so different from the image his fancy had conjured up, which Agatha had stated in her letter. She was still trying to convince her suitor that his youthful prejudices blinded his judgment, when the Baroness softly opened the door, and asked,

"How is it, Herr Head-forester? Do you need any help?"

Just then, as a little girl about twelve years old, who had shyly followed the Baroness, stepped nearer, she said, in an earnest tone,

"How can you refuse to this child a mother's care?"

The child now whispered, "Do be my mother!"

Agatha no longer made resistance, but fell, weeping, into the arms of her constant lover.

The head-forester had written to the Baroness, who replied:

"Your presence will be the most essential means of overcoming her repugnance to your proposal, and your daughter will be the best mediator."

The Baroness now took upon herself all the cares of preparation for the wedding; and when the happy couple drove off from her door on their way to their home, as the carriage disappeared from sight, the Baroness turned to her husband and said, with a smile,

"I stick to it that it is not good for man to be alone."

OUR HARBOR DEFENSES.

THE first military work built to protect the city and harbor of New York was founded "upon some black rocks," the surfaces of which appeared above the water at the foot of the island. The first official notice we have of this "fortification" is found in certain orders issued in 1626, "to have the palisade and block-house repaired." In the year 1647 nine men were appointed by Governor Kieft to repair the fort; but they refused, as the city authorities would not appropriate any money to defray the expense. In the year 1664 the Duke of York got a patent for the "Dutch possessions in North America." He sent out four ships and four hundred men, under command of Nicolls, to take possession of his newly acquired property. The news of the probable sailing of this formidable flotilla threw the inhabitants of New Amsterdam into great consternation. Governor Stuyvesant attempted to have the "fort and palisades" put in military repair; these defenses, which up to this time were considered well enough against the Indians, wouldn't do to protect the city from British ships of war. The Governor failed in receiving any hearty support, his efforts resulting in the recruiting of "a few men," and the possession of "six hundred pounds of powder." Nicolls meanwhile entered the harbor without opposition, landed his troops at "Breuckelen," to storm the city from its heights, placing his ships in the North River, so that he could fire into the rear of "Fort Amsterdam." The city surrendered, of course, and thus passed away the supremacy of the Dutch flag.

In the year 1735 the English thoroughly repaired the "old fortification," and with great pomp and display christened it "Fort Augustus Royal Battery." Characteristic of many subsequent military ceremonies in New York, a terrible casualty occurred. At the celebration we now speak of, the high sheriff, a beautiful young lady, and an eminent citizen were killed by the premature discharge of a piece of artillery. In the Revolution, the "Battery" (Fort Augustus Royal was now left out) made no show in the struggle; and at the declaration of peace the quaint old defensive works, and the, by nature, magnificently adorned grounds, which had been used for parades and barracks, came into the possession of the present city government. In a few years after this event old Fort Amsterdam quite disappeared. The original foundations, in the shapes of those memorable "black rocks," began to crop out, and for a quarter of a century New York city was without any military defenses.

With the political troubles which culminated in the war of 1812, the necessity of "fortifying the bay" was agitated in Congress; and long after actual hostilities had commenced a small fleet of English war vessels could have entered the "Narrows" with the same impunity that Nicolls did in 1664, a hundred and fifty years having elapsed without the erection of a single work of military defense. It was not until some of our Southern ports were blockaded by British cruisers, and active hostilities had commenced, that the people of New York became satisfied that Congress would do nothing, and that they must protect themselves.

In accordance with this spirit a meeting was held in the City Hall Park, Colonel Rutgers presiding. Colonel Marinus Willet, as orator, delivered a thrilling appeal to the immense and excited multitude. The fires of the Revolution literally burned in the hearts of all present. The result was the passage of spirited resolutions, and a call for volunteers to assist in build-

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ing harbor defenses; and a formidable system was conceived and rapidly carried out.

The circular structure now known as Castle Garden was erected on the "black rocks," which had twice before served for the foundation of a fort, and called Castle Clinton. The North Battery was built at the foot of Hubert Street; Fort Gansevoort at the foot of what is now known as Eighth Street. On Governor's Island, half a mile south of the city, was built Fort Columbus, with Fort Miller in close proximity. About a mile westward, on Bedloe's Island, was built another battery; and still another on Ellis's Island. At Hallett's Point, Hell Gate, was built Fort Stevens, with a strong tower, mounted with guns, commanding its rear. On the opposite shore was a fortification at Benson's Point; and strong walls were erected to protect Gowanus Point. Eight miles below the city, at the narrowest part of the passage between Staten and Long islands, was built Fort Richmond, with Fort Tompkins and Fort Hudson in commanding positions in the rear. Near the Long Island shore was built Fort Hamilton; and on an island favorably situated Fort Lafayette, the strongest, and intended to be the most perfect, of all these enumerated military fortifications. It is a singular fact that from no defensive work built by Dutch, English, or under United States authority, in the harbor of New York, has there ever been fired a hostile shot.

In the summer of 1869 we were a fellow-passenger with Admiral Farragut, on our way from the city to Long Branch, where the soldiers and sailors of the "Army of the Gulf" had announced to hold their first annual reunion. The hero, who was seemingly composed of intellect and cast iron when on the quarter-deck, in social life was singularly cheerful and frank in his conversation. After indulging in the desultory conversation natural to such a trip, the Admiral finally became for a moment quite taciturn; then, as if waking up from a reverie, he expressed himself substantially as follows:

"This magnificent harbor, from its peculiar formation, is one of the most difficult in the world to defend. It has two entrances, both of which are remarkably open to an enemy. These forts," casting his eyes around the harbor, but settling down upon Fort Sedgwick, "are very well if their guns should happen to hit a passing vessel; but the chances are that the vessels will escape without material damage. The defense of the harbor, if it should be attacked, must be made by floating batteries. The naval engagement which must ensue will be fought below the city, and all these expensive fortifications you see dotting these shores, and covering these beautiful islands, will have little or nothing to do with the final result.

"With the surrender of the forts below New Orleans, that city surrendered. With the fall of Fort Gaines and Fort Morgan, at the mouth of the harbor of Mobile, the city, though very strongly fortified, yielded submission. It must be apparent to even the most innocent of the proper location of military defenses, that most of the fortifications erected in New York Harbor are so situated that, if they were bombarded, the result would be to destroy the very property these forts were erected to defend. They were also projected and built before the application of steam to war vessels and iron-clad batteries was thoroughly understood and carried out. The time must not be far distant when most of these forts, if not all, except those used for magazines, will be dismantled. They are at most costly toys, of no real benefit."

He very positively expressed himself against what he termed the unnecessary and impolitic course pursued by government in building and using "iron-clads" in time of peace. He considered them expensive to keep in commission, and utterly unfit as homes for sailors.

It was very apparent to any one listening to the Admiral that "wooden walls" were to him most efficient, and upon such a suggestion being made, he replied:

"I certainly think well of iron-clads, but I would not have these iron-clad monsters on the sea performing civil service. I would build our war ships of wood, and have their armor made at the same time. The ships I would put on the ocean; their iron coverings I would have stowed away until demanded.

"Our war ships should not put on their armor until war is declared; in peace let us be content with our national vessels in undress parade."

FROM MY CHILDHOOD'S DAY.

From my childhood's day, from my childhood's day,
Rings an echo of song in my ear;
Oh, how far away, oh, how far away,
All once so near!

What the swallow sang, what the swallow sang,
Who spring and autumn brings;
Through the street it rang, through the street it rang,
And there still rings:

"When I southward flew, when I southward flew,
There was store enough and to spare;
When I came anew, when I came anew,
All things were bare!"

More happy than age, more happy than age,
With wisdom through toil and sorrow won,
Youth in bird-speech sage, youth in bird-speech sage,
Like Solomon!

Ah, my childhood's fold, ah, my childhood's fold,
Might I what I sacred deem
Once again behold, once again behold,
If but in dream!

When I said adieu, when I said adieu,
The world was bright and fair;
When I came anew, when I came anew,
All bleak and bare.

Back the swallows fly, back the swallows fly,
And the earth renews her store;
But the heart once dry, but the heart once dry,
Fills never more.

Never swallow brings, never swallow brings,
What I long once more to behold;
Yet the swallow sings, yet the swallow sings,
There, as of old:

"When I southward flew, when I southward flew,
There was store enough and to spare;
When I came anew, when I came anew,
All things were bare!"

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Editor's Easy Chair.

AS delight in a work of art is perennial, criticism upon it is always renewed. Raphael's Madonnas are the texts of the latest travelers, and a fresh eye sometimes sees a fresh beauty in the most familiar work. There are, of course, traditions of admiration which are universal, and even tyrannical, so that difference from the general opinion appears often to be willfulness and affectation. So we come to the contemplation of some works of art as to shrines at which worship is imperative, and regard them as reverentially and uncritically as the Roman peasant from the Campagna looks at the Pieta in St. Peter's. Yet this is, perhaps, the finest of all tributes to human genius, that when one of its works in any lofty kind has become long renowned, it acquires something of the character of a noble, natural object, and it is as idle and impertinent not to like it as to profess indifference to a beautiful landscape, or to Niagara, or to a sunset.

But of all arts, none is so difficult to comprehend as acting; and it is doubtful whether the "playing" of any actor could ever command that universal and unfading admiration, irrespective of times and fashions and feelings, which is given to certain buildings and pictures and statues and music. If Garrick should play at Booth's Theatre, should we enjoy the evening with the same naturalness of emotion with which we enjoy Goldsmith's "Deserted Village?" Would Mrs. Oldfield craze the golden youth of New York? Would Mrs. Siddons, even, seem to us the superb Muse of Tragedy which Sir Joshua painted? It may be fairly replied that the question answers itself. For only his own time can see the great actor, or hear the great orator and singer. There is something contemporary in the very nature of such art. It is suggested by every detail. We can not conceive of Lord Chatham without his wig. But how much would a bewigged Lord Chatham move an American assembly with his eloquence to-day? If Mr. Booth or Mr. Fechter should enter as Hamlet, wearing the Shakespearean costume which Garrick wore, the theatre would ring with merriment at the melancholy Dane. But nothing can touch the noble grace of the Parthenon, nor make Raphael's Virgins quaint or old, nor harm the proud beauty of the Venus of Milo, as it was so long called. They borrow nothing from accidents. Like the line of the horizon, they are always beautiful to every beholder.

There may possibly be something of this unchangeableness even upon the stage when the play is the telling of a familiar story, in which the costume itself is defined. If "Rip Van Winkle" is played a hundred years hence in New York, or elsewhere, it must be substantially as it is now. There may be actual houses instead of painted scenes; there may be turf and sand upon the stage instead of boards; but the changes will not be essential nor comical. There will be a sleepy colonial village upon the river; a tavern, with the sign of King George; the landlord and the usurer and the shrewish wife and the good-for-nothing Rip; and they will be dressed as we see them, because the costume of the time is perfectly well known, and any innovation would be resisted by that severe censor, the public. The grotesque Dutch ghosts would always, doubtless, wear the high-pointed hats, and old Rip would awaken white-bearded and tattered, and all the rest would follow as we see it. But would the conception of Rip two or three hundred years hence be our conception? In this case, while the costume would be the same, would the character remain?

Such questions ask themselves as the curtain comes down upon what is the most familiar and famous rôle in the American theatre to-day—the Rip Van Winkle of Mr. Jefferson. He lately played it for one hundred and fifty times in succession. The Easy Chair saw him in the evening, when he had played it in the afternoon, but it seemed as fresh as it could ever have been. There seemed to be no reason why he should not play it every day and every night without end, so unwearied was he, and so large and delighted the audience. They who wonder whether he does not tire to death of it forget that a man never tires of telling a good story to a fresh audience. We all know excellent gentlemen who still dine out, and still tell to a new and delighted generation the same old stories that their fathers enjoyed. A public speaker who repeats the same discourse incessantly knows that each new audience is a new interest, and there are speakers who do not feel that the discourse is in proper form unless it has been spoken for at least a dozen times. And it is unquestionable that the Lyceum audience which hears a lecture on the fiftieth evening of its delivery is very likely to hear a very much better lecture than those who heard it upon the first evening. The first repetitions are like varnishing days to the painters before the exhibition opens. Their pictures are hung, but they must be touched into proper effect. A picture studied upon the easel in the studio is a very different work from the same picture seen upon the walls of the gallery.

It is probably so with the actor, and doubtless it is only gradually and by constant repetition that he satisfies himself with his rendering of a character. Like an orator, he feels his audience at every moment, and is constantly studying it, and adapting himself to the method of producing the impression he seeks. And the character itself develops and reveals itself to him by greater familiarity. It is no more likely that Mr. Jefferson is tired of his part, and of its success, than a beautiful belle is tired of her conquests, forever renewed, or of the dance in which she glides, enchanting, every evening. The Easy Chair, indeed, was surprised to find a friend near it who had also not seen the play. It had supposed that in regard to Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle it was like the friend of Dickens, to whom he wrote at the time of the Crystal Palace Fair: "I see; you are ambitious of notoriety—you wish to be the only man in the world who didn't come to the Great Exhibition." It did not occur to the Easy Chair that the rest of the audience had come, like itself, for the first time, because it had been constantly told that the pleasure was greater at the third or fourth seeing. But what a pleasant feeling it is, as you sit in the parquet waiting for the curtain to rise, and glancing around at the quiet, ex-

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pectant audience, to know that they are all there to enjoy themselves; and how instinctively you wonder whether the enjoyment will be like the sweet vapor that breathes from soda-water, or like the sparkling foam that leaves a clear, sweet wine below!

If any body has in his mind an image of Rip Van Winkle before he went up into the mountains and slept his long sleep, it is, doubtless, just the good-humored, careless, affectionate, shrewd, loitering fellow who comes in with the children hanging all about him; and those children, with the little lovers afterward at his knees, give us the key to the man. They are his good angels always. Unconsciously, in the midst of his idleness, and the maudlin folly that exasperates his wife, the children plead for him in our hearts. He is not bad whom children love. Shiftless, reckless, even drunken, he may be, but not bad. The wife orders him out into the black night and storm, but the little daughter clings to him. He, after all, is a child, and they mutually love with the fondness of children. The pathos of the play culminates in Rip's fearful consciousness that his child does not know him. Perhaps the author was wiser than he knew. But Rip would not be so perpetually absolved by us, as we look, if we did not know that the children love him.

It is wholly a study of character. There is no proper action in the play. The plot is slight: a good-natured, drunken idler squanders his property, and leaves his wife to scrub and toil hopelessly. She loves and frets and despairs, and he, drunk or sober, only smiles good-naturedly, until, stung by the fatal discovery that his pretended affectionate sympathy for her passionate sorrow is only a trick to steal the bottle from her pocket, she delivers in one terrible sentence the accumulated heart-break of a life by bidding him begone from the house, which is hers, and never to return. He obeys, although, as the door opens into the awful tempest, she prays him to turn back. He disappears in the storm; reappears upon the mountain, and among the ghostly crew of Hendrick Hudson; drinks, and sleeps for twenty years; then awakens, an old man, and descends to the village to find himself forgotten, his wife married to the usurer, who beats her, his house itself destroyed, and even his daughter repelling him. Then comes the proof that it is he—that his property was never rightfully lost; and with his restored wife and daughter pressing upon him the cup which has caused all the sorrow, the curtain falls.

Rip is a racy original, one of the men who are every where, and always delightful, from what is fondly called their profuse human nature, by which we really mean entire simplicity and kindliness—a heart overflowing with love and sympathy, but brave as a lion under all. This character is portrayed by Mr. Jefferson with such subtile felicity that if we only fancy him sometimes writing poetry, we can imagine that we see Robert Burns. There are always those in the audience who feel toward Rip as many good people in Dumfries felt toward Burns. They were impatient with him. They were ashamed of human nature when they thought of him. He was an idle, dissolute reprobate. If Death hadn't wanted him, says Robert Collyer in his noble lecture upon Burns, the sheriff was waiting for him. "So he died, and the good people hurried to bury him and all his nastiness out of sight; but they might as well have tried to bury the sunshine!" Mr. Jefferson shows us this kind of character perfectly—the man who is beloved by children and the unprosperous, by hostlers and fishermen and plow-boys, who brings no dinner to his wife unless he has had good luck in shooting or trapping, but who, despite all, is a kindly human soul.

"Yes, but look at it," says Conscience, in the sixth row from the stage, "here is a good-for-nothing rascal, who wastes his substance in riotous living; who breaks his wife's heart, and enslaves her to the hardest labor; and when the catastrophe comes, what happens? He goes quietly to sleep for twenty years, and she, for her daughter's sake, marries a man who abuses her, and she is wretched beyond words, as if she had been guilty; and at last my lazy lord opens his eyes, and rubs them, and descends after his sound nap to have his wife fall upon her knees before him, as if she were the sinner, and to beg him to drink at his pleasure *in seculâ seculorum*. What do you think of this for a moral lesson?" asks Conscience; "what do you think the Rev. Dr. Sabine would think of it?"

But, if we come to morals, what do we think of the prodigal son? Is not its best significance this, that while eating the husks and living riotously, he was still a human being to be loved and not despaired of? And if Conscience insists upon this kind of morality, is it not the excellence of the representation of Rip that, under all the shiftlessness and idleness, we love the human sunshine that will not be buried? Besides, Dan Conscience, if you will be so stringent, did not his wife banish him from her hearth? and was it no atonement or no penalty for the folly of his youth that he slept all his manhood away unconscious? Your debit and credit morality, and your trial balances of virtue and vice, are not very satisfactory. In the moral estimate of life temperament and circumstances are often the most powerful elements. The virtue of an untempted doctor is not very seraphic. It is Anthony who is truly saintly. You may take your most material text, and tell us whether you think that young Ferdinand, who sits entranced beside you, is likely to choose idleness and drinking for his profession in life because he is so delighted with the play, or the curly-haired Miranda approve her future husband's dissipation because she sees Mrs. Van Winkle, so broken-hearted with Rip, so abused with her second spouse, at last proffer the cup to Rip's passionless and unthirsting lips? If we are on the look-out for a moral, shall we not find it in the perception that, however good-for-nothing a man may be who means no ill, and however wretched he may make his family, he is still a man, and to be tenderly entreated?

How delicately and with what exquisite tone, as the painters would say, Mr. Jefferson plays the part, every body knows. People return again and again to see him, as to see a lovely landscape or a favorite picture. Indeed, it is the test of high art that it does not pall in its impression. There is no acting, perhaps, so little exaggerated as this of Rip Van Winkle, but there is none so effective. It is wholly free from declamation, and from every kind of fustian. It is absolutely na-

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ture, but it is the nature of art. There is something touching in the intentness of the audience, which is seldom broken by ordinary applause, but which responds sensitively to every emotion of the actor. And the curious felicity of his naturalness is observable in the slightest detail. No wholly imaginary object was ever more palpably real than the dog Schneider. And he is made so merely by a word or two from Rip. There is no more doubt that there *is* a dog Schneider than that there is a William Nye who went for a heathen Chinee.

But the most remarkable illustration of the power of illusion is in the physical difference between the young and the old Rip—Rip of the village and Rip of the mountains. The younger man is hearty, solid, large-framed. The guest of the ghosts awakens withered and shrunken, an old man, but still the old Rip. With what subtilty this change is expressed in the acting can not be described. The simple bewilderment; the gleam of the old humor in a mind too steady to be disturbed by any event, and instinctively but vaguely conscious of some inconceivable jest; the patient effort to comprehend, but without the least tendency to suspect the truth, which would not occur to a man so totally unreflective; the intolerable sense of desolation when his daughter, even, recoils from him—all this is, indeed, no more skillfully indicated than the rest of the rôle, but it deals with a higher and more novel experience. So, in the mountain, the tranquil steadiness of self-reliance mingled with simple awe in the presence of the ghosts; the wish that he were somewhere else, but with a constant wary mastery of the situation; the incessant talking, yet never loudly nor hurriedly, as if the sound of his own human voice were necessary to reassure him—all this, with its varying tones and looks, eludes description. It is a fine picture of heroic human nature, and if Conscience insists upon a moral which may be measured and specified, it could easily find it here.

The peculiar charm of the old legend is only deepened by seeing this play. In nothing that he wrote was the genius of Irving happier than in his version of the tale. It casts a drowsy, dreamy spell upon the scenery of the Hudson, which it is not easy to throw off, and which will cling to it for many and many a year. And when the story has taken form in the memory from the acting of Mr. Jefferson, it will be impossible ever to glide under the Catskills upon the river, or to see their distant, rounded outline mingling with the summer clouds, without believing that somewhere among them the low voice that we have heard will be heard forever—"You know'd I didn'n want to come up here, didn'n you?"

It is a very long time since the Easy Chair first talked about the Lyceum and lectures, and if any one supposed that it was a system which was a nine days' wonder he has been undeceived. It grows steadily, and extends through the country, and it may still claim that its platform is the freest we have. The novelty in the system is the rapid increase of the number of women lecturers, and it is observed that almost all their discourses have some relation to topics in which their sex is peculiarly interested; and the rule of the Lyceum holds good with them as with men, that their tone is generally what is called radical. That is to say, they are not contented with the existing condition, and ask for progress and reform. They either plead for a wider range of industry, for improved laws in regard to property and the rights of the husband, or they demand suffrage outright, as comprehending all. Some of these ladies are very eloquent speakers; and when there is evident gravity and earnestness in what they say—the emphasis of experience and the heart—there are no more persuasive orators.

Yet there remains in many courteous and generous minds the old prejudice. A woman should not speak in public, they say. Go if you will, and enjoy listening if you can; but we will stay away, for we do not think it feminine. Yet the good friend who says this went with delight to hear Jenny Lind; and pays for himself, Mrs. Friend, and the two Misses Friend, sixteen dollars to hear Nilsson; carriage, four dollars; gloves, and incidental expenses, five dollars—a neat sum total of twenty-five dollars. He likes music, she is a sweet singer, and it is *comme il faut* to hear a famous prima donna. Certainly the Easy Chair does not quarrel with those who like to hear music and sweet singers. But we were speaking of propriety. Now why is it not as unfeminine for a woman to sing upon a platform in a public hall as to speak upon the same platform? If she sings badly, certainly she ought to be severely discouraged; and if she speaks badly, let her—we say it "in a spirit of love"—hold her tongue. But then, in the same spirit, we say the same thing to singers and orators who are not women. Is it proper and manly and becoming to his sex that a man should sing or speak who has no talent for singing or speaking? It is not this Easy Chair which asserts it.

But when the woman has a noble talent for song, exquisitely cultivated—when Jenny Lind stands before us, with her hands resting one upon the other, and with her very soul sings, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—is it improper? Is it unbecoming? Is it unfeminine? Why, our good friend himself goes home a better man, because a more believing, for that marvelous song. But suppose that instead of singing those words she had read other words from the Bible, with such earnestness and conviction and power that they shone with new light, and illuminated your duty, would it be unfeminine or improper that she should do it? If a woman is evidently shallow and vain, and is plainly more concerned with the effect that her toilet will produce than with that of her words—if what she says is evidently said for sensation—no man and no woman will care to hear her. But there are women as intelligent, who think as much and feel as deeply, as the best men; and when one of them, feeling the influence of certain customs and laws in society as no man can feel them, appeals soberly and eloquently to the judgment and conscience of society, it is a peculiarly becoming, an especially feminine, duty that she does.

It would be a very comical loss that a man would impose upon himself if he refused to listen to Mr. Beecher or Mr. Phillips because he did not like to hear Mr. Tramway. Would he decline to hear Charles Wesley because poor Mr. Avery fell under sad suspicion? Yet it would be as sensible as to generalize sturdily, from hearing Miss Slop, that women ought not to speak in public, and so disdain to hear Mrs.

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Livermore, or Miss Anna Dickinson, or Mrs. Lucy Stone. There is undoubtedly an impression that women are fonder of admiration than men, and that their public appearance is therefore the result of a desire to receive it. But, upon the whole, are the public speeches of women probably less sincere than those of men? And discrimination is not forbidden. Only it should be remembered that it is very unfair to generalize upon one sex and not upon the other.

On the other hand, the women who speak in the Lyceum must not forget the kind of responsibility which they have assumed. There is an agitation for the extension of suffrage to women. Many of the ladies of whom we speak favor it, and plead for it. Now the impediments in the way of the success of the movement are a certain general indifference, a positive hostility, upon traditional and ecclesiastical grounds, and a doubt in the minds of many intelligent and sensible people whether, upon the whole, the accession of women to political equality would not perplex instead of improve the actual situation. When a woman comes to the platform to address the public, perhaps upon this very question, just in the degree that she is earnest and convinced, and speaks from her heart, will she be judged, as an illustration of the kind of perception and influence which women would bring into the common counsel and action of society. If such a woman, acknowledged by her sex and her friends as a superior woman and an admirable representative, is declamatory, sentimental, and inconsequent, she harms her cause incalculably.

Men, indeed, are no less declamatory, sentimental, and inconsequent upon political and upon all other questions. But that does not help the matter, under the circumstances. For if there were a class of men situated as the women are, when they demanded political equality they would be judged in precisely the same way. They, indeed, would have actual force upon their side in the last appeal, or there might be results to be gained by their enfranchisement which would persuade the political class to grant it. But when the question is to be considered and decided without fear of actual compulsion or disorder or defeat, every woman who advocates the cause will be criticised as a representative of her sex. If she shows herself unequal to the theme —if she is flippant and passionate, or shallow, or hysterical—the political class will ask itself what will be gained by introducing all these into public affairs.

It is an inevitable question, but it is not fair. The proper reply to it is that the exclusive political power of one sex has always, and must always, lead to unjust legislation. The theory that the best and the wisest should govern is excellent; but, to be complete, it should show how the best and the wisest are to be discovered. The fact of experience is that no man, no class, no sex, can safely be trusted with the rights and happiness of other men and classes. If the political class choose to say that there shall be no further additions to it, except of the intelligent, very well; but intelligence is not limited by sex. All this, however, although undeniable, will not help the malign influence sure to fall upon this particular cause from the failure of the chosen orators to vindicate the claim of their sex.

It is true that every new cause has the most desperate and ridiculous of advocates or associates. In the early anti-slavery days there were Father Lamson and Abby Folsom, who lifted up their voices upon every occasion, and cried aloud in a way which was absurd, but not persuasive. And what to do in a meeting for free speech with such intolerable and endless free speakers? Finally they were lifted up bodily and borne out. But they bore their testimony. And others stalked into churches, and commanded the preacher to silence in the midst of the service. Many were of opinion that the cause of human liberty and a higher civilization required great length of hair and uncooked food; and that to take milk from the cow which was intended by nature for the calf tended plainly to injure the maternal affection of the patient kine. Others, delighting to call themselves apostles of the newness, heard an inner voice commanding them to sit at their doors clad as Adam was clad before the fall. All these protestants were drawn to the great agitation of the time, and by their combined eccentricities it was contemptuously judged. It would be daring to say that it prevailed because of them. It would be undesirable to silence the eloquence of wisdom because by the foolishness of preaching some are saved. Is the work to be therefore abandoned to fools?

Great causes advance despite folly, but it is good sense, sagacity, tact, which advance them. The ladies who address the public have a much more serious task than that of amusing it, because if they merely amuse it, they confirm the popular theory that man is the faithful believer, and woman the houri. They are to show that women can do more than amuse—that they can think as vigorously and speak as pointedly as men of the great subjects of mutual interest. Of course they are to do this—as, indeed, many of them do—with the utmost grace and tact and eloquence. That is to say, they are to be orators if they seek the effects of oratory. But their general appearance upon the platform shows that the feeling of its impropriety is passing away, and it is itself an indication of the sure advance of women to participation, without arbitrary limitation, in every sphere of human interest.

WHATEVER the changes in the system of Lyceum lectures may be, there is not yet that book of the experiences of a Lyceum lecturer which every body who knows what they are is sure would be most entertaining. The severe sufferings of the pioneers in the cause are probably not familiar to the later travelers. The solemn service of apples after the lecture, and the chamber —best, but very cold—have passed away. Civilization has ameliorated the hard conditions of lecturing, but happily the agreeable aspects remain. The glimpses of delightful social life in a hundred agreeable towns, the contact with the great stream of travel, and the stimulus of fresh minds under widely differing circumstances, teach the traveler a more catholic sympathy and a more modest confidence. Travel is a shrewd cure for conceit, unless the conceit is so enormous as to blind and deafen the traveler, when he in turn becomes serviceable to mankind by being an awful warning to every observer. And the me-

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chanical methods of travel have been singularly improved since the Easy Chair first chatted about lecturing and lecturers. There is danger, doubtless, in the huge accumulation and combination of capital, and consequent unscrupulous power in great corporations, but they are often wise tyrants. They know that the people may be pleased, and perhaps blinded, by bread and plays. And when, some bright morning, a man seats himself, at the Hudson River station in New York, in a chair as easy as this, in a spacious and airy drawing-room, and all day long, as he rolls, as he rolls, looks from his book at the historic and beautiful landscape—now the Hudson and the Highlands and the Catskill, now the romantic Mohawk Valley—and, conscious of no fatigue, but only of an uninterrupted day of quiet reading, steps out, say at Rochester, at ten o'clock at night, he will confess that a journey of twelve hours could not be more delightfully performed, and will be in a mood to judge very leniently the vast power which has taken such thoughtful care of his comfort.

Meanwhile the Lyceum platform, as of old, tempts the celebrities of the moment, that they may be seen every where. Last year it was the humorists who bore the palm, as this year it is the women. Mr. Nasby, ex-postmaster, Mr. Mark Twain, and others, made triumphal progresses through the land. It is a wholly American humor; and if Mr. Bret Harte would yield to the temptations which have doubtless been offered him, he could speak every evening for many a month to thousands and thousands of hearers. Of the speakers familiar a dozen years ago some still remain. Starr King, indeed, the royal star, sank all too early from mortal eyes. That generous heart, that aspiring soul, that eloquent tongue, are but a tender and brilliant memory—but how fondly cherished! One day in that earlier epoch the Easy Chair stepped into a train in Western New York, and, looking for a resting-place, a bright-eyed boy said, "This is not engaged," and the Easy Chair gratefully took the place. After reading for some time it closed the book and looked at the landscape. Presently the boy said, quietly, "You are Mr. Easy Chair?" which could not be truthfully denied. "And I," said the boy, "am Starr King." For the traveler, whom any eye would have supposed to be a possible Junior or Senior returning to college, was the beloved pastor of a large society, and the popular lecturer. What fun there was until the parting of the ways of travel that day! And what fun and fancy and love and charity and thoughtfulness until the final parting of the ways of life! There are men whose memory is like that of the early, warm days of spring, more beautiful, possibly, in promise and suggestion than the richest hours of summer. The recollection of Starr King comes to those who knew him like warm wafts of the breath of clover blossoms in the fields to the traveler upon the highway.

The guild of lecturing has its tales and traditions, like the stage. In the midst of a lively badinage of regret that in America we had not the satisfaction of appropriate titles, Mrs. Kemble once said to the president of our oldest college, "How pleasant it would be"—and as she spoke she rose and swept a courtesy of the profoundest dignity—"how pleasant if we might say 'Your Grace of Harvard!'" Then she went on, in the same laughing strain, "But I am satisfied with my rank." "What is that?" "Indeed," replied she, with inexpressible humor, "I belong to her Majesty's players!" So the honorable if not ancient guild of Lyceum lecturers has a certain feeling of union and common interest, and there are stories of the platform like those of the stage told in the green-room.

One of them which the Easy Chair has heard was of a gentleman who, after much entreaty, was persuaded to promise to lecture in the well-known town of Blank. It was very difficult to get there, and it was very inconvenient. There was rising at a very early and very dark hour of a very cold morning. There was the usual hotel-breakfast refreshment of those days, consisting of sole-leather steaks served in a soup of grease, and muddy coffee—a refreshment which was not appetizing. Then there was the arrival in the early afternoon at Blank, on a dim, thawing winter day. The streets were mud; there were patches of snow, and that general heart-breaking dreariness of aspect which, in the mind of a homesick wanderer, produces profound depression. The lecturer looked in vain for the "committee-man," and, finding none, gave his traveling-bag to a small boy, and followed him along the rickety board sidewalk to the tavern, pensively remembering Shenstone's lines, and discovering upon reaching his quarters not only that the traveler may sigh that he finds his warmest welcome at an inn, but that the inn is itself so wretchedly forlorn. With sadly sinking spirits the lecturer entered the bar-room, which was the "office," and asked for a room and fire. The house was evidently not accustomed to travelers who wished rooms before bedtime, or who asked for other fires than the bar-room stove. But after much indifferent and reluctant moving about of the host, the guest meekly followed him to his chamber.

It was that familiar room which has not been aired within human memory, and which has that appalling smell of "closeness" which sends the guest to the window, to discover that it is not of the kind which opens. There was that familiar bed, which is of feathers, with the flabby pillow and the soiled coverlet—the bed at which the guest gazes with the horrible wonder, "Who slept there last?" The fire was lighted in the small wood-stove, and the room was full of smoke. The victim opened the stove door to adjust the wood, and found that the sticks were green, and just too long to allow the door to be closed. The windows were not made to open, and he was obliged to open the door into the entry to relieve the sense of suffocation. The house was as chilly as the outer air, and the traveler seated himself to write in an indescribable state of dejection. When the early twilight set in he went to the bar-room and asked for a lamp, which was at length obtained, although it was evident that the guests were accustomed to take ends of tallow-candles when they retired, so that ample provision of lamps was not made in the hotel—the Jefferson Hotel, as it was patriotically called. After a brief struggle to continue writing by such feeble light in the chilly and smoky chamber—a struggle interrupted by attempts to coax a fire out of green sticks—two committee-men arrived.

There was a solemn greeting upon both sides,

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and after replying truthfully to the question whether it was the first time he had ever been in Blank, and refraining from adding that it would certainly be the last time, the lecturer tried to enliven the occasion by some jocose remark. But the failure was so appalling that it deepened the general gloom.

"What is the subject of your lecture, Sir?" asked one of the gentlemen, who had been introduced by the other as Mr. Hardy, and had then immediately introduced the introducer as Mr. Jones.

"Well," replied the lecturer, blandly, "I have two lectures with me. One is of a semi-political character, the other is upon Thackeray."

"Ah!" said Mr. Hardy, "lectures are a new thing in Blank. We've had a very hard time getting them up; and as we depend upon the patronage of every body of all parties and of all denominations, and as yours is the first lecture, we don't wish to offend any body, and politics wouldn't do."

"Then perhaps I had better take the one upon Thackeray?"

There was silence for a moment, broken by a question from Mr. Jones.

"What is Thackeray?"

There was silence again, and then the guest answered, as if Mr. Jones had misunderstood the name.

"Thackeray, you know—the English author."

"Oh yes, certainly," from Messrs. Hardy and Jones.

"We are not a very literary people here," said Mr. Hardy, "and I'm afraid that we don't know much about Thackeray. Haven't you something else?"

The guest replied that unfortunately he had not.

"That's a pity," remarked Mr. Jones, discouragingly.

"'Tis a great pity," returned the unhappy lecturer, again reserving the observation that it was a much greater pity that he had weakly agreed to come to Blank.

"Well," said Mr. Hardy, "we will let you know this evening which we will have."

"Yes," assented Mr. Jones; "but it's a great pity you haven't something else."

Mr. Lecturer could only bow, like the trees in Claribel, "with an inward agony," and the gentlemen departed.

Having taken something called tea, and prepared himself for the scaffold, Mr. Lecturer awaited the arrival of his friends, who presently appeared. They were sober, but very courteous, and to the disturbed imagination of Mr. Lecturer, they had an air of the high sheriff and headsman, and he became to himself a vile prisoner in the Tower, about to issue through the Traitor's Gate to expiate his innumerable crimes at the block.

"We have chosen Thackeray," said Mr. Headsman Jones, with an air of depressed resignation.

"Yes," said the high sheriff, gloomily.

"I am afraid it's rather literary," said the prisoner, with a sickly smile.

There was no answer; and as the gentlemen remained standing, it was evident that the hour had come. Mr. Lecturer put on his coat and hat, and the three descended into the street. It was an amazingly dark night.

"It's rather muddy," said Mr. Hardy, "and we've no street lamps; but if you'll take my arm we can perhaps pick our way. We've got to get across the street."

"The hall is not very far off, I suppose?" said Mr. Lecturer.

"We haven't any hall. We've only the old court-house. The whole thing is new," replied Mr. Jones.

When you can't see, it is useless to pick your way; and Mr. Lecturer walked on, occasionally sinking in the mud for some distance; and when it came to crossing the street, he was doubtful whether over-shoes and boots would not be left behind. At length the solemn party reached the building, and entered a dim passage, in which were two or three spectres—one at a small table, evidently ready to sell tickets if any body wished to buy. The party went up stairs, and Mr. Jones opening a door, they passed into the court-room. A few persons sat in the seats allotted to spectators of judicial proceedings.

"Follow me, if you please," said Mr. Hardy; and he walked across the space in which were the lawyers' chairs and tables, and which separated by a huge gulf the audience from the judge's bench. Mr. Hardy and Mr. Lecturer seated themselves upon the bench. The hall was very dusky; but Mr. Lecturer could see with the naked eye that there were several people in the dim distance. The silence was profound.

"Are you ready?" asked the high sheriff.

"Entirely."

Looking into the darkness, and feeling with his eyes, as it were, for the audience, Mr. Lecturer read his discourse. Nothing but his own voice disturbed the awful silence and gloom. He ended and sat down, and there was no further sound. The audience were either asleep, or they had left, or they were leaving now in India rubbers, noiselessly.

The high sheriff pulled on his coat; Mr. Lecturer did the same. No word was spoken. A figure was seen crossing the lawyers' space—the bar.

"Ah!" said Mr. Hardy, with an air of relief, "here comes Mr. Pen, the schoolmaster."

Mr. Lecturer supposed that this was probably, *ex officio*, the chief literary man of Blank, and he awaited the interview with pleasant anticipation. When the ceremony of presentation was finished, Mr. Pen said, abruptly, and with solemnity:

"There is one question which we have been discussing in this town, Mr. Lecturer, which you can probably answer."

Mr. Lecturer modestly deprecated his ability to answer any question to which the Blank intellect was unequal, and asked what it was.

"The question is," said Mr. Pen, with the same solemnity, "whether the poet Longfellow is dead."

"No," replied Mr. Lecturer, "I think not. I should certainly have seen some notice of so sad an event."

"Are you quite sure?" asked Mr. Pen, with an air of disappointment, which revealed which side of the question he had supported in the discussion.

"Yes, I am very sure," answered Mr. Lecturer, smiling.

But Mr. Pen assumed an aspect of such deep dejection that Mr. Lecturer considered what pos-

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sible consolation might be offered, and presently he remarked:

"Perhaps you are thinking of Longfellow's friend, Hawthorne, who, you know, died some time ago."

A light of inexpressible relief shone upon the face of Mr. Pen, and he exclaimed, in a triumphant tone, as if the substance of the victory were his, after all:

"Ah! well, well, I knew *somebody* was dead."

And smiling to himself, he departed. So did Mr. Lecturer, by the night train, which left at midnight. It was, he says, many and many years ago, and he assures the Easy Chair that nobody will be discovered nor pained by the story. "And I wonder," he says, contemplatively—"I wonder if they have ever discovered in Blank what Thackeray is!"

Editor's Literary Record.

AT any other time the death of Alexandre Dumas would have created a sensation in France second only to that produced in England and America by the death of Charles Dickens. He was not, indeed, the greatest of French novelists, but he was the most characteristic, the most voluminous, and the most popular. Judging from the few which we have read, his novels were not deliberately vicious, they were only—Parisian. He wrote as he lived, with a carelessness, recklessness, and audacious pursuit of excitement that, happily, has but few parallels in America. He began life with fifty-two francs in his pocket, winning his fare to Paris, the theatre of his future operations, by a fortunate game of billiards. He died, having acquired a score of fortunes with his indefatigable pen, and run through them by his unbridled luxury and dissipation. In two respects he was a remarkable man. He was a true quadroon, the grandchild of a negro; "the only man with woolly hair, and deficient calves, and black pigment in the creases of the joints of his fingers, who ever gained a considerable place in the literature of the world." We are inclined to think that it was his negro blood which endowed him with his characteristics as an author. He wrote riotously; self-control would have ruined him. The same unbridled imagination which characterizes the colored preachers of the South frolics like an untamed steed through all his pages. He was luxuriant to rankness, splendid without being solid, profuse without discrimination, powerful without being able to direct or employ his power. All this we might naturally look for in one who was both Frenchman and African; but we should not look for those qualities which made him not only a most luxuriant writer, but also a most successful editor and literary organizer. The writings which bear his name comprise over twelve hundred volumes. Sometimes three or four different romances appeared at the same time, in different journals, over his name. It was calculated that at one time he produced thirty-two printed octavo pages a day. His actual contracts one year placed him under obligation to furnish an amount of manuscript equal to sixty volumes within the year; and yet he slept, or at least was in bed, fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, and never begrudged the time spent at dinner, which he generally cooked with his own hands, leaving his guests after each course, that he might superintend the serving of the next. He wrote *en déshabillé*, alone, with great rapidity, casting each page on the floor as it was finished, until the room was littered with them, then gathering them up and sending them to the press, with scarcely any revision. The inequality and fecundity of his productions provoked first criticism, then suspicion, then a legal investigation, which brought to light the fact that his writings were not all his own; that he had several scores of assistants, whose work he first inspired, and subsequently revised and improved; while neither he nor the joint-stock company which he had organized to aid him had any scruple about plagiarizing either plot or incident from previous writers, whenever a literary theft of this description would serve a useful purpose. His death was sudden. We would be happy to believe that, with the exception of three or four volumes, his works will perish with him.

WE hesitate to place on the same page the names of Alexandre Dumas and Albert Barnes. The life of the latter is not more significant as an illustration of what patient, resolute toil can accomplish than as an example of the degree to which Christian gentleness may be maintained unruffled in the midst of scenes of the most tempestuous excitement. Coming into the ministry at a time when the smouldering heats of long-repressed theological controversy were just breaking into a devouring flame, by his own youthful experience of skepticism made fully conscious of those difficulties which a too stern theology put in the way of reluctant unbelievers, clear in his own convictions of the truth, and cogent, because calm and clear, in his statement of them, Mr. Barnes, the least warlike of men, was placed, not more by his ministerial position than by the peculiarities of his intellectual character, in the forefront of the theological battle. He was accused of heresy, tried, and, for a year, suspended from the ministry. His trial became one of the proximate causes of the division in the Presbyterian Church. In all this bitter battle he never once wavered, hesitated, or retracted. Yet, with a pertinacity which is better than genius, he never suffered himself to lay aside his life-work—the preparation of a commentary for the common people—nor allowed that preparation to interfere with the daily duties of his pastorate. Rising regularly at four o'clock, sacrificing at last his eyesight to the consummation of his plan, he as inflexibly adhered to his resolution to leave his literary work at nine, often laying down his pen at the stroke of the clock in the middle of a paragraph, and sometimes in the middle of a sentence; for the rest of the day was consecrated to his parish. It was thus that he succeeded in producing what, despite subsequent imitations, is

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incomparably the best popular commentary on the Bible in any tongue. The last work of his life was to revise the volumes on the New Testament for a new edition; and the last time he put pen to paper was to write a letter to the publishers concerning his notes on the book of Acts, the new edition of which had just appeared. His work was not exempt from the criticism, we might almost say the persecution, to which at one time he was himself subjected. There are few men who would have had the patience to submit to the attacks that were made upon his commentary upon the Epistle to the Romans, and have undertaken no reply in subsequent volumes or subsequent editions. Yet of all commentaries on the Bible there is, perhaps, none less controversial than that of Mr. Barnes. Of all its good qualities there is none more striking than the calmness, the candor, and the impartiality of its statements. The death of such a man should not bring mourning to the hearts of those who share his faith. It is impossible to sorrow for him who, in the prospect of that future on which he has entered, was led into the strain of exultation with which he closes his last commentary—that on the Psalms; nor for ourselves, since he was not taken till his life's labor was completed, and since of him it may so emphatically be said, "His works do follow him."

THE previous paragraph had just been penned when the telegraph brought us the intelligence that Dean Alford of Canterbury died suddenly on the 12th day of January. This is all the intelligence we have of his death. To the reading public generally he is probably best known by his poorest work—a little volume on the Queen's English. To a smaller circle of admirers he was known by his poems and fugitive contributions to the religious periodicals. His life work, however, that by which he will be known to the future, is his "Commentary on the Greek New Testament." It is for scholars what Barnes's commentary is for the common people, incomparably the best in the English—in our judgment, and we speak after giving it a trial of many years—incomparably the best in any language. Quite as scholarly but less microscopic than Ellicot, as warm but more trust-worthy than Stanley, more Christian and less churchly than Wordsworth, Dean Alford possessed one qualification almost unknown among biblical commentators—that of absolute independence; never squaring the Scripture to his own views, but interpreting its meaning with a theological impartiality unparalleled, even when it compelled him to deny that apostolic succession was known to the apostolic church, and to declare that the church of Christ, unlike that of Judaism, should be dependent not upon the state, but upon the voluntary contributions of the people. Harper and Brothers republished several years ago one volume from his pen—that on the Gospels. We hope yet to see the work thus begun completed. We are sure that almost any clergyman could well afford to exchange half his library of sermons and doctrinal theology for Dean Alford's Commentary on the Greek Testament.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

WE took up Rev. J. H. BLUNT'S *Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) in the earnest hope that it supplied the want which all clerical students have so greatly felt. Buck's "Dictionary" was never adequate, and is quite out of date. "Faiths of the World" is too ponderous, and too much encumbered with useless though curious matter. M'Clintock and Strong's "Cyclopedia" promises to afford the best theological dictionary in the English language; but the fact that it includes also biblical, historical, and even biographical articles, prevents it from occupying the niche to which we refer. But Mr. Blunt is so far committed to a system that he is unable to appreciate any opinions but his own, which are those of the extremest Anglican High-Churchism. He not only refers the reader to a future "Dictionary of Sects and Heresies" for information concerning the Unitarians and Swedenborgians, but complacently transfers Methodists and Congregationalists to the same fellowship, while of the existence of Baptists and Presbyterians he is entirely oblivious. Whoever wants a dictionary of the doctrinal theology of the High-Church party will find it admirably stated in this volume; whether the information is worth so many pages is a question.

Messrs. Hurd and Houghton have completed in four volumes their American edition of *Smith's Bible Dictionary*. It is an admirably executed but not wisely planned work. The plan has been to give the articles in the original dictionary of Dr. SMITH without alteration, and then in notes and supplemental articles to afford additional information. The consequence is that the reader often finds an error in the English article corrected in the American additions, or a theory advocated in the former combated in the latter. The confusion existing to some extent in the original work is thus increased; and while the additions and corrections enhance the value of the work, they make a dictionary less valuable than a purely American book would have been which used the materials of both Smith and Kitto.

Professor POND'S *History of God's Church* (Ziegler and M'Curdy) is a bulky volume of over a thousand pages, issued in the ordinary style of subscription books, with very poor engravings. It traces the history of the church from the creation of the world to the emancipation of slavery in the United States. Composed of materials originally gathered for theological lectures, it partakes too much of the severe style of such lectures to render it attractive to the general reader, but it is a convenient manual of ecclesiastical history to the student, and affords a comprehensive view of the progress of religious truth and organizations for those who have not time or inclination to read more elaborate treatises on special eras.—All students of the evidences of Christianity are familiar with the argument from prophecy. Dr. R. PAYNE SMITH, in his *Prophecy a Preparation for Christ* (Gould and Lincoln), the Bampton lectures for 1869, has presented the argument in a new and very interesting form. His object is less to show the literal fulfillment of prophecy—an argument the course of which can be appreciated only by those who possess some scholarship—than to exhibit the truth that "there is throughout the Old Testament a special presence of God preparing for the fulfillment of a gracious purpose on His part to restore man to a higher state of perfection and happiness than that from

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which he fell"—a course of argument which can be appreciated by any one who is able to enter into the spirit of the Bible.—Professor MURRAY'S *Outline of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy* (Gould and Lincoln) contains, in a compact form, the system of that philosopher, gathered from his various books, but as a text-book we think it inferior to Professor Havens's work, which is scarcely less Hamiltonian in philosophy.—Mr. J. T. HEADLEY, whose beautiful home on the banks of the Hudson ought to prove an inspiration, but does not, fails to keep up the promise of his earlier years. His *Sacred Heroes and Martyrs* (E. B. Treat and Co.) has something of the imaginative glow which made his "Sacred Mountains" so popular; but the general impression which it produces is that it contains a great deal of matter for a very limited amount of truth.—Dr. HUNT has evidently been inspired by the best of purposes in preparing his *Bible Notes for Daily Readers* (Scribner), but had not the learning to fit him for his task. His two large octavo volumes contain no evidence that he is acquainted with the results of recent scholarship in biblical fields. They leave the reader at the end as uninformed in respect to the problems of to-day as when he opened the book; nor do they contain any spiritual strength to compensate for the intellectual weakness, or any originality of thought to supply the lack of accurate and fresh knowledge.—Though Dr. FURNESS in his *Jesus* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) does not carry his readers as far as, with our conception of Christ's character, we could wish he did, yet, as a counterpoise to the works of such destructionists as Strauss, such skeptics as Schenckel, such romancers as Renan, and such extreme humanitarians as some of the followers of Theodore Parker, such a volume is the more useful because it is the work of a man who belongs ecclesiastically to the school whose extreme and destructive radicalism he seeks to temper. According to Dr. Furness, Jesus is the ideal man, whose mission it was to afford us a new sense "of the worth and sacred destiny of the race which has produced such an instance of what it may become."

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

WE read with some impatience so calm and unimpassioned a narrative as Mr. G. Z. GRAY has afforded us in *The Children's Crusade* (Hurd and Houghton) of events so stirring as those which form the subject-matter of his narrative. In reading this story, gathered from sources which to most readers are inaccessible, of the cruel deceptions, the scandalous treacheries, the cold, unsympathizing repulses which the children suffered from Christians, worse than the slavery and martyrdom which some of them experienced at the hands of the Saracens, we long for some more vigorous utterance of feeling on the part of the writer. But this want of emotional and dramatic power is the only fault we have to find in a volume which is a valuable addition to the religious history of the Middle Ages.—It is too early to write a history of the European war. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT'S *Prussia and the Franco-Prussian War* (B. B. Russell), so far as it is such a history, is necessarily composed from such materials as are furnished by official documents already published, and by the accounts of the most reliable journals. Mr. Abbott has succeeded in bringing order out of this chaos, and has furnished the best account before the public of the course of the war up to December, 1870. In tracing its origin he is on surer historical ground. And the reader has here, in a compact and readable form, a succinct account of the rise of Prussia, the eccentricities of the Fredericks, the Schleswig-Holstein question, the unification of Italy, and the real though remote causes of the present war.—There is nothing about either the subject or the author to render *The Destroyer of the Second Republic* (Sheldon and Co.) a book of much interest or much value. What VICTOR HUGO has to say about Napoleon III. is a matter of the least possible concern to the American mind. As a history it is untrustworthy; as a piece of philosophy it is superseded by history; as an indictment it is melodramatic.—M. RENAN'S *Constitutional Monarchy in France* (Roberts Brothers), an essay translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is a much more sober and suggestive book—more thoughtful than often comes from French writers when they deal with political matters. Looking beneath the surface, he perceives in the empire the legitimate fruit of the revolution, and addresses alike to the imperialists and the radicals some words of caution, to which recent events give very remarkable significance. Nevertheless it is a book of purely local interest, scarcely worth reprinting in America.—Dr. CHARLES ADAMS, in the *Memoir of Washington Irving* (Carleton and Lanahan), presents, in a very convenient form, the story of the great writer's life for youthful readers. It is told in a style which will make it attractive to others also, who have not time to read the four volumes of Pierre M. Irving.—We have already expressed our strong approbation of the "Tone Masters" (Lee and Shepard). Two additional volumes of the series, *Handel and Haydn* and *Bach and Beethoven*, confirm the impressions produced by the preceding volume.

FICTION.

IT can not be very difficult to write a novel on the principle on which Mrs. AUSTIN has written *The Shadow of Moloch Mountain* (Sheldon and Co.). We confess to have followed with some interest the adventures of Beatrice and Marston Brent, and that it is quite impossible for even an experienced novel-reader to guess from one chapter what the next will bring forth; but then it is not difficult to write a book of surprises, if one simply allows himself to pay no attention whatever to the laws which ordinarily regulate human conduct, and sets his characters to doing all manner of things, except those which are congruous and coherent. A bad vow is better broken than kept; and the absurd consistency which leads Marston to reject the retraction of Beatrice is happily never found except in the heroes of novels, and not very often, we are glad to think, even there.—Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co. send us their first ventures in the realm of fiction, *By the Sea*, and *Shiloh*. The former was written, we judge, by a young, certainly by an immature, authoress. There are some manifestations of power, but the plot is too involved, the incidents too unnatural, to secure and maintain a healthy interest. The machinery of a French romance is not adapted to the necessities of a religious

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story. "Shiloh" we like. It is all the better for being a growth, not a creation—that is, natural rather than elaborately artistic. While there are no scenes of great power, there are passages of quaint originality, and some of real pathos; and the moral, "As ye have opportunity do good unto all men," is very well enforced.—Christine Nilsson's recommendation will of itself insure to her countrywoman, Madame MARIE SCHWARTZE, a favorable hearing; and we think her volumes, so far as we can judge from the two before us, *Gold and Name* and *Birth and Education* (Lee and Shepard), will secure a favorable verdict. The novels, like their titles, are perhaps a little heavy, though how far that is due to a natural loss of vivacity in translation we can not say. But to those who are wearied with the sensational style we have borrowed from France, this specimen of a better and purer style of literature from Sweden will be very cordially welcomed.

The commencement of Mr. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE's last and, in some respects, strongest novel, *A Siren* (Harper and Brothers), does not do justice to its close. It opens with a wearisomely elaborate description of Italian life and nature, and moves so lazily, as a narrative, that the reader will be inclined to abandon the novel before he has got fairly into it. But the author wakes up as he proceeds, before the story is ended it assumes an almost melodramatic intensity, and the brilliancy of the conclusion amply repays the reader who has the patience to push his way through the opening chapters. The mystery which hangs over the plot is managed with great effect, and until the very last chapter the reader is entirely led astray in respect to its solution.—*Marcella of Rome* (Dodd and Mead), by the authoress of "Geoffrey the Lollard," is a somewhat highly but well wrought tale of the primitive Christian martyrs. The story does not depend for its value upon the accuracy with which it portrays Roman life, though some of its descriptions are very good; nor upon its dramatic interest, which, however, never flags; but upon the power with which it carries the reader into those olden times, and the success with which it unfolds Christian experience as tested by extraordinary trial. The authoress has opened a somewhat new vein in historical fiction, and one which promises to afford the three elements whose combination constitutes the perfection of a religious story—instruction, inspiration, and interest.—*The Victory of the Vanquished* (Dodd and Mead) is a similar story, treating not only of the same era, but even introducing some of the same incidents; but Mrs. CHARLES has not improved since she wrote that incomparable story, "The Schonberg-Cotta Family;" and this, her latest story, which is a very good one, suffers both by contrast with her earlier works and with that of her younger competitor.—*Christie Elwood* (Robert Carter and Brothers) is too heavily weighted with formal religious instruction to be altogether successful as a story.—It is seldom that we meet with any one not a professional author, or even with any one who is, who can tell a story as well as Mr. R. W. RAYMOND has told the seven stories for seven days which constitute *The Children's Week* (J. B. Ford and Co.)—an admirable little collection of fairy sketches, with touches here and there that remind us of Dickens, and with something of the same inimitable love of the little folks, and the same broad, democratic sympathies.—*Double Play* (Lee and Shepard) is a very healthful book for boys—a book to develop genuine Christian manliness, and to weed out morbid feeling. The preface is a very ingenious bit of rather artificial humor.—It need only to be known that *The Percys* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) is by Mrs. PRENTISS to insure its reading by the little folks, and its hearty approval by their elders. If her people are a little too good to be natural, they are not too good to be healthful and inspiring examples. This book is an admirable help to any young person who, away from home, has begun to fight the Christian battle, and needs for it both inspiration and guidance.—Lee and Shepard send us, in *Who will Win* and *Going on a Mission*, two volumes of another of their attractive series for children. The first of these is unusually interesting, and contains some admirable touches of humor.—They also send us *Arthur Brown*, the first of the Pleasant Cone series, by ELIJAH KELLOGG. Full of adventures which are intended to give the reader not only pleasure but instruction, this book will undoubtedly find a hearty welcome from the boys who have made the author's acquaintance in the Elm Island stories.

SCIENCE.

WE gladly welcome a series of volumes, of which the first only is before us, by Mr. JACOB ABBOTT, the general character of which is aptly described in the title, *Science for the Young* (Harper and Brothers). Mr. Abbott, at his best, is the very best living writer for youth; and the volume before us, on heat, is executed in his best manner. It treats of the principles of combustion, of the correlation of forces, and the mechanical theory of heat. The information is brought down to the latest results of physical research, including the best exposition (for popular use) of the experiments of Mayer and Goule that we know of in the English language. The most recent discoveries are described with great lucidity, and illustrated with impressive and forcible examples. The work is clothed in a slightly dramatic form, which is calculated to win the attention of young readers without impairing the precision of its statements. The book opens with an account of a voyage to Liverpool in the *Scotia*, giving a series of interesting details in regard to the daily routine of sea life. The series can hardly fail to prove attractive to all classes of readers, old as well as young.

Professor PROCTOR's volume on *Other Worlds than Ours* (D. Appleton and Co.) is an interesting and well-written attempt to show the reasonableness of the hypothesis that the other worlds are inhabited. Incidentally it contains, in a form attractive to the general reader, a good deal of valuable information on astronomical science.—Scribner and Co. add a volume on *The Bottom of the Sea* to their Wonder series.

POETRY.

To readers unfamiliar with the German language Goethe's *Faust* has hitherto been a "book with seven seals." Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR is the good magician who has broken the seals, and laid its treasures open to the English public. His translation (J. R. Osgood and Co.) is the

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only one truly worthy of the name ever published. All the others, from Anster to Brooks, were sheer travesties in comparison, and—to borrow Macaulay's appropriation of Shakspeare's wit—deserve to be called translations only in the sense in which Quince addresses Bottom on his appearance with an ass's head on his shoulders, "Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee, thou art translated!" Had the test of retranslating them into German been applied to any one of them, Goethe would not have been able to recognize the most faint resemblance to his own immortal work. Mr. Taylor's translation comes as near being a perfect reproduction of the original as the difference in the two languages will permit; and it is the only one, out of a score or two, which an admirer of Goethe's genius can read with pleasure and approval. Its characteristics are fidelity to the form, thought, and spirit of the German poem, combined with the freedom and ease of original composition. In the plan of adhering to the original metres Mr. Taylor was anticipated by Mr. Brooks, who, however, never hesitated to sacrifice every thing to rhyme and metre; whereas Mr. Taylor admits that if "now and then there was an inevitable alternative of meaning or music," he gave the preference to the former; but he adds that in the progress of the work he was cheered by the discovery that the more closely he reproduced the language of the original, the more of its rhythmical character was transferred at the same time. Without binding himself to a rigid adherence to every foot, line, and rhyme of the original, which would have fettered him too closely, he has taken fewer liberties with the text than any of his predecessors; and those which he has taken are in every case unimportant, and in no wise affect the character of the translation. The superiority of his version is nowhere more apparent than in the lyrical passages, especially in the beautiful choruses in short lines, with double and triple rhymes, which have been the despair of all preceding translators. Every student of the German will be struck with the rhythmical ease and fluency which characterize these passages, and will appreciate the amount of labor it must have cost to conceal so effectually every trace of labor. We should like, did space permit, to quote some of these passages, and compare them with the bungling efforts of previous translators. Such a comparison would show that, with the single exception of Shelley, Mr. Taylor is the only translator of "Faust" in whom are combined all the qualifications essential to the successful performance of the work. Himself a poet of high and rare imagination, and gifted with exceptional command over the resources of the English language, he entered upon the task with the determination to give us Goethe's "Faust" in English — to take, as it were, the soul of the German poem, and create for it a new and living body as nearly a perfect copy of the original as another than the great artist himself could make of it. After twenty years of intelligent study and application, he has given us a work which will take rank as a master-piece of poetical translation.

Miriam (J. R. Osgood, and Co.) is the title of a little volume of poems by J. G. WHITTIER, and is the first and most considerable piece in the volume. It is a story, if any thing so exceedingly simple can be so designated, of Islamism. The good Shah Akbar discovers unfaithfulness in one of his harem, but is turned from his passionate revenge by the lesson of forgiveness which he has learned from the Christian Miriam. There is nothing to the story save its moral, for it is a parable—the moral that Christian experience is more wide-spread than Christian doctrine; that

> "—every where the Spirit walks
> The garden of the heart, and talks
> With man, as under Eden's trees,
> In all his varied languages."

There are one or two additional pieces in the book which we do not remember to have seen before, but most of them will be familiar to those who watch the papers and periodicals for Whittier's poetry.

These are the only poetical works of importance on our table. G. P. Putnam and Son send us *The Suitors*, a translation, by IRVING BROWNE, from the French of Racine, whose play was itself an adaptation of Aristophanes's "Wasps." The translation appears to be well done; it is at least smooth and free from foreign idioms, and, as there are a great many who like to laugh at the lawyers when not in their hands, it ought, as a satire on the legal profession, to be popular. It would make a very good play for parlor theatricals.—Mr. WISEMAN'S translation of *Leonore* (J. Kohler, Philadelphia) is not as good as some others previously before the public.—*Max and Maurice* (Boberts Brothers), from the German of WILLIAM BUSCH, is as entrancingly absurd a piece of nonsense as we have ever met with.—We have two or three collections of poetry. Porter and Coates send us a new edition of LONGFELLOW'S *Poets and Poetry of Europe*. This book is of a different character from that of most poetical collections. It is not a mere selection for pleasant reading. Classified according to countries and authors, and accompanied with very brief but discriminating biographical sketches of the writers, it is really a cyclopedia of European poetry, an invaluable aid, and almost indispensable book of reference to the student of literature.—ANNA C. LOWELL'S *Posies for Children* (Roberts Brothers) is an exceedingly well-selected bouquet of verse for the little folks.—*Lullaby* (Randolph) is an exquisite little book, as beautiful in execution as it is pretty in conception. It is a collection of lullabies gathered from various sources—the English, the German, the Gaelic, the French, the Norse, all being laid under contribution, and all sorts of authors represented, from Mother Goose to Wordsworth and Tennyson. Music is added to most of them, so that the mother may readily adopt which of the lullabies she likes best for her own little one.—The larger collections of poetry are excluded from many homes by their expense, and from many hands in hours of weariness, when the ministration of poetry is most needed, by their bulk. But there are surely few who could not afford to grace their home by such a volume as Professor KENDRICK'S *Our Poetical Favorites* (Sheldon and Co.), and almost absolutely none who would be debarred from H. P. W.'s *Poems of Home Life* (American Tract Society). They are both exceedingly good collections. The latter shows in its compiler especially good taste as well as wide reading, and, more than all, a woman's perceptions of home life and home wants.

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Editor's Scientific Record.

HALFORD METHOD OF CURING SNAKE BITES.

A GREAT contrariety of opinion seems to exist in regard to the value of Dr. Halford's method of treating snake bites. The American and European physiologists who have discussed the question, or who have repeated the experiments, appear to attach very little value to it; but the Australian faculty are quite unanimous in their indorsement.

Professor Halford, in a recent communication, discusses the symptoms of twenty cases treated by his process, under the hands of different practitioners, widely remote from each other. In seventeen cases recovery followed; and in thirteen of these the practitioners were of the opinion that death would certainly have ensued without this counteracting agency. The treatment consists in injecting about three minims of dilute ammonia, of the specific gravity of .959, into a superficial vein, by piercing its coats with the nozzle of a hypodermic syringe. The curative effect is said to be almost immediate, and several physicians stated that the recovery from collapse was so rapid and startling as to be almost magical. It still remains a question, however, whether, notwithstanding Dr. Halford's assurances, the Australian snakes are really as venomous as those of America—the contrary being, it is understood, the opinion of Dr. Krefft, of Sydney. We await with much interest the result of renewed experiments in this country, and can only express the hope that the application may be successful in cases of bites of rattlesnakes and copper-heads; since in the latest memoir on the venom of the rattlesnake, by Dr. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, he expresses the opinion positively that no remedy exists in cases where the poison is mature, and has been fairly introduced into the circulation in sufficient quantity.

COMBUSTION OF SMOKE.

It is generally understood that the cause of smoke, in the case of burning wood and other forms of carbon, is due essentially to an insufficient supply of air, which prevents the combustion from being complete. This may seem strange, when we are assured that the gases produced by combustion, of coal especially, contain an excess of air. This apparent inconsistency, however, is explained when we are informed that by a deficiency of air is simply meant that this is the case in each volume or stratum of air in which combustion has taken place; but the gases which pass into the chimney may be regarded as a collection of such volumes or strata mixed with others rich in oxygen, and these, in most instances, being too little heated to admit of their entering into combination.

From these theoretical considerations it follows that, for the purpose of avoiding or diminishing smoke, it will be sufficient to cause an intimate admixture of the gases the moment they quit the fire, even without introducing a fresh volume of air. This principle has been applied in several forms. In one, two fire-places are built side by side, running parallel, and separated by a wall. The fires in these two fire-places are fed alternately, and the currents of gas being directed one against the other at the back of the furnaces, the strata are thus broken up and mixed, so as greatly to diminish the amount of smoke. Another application, for the same purpose, consists in introducing a little air, in a finely divided state, behind the bridge of the furnace. This air supplies the requisite oxygen at the moment when the combustible gases are still sufficiently heated for them to become ignited; and the admixture is readily effected, but with some loss of combustible matter. Still a third process, that of Thierry, consists in introducing a jet of steam over the surface of the fire. The steam does not exert any chemical action, but operates mechanically by mixing gases, and thus diminishing the amount of smoke. By means of these, and other applications that will readily suggest themselves, much may be done not only in preventing the escape of smoke from furnaces, locomotives, and hearths, but also in economizing the fuel by securing an appreciably greater intensity and amount of heat.

HYPODERMIC INJECTIONS.

A committee appointed by the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London to investigate the hypodermic method of administering medicine reports as follows:

1. That, as a general rule, only clear neutral solutions of drugs should be injected.

2. That, whether drugs be injected under the skin, or administered by the mouth or rectum, their chief physiological and therapeutical effects are the same in kind, though varying in degree; but,

3. That symptoms are observed to follow the subcutaneous injection of some drugs which are absent when they are administered by other methods; and, on the other hand, certain unpleasant symptoms which are apt to follow the introduction of the drugs by the mouth and rectum are not usually experienced when such drugs are injected under the skin.

4. That, as a general rule, to which, however, there are many exceptions, neutral solutions of drugs, introduced subcutaneously, are more rapidly absorbed and more intense in their effects than when introduced by the rectum or mouth.

5. That no difference has been observed in the effects of a drug subcutaneously injected, whether it be introduced near to or at a distance from the part affected.

6. That the advantages to be derived from this method of introducing drugs are—rapidity of action, intensity of effect, economy of material, certainty of action, facility of introduction in certain cases, and, with some drugs, avoidance of unpleasant symptoms.

It is further stated that "we may safely take as a broad guide in practice the rule, that the physiological activity of nearly every substance which can thus be used is three if not four times greater when it is given by the skin than when it is swallowed." The proper hypodermic dose of strychnine, to begin with, is said to be $\frac{1}{100}$ grain of the sulphate. The dose of atropine is also $\frac{1}{100}$ grain at first. The dose of morphine is $\frac{1}{10}$ grain to $\frac{1}{8}$ grain.

The circumstance that the action of medi-

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cines administered hypodermically is very rapid, and often instantaneous, renders the method invaluable in certain cases; as, for instance, in cases of poisoning by opium, where the application of atropine or belladonna is indicated.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

Professor Duncan, in addressing the British Association upon the principal geological changes which have occurred in Europe since the appearance of man, premised that no trace of man has been found associated with any deposits formed during the glacial period in Northern Europe. The earliest remains of man and his works, and of the beasts associated with him and hunted by him, rest upon these deposits resulting from glacial causes, and are, therefore, later in time. A second period, however, of mountain glacialization took place, when the glaciers of the Alps and Pyrenees especially extended far into the districts below them. This was subsequent to the existence of man, since the mud and gravel produced by the grinding down of the mountain-sides during this period, and its stratification over the plains, are found to cover the remains of man and his works; and, therefore, to be of a later epoch.

This second glacialization, and the arrangement of the wash, are suggested as forming a line of separation between the paleolithic period, when man used rude stone weapons, and the neolithic period, when smooth and polished instruments were manufactured, and, in a general sense, marking the time when the great mammalia disappeared from the northern and western parts of Europe.

Among the principal geological changes which occurred after the appearance of man in Europe, our author enumerates the subsidence of an area of land which connected Sicily with Crete and Northern Africa north of the Sahara; the formation of the Straits of Gibraltar; the excavation of the valleys of Northern and Eastern France; the separation of the coasts of France and England, in the region about Dover and Calais, and that of the Isle of Wight from the main land; the formation of a great part of the Bristol Channel; a considerable upheaval of the Scandinavian peninsula and Denmark; the uprise of the Desert of Sahara, in Africa, after the second extension of the Alpine glaciers.

TEMPERATURE OF INSECTS.

The delicate indications in regard to temperature furnished by the thermo-electric apparatus have been lately used to great advantage in many investigations having for their object the determination of minute quantities of heat. Some of these we have already presented to our readers, and we have now to chronicle some new experiments with the apparatus, for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of heat possessed by invertebrate animals, in continuation of the researches of Dutrochet, Dubost, Newport, and others. The observations in question were made by Mr. Maurice Girard, with both the thermo-electric pile and the mercurial thermometer. From an abstract of the results obtained we learn that in the larvæ and pupæ of insects with a complete metamorphosis, especially caterpillars with smooth bodies, the temperature of the surface descends below that of the surrounding air, showing that the evolution of heat by the respiratory combustion may be insufficient to compensate for the loss due to the superficial evaporation, or cutaneous transpiration. In the case of chrysalids, the cocoon, in which the pupæ of many lepidoptera and hymenoptera envelop themselves, seems specially intended, among other objects, to prevent too rapid a drying of the animal, such as would induce a fatal superficial refrigeration. Indeed, at the moment of being taken out of the cocoon, pupæ usually present a distinct elevation of temperature; but, exposed to the air, they lose weight by evaporation, and the surface temperature of their bodies often descends below that of the surrounding air. When the temperature approaches nearly to 32° Fahr., a superficial cooling, due to evaporation, does not appear to be produced.

Adult insects, even when sleeping or very weak, always have their temperature either equal to or slightly above that of the air. The larvæ and pupæ of insects with incomplete metamorphosis resemble adults in this respect. Mr. Girard also ascertained that the temperature varies appreciably in different regions of the body, especially in insects with powerful aerial locomotion, where the difference in heat between the thorax and abdomen in this respect may be very considerable. In the bumble-bees and in the sphingidæ the excess of the thoracic over the abdominal temperature sometimes amounts to from 7° to 18° Fahr.; the heat in the flying insect being concentrated in the thorax with an intensity proportioned to the power of flight. This appears to result from the fact that in the thorax are situated the strong muscles both of the legs and wings, which in energetic contraction during flight become the seat of an active combustion.

Again, in the bumble-bees and some other insects the external evolution of heat was found to be in relation to the buzzing, the temperature falling as soon as the buzzing ceases, and rising again as soon as it is resumed, this being observed many times successively.

REMAINS IN THE CAVES OF THE ALTAÏ.

Professor Brandt, in a recent memoir upon the remains of mammals discovered in the quaternary formation of the caves in the Altaï Mountains, remarks that a great majority of the species belong to forms still living in the same mountains; or, as in the case of the boar and the beaver, exterminated there within a recent period, the total number hitherto determined amounting to about one-third of the species of the present fauna. A few of the remains, however, such as those of the cave hyena, Irish elk, the primitive ox, the fossil rhinoceros, and the mammoth, belong to animals of the existence of which in later times there is no historical evidence, not much reliance being placed upon an alleged tradition of the Tartars of Southern Siberia, in regard to the occurrence of giant animals, with which their ancestors were in the habit of contending. Another animal found in these caves is the horse, of which no wild specimens occur at the present time in Siberia. The bones of this animal seem in rather better preservation, and consequently of newer introduction, than those of the extinct species just mentioned. A similar condition of preservation attaches to bones of the bison, while those of the

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primitive ox have lost their organic matter almost in the same proportion as the mammoth and other species. From this Professor Brandt concludes that the primitive ox was exterminated in Asia as well as in Europe earlier than was the case with the bison and the wild horse; this being due, perhaps, in the case of the ox, to the more palatable nature of its flesh when compared with that of the bison. Finally, our author remarks that, even if the coexistence of man in Siberia and the colossal and extinct animals can not be established on palentological and archæological data, although indicated perhaps in some obscure sagas, yet we may assume it with tolerable certainty, as we know that he lived in Europe unquestionably at the same time with the mammoth, rhinoceros, Irish elk, bison, and the auerochs, and possibly even emigrated from Asia at the same time with them.

HOMERIC IRON.

It has lately been suggested that wherever iron is mentioned as occurring in the earlier Scriptures, as well as in the ancient Greek authors, such as Homer and Hesiod, in all cases it is to be considered as referring to meteoric iron, the period when mankind was able to reduce the metal from its ores not yet having arrived. This view is supported by Professor Haidinger, of Vienna, in a very elaborate and learned disquisition; and he also suggests that the iron found on the surface of the earth in Southern Africa for a time, and used by the natives, as well as that employed by the Esquimaux in making implements before their association with the whites, is due to the same origin.

PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF COFFEE.

An interesting communication was recently made at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris in regard to the value of coffee as an article of food. Attention was called to a statement of Mr. Gasparin, in 1850, that the miners of Charleroi preserved their health and great vigor of muscular force by the use of less than half of the nutriment indicated as necessary by theory and daily observation. Using food containing less nitrogen and carbon than the daily ration of the monks of La Trappe, whose countenances are pale, and who exercise scarcely one-fifth as much as an ordinary workman, these Belgian miners were most industrious and energetic in their labors. The secret of the difference was stated by Mr. Gasparin to consist in the use every day by these miners of a pint of an infusion of about an ounce of coffee prepared in two quarts of water, which served the purpose of counteracting the injurious effect of an insufficient supply of food.

Reference was also made to an experiment in 1860, by Mr. Jousand, in which, by the use of a decoction of about an ounce and a half of powdered coffee, a young man was kept, with no other food whatever, in good health and strength for seven days, during which time he took more active muscular exercise than usual, without any special inconvenience.

The particular deduction from these experiments appears to be that coffee has an important action in preventing denutrition and emaciation. An illustration of this is seen, according to the author, in the effect upon the urea. In one experiment about half a grain of caffein was consumed daily, and the amount of urea was diminished 28 per cent.; while an infusion of about two ounces of roast coffee diminished it by 20 per cent. This is asserted to be the result of very careful experiments of a physiologist upon himself, proving that caffein and roast coffee diminish the oxydation of the system, and temper the process of denutrition. The excessive frequency and intensity of the beating of the heart was also found to be reduced in several instances. It is probable, according to the author, that a similar action is exerted by some other substances—the Paraguay tea, especially, which, it is well known, enables the natives of the Andes to subsist for a long time on an incredibly small amount of food.

NON-CONDUCTING HANDLES OF TEA-POTS.

The interposition of two non-conducting portions in the metallic handle of a tea-pot, as is well known, prevents a considerable degree of inconvenience in handling it when filled with boiling-hot liquid. Another method of accomplishing the same result, recently suggested, is based upon the absorption of the heat conducted toward the handle by a material having a large capacity for heat, and which, consequently, will take up the heat which the metal of the handle is able to conduct, without being itself raised to a high temperature. For this purpose the handle is to be made hollow, as heretofore, and affixed to the metal pot without the interposition of any non-metallic substance. It is then to be filled with water through a minute perforation made for the purpose, which can be done by heating the handle so as to expel some of the air, and then plunging it again into the water. A small quantity of water enters, which is again boiled until the air is expelled, and the handle again immersed until it is filled with water. When full the hole is soldered up, and thus permanently closed.

TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH AT DIFFERENT DEPTHS.

A commission of the British Association has for some years been engaged in collecting evidence in regard to the temperature of the earth at different depths and in different regions. By some of the observations, the rule heretofore announced in regard to increase of temperature was corroborated, namely, that which fixes it at one degree to about fifty feet, in some instances varying a little in excess or diminution. Attention was called to the interest which would attach to carefully prepared observations made in the great artesian well near St. Louis, which, as is known, reached the depth of 3843 feet, greatly exceeding that of any other well of the kind in the world. Unfortunately this well is blocked up at a point comparatively near to the surface; and it would involve great expense to open it out again for the purpose of prosecuting special experiments. Mr. Glashier, on the same occasion, presented some remarks in regard to the temperature of the air at different altitudes, and explained that although in general the cold increases the higher we ascend in the atmosphere, yet at some seasons, at a certain distance from the earth, the temperature is higher instead of lower than at the surface; furthermore, it was ascertained that at given elevations the

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thermometer indicated a higher point at night than by day; and he therefore considers that up to 1000 feet, the temperature may be occasionally higher instead of lower than at the ground.

COLOROMETRIC DETERMINATION OF GOLD IN QUARTZ.

A process for the colorometric estimation of the quantity of gold in quartz has been submitted by Mr. Skey, of the government laboratory, to the Philosophical Society of Wellington, New Zealand, which is said to meet all requirements without the necessity of using quicksilver. The stone to be estimated, after having been thoroughly crushed and calcined, is immersed in a bath of iodine or bromine, and permitted to stand for some time. Slips of Swedish filtering-paper are then dipped in the fluid and dried alternately until the paper is thoroughly saturated, after which they are burned in a muffle. If no gold be present the ashes will be white, but one pennyweight to the ton will give them a beautiful purple color. It is believed that further experiments, with iodine or bromine baths, of known contents of gold, will enable the exact proportion of gold to be tested by the colorometric method.

PAPER FROM OAT REFUSE.

Paper is manufactured from oat refuse by Mr. Hay, of Glasgow, by first immersing the oat husks in water in a tank in order to float off mustard and other seeds, with which they are frequently more or less mixed, and which, if not separated, materially deteriorate the quality of the paper. It is of advantage to have the water well stirred, as it facilitates the separation of the foreign seeds, and allows them to float to the surface. The oat husks are then allowed to settle, and the surface scum and floating seeds are drawn off by an overflow pipe at the top of the tank, or skimmed off by a rake or other tool, or otherwise removed; after which the water is drained from the oat husks by a waste-water pipe at the bottom of the tank, and beneath a perforated false bottom, or fitted with a strainer which retains the oat husks. The oat husks may be left to steep in the water for from five to ten hours after or during the removal of the scum, as this steeping, by softening them and helping to loosen the silica from the fibre, facilitates the subsequent boiling process.

CHLORIDE OF ZINC AS A PAINT.

Chloride of zinc, which has been used to advantage as a cement, is now highly recommended as a paint. A convenient application for this purpose is made by stirring a mixture of oxide and chloride of zinc in cream of tartar, adding starch enough to bring it to the proper consistency, and then boiling the whole and allowing it to cool. If the paint is to be colored in any way, a pigment of the desired shade of color is to be introduced before boiling with the starch. In the course of half an hour the paint becomes dry and hard, in consequence of the formation of oxychloride, and the drying would be still more rapid if it were not somewhat retarded by the presence of the cream of tartar. This paint does not become darkened in the air, and is without smell; and even in winter, in consequence of its quick drying, will admit a second and third coat in the space of a few hours. It can be cleaned with soap and water, like an oil paint, and its action, in consequence of containing the chloride of zinc, is as a preservative of wood, rendering it almost incombustible—a peculiarity which can be increased by adding a small quantity of borax.

IRON SLAG CEMENT.

A new form of cement, of much value, may, it is said, be prepared by finely pulverizing the slag of iron furnaces, and passing this through a fine sieve. This powder is then to be mixed in a mill with calcined gypsum, to which a variable amount of soluble phosphate of lime has been previously added. The best proportion of the different ingredients is said to consist of 700 parts of gypsum and 300 of slag, to which, for use in the open air, 28 parts of soluble phosphate of lime are to be added. This, however, may be replaced by a corresponding quantity, six to fourteen parts, of phosphoric or boracic acid, or any other substance capable of combination with the iron. The superphosphate of lime may also be substituted for the soluble phosphate. For this, however, an equal quantity of slag must be used. On the other hand, if the quantity of soluble phosphate of lime is increased, the sulphate may be entirely omitted.

It is always necessary to have the different ingredients finely pulverized and well mixed. When used, a sufficient quantity of water is to be added, and the whole thoroughly stirred together. With these substances blocks can be made as hard as marble, and capable of imitating this substance very closely. For this purpose the necessary moulds are to be laid upon a porous bed—gypsum, for instance—and subjected, by means of a screw or hydraulic press, to a great pressure. The cement, thus compressed, is removed from the mould in the form of a very hard block, which takes as fine a polish as marble, and may be stained or colored previous to the pressure in such a way as closely to resemble the different colors of this rock. This artificial marble resists the influence of air, moisture, and frost, and is said to be well adapted for the fronts of houses, floor tiles, etc.

THE SARGASSO SEA.

Dr. Collingwood has recently published an interesting account of the Sargasso Sea of the North Atlantic, one of several immense areas of floating meadows of sea-weed found in mid-ocean in different parts of the globe. The one to which our author refers is that which occupies the greater portion of that breadth of the Atlantic Ocean between the coast of Africa and the region of the West Indies, from 20° to about 65° of west longitude, and from the parallel of 20° to that of 45°. This area is compared to that of the Mississippi Valley; and this immense bed of floating sea-weed was at one time supposed to be derived from plants originally attached to the bottom, and subsequently torn off by some severe storm; but it is now understood that the plants composing it increase by rapid growth, although in this condition they never produce either roots or fruit. It is therefore supposed, from their multiplying in this manner, that they are a peculiar form of one or more species described by botanists, which produce fruit only when rooting in the shallower waters; and that this growth and development

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may continue indefinitely for an immense number of years.

This meadow of sea-weed is remarkable not only for the immense extent of vegetation, but for the great variety of animal life abounding in its midst. Innumerable species of crustacea, many annelids, mollusca, polyzoa, polyps, and fishes are found in it. Investigations of patches of the weed always furnish a fruitful field of research to naturalists. It is mentioned as an interesting circumstance that all the animals found harboring in the Sargasso sea-weed are of the same general tint as that of the weed itself, assimilating themselves so closely that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish them at first sight. It is not at all improbable that, in view of the immense amount of minute animal life in these localities, many of our wandering fishes, such as various species of mackerel, etc., find in such places those breeding regions that we have hitherto sought for in vain.

The position of the Sargasso Sea in the Atlantic, as well as similar patches in other oceans, is believed to be determined by the course of the greater oceanic currents, as it occupies the eddy formed by the northern drift of the Gulf Stream, toward the west, and its southward branch, which is deflected from the Banks of Newfoundland, and extends to the south, by the way of the Azores, along the coast of Africa.

Another tract of the Sargasso Sea is found in the Pacific, off the coast of Lower California; and still another extends along in the antarctic waters from Australia to the Falkland Islands.

NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The announcement of the intention on the part of the British government to provide new buildings for the accommodation of the immense natural history collection now forming part of the British Museum has interested the English naturalists in regard to the best method of arranging and displaying the specimens, both for the benefit of men of science and special students, as well as of the general public. Among other communications, an important one was presented by Dr. P. L. Sclater, the well-known secretary of the Zoological Society of London, and a naturalist of great eminence, which formed the subject of an animated discussion at the late meeting of the British Association. The conclusions of Dr. Sclater's paper are enunciated in the following propositions, as summed up by himself:

1. The administration of the new museum of natural history should be vested in a director, who should be immediately responsible to one of the Queen's ministers.

2. The collections should be primarily divided into two series: (*a*) those intended for public exhibition; (*b*) those reserved for private study.

3. The collections *a* (for public exhibition) should be arranged in their natural order, in one continuous series of galleries, so as to give the best possible general idea of the principal forms of life, and of their arrangement according to the natural system.

4. The collections *b* (for private study) should be arranged in rooms immediately adjacent to the public galleries, in such a manner that the corresponding portions of *a* and *b* should practically form but one series, and so that the private student may have access at all times to objects in the public galleries.

5. A complete library of natural history should be furnished for the special use of the institution, and be placed in some central portion of the building, equally accessible to all departments.

6. The collections of osteology, the spirit-preparations, the skins in store, the series of British animals, the collection of "nests and nidamental structures," and all other subordinate collections, should be amalgamated in the general series.

7. The collections of the paleontological department should likewise be amalgamated with the general series.

The views of Dr. Sclater in regard to the employment of a continuous system of wall-cases were stoutly contested, among others by Mr. Alfred Wallace and Professor Archer, the objections on the part of Mr. Wallace being that:

1. They admit of any object being seen by the smallest number of persons at once, so that any one person studying an object almost necessarily monopolizes it, and prevents others from approaching it, an inconvenience that reaches its maximum in the recessed cases exhibited in Dr. Sclater's plan.

2. Objects in wall-cases can be seen only on *one* side, which, as *all* sides of natural objects require to be seen, would necessitate many specimens to do the duty of one.

3. The observer on one side, from which alone he can see an object, will generally stand in his own light, and will often have distinct vision further impaired by reflection from the glass.

4. When small objects occur alternately with large ones a great waste of space results, and the attention is distracted from the less conspicuous object.

5. The use of wall-cases on one side of a gallery for an entire museum is an expensive and wasteful mode of arrangement.

Professor Archer indorsed the statements of Mr. Wallace, and remarked that, in his opinion, the best use of wall space is for purposes of illustration; but he does not consider it at all adapted for a large number of objects of natural history. He indicated his preference for the plan adopted for the South Kensington Museum, of having a succession of detached cases, each complete in itself, and inclosed in glass, and adapted for the reception and exhibition of a special group of forms, different sizes of these cases being so arranged as to admit of the varying dimensions of the sections to be exhibited. The paper of Dr. Sclater, and the discussion following it, may be read with profit by all those who have public museums in charge, or who contemplate the erection of cases for the exhibition of specimens of natural history.

PROTECTION OF WILD-FOWL.

We have on several occasions referred to the law passed by the British Parliament imposing a penalty for the disturbance of the sea-fowl and their eggs during certain months of the year, and to the great increase that has resulted, even within two years, from this enactment. The propriety of extending a similar protection to other birds has been under consideration; and Professor Newton, chairman of a committee ap-

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pointed on that subject, is decidedly of the opinion that protection should be afforded by law, during the breeding season, to wild-fowl, since with this these birds may long continue to furnish, at other times of the year, valuable food to the public, notwithstanding the changes which some parts of the country are undergoing from agricultural improvements and increase of population.

BLUE COLOR OF LAKE AND SEA WATER.

Professor Tyndall has recently been investigating the cause of the blue color of the water of the Lake of Geneva, specimens having been transmitted to him for the purpose. He finds that this color is caused, as had previously been suggested, by the presence of small mineral particles, probably derived from glacier dust (brought into the lake by drainage from glacier streams), of such extreme minuteness as not to settle even when the water is allowed to stand for a long time. Professor Tyndall furthermore states that not only is the light mainly blue from the first moment of its reflection from the minute particles, but the less refrangible elements which always accompany the blue are still further abstracted during the transmission of the scattered light by true molecular absorption. These two causes, scattering and absorption, he considers sufficient to account satisfactorily for the exceptional blueness of both the Lake of Geneva and of the Mediterranean Sea.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 24th of January. The prominent topics of the month have been the San Domingo Commission, the election of United States Senators, the Georgia election, the defeats of the French armies about Paris, the assassination of General Prim in Madrid, the assumption of the Spanish crown by an Italian prince, the completion of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, the rehabilitation of the German empire, and the meeting of the London Conference.

The proceedings of Congress may be very briefly summarized. Senator Morton, December 20, called up in the Senate the joint resolutions authorizing the appointment of commissioners "to proceed to the island of San Domingo, and to inquire into, ascertain, and report the political state and condition of the republic of Dominica, the desire and disposition of the people of the said republic to become annexed to and to form part of the people of the United States; the physical, mental, and moral condition of the said people, and their general condition as to material wealth and industrial capacity; the resources of the country; its mineral and agricultural products; the products of its waters and forests; the general character of the soil; the extent and proportion thereof capable of cultivation; the climate and health of the country; its bays, harbors, and rivers; its general meteorological character, and the existence and frequency of remarkable meteorological phenomena; the debt of the government and its obligations, whether funded and ascertained and admitted, or unadjusted and under discussion; treaties or engagements with other powers; extent of boundaries and territory, what proportion is covered by grants or concessions, and generally what concessions or franchises have been granted; the terms and conditions on which the Dominican government may desire to be annexed to and become part of the United States as one of the Territories thereof; and such other information with respect to the said government or its territories as to the said commissioners shall seem desirable or important with reference to the future incorporation of the said Dominican republic into the United States as one of its Territories."

These resolutions provide for three commissioners, to serve without compensation, except the payment of expenses, and for a secretary, versed in the English and Spanish languages, whose compensation shall be determined by the Secretary of State, with the approval of the President. The resolutions were adopted by the Senate, December 21, by a vote of 31 to 9. In the House they were adopted, January 10, with an amendment, concurred in the next day by the Senate, declaring that the government is not by these resolutions committed to the scheme of annexation. The Democrats as a body voted against them.

The President appointed as commissioners ex-Senator Wade, Professor White, of Cornell University, and Bishop Simpson. The latter declined for personal reasons, and in his place was appointed Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Boston, who has traveled extensively through the West Indies. General Sigel was originally appointed secretary, but he declined, and Allan A. Burton was appointed in his stead. The commission, accompanied by several scientific men, departed from New York city in the *Tennessee* January 17.

In the House, January 5, Mr. Robert C. Schenck, the newly appointed minister to England, resigned. The sum of $2500 was voted him to secure the services of an amanuensis. Mr. Schenck was chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means—a position now devolving upon Mr. Samuel Hooper, of Massachusetts.

A resolution was passed in the House January 9 referring all bills, resolutions, petitions, and papers now before Congress and any committee of either House, on the subject of ocean telegraph cables, to a joint committee, consisting of five members of the Senate and eight of the House, with power to send for persons and papers, and to report at any time.

In the Senate, January 10, Senator Sherman's bill providing for the revision of the Mint and Coinage laws was passed, 36 to 14. This bill makes the Mint a bureau of the Treasury Department, under a director, to be appointed for five years.

January 13, in the House, a bill to provide for a commission to audit all claims for damages caused by the Anglo-Confederate steamers *Ala-*

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bama, *Shenandoah*, *Florida*, and *Georgia*, and for the issue of bonds of the United States for the payment thereof, was referred to the Committee of Foreign Affairs.

In the House, on the 14th, in connection with the consideration of the Appropriation bill, the salary of the Chief Justice was fixed at $8500, and that of each Associate Justice at $8000.

January 20, in the House, an amendment was offered to the sixth section of the bill providing a Territorial government for the District of Columbia, conceding female suffrage. The vote stood: yeas, 55; nays, 117.

The Senate, in executive session, January 13, by a vote of 31 to 9, confirmed the nomination of Vice-Admiral D. D. Porter to the grade of Admiral.

The Georgia delegation in the House was sworn in January 16. It consists of three Democrats and one Republican, the latter being a negro.

The recently assembled Legislatures of the several States have elected United States Senators as follows: That of *Louisiana*, F. R. West, to succeed J. S. Harris; of *Arkansas*, Powell Clayton, to succeed Senator M'Donald; of *Georgia*, Foster Blodgett, for six years from March 4; of *Missouri*, Francis P. Blair, to serve for the unexpired two years of Charles D. Drake's term, the latter having been appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Claims; of *Maine*, the Hon. Lot M. Morrill, the present incumbent; of *Massachusetts*, the Hon. Henry Wilson, the present incumbent; of *New Jersey*, the Hon. F. T. Frelinghuysen, to succeed A. G. Cattell; of *Delaware*, Levi Saulsbury, to succeed his brother, Willard Saulsbury; of *Minnesota*, the Hon. William Windom, the present incumbent; of *Illinois*, John A. Logan, to succeed Senator Yates; of *Michigan*, Representative T. W. Ferry, to succeed Senator Howard; of *Nebraska*, P. W. Hitchcock.

The election for State officers in Georgia took place December 22. The result was an overwhelming Democratic majority.

The Connecticut Democratic Convention met in Hartford January 17. The present State officers were renominated. The resolutions adopted arraigned the present national administration for its financial policy, its exorbitant tariff, its unnecessary burden of taxation, its weak and vacillating foreign policy, and its interference with elections; and denounced the scheme for the annexation of San Domingo, the continued disfranchisement of our citizens, and the concession of immense land grants to railroad corporations.

The Virginia Senate, January 17, by a party vote appropriated $600 for the purchase of a portrait of General R. E. Lee, and by the same vote refused an appropriation for a portrait of General George H. Thomas.

The Indian Council at Ocmulgee, Indian Territory (mentioned in our last Record), convened for the organization of a Territorial government of Ocklahoma—to consist of a confederation of the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles, and other nations of the Indian Territory—after the adoption of the preamble of the Constitution and Bill of Rights submitted by the commission appointed to draft it, adjourned to meet at Ocmulgee Creek in June, 1871.

General Pleasonton, the new Commissioner of Internal Revenue, advocates the abolition of the income tax, on the ground that so large a portion of the revenue thus derived is eaten up by the expense of collecting it. A comparative statement has been prepared at the Internal Revenue Office, showing the number of persons assessed for income in the several States and Territories in 1869 and 1870, from which it appears that the total number in 1869 was 272,843, and in 1870, 275,248. This is complete, with the exception of the Eleventh New York District, for which returns for 1870 have not yet been received. The following shows the number of persons assessed for income in 1869 and 1870 in each of the classes below mentioned:

1st. Tax of $20 or less: number in 1869, 107,997; number in 1870, 112,424. 2d. Tax over $20 and not over $50: number in 1869, 69,184; number in 1870, 68,501. 3d. Tax over $50 and not over $100: number in 1869, 41,196; number in 1870, 40,584. 4th. Tax over $100 and not over $500: number in 1869, 45,002; number in 1870, 44,496. 5th. Tax over $500: number in 1869, 9464: number in 1870, 9243. Total number in 1869, 272,843; total number in 1870, 275,248.

Under the act of July 14, 1870, raising the exemption from $1000 to $2000, 177,181 of the persons assessed in 1869, and 180,925 of those assessed in 1870, are relieved from the income tax altogether; and 95,662 persons in 1869, and 94,323 persons in 1870, would each return a tax of $50 less.

Three men, named Shimp, Carroll, and Francis, were murdered by the Indians near Puscatt, Arizona, on January 6, and General Stoneman has issued the following order:

"It is the desire and intention of the Department commander to inaugurate and prosecute a vigorous, persistent, and relentless winter campaign against the Pinal and Tonto branches of the Apache tribe of Indians."

The order also causes to be established a dépôt of supplies near the centre of the Pinal country, and directs commanders of scouting expeditions to provide arms for civilians who desire to accompany them.

The month embraced in this Record has been unusually crowded with tidings of disaster. The Spottswood House, in Richmond, Virginia, was destroyed by fire on the morning of Christmas-day, involving the loss of eight lives. Richmond has won an unenviable reputation as the "City of Disasters." December 26, 1811, a theatre was burned, and seventy persons, including the Governor of Virginia, perished in the flames. In 1865, just at the close of the rebellion, a portion of the city was laid waste by fire. To these may be added the fall of a chain bridge in 1869; the loss, last year, of fifty-six lives by the fall of a part of the Capitol; and the immense destruction of property by the more recent inundation. Still, since the close of the war, Richmond has attained to a degree of prosperity unknown before the war, and has now a population numbering 50,000.

A few miles below Memphis, January 3, a railroad accident occurred, a car being precipitated from an iron bridge. The car took fire, and a number of negroes were burned to death, besides those fatally injured.

The United States steamer *Saginaw*, of the Pacific fleet, went ashore on Ocean Island Octo-

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ber 29, 1870, and went to pieces November 14. Lieutenant Talbot, the executive officer, with Peter Francis, quartermaster, and three sailors, started in the captain's gig for the Sandwich Islands, November 18, to procure assistance. After a weary month they came in sight of Kauai, but were so exhausted with toil, exposure, and hunger, that, in attempting to land, all but one of the party, William Halford, were drowned in the surf. Halford reached Honolulu December 24, and dispatched a schooner and steamer with ample supplies for the shipwrecked men, ninety-three in number, on Ocean Island.

On the 23d of December there was an explosion at the Hoosac Tunnel of fifteen hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine. The superintendent of the works was killed.

The steamer *T. L. M'Gill*, from St. Louis for New Orleans, was burned in the Mississippi, on Shoo-Fly Bar, at nine o'clock on the night of January 14. It was estimated shortly after the accident that fifty-eight lives were lost.

Mrs. Belknap, wife of the Secretary of War, died at Washington on the evening of December 29. She was a Southern lady, daughter of Dr. Tomlinson, of Harrodsburg, Kentucky. Her brother was an officer in the Confederate army. He was taken prisoner near Meridian, Mississippi, and it was through his sister's efforts to secure his release that she first became acquainted with General Belknap.

George Holland, the veteran comedian, died at his residence in New York city December 20, aged seventy-nine years. He was an Englishman by birth.

Hon. John Covode, member of Congress from the Westmoreland district, Pennsylvania, died suddenly at Harrisburg, of heart disease, on the morning of January 11. He was nearly sixty-three years of age.

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

On the 13th of December Caballero De Rodas, Captain-General of Cuba, in compliance with instructions from Madrid, turned over his command to the Count De Valmaseda. The wife of President Cespedes sailed for New York January 12.

The Mexican Congress on the 13th of December passed a bill authorizing the construction of the Tehuantepec Canal from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. The government grants the company the full profits of the canal for ninety-nine years, requiring no tax or contribution in return; after that period the canal becomes the property of the government.

Madame Juarez, wife of the Mexican President, died January 2. To this affliction sustained by Juarez another was also added in the execution, by the Cuban authorities, of his son-in-law, Don Juan Clemento Zenea, the Cuban poet, for being a bearer of rebel dispatches. The presidential election was the absorbing topic in Mexico at the beginning of January. Juarez, Diaz, and Minister Lerda de Tejada, were the principal candidates. The result of the election has not yet transpired.

Near the close of December General Cabral, leader of the revolution in the Dominican republic, published an official report claiming victories over Baez's forces in four several encounters. "With these triumphs," he adds, "the campaign will assume superior proportions. I count on a sufficient force, good arms, a good amount of munitions, and all other resources needed by the army. The revolution will be splendid, because upon its triumphs depends the salvation of the country. Baez is the enemy against whom we fight. This administration is not acceptable, because its cruelties, its abuses, and its tyrannical acts impoverish the country. Baez is faithless to us. In exchange for gold he wants to sacrifice our independence; and our independence we must maintain, as the only thing we have, and as the most precious jewel we can bequeath to future generations."

After the victories that Cabral had obtained before Azua he was prevented going further, on account of the rainy season setting in, the low banks being swamped.

Advices from St. Thomas, December 31, report the progress of the revolution in Veneznela. The fort and town of Maracaibo had been taken, and two rebel men-of-war, the *Mariposa* and the *Bolivar*, captured by Guzman Blanco, who is now in possession of the whole country.

EUROPE.

Our last Record brought the Franco-Prussian war down to the recapture of Orleans by the Prussians, the retreat of De Paladines's Army of the Loire upon Blois, and then upon Tours, and the flight of the French government from the latter place to Bordeaux. De Paladines, whose failure may have been caused by M. Gambetta's attempt to control an army many leagues distant, was deprived of his command; and the army was divided into two bodies—one commanded by General Chanzy, the other by General Bourbaki. Another army was also raised, called the Army of Bordeaux, but very little has been heard from it.

After the sortie made by the French from Paris at the close of November General Ducrot's army still remained at Vincennes, outside of the city, waiting for Chanzy to make some movement with which he might co-operate.

King William issued the following general order to the German armies from Versailles December 6:

"We have again arrived at a crisis of the war. When I last addressed you the last of the hostile armies which at the commencement of the campaign confronted us had, by the capitulation of Metz, been destroyed. The enemy has since, by extraordinary exertions, opposed to us newly formed troops, and a large portion of the inhabitants of France have forsaken their peaceful, and by us unhindered, vocations in order to take up arms. The enemy was frequently superior to us in numbers, but you have nevertheless again defeated him; for valor and discipline and confidence in a righteous cause are worth more than numerical preponderance. All attempts of the enemy to break through the investment lines of Paris have been firmly repulsed, often, indeed, with many bloody sacrifices—as at Champigny and at Le Bourget—but with a heroism such as you have every where displayed toward him. The armies of the enemy, which were advancing from every direction to the relief of Paris, have all been defeated. Our troops, some of whom only a few weeks ago stood before Metz and Strasburg, have to-day advanced as far as Rouen, Orleans, and Dijon, and, among many smaller victorious engagements, two new important battles—those of Amiens and the several days' fight at Orleans—have been added to our former triumphs. Several fortresses have been conquered, and much war material has been taken. I have reason, therefore, for the greatest satisfaction, and it is to me a gratification and a duty to express this to you. I thank you all, from the general

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to the common soldier. Should the enemy persist in a further prosecution of the war, I know you will continue to show that exertion of all your powers to which we owe our great success hitherto, until we wring from him an honorable peace, worthy of the great sacrifices of blood and life which have been offered up."

Notwithstanding the terms used in this statement, it is true that for nearly a month subsequent to the order the French armies occupied a very favorable position for attack. These armies had met the enemy, and, though repulsed, had not been destroyed; they had gained in discipline, and were superior in numbers to their antagonists. Led by a soldier like the first Napoleon, and uninterfered with by the civil authorities, they could yet have wrested victory from the jaws of apparent defeat. General Chanzy's position southwest of Paris, at Le Mans, may be compared to that of General Grant in his operations against Richmond. His army could draw on the country for rich supplies, and from the several sea-ports in his rear he could be supplied with arms and ammunition, carried directly to his front by railroad; and inside of Paris was an immense force eager to seize upon the first opportunity for effective co-operation. Such was the confidence in the strength of his army that Bourbaki, with a large army, was dispatched eastward to the Vosges, to operate upon the enemy's communications, and to raise the siege of Belfort.

But General Chanzy waited. Meanwhile the Prussian armies, conscious of their inferiority in numbers, were largely augmented, receiving, before January 1, reinforcements to the number of 150,000 men. Bourbaki's army failed to cut off a single train or a single recruit. Some idea may be obtained of the necessities of an immense army on a foreign soil by the following facts: A single factory sent daily to the Prussian armies 80,000 cans of preserved meats. Up to December 24 there had been sent to these armies from Germany 65,000,000 letters, 45,000,000 thalers, 1,000,000 parcels, 35,000 official packages—all sent to the front through the post-office in the field, which covers 5700 English miles of road in length, and requires the services of 360 officers, and 5000 clerks and postillions.

On the 21st of December Ducrot made a sortie, but beyond the capture of several hundred Prussians it had no substantial results. Subsequent sorties made on the 10th, 11th, 15th, and 19th of January proved equally ineffective.

In the mean time each of the French armies about Paris had, one after another, sustained defeat. General Chanzy's army at Le Mans moved against the left flank of Prince Charles's army at Vendome. While making this movement he was attacked by Prince Charles and driven back, while the Duke of Mecklenburg, commanding the German right wing, advanced to Nogent-le-Retron, to cut off the French line of retreat northward toward Cherbourg. General Chanzy had then no alternative but to fight a pitched battle. He fell back upon the heights east of Le Mans, since he would thus present a more compact front to the enemy's attack. But Prince Charles, on the 10th of January, instead of attacking all along the lines, massed on his wings. After a sharply contested battle of two days, the French right was routed, and the left and centre compelled to make a rapid retreat. The German armies followed up the retreating columns with an effective pursuit. General Chanzy's loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners is estimated at forty thousand; that of the Germans at twenty thousand. Fifty thousand French troops that had left Cherbourg to reinforce Chanzy were cut off by the breaking of the railway communication at Alençon.

We turn now to the Army of the North, commanded by General Faidherbe. After the defeat of the latter at Amiens, he had retreated northward to Arras. On the 3d of January there was an encounter between his forces and those of General Von Goeben at Bapaume, northeast of Amiens. The result was reported by Faidherbe as a great victory for the French; it is clear, from later reports, that the Germans, after a hard-won victory, were compelled to evacuate Bapaume, the French army having been largely reinforced from Boulogne, Calais, and Lille.

Advices of January 10 from Versailles reported the capture of Peronne, a fortified town on the Somme, by the Prussians, with 3000 prisoners.

On the 19th of January Faidherbe sustained a severe defeat before St. Quentin, west of Amiens, losing 9000 unwounded prisoners and six guns. The total loss of the French was 15,000.

On the same day that the battle of Bapaume was fought General Von Bentheim had a severe engagement on the Seine with the French troops from Havre. The French were completely surprised by the attack, and were routed after a short, sharp, and decisive battle. The Germans took four standards, 1000 prisoners, and four guns. The French retreated upon Havre.

Owing probably to Bourbaki's movement toward the Vosges, the attack on Havre was abandoned, and General Manteuffel was placed in command of the German Army of the Vosges in the East. General Bourbaki advanced steadily northward, and on January 14 we hear from Bordeaux of his capture of the villages of Arcy and St. Marie, and that Dijon, Gray, Lure, and Vésoul have been reoccupied. Advices from Versailles, January 9, on the other hand, reported Bourbaki's defeat by Von Werder, south of Vésoul, with a loss of 800 prisoners. A day later he was again, from the same source, reported as defeated at Villersexel. On the 15th and 17th Bourbaki attacked Von Werder, purposing to raise the siege of Belfort, but was in both cases defeated, after severe engagements, and compelled to give up his attempt.

The bombardment of Paris commenced with an attack on the eastern forts—Rosny, Nogent, and Avron. The latter, not casemated, was abandoned by the French before the close of December. It is the most advanced of the French outworks east of Paris, and crowns Mont Avron—a considerable elevation six miles from the city. On the night of January 8 the Germans captured the French battery at Notre Dame de Clamart, situated on the left bank of the river, on the railroad line, seventeen hundred yards in advance of any former point of Prussian attack on the southwest. The guns were immediately turned against Fort Issy, and much damage was sustained by the French. This advanced battery was advanced one mile further, and has complete range into the city.

From this time Paris was reached in many places by the enemy's shells, and several persons were killed or wounded. Shells have fallen into the garden of the Luxembourg palace. Sèvres

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is completely in ruins. Advices from Paris on the 18th stated that the number of deaths in the city from the bombardment was estimated at fifteen per day. The splendid conservatory in the Jardin des Plantes, the best collection of exotics in the world, has been destroyed.

The Luxembourg difficulty, almost as soon as it arose, seems to have become simply a matter for diplomatic investigation.

In December six English ships were sunk in the Seine by the Prussians, for the purpose of obstructing navigation. An explanation was demanded by the British vice-consul at Rouen. The Prussian government at Berlin apologized to Earl Granville, offering pecuniary indemnity, and announcing that the military commander who was guilty of the outrage had been court-martialed and dismissed the service.

Count Bismarck on the 13th of January announced that, owing to the treatment of the Prussian merchant navy by France, the declaration was withdrawn, made at the beginning of the war, exempting from capture French merchant ships which have no contraband of war on board. This new programme was to go into effect after four weeks from January 13. Shortly after this announcement the *Nord Deutsche Zeitung* stated that, according to the treaty of 1779 between Prussia and the United States, Prussian men-of-war can not capture American vessels carrying contraband of war, but may stop their voyage until the end of the war, or may take possession of the contraband portion of the cargo, at the same time giving bond for future payment for the same.

Baron Von Beust, in his reply to Bismarck's dispatch notifying the cabinet at Vienna of the completion of German unity, says "that the restoration of the German empire is not only received with satisfaction by the people of Austria, but is personally gratifying to the Emperor Francis Joseph. Austria," he continues, "sincerely wishes to cultivate the friendship of North Germany. This would be a pledge of enduring union and lasting peace."—On the 18th of January, exactly one hundred and eighty years after the coronation of the first king of Prussia, Frederick I., King William accepted the title and crown of Emperor of Germany.

Under the new Constitution the imperial government consists of the crown, the princes, and the parliament. In parliament the power is distributed according to population; thus the Reichstag consists of 382 members, elected by ballot and universal suffrage, in the proportion of one member to every 100,000 of the population. Prussia is represented by 240 members, or nearly two-thirds of the whole. The Imperial Council is to consist of twenty-five princes of Germany. The votes are as follows:

Emperor (King of Prussia)	17	Saxe-Coburg-Gotha	1
Bavaria	6	Saxe-Altenburg	1
Saxony	4	Waldeck	1
Würtemberg	4	Lippe-Detmold	1
Baden	3	Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt	1
Hesse	3	Schwarzburg-Sondershausen	1
Mecklenburg-Schwerin	2	Reuss Schleitz	1
Brunswick	2	Schaumburg-Lippe	1
Oldenburg	1	Reuss Greitz	1
Saxe-Weimar	1	Hamburg	1
Mecklenburg-Strelitz	1	Lubeck	1
Saxe-Meiningen	1	Bremen	1
Anhalt	1		
Total			58

Thus it will be seen that in this Council, which has the right of proclaiming war, Prussia has less than a one-third vote.

The conference of powers on the Eastern question assembled at London January 3, and, after being formally opened, was postponed to January 24.

Spain has crowned her king at last. There was intense indignation throughout the country at the choice of a foreign prince for the throne. The vote in the Cortes, November 17, in favor of Amadeus was 191 to 120, the Carlists casting 12 blank ballots; and this vote probably fairly represented the popular sentiment. The opposition of "Young Spain" was a prominent feature. University professors who, as members of the Cortes, had voted for Amadeus, were hissed and hooted by the students. There was considerable disturbance in some of the provinces. The only notable instance of personal violence growing out of this indignation was the assassination of General Prim, who died December 29 of wounds received by him two days previous as he was riding in his carriage in the Alcala on his way from the Parliament House to the War-Office building.

Notwithstanding the violent opposition against the Italian prince, his progress from Carthagena to Madrid was a brilliant ovation. On the 2d of January he accepted the crown, and swore fealty to the Spanish constitution. The new cabinet was constituted as follows:

Serrano	*President of the Council.*
Martos	*Minister of Foreign Affairs.*
Montero Rios	*Minister of Justice.*
Beranger	*Minister of Marine.*
Sogasta	*Minister of the Interior.*
Ulloa	*Minister of Public Works.*
Ayala	*Minister of the Colonies.*

The Italian Chamber of Deputies, December 23, by a vote of 192 to 18, passed the bill for the removal of the capital from Florence to Rome.

Advices dated London, December 26, announced that the work of excavating the Mont Cenis Tunnel had been completed. The length of this tunnel, from Fourneaux in France to Bardonnéche in Italy, is a little over seven and a half miles. The work was begun in the spring of 1858.

Premier Gladstone's cabinet has been reconstructed. The Right Honorable Chichester Fortescue takes the Presidency of the Board of Trade, vacated by Mr. Bright. The Marquis of Hartington goes to Ireland as Chief Secretary.

ASIA.

Advices from China, of October 12–27, indicate that the foreign residents at Tien-tsin have been reassured by the arrival of Admiral Rodgers with an American squadron, and by the action of the English and French governments. The latter, since the establishment of the republic in Paris, has taken a very different view of China from that formerly held by the imperial government, regarding it from a political stand-point, and not as a field for religious propagandism. Two of the officials of the Chinese government implicated in the Tien-tsin massacre of last year had been banished to the Amoor. Twenty of the criminals (or substitutes hired to take their place) had been executed. The buildings which had been destroyed were being rebuilt.—Mr. Seward and his party left Tien-tsin for Pekin October 27.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE stormy March has come at last,
With winds and clouds and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.—BRYANT.

IN nominally bidding adieu to winter, and welcoming what purports to be spring, let us present to our readers a few prose and poetical texts designed to inculcate the duty of looking on the bright side:

Mirth is the medicine of life;
It cures its ills, it calms its strife;
It softly smoothes the brow of care,
And writes a thousand graces there.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is far better than a thousand pounds a year.

Bishop Hall quaintly remarks: "For every bad there might be a worse; and when one breaks his leg, let him be thankful it was not his neck."

Charles Lamb says: "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market."

As welcome as sunshine
In every place
Is the beaming approach
Of a good-natured face.

As genial as sunshine,
Like warmth to impart,
Is a good-natured word
From a good-natured heart.

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart maketh nimble hands, and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Until cheerfulness is lost nothing is lost.

I love a laugh: this world would be
At best a dreary dwelling,
If heart could never speak to heart,
Its pleasures telling.

Then frown not at a wild, gay laugh,
Or chide the merry-hearted:
A cheerful heart and smiling face
Can ne'er be parted.

There is nothing equal to a cheerful and even mirthful conversation for restoring the tone of mind and body when both are overcharged. Some great and good men, on whom very heavy cares and toils have been laid, manifest a constitutional tendency to relax into mirth when their work is over. Narrow minds denounce the incongruity; large hearts own God's goodness in the fact, and rejoice in the wise provision made for prolonging useful lives.

Oh! smiles have power a world of good
To fling around us ever;
Then let us prize their golden beams.
And quench their ardor never;
For while a smile illumes the eye,
And wreathes the lip of beauty,
The task of life must ever be
A rare and pleasant duty.

Dr. Griffin, when President of Williams College, convened the students at his room one evening, and told them he had observed that they were all growing thin and dyspeptical from a neglect of the duty of laughter, and he insisted upon it that they should go through a company drill in it then and there. The Doctor was an immense man—over six feet in height, with great amplitude of chest, and most magisterial manners. "Here," said he to the first, "you must practice; now hear me!" and bursting out in a sonorous laugh, he fairly obliged his pupils, one by one, to join, till the whole were almost convulsed. "That will do for once," said the Doctor, "and now mind you keep in practice!"

The Drawer says "ditto to Dr. Griffin."

WE are indebted for the following to an official of one of our prominent benevolent institutions:

Some months since a certain minister in Indiana gave notice that, on the next Sunday, a missionary of the American Sunday-School Union would lecture in his church. After service a hearer asked, "What business has a *missionary* to come here? Why don't he go off among the *heathens?*" But he attended the Sunday-school meeting, seemed pleased, and subscribed two dollars and a half toward a library for the new Sunday-school. When the missionary visited him at his house he was very polite, asked after his family, and "what his *maiden* name was," etc.; and being asked, in turn, if he were a native of Indiana, replied, "Yes, only I was born in North Carolina."

But, some weeks after the organization of the Sunday-school, a neighbor said to him that Schuyler Colfax presided at the last anniversary of the American Sunday-School Union. "There now," said he, "I was afraid of that all the time. Grant and Colfax is at the head of this Sunday-school business, and I won't pay one dime of my superscription!"

IN the early stages of his ministry the celebrated Dr. Strong, of Hartford, Connecticut, preached some time in a neighboring village. One day a committee called upon him to settle with him for his services, and, after stammering a while, signified to him that his further services were not desired.

"What does this mean, gentlemen?" asked the Doctor.

"Why," replied the spokesman, with some hesitation, "the people have got the impression that you are inclining to universal salvation."

"Gentlemen," answered the Doctor, "I never have preached that doctrine; but if I ever should, I promise to make the people of this town an exception!"

PERHAPS many of our readers have never discovered the grim humor that lurks behind the scene in "Measure for Measure," where Barnardine is called forth from his prison by Abhorson to be executed, the latter being accompanied by the Clown. This is the dialogue:

ABHORSON. "Is the axe upon the block, Sirrah?"
CLOWN. "Very ready, Sir."
BARNARDINE. "How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?"
ABHORSON. "Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come."
BARNARDINE. "You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't."
CLOWN. "O, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day."

There is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January an anecdote which has brought this

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scene from Shakspeare to mind. The story runs thus:

An Irishman had been convicted of a robbery at the Old Bailey sessions, for which he was brought up, with others, to receive judgment of death. The prisoner, on being called on by the officer of the court in the usual way to declare what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, advanced to the front of the dock, with a vacant stare, and inquired,

"What was the question?"

"You have been convicted of robbery. What have you to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you according to law?"

"Faith," answered the prisoner, "I have nothing much to say, except that I do not think I am safe in your hands."

The court laughed; sentence was passed, and the prisoner was about to retire, when the officer of the court called him back and demanded to know his age.

"Is it my age ye mane?"

"What is your age?"

"I believe I am pretty well as ould as ever I'll be."

Again the whole court was "convulsed with laughter;" but the wretched man, whose mirth-moving powers were quite involuntary, was doomed even at the scaffold to "set the people in a roar." In the press-room his irons were removed, and his arms confined with cords. This being done he seated himself, and in spite of the calls of Jack Ketch and of the sheriffs to accompany them in the procession to the scaffold, he remained sullenly on the bench where he had taken up his position.

"Come," at last urged the hangman, "the time is arrived."

But the Irishman would not move.

"The officers are waiting for you," said the sheriff. "Can any thing be done for you before you quit this world?"

No answer was returned. Jack Ketch grew surly.

"If you won't go, I must carry you," he said.

"Then you may," said the prisoner, "for I'll not walk."

"Why not?" inquired a sheriff.

"I'll not be instrumental to my own death," answered the prisoner.

"What do you mean?" asked the ordinary.

"What do I mane?" retorted the hapless man; "I mane that I'll not walk to my own destruction."

And in this determination he persisted, and was carried to the scaffold, where he was turned off, refusing to do any thing which might be construed into "his being a party to his own death."

We owe some of our wittiest sayings to people who are a little daft. A person of this description was asked one day if she had been to the church-yard to see the new grave-stones over her mother's grave. To which she replied, "To be sure I haven't; I shall get there soon enough without going."

Apropos of March: we are informed by a Michigan contributor that there was formerly published in that State (there may be yet) a periodical styled the *Journal of Education*, in one number of which appeared a "pome" entitled "March." Why this unhappy month should be made the scape-goat of the effusion does not appear. January or February would have been as appropriate, though neither of them has so much to answer for, in the way of bad poetry, as has March. Thus our bard begins:

MARCH.

The night is clear; and piping shrill,
  Keen blasts come o'er the dreary seas;
The two old pines that plumed the hill
  Nod to each other in the breeze.

Then comes pleasant discourse about "marble naiads glaring at the moon," "melancholy groves," and "lonely barks." The close is an unfinished apostrophe to Nature:

Great Mother! deepest truths are thine,
  Thy pages make thy children wise;
When spring reclothes the wintry vine,
  Or summer lightning stripes the skies,

Or seas are vexed by autumn storms,
  Or wintry leaves bestrew the sod,
I see in all thy varied forms
  The mystic glory of a God,

It is clear from the punctuation that there ought to have been one or two more verses. Here they are:

And when I get brimful of stuff—
  Of "naiads," "groves," "floods," "barks," and "snow"—
When, seething in my knowledge-box,
  This vaporing mixture starts to *blow*,

I seize my pen and ease my mind—
  Oh! rare avoidance of catastrophe!—
Diffusing "March" o'er Michigan,
  From "bustin' biler" saveth me!

The ingenuity and humor of advertisers is extending beyond the immediate propinquity of the metropolis. A fresh experiment is before us, in the form of an Almanac issued by a firm of druggists in Owego, New York, who on the last page announce that their store is "packed with an endless variety of Complaint Curatives, Pain Abolitionists, and Wrinkle Obliterators; while, if any are ready and willing to die, the firm have the Dye Stuffs that are sure, swift, and reliable." They have also "paper nice enough to make common prose jingle, and a chronic dyspeptic throw off a pæan." Their business motto is the golden one, "Do to others as you would be done by," and not the brazen one of

"Do others, and don't be done by."

"Step in any time, and *take a pill with us!*"

Judges of courts in the State of New York are compelled by statute, in charging grand juries, to call their attention to certain offenses, such as lotteries, etc.

The offenses to which Sir Maurice Eustace, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, called the attention of the Grand Jury in Munster, in January, 1655, are so unlike those contemplated in our law, yet withal give with such accuracy the "irregularities" of the time, that we reproduce them for the edification of modern jurists. Says the Chancellor:

You are impartially to present all such as are guilty of—

1. Profaning the Sabbath by keeping fairs or markets, by manual labor, by plays, haunting taverns and ale-houses.
2. Cursers and common swearers.
3. Common turbulent drunkards.
4. Common adulterers.

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5. Keepers of common gaming-houses and common gamesters.

6. Ale-house keepers that keep misorder in their houses.

7. Plowing by the tail.

8. Pulling the wool of living sheep.

9. Burning of corn in the straw.

10. Selling of wine, ale, or any other liquor, in any town franchised, by measure not sealed.

11. Cosherers and idle wanderers.

The learned Judge concluded in this style, which may also be commended:

"Now, gentlemen, proceed to your business; and let your skill and better judgment supply in your presentments whatsoever defects you have discovered in the charge and in the deliverer of it."

Some years ago (writes a Pennsylvania correspondent) General W——, a leading lawyer of —— County, during a term of the County Court met an old friend who was in the iron business—a man of most hospitable character, but of limited education.

"Well, Mr. B——," asked the lawyer, "how is the iron business with you nowadays?"

"Middling good, General; but hands are scarce, and we are not running it very strong. The fact is, the people over in C—— County have got such an infernal *mania a potu* for lumbering that they have taken all our hands."

From the reminiscences of Governor Perry, of South Carolina, we select a few anecdotes of one of the notable eccentrics of that State, Judge Burke.

Judge Burke, of South Carolina, died an old bachelor, and in his will he left a maiden lady in Charleston six hundred pounds sterling, and gave as a reason for leaving this legacy, that he had courted the lady ten years, and, "before Joshua, he believed that if he had persevered she would have had him."

While holding court at "Ninety-six," just after the Revolutionary war, a man was tried before him for horse-stealing, and acquitted under the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain as to an amnesty for all past offenses. He had been a noted Tory and plunderer and murderer. General Butler, with a party of friends, went into the court-house, took him out, and hung him to a tree in the court-yard! The wife of the unfortunate man rushed into the presence of the Judge, and besought him to save the life of her husband. He replied to her, "Good woman, before Joshua, they will hang me if I attempt to interfere." He ordered his horses and left the court.

Judge Burke was once the second of Colonel Aaron Burr in one of his duels, and in loading his pistol did not ram the bullet down on the powder. Colonel Burr saw this, and protested against it as the pistol was handed to him; but the Judge said, "Never mind, Colonel, the gentleman is waiting on you, and the next time I will grease the patching!"

While in Congress he resented some expression of Alexander Hamilton about the cowardice of the militia at the battle of Camden. Hamilton replied by saying he did not particularly allude to the militia of South Carolina. Judge Burke rejoined that he did not particularly allude to Colonel Hamilton in pronouncing the charge to be false!

Judge Colcock, who was solicitor at the time, told me the following anecdote. He was prosecuting a man before Judge Burke for hog-stealing who had been a member of the Legislature and captain of the militia. Judge Burke charged the jury to acquit the prisoner before leaving their box, which they did. At dinner the Judge said to the solicitor, "Before Joshua, that fellow stole the pig!"

"Why, then," said the solicitor, "did you advise the jury to acquit him?"

"For the honor of the State, Sir. Would you have it go abroad, Sir, that a member of your Parliament, and a captain of your trained band, was guilty of hog-stealing?"

A certain minister in Maine, who was well known to be paying his addresses to a lady of immense avoirdupois, quoting one morning, in his sermon, "What is this phantom that I walk about with daily?" a mischievous little maiden, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, exclaimed, in a voice that was audible to a score of people, "*Call Debby Landon a phantom!*" A smile.

General ——, of Nebraska, a large, jolly sort of general, was not long ago a successful candidate for the Legislature of that State. After the election he took a little trip to Omaha, to have a good time, and receive the congratulations of his friends, one of whom said to him,

"Well, General, how did you run down there?"

"Oh," replied the warrior, "I did just eternally scoop 'em; routed 'em, horse, foot, and dragoons."

"How did the vote stand?"

"Well," replied the General, "it was none of your darned *unanimous* things; I only got *one* majority!"

And he is known as "the unanimous brigadier."

From a correspondent whose chirography hath the look clerical comes this:

Time—one evening last April.

Place—Rev. Dr. ——'s church, Chicago.

Preaching—dryish.

Organ—splendid.

Choir—quartette ($3000 per annum).

On fly-leaf of hymn-book, traced by some devout soul, this:

> Could old King David but for once
> To this good church repair,
> And hear his Psalms thus warbled forth—
> Good gracious! how he'd swear!
>
> And could St. Paul but just pop in,
> From higher scenes abstracted,
> And hear *the Romans* thus explained—
> By George! he'd run distracted!

"As true as the First of John," writes an Ohio correspondent, is the following:

Eliel Calkins lives in the rustic village of ——. 'Liel is no singist, for 'Liel's musical efforts were discouraged in their first timid ventures. Besides, 'Liel had to commence farther back than

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most folks. His first essay resulted in breaking up a Sunday-school "in a row;" and this resulted in the "old man" peremptorily ordering the abashed 'Liel to attend singing-school. 'Liel went, but on the first night discreetly kept silent, wholly absorbed in observing how others surmounted the difficulties which environ "Days of Absence," and in endeavoring to note, for future use, "the lick it was done with." On the following Sabbath 'Liel took his "Missouri Harmony," and repaired to the attic to practice. He had about arrived at the conclusion that he was worrying no little melody out of that "hyme," when he heard a stealthy step on the stairs. Looking nervously around, he beheld the failing eyes of the "old man" looking "hickory withes" at him. He likewise heard a voice, to him less musical than his own dismal croaking.

"'Liel!" exclaimed the "old man," in a tone of expostulation, with an under-tone of castigation—"'Liel, I've tried to bring you up a decent and moral boy; and now, when you ought to be dressing for meeting, here you are *sawing clapboards* on Sunday!"

The balance of the interview was of a strictly private and domestic character, not to be profaned by publication. But to this day 'Liel is no good singist.

A CHICAGO correspondent sends us the following:

During a recent trial before Justice Dougherty it was thought important by counsel to determine the length of time that certain "2 quarters of beef, 2 hogs, and 1 sheep" remained in an express wagon in front of plaintiff's store before they were taken away by the defendant. The witness under examination was a German, whose knowledge of the English language was very limited; but he testified in a very plain, straightforward way to having weighed the meat, and to having afterward carried it out and put it into the aforesaid wagon.

Then the following ensued:

COUNSELOR ENOS. "State to the jury *how long* it was after you took the meat from the store and put it into the wagon before it was taken away."

WITNESS. "Now I shoost cand dell dat. I dinks 'bout dwelve feet. I not say nearer as dat."

COUNSEL. "You don't understand me. *How long was it* from the time the meat left the store, and was put into the wagon, before it was taken away by the defendant?"

WITNESS. "Now I know not what you ax dat for. Der vagon he vas back up mit der sidevalk, and dat's *shoost so long as it vas.* You dell me how long der sidevalk vas. Den feet? Dwelve feet? Den I dells you how long it vas."

COUNSEL. "I don't want to find out how wide the sidewalk was, but I want to know" (speaking very slowly) "*how—long*—this—meat—was—in—the—wagon—before—it—was—taken—away?"

WITNESS. "Oh! dat! Vell, now, I not sold any meat so. I all time weigh him; never measured meat, not yet. But I dinks 'bout dree feet." (Here the spectators and his Honor and the jury smiled audibly.) "I know not, shentlemens, how is dis. I dell you all I can, so good as I know."

COUNSEL. "Look here, I want to know *how long it was* before the meat was taken away after it was put into the wagon?"

WITNESS (*looking very knowingly at counsel*). "Now you try and get me in a scrape. *Dat meat vas shoost so long in der vagon as he vas in der shop.* Dat's all I told you. Dat meat vas dead meat. He don't got no longer in den dousan' year, not mooch."

COUNSEL. "That will do."

WE believe that the following anecdote of that brilliant actor and thorough gentleman, the late Mr. James W. Wallack, has not heretofore appeared in print:

Soon after Mr. Wallack's arrival in this country he became associated with a French actor, a great admirer of Shakspeare, but who wished to become more familiarized with his beauties. Mr. Wallack being then a rather indifferent French scholar, it was agreed that instruction should be mutual; that the Frenchman should give lessons in his own language, which Mr. W. should return by lending his assistance toward producing a more perfect understanding, on the part of his tutor, of the bard who "was not for an age, but for all time."

"Ah! *ma foi*, dat is eet; Racine is good, Corneille is good; but Monsieur Shakspeare, he is de bard of all time, of nature—of what you call common-sense—so every body say."

Mr. Wallack proposed, by way of commencement, that his new friend, who knew enough of English to read, though not to relish his author, should go over attentively and make himself master of the text of a play, which his preceptor should afterward read over again with him, explaining difficulties and expounding beauties. "Macbeth" was selected, but they did not get beyond the first scene.

"Monsieur Vallake, you have told me dat Shakspeare is de poet of nature and common-sense. Good. Now vat is dis? Here is his play open—Macbess—yes! Good, very good. Well, here is tree old—old vat you call veetch, vid de broom and no cloze on at all—yes! upon de blasted heath. Good! Von veetch say to de oder veetch, 'Ven shall ve tree meet agen?' De oder veetch she say, 'In tondare!' De oder she say, 'In lightning!' and she say to dem herself again, 'In rain!' *Eh bien!* Now dis is not nature—dis is not common-sense; oh no! De tree old veetch shall nevare go out to meet again upon de blasted heath vith no cloze on in tondare, lightning, and in rain. Ah, no! It is *not* common-sense! *ma foi*, DEY STAY AT HOME! AHA!"

Of course there was no possibility of proceeding with such a critic, and the arrangement ceased.

OUR clerical readers will relish the following story of a placid minister near Dundee, who, in preaching on Jonah, said: "Ken ye, brethren, what fish it was that swallowed him? Aiblins ye may think it was a shark—nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae shark; or aiblins ye may think it was a saumon—nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae saumon; or aiblins ye may think it was a dolphin—nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae dolphin." Here an old woman, thinking to help her pastor out of a dead lift, cried out, "Aiblins, Sir, it was a dunter!" (the vulgar name of a species of whale common to the Scotch coast).

"Aiblins, madam, ye're an auld witch for tak-

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ing the word o' God out of my mouth!" was the reply of the disappointed rhetorician.

WHO does not know by heart Watts's juvenile poem about the honey-bee? A friend of ours, who wishes his little boys to see "good in every thing," and who strongly objects to the part assigned to his Satanic Majesty in the old poem, gives us the benefit of his revision. He reconstructs the poem thus:

How cheerfully the little Bee
Employs the summer hours,
In gathering sweets on sunny days
From many fragrant flowers.

How skillfully she builds the comb,
How neat she forms each cell;
With wax from depth of brightest blooms
Her work she doeth well.

With joy she flies abroad again,
And takes from blossoms fair
Honey to fill her finished cell—
Her food so pure and rare.

When Winter shrouds the fields in snow,
And flowers to bloom refuse,
She dwells amid her garnered store
Till Spring her smile renews.

In works of profit, like the Bee,
I must be busy too,
For if I'm idle I shall still
But mischief find to do.

Then, when my wint'ry age has come,
I should be weak and poor;
But now I'll labor like the Bee
God's blessings to secure.

ON a certain occasion Lord Alvanley half affronted Mr. Greville, with whom he was dining. The dining-room had been newly and splendidly furnished, whereas the dinner was but a very meagre and indifferent one. While some of the guests were flattering their host on his taste, magnificence, etc., "For my part," said his lordship, "I had rather have seen less gilding and more carving."

THE pulpit in one of the sea-board towns of the Pine-tree State had just become vacant, and the first Sunday after the farewell sermon of the late pastor was preached, the desk was occupied by a theological student who came at his own request to minister to the people. As it happened, the said pulpit had been filled for more than twenty years by men of not only eminent piety, but ripe scholarship, and a people can not very well sit for that length of time under such ministration without becoming somewhat critical in the matter of preachers. The effect produced upon the congregation in question by the young student of theology, who spoke without notes, and repeatedly stepped out from the pulpit, feeling, perhaps, that he was making a profound impression on his down East audience, will be best given in the words of a sturdy old gentleman, one of his hearers:

"Well, Uncle Dudley, how did you like the new minister?"

Clasping one knee with both big, brown hands, and raising it gently from the floor, the old gentleman answered, with a twinkle of the eye:

"Like him, eh? Well—ah—*he had—a—fine—figger—an' a nice suit o' cloze on—an' he carried a very pooty little Bible in his hand!*"

IN the way of "horse-talk" we have seldom read any thing better than a story told by Charles Mathews, the actor, of an Irish surgeon named Maseres, who kept a running-horse, and who applied to him on one occasion for his opinion respecting a disputed race.

"Now, Sur," commenced the gentleman, "Mr. Mathews, as you say you understand horse-racing—and so you do—I'll just thank ye to give me a little bit of an opinion, the least taste in life of one. Now, you'll mind me, Sur, my horse had won the first *hate*. Well, Sur, and then he'd won the second *hate*. Well—"

"Why, Sir," said Mathews, "if he won both the heats, he won the race."

"Not at all, my dear fellow, not at all. You see he won the first *hate*, and then, somehow, my horse fell down, and then the horse (that's not himself, but the other) came up—"

"And passed him, I suppose," said Mathews.

"Not at all, Sur, not at all; you quite mistake the gist of the matter. Now, you see, my horse had lost the first *hate*—"

"Won it, you mean—at least, won it, you said."

"Won it! of course I said won it—that is, the other horse won it; and the other horse—that is, *my* horse—won the second *hate*, when another, not himself, comes up and tumbles down. But stop! I'll demonstrate the circumstances ocularly. There; you'll keep your eye on that decanter, now, mighty well. Now, you'll remember, that's *my* horse—that is, I mean it's not my horse; it's the other; and this cork—you observe this cork—this cork's my horse, and my horse—that is, this cork—had won the first *hate*—"

"Lost it, you said, Sir, just now," groaned Mathews, rapidly approaching a state of complete bewilderment.

"Lost it, Sur! by no means; won it, Sur, I maintain—'pon my soul—*won* it, I said. And now I want your opinion about the *hate*—that is, not the *hate*, but the race, you know; not, that is, the first *hate*, but the second *hate*, that would be the race when it was won."

"Why, really, my dear Sir," replied the referee, "I don't precisely see the point upon which—"

"God bless me, Sur, do ye pretind to understand horse-racing, and can't give a plain opinion on a simple matter of *hates?* Now, Sur, I'll explain it once more. The stopper, you are aware, is my horse; but the other horse—that is, the other *man's* horse," etc., etc. And so poor Maseres went on for more than an hour, and no one could tell at last which horse it was that fell; whether he had won the first *hate* or lost it; whether his horse was the decanter or the cork; or what the point was upon which Mr. Maseres wanted an opinion.

ST. PATRICK—his day—which it comes on the 17th of this gusty month of March. He was a saint, to be sure! And how he did last! Born in 373, died in 493; cut off prematurely at the tender age of 120 years! Many people have the notion that he was only a rollicking saint; and a verse or two of the old ballad about him, which we quote below, might convey that idea; but Bishop Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," says: "St. Patrick forsook his family, sold his birthright and dignity, to serve strangers, and consecrated his soul to God, to carry his name to the end of the earth. He was determined to suffer

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all things for the accomplishment of his holy design." Probably no saint's day is so generally celebrated throughout the world as St. Patrick's. Every Irishman living remembers and keeps it. Who ever saw a "son of the ould sod" at work on that day?

St. Patrick was a jintleman, and he came of dacent people,
He built a church in Dublin town, and on it put a steeple;
His father was a Wollaghan, his mother an O'Grady,
His aunt she was a Kinaghan, and his wife a Widow Brady.

Och! the Antrim hills are mighty high, and so's the hill of Howth, too,
But there's a hill more higher still, more higher than them both, too;
'Twas on the top of that high hill St. Patrick preached his sarmint,
And drove the frogs into the bogs, and murthered all the varmint.

Och! no wondther that we Oirish boys are all so free and frisky;
The good St. Pat he taught us that, as well as to drink whisky:
Och! to be sure, he had the knack, and understood distillin',
For his mother kept a shebeen shop near the town of Enniskillen.

We find in the recently published "Life and Letters of the Rev. Richard Harris Barham," author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," a few things suitable for the Drawer.

Dr. Blomberg, residentiary of St. Paul's, who had been brought up with George IV., having purchased a bronze bust of the king and sent it to his house in Yorkshire, the workman who was putting it up inquired if it was really like his Majesty. On being assured by the Doctor that the resemblance was a striking one, the man exclaimed, "Well, Sir, I had no idea before that the king is a black man!"

A similar story is told of Judge Taunton, who, coming out of Westminster Hall with Thessiger, was criticising Canning's statue, and found fault with the likeness. "Besides," said he, "Canning was not so tall!"

"No, nor so *green*," said Thessiger.

Going once from London to Twickenham by the steamboat, with some wits, one of the company asserted that he had seen a pike caught which weighed thirty-six pounds, and was four feet in length.

"Had it been a sole," said one, "it would have surprised me less; as Shakspeare tells us, "'All the *souls* that are were *four feet* (forfeit) once.'"

On one of the company's remarking on the number of publicans who had put up the Duke of Wellington's head over their doors, Sanford (of the Treasury) said, "Yes, let his Grace's death come when and how it may, you will never be able to say of him as King Henry does of Cardinal Beaufort,

"'He dies and makes no sign.'"

Mr. Barham relates the following conversation, which will be appreciated by newspaper men:

Dr. Thomas Hume, in company with a friend, walked to the office of one of the morning newspapers, where the Doctor silently placed upon the counter an announcement of the death of some friend, together with five shillings, the usual charge for the insertion of such advertisements. The clerk glanced at the paper, tossed it on one side, and said, gruffly, "Seven and six!"

"I have frequently," replied Hume, "had occasion to publish these simple notices, and I have never before been charged more than five shillings."

"Simple!" repeated the clerk, without looking up; "*he's universally beloved and deeply regretted!* Seven and six."

Hume produced the additional half crown, and laid it deliberately by the others, observing as he did so, with the same solemnity of tone he had used throughout, "Congratulate yourself, Sir, that this is an expense which your executors will never be put to."

In one of the villages of Western New York lives Jonathan F——, a very religious but somewhat eccentric man, who, nevertheless, is not averse to a little joke. Not long since a marriage service was performed in the church where Jonathan is a member, and where he often leads in the singing. The parties were very respectable people, but somewhat past the bloom of youth. After the performance of the usual marriage service, and as the happy pair were passing down the main aisle and out of the church, Brother F——, in the style commonly adopted in Methodist class-meetings, commenced singing the familiar hymn,

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.

The people seemed to think it appropriate, and with approving smile joined in giving vocal expression to the stanza.

The following, while a pertinent exemplification of the truth uttered eighteen centuries ago, that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," has its religio-comic phase. On Sunday, December 11, 1870, there were distributed in the churches of a Western city circulars containing notice of the then forthcoming State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Minnesota, with the Order of Exercises, etc.; also of the formation of a Laymen's Institute for the advancement of the Christian work, with an earnest appeal to Christians. Very conspicuously and nicely printed on the circulars was the following notice:

THESE PROGRAMMES,

as furnished us by the proper committees, are presented to the public with the compliments of

WALKER & DODD,

who are just now ready to show their friends a beautiful assortment of Holiday Goods, in their line of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Also Hats, Caps, and Men's Furnishing Goods. Call in and see us at the Big Boot, opposite the Nicollet.

The firm certainly had reason to infer that the Convention would address itself to the *understandings* of the people!

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLI.—APRIL, 1871.—Vol. XLII.

THE AMERICAN BARON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE CRYPTOGRAM," ETC.



"SHE CAUGHT MINNIE IN HER ARMS."

CHAPTER IX.

NEW EMBARRASSMENTS.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY had been spending a few days with a friend whom she had found in Naples, and on her return was greatly shocked to hear of Minnie's adventure on Vesuvius. Lady Dalrymple and Ethel had a story to tell which needed no exaggerations and amplifications to agitate her strongly. Minnie was not present during the recital; so, after hearing it, Mrs. Willoughby went to her room.

Here she caught Minnie in her arms, and kissed her in a very effusive manner.

"Oh, Minnie, my poor darling, what is all this about Vesuvius? Is it true? It is terrible. And now I will never dare to leave you again. How could I think that you would be in any danger with Lady Dalrymple and Ethel? As to Ethel, I am astonished. She is always so grave and so sad that she is the very last person I would have supposed capable of leading you into danger."

"Now, Kitty dearest, that's not true," said Minnie; "she didn't lead me at all. I led her. And how did I know there was any danger? I remember now that dear, darling Ethel said there was, and I didn't believe her. But it's always the way." And Minnie threw her little head on one side, and gave a resigned sigh.

"And did you really get into the crater?" asked Mrs. Willoughby, with a shudder.

"Oh, I suppose so. They all said so," said Minnie, folding her little hands in front of her. "I only remember some smoke, and then jolting about dreadfully on the shoulder of some great —big—awful—man."

"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Willoughby.

"What's the matter, Kitty dearest?"

"Another man!" groaned her sister.

"Well, and how *could* I help it?" said Minnie. "I'm *sure* I didn't want him. I'm *sure* I think he might have let me alone. I don't see *why* they all act so. I *wish* they wouldn't be all the time coming and saving my life. If people *will* go and save my life, I can't help it. I think it's very, very horrid of them."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sighed her sister again.

"Now, Kitty, stop."

"Another man!" sighed Mrs. Willoughby.

"Now, Kitty, if you are so unkind, I'll cry. You're *always* teasing me. You *never* do any thing to comfort me. You *know* I want comfort, and I'm not strong, and people all come and save my life and worry me; and I really sometimes think I'd rather not live at all if my life *has* to be saved so often. I'm sure *I* don't know why they go and do it. I'm sure *I* never heard of any person who is always going and getting her life saved, and bothered, and proposed to, and written to, and chased, and frightened to death. And I've a *great* mind to go and get married, just to stop it all. And I'd *just* as soon marry this last man as not, and make him drive all the others away from me. He's big enough."

Minnie ended all this with a little sob; and her sister, as usual, did her best to soothe and quiet her.

"Well, but, darling, how did it all happen?"

"Oh, don't, don't."

"But you might tell *me*."

"Oh, I can't bear to think of it. It's too horrible."

"Poor darling—the crater?"

"No, the great, big man. I didn't see any crater."

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"Weren't you in the crater?"

"No, I wasn't."

"They said you were."

"I wasn't. I was on the back of a big, horrid man, who gave great jumps down the side of an awful mountain, all sand and things, and threw me down at the bottom of it, and—and—disarranged all my hair. And I was so frightened that I couldn't even cur—cur—cry."

Here Minnie sobbed afresh, and Mrs. Willoughby petted her again.

"And you shouldn't tease me so; and it's very unkind in you; and you know I'm not well; and I can't bear to think about it all; and I know you're going to scold me; and you're *always* scolding me; and you *never* do what I want you to. And then people are *always* coming and saving my life, and I can't bear it any more."

"No-o-o-o-o-o, n-n-no-o-o-o, darling!" said Mrs. Willoughby, soothingly, in the tone of a nurse appeasing a fretful child. "You sha'n't bear it any more."

"I don't *want* them to save me any more."

"Well, they sha'n't *do* it, then," said Mrs. Willoughby, affectionately, in a somewhat maudlin tone.

"And the next time I lose my life, I don't want to be saved. I want them to let me alone, and I'll come home myself."

"And so you shall, darling; you shall do just as you please. So, now, cheer up; don't cry;" and Mrs. Willoughby tried to wipe Minnie's eyes.

"But you're treating me just like a baby, and I don't want to be talked to so," said Minnie, fretfully.

Mrs. Willoughby retreated with a look of despair.

"Well, then, dear, I'll do just whatever you want me to do."

"Well, then, I want you to tell me what I am to do."

"About what?"

"Why, about this great, big, horrid man."

"I thought you didn't want me to talk about this any more."

"But I *do* want you to talk about it. You're the only person that I've got to talk to about it; nobody else knows how peculiarly I'm situated; and I didn't think that you'd give me up because I had fresh troubles."

"Give you up, darling!" echoed her sister, in surprise.

"You said you wouldn't talk about it any more."

"But I thought you didn't want me to talk about it."

"But I *do* want you to."

"Very well, then; and now I want you first of all, darling, to tell me how you happened to get into such danger."

"Well, you know," began Minnie, who now seemed calmer—"you know we all went out for a drive. And we drove along for miles. Such a drive! There were lazaroni, and donkeys, and calèches with as many as twenty in each, all pulled by one poor horse, and it's a great shame; and pigs—oh, *such* pigs! Not a particle of hair on them, you know, and looking like young elephants, you know; and we saw great droves of oxen, and long lines of booths, no end; and people selling macaroni, and other people eating it right in the open street, you know—such fun!—and fishermen and fish-wives. Oh, how they *were* screaming, and oh, *such* a hubbub as there was! and we couldn't go on fast, and Dowdy seemed really frightened."

"Dowdy?" repeated Mrs. Willoughby, in an interrogative tone.

"Oh, that's a name I've just invented for Lady Dalrymple. It's better than Rymple. She said so. It's Dowager shortened. She's a dowager, you know. And so, you know, I was on the front seat all the time, when all at once I saw a gentleman on horseback. He was a great big man—oh, *so* handsome!—and he was looking at poor little me as though he would eat me up. And the moment I saw him I was frightened out of my poor little wits, for I knew he was coming to save my life."

"You poor little puss! what put such an idea as that into your ridiculous little head?"

"Oh, I knew it—second-sight, you know. We've got Scotch blood, Kitty darling, you know. So, you know, I sat, and I saw that he was pretending not to see me, and not to be following us; but all the time he was taking good care to keep behind us, when he could easily have passed us, and all to get a good look at poor me, you know.

"Well," continued Minnie, drawing a long breath, "you know I was awfully frightened; and so I sat looking at him, and I whispered all the time to myself: 'Oh, please don't!—ple-e-e-e-e-ease don't! Don't come and save my life! Ple-e-e-e-e-case let me alone! I don't want to be saved at all.' I said this, you know, all to myself, and the more I said it the more he seemed to fix his eyes on me."

"It was very, very rude in him, *I* think," said Mrs. Willoughby, with some indignation.

"No, it wasn't," said Minnie, sharply. "He wasn't rude at all. He tried not to look at me. He pretended to be looking at the sea, and at the pigs, and all that sort of thing, you know; but all the time, you know, I knew very well that he saw me out of the corner of his eye—this way."

And Minnie half turned her head, and threw upon her sister, out of the corner of her eyes, a glance so languishing that the other laughed.

"He didn't look at you that way, I hope?"

"There was nothing to laugh at in it at all," said Minnie. "He had an awfully solemn look—it was so earnest, so sad, and so dreadful, that I really began to feel quite frightened. And so would *you;* wouldn't *you*, now, Kitty darling; now *wouldn't* you? Please say so."

"Oh yes!"

"Of course you would. Well, this person

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followed us. I could see him very easily, though he tried to avoid notice; and so at last we got to the Hermitage, and he came too. Well, you know, I think I was very much excited, and I asked Dowdy to let us go and see the cone; so she let us go. She gave no end of warnings, and we promised to do all that she said. So Ethel and I went out, and there was the stranger. Well, I felt more excited than ever, and a little bit frightened—just a very, very, tiny, little bit, you know, and I teased Ethel to go to the cone. Well, the stranger kept in sight all the time, you know, and I *felt* his eyes on me—I really *felt* them. So, you know, when we got at the foot of the cone, I was so excited that I was really quite beside myself, and I teased and teased, till at last Ethel consented to go up. So the men took us up on chairs, and all the time the stranger was in sight. He walked up by himself with great, big, long, strong strides. So we went on till we got at the top, and then I was wilder than ever. I didn't know that there was a particle of danger. I was dying with curiosity to look down, and see where the smoke came from. The stranger was standing there too, and that's what made me so excited. I wanted to show him—I don't know what. I think my idea was to show him that I could take care of myself. So then I teased and teased, and Ethel begged and prayed, and she cried, and I laughed; and there stood the stranger, seeing it all, until at last I started off, and ran up to the top, you know."

Mrs. Willoughby shuddered, and took her sister's hand.

"There was no end of smoke, you know, and it was awfully unpleasant, and I got to the top I don't know how, when suddenly I fainted."

Minnie paused for a moment, and looked at her sister with a rueful face.

"Well, now, dear, darling, the very—next—thing—that I remember is this, and it's horrid: I felt awful jolts, and found myself in the arms of a great, big, horrid man, who was running down the side of the mountain with dreadfully long jumps, and I felt as though he was some horrid ogre carrying poor me away to his den to eat me up. But I didn't say one word. I wasn't much frightened. I felt provoked. I knew it was that horrid man. And then I wondered what you'd say; and I thought, oh, how you *would* scold! And then I knew that this horrid man would chase me away from Italy; and then I would have to go to Turkey, and have my life saved by a Mohammedan. And that was horrid.

"Well, at last he stopped and laid me down. He was very gentle, though he was so big. I kept my eyes shut, and lay as still as a mouse, hoping that Ethel would come. But Ethel didn't. She was coming down with the chair, you know, and her men couldn't run like mine. And oh, Kitty darling, you have no *idea* what I suffered. This horrid man was rubbing and pounding at my hands, and sighing and groaning. I stole a little bit of a look at him—just a little bit of a bit—and saw tears in his eyes, and a wild look of fear in his face. Then I knew that he was going to propose to me on the spot, and kept my eyes shut tighter than ever.

"Well, at last he hurt my hands so that I thought I'd try to make him stop. So I spoke as low as I could, and asked if I was home, and he said yes."

Minnie paused.

"Well?" asked her sister.

"Well," said Minnie, in a doleful tone, "I then asked, 'Is that you, papa dear?'"

Minnie stopped again.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Willoughby once more.

"Well—"

"Well, go on."

"Well, he said—he said, 'Yes, darling'—and—"

"And what?"

"And he kissed me," said Minnie, in a doleful voice.

"Kissed you!" exclaimed her sister, with flashing eyes.

"Ye-yes," stammered Minnie, with a sob; "and I think it's a shame; and none of them ever did so before; and I don't want you ever to go away again, Kitty darling."

"The miserable wretch!" cried Mrs. Willoughby, indignantly.

"No, he isn't—he isn't that," said Minnie. "He isn't a miserable wretch at all."

"How could any one be so base who pretends to the name of gentleman!" cried Mrs. Willoughby.

"He wasn't base—and it's very wicked of you, Kitty. He only pretended, you know."

"Pretended!"

"Yes."

"Pretended what?"

"Why, that he was my—my father, you know."

"Does Ethel know this?" asked Mrs. Willoughby, after a curious look at Minnie.

"No, of course not, nor Dowdy either; and you mustn't go and make any disturbance."

"Disturbance? no; but if I ever see him, I'll let him know what I think of him," said Mrs. Willoughby, severely.

"But he saved my life, and so you know you can't be *very* harsh with him. Please don't—ple-e-e-ease now, Kitty darling."

"Oh, you little goose, what whimsical idea have you got now?"

"Please don't, ple-e-e-ease don't," repeated Minnie.

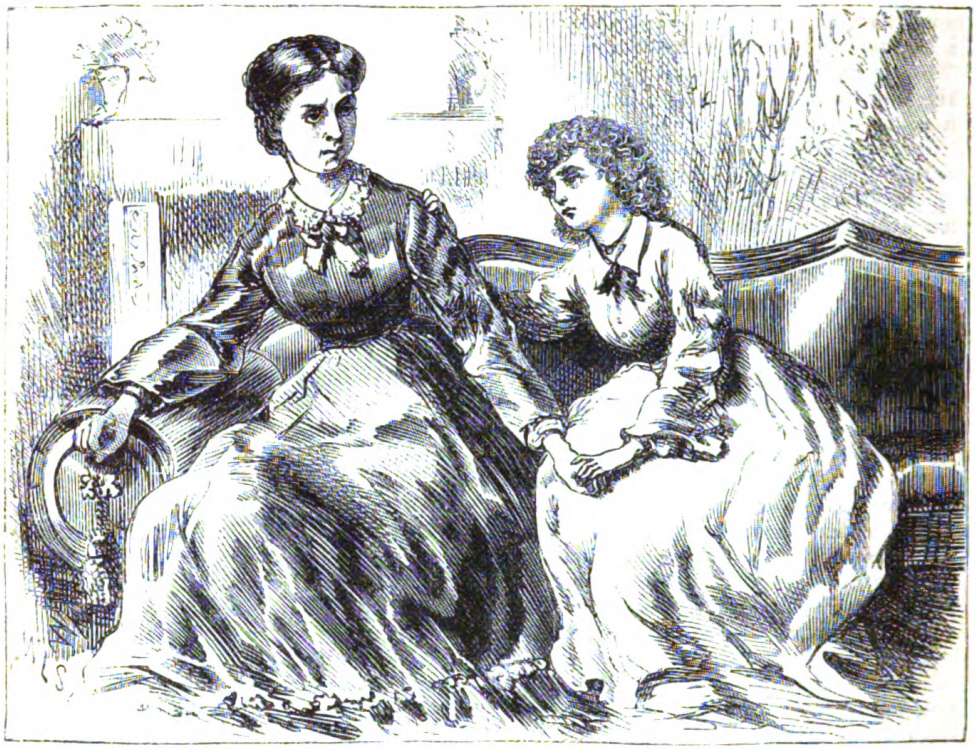
"Oh, never mind; go on now, darling, and tell me about the rest of it."

"Well, there isn't any more. I lay still, you know, and at last Ethel came; and then we went back to Dowdy, and then we came home, you know."

"Well, I hope you've lost him."

"Lost him? Oh no; I never do. They always *will* come. Besides, this one will, I know."

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IF I EVER SEE HIM, I'LL LET HIM KNOW WHAT I THINK OF HIM."

"Why?"

"Because he said so.

"Said so? when?"

"Yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

"Yes; we met him."

"Who?"

"Dowdy and I. We were out driving. We stopped and spoke to him. He was dreadfully earnest and awfully embarrassed; and I knew he was going to propose; so I kept whispering to myself all the time, 'Oh, please don't—please don't;' but I know he will; and he'll be here soon too."

"He sha'n't. I won't let him. I'll never give him the chance."

"I think you needn't be so cruel."

"Cruel!"

"Yes; to the poor man."

"Why, you don't want another man, I hope?"

"N-no; but then I don't want to hurt his feelings. It was awfully good of him, you know, and *awfully* plucky."

"Well, I should think that you would prefer avoiding him, in your peculiar situation."

"Yes, but he may feel hurt."

"Oh, he may see you once or twice with me."

"But he may want to see me alone, and what *can* I do?"

"Really now, Minnie, you must remember that you are in a serious position. There is that wretched Captain Kirby."

"I know," said Minnie, with a sigh.

"And that dreadful American. By-the-way, darling, you have never told me his name. It isn't of any consequence, but I should like to know the American's name."

"It's—Rufus K. Gunn."

"Rufus K. Gunn; what a funny name! and what in the world is 'K' for?"

"Oh, nothing. He says it is the fashion in his country to have some letter of the alphabet between one's names, and he chose 'K,' because it was so awfully uncommon. Isn't it funny, Kitty darling?"

"Oh dear!" sighed her sister; "and then there is that pertinacious Count Girasole. Think what trouble we had in getting quietly rid of him. I'm afraid all the time that he will not stay at Florence, as he said, for he seems to have no fixed abode. First he was going to Rome, and then Venice, and at last he committed himself to a statement that he had to remain at Florence, and so enabled us to get rid of him. But I know he'll come upon us again somewhere, and then we'll have all the trouble over again. Oh dear! Well, Minnie darling, do you know the name of this last one?"

"Oh yes."

"What is it?"

"It's a funny name," said Minnie: "a very funny name."

"Tell it to me.'

"It's Scone Dacres; and isn't that a funny name?"

Mrs. Willoughby started at the mention of that name. Then she turned away her head, and did not say a word for a long time.

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"Kitty!"

No answer.

"Kitty darling, what's the matter?"

Mrs. Willoughby turned her head once more. Her face was quite calm, and her voice had its usual tone, as she asked,

"Say that name again."

"Scone Dacres," said Minnie.

"Scone Dacres!" repeated Mrs. Willoughby; "and what sort of a man is he?"

"Big—very big—awfully big!" said Minnie. "Great, big head and broad shoulders. Great, big arms, that carried me as if I were a feather; big beard too; and it tickled me so when he—he pretended that he was my father; and very sad. And, oh! I know I should be so *awfully* fond of him. And, oh! Kitty darling, what do you think?"

"What, dearest?"

"Why, I'm—I'm afraid—I'm really beginning to—to—like him—just a little tiny bit, you know."

"Scone Dacres!" repeated Mrs. Willoughby, who didn't seem to have heard this last effusion. "Scone Dacres! Well, darling, don't trouble yourself; he sha'n't trouble you."

"But I *want* him to," said Minnie.

"Oh, nonsense, child!"

CHAPTER X.

A FEARFUL DISCOVERY.

A FEW days after this Hawbury was in his room, when Dacres entered.

"Hallo, old man, what's up now? How goes the war?" said Hawbury. "But what the mischief's the matter? You look cut up. Your brow is sad; your eyes beneath flash like a falchion from its sheath. What's happened? You look half snubbed, and half desperate."



"HALLO, OLD MAN, WHAT'S UP NOW?"

Dacres said not a word, but flung himself into a chair with a look that suited Hawbury's description of him quite accurately. His brows lowered into a heavy frown, his lips were compressed, and his breath came quick and hard through his inflated nostrils. He sat thus for some time without taking any notice whatever of his friend, and at length lighted a cigar, which he smoked, as he often did when excited, in great voluminous puffs. Hawbury said nothing, but after one or two quick glances at his friend, rang a bell and ordered some "Bass."

"Here, old fellow," said he, drawing the attention of Dacres to the refreshing draught. "Take some—'Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget thy lost Lenore.'"

Dacres at this gave a heavy sigh that sounded like a groan, and swallowed several tumblers in quick succession.

"Hawbury!" said he at length, in a half-stifled voice.

"Well, old man?"

"I've had a blow to-day full on the breast that fairly staggered me."

"By Jove!"

"Fact. I've just come from a mad ride along the shore. I've been mad, I think, for two or three hours. Of all the monstrous, abominable, infernal, and unheard-of catastrophes this is the worst."

He stopped, and puffed away desperately at his cigar.

"Don't keep a fellow in suspense this way," said Hawbury at last. "What's up? Out with it, man."

"Well, you know, yesterday I called there."

Hawbury nodded.

"She was not at home."

"So you said."

"You know she really wasn't, for I told you that I met their carriage. The whole party were in it, and on the front seat beside Minnie there was another lady. This is the one that I had not seen before. She makes the fourth in that party. She and Minnie had their backs turned as they came up. The other ladies bowed as they passed, and as I held off my hat I half turned to catch Minnie's eyes, when I caught sight of the face of the lady. It startled me so much that I was thunder-struck, and stood there with my hat off after they had passed me for some time."

"You said nothing about that, old chap. Who the deuce could she have been?"

"No, I said nothing about it. As I cantered off I began to think that it was only a fancy of mine, and finally I was sure of it, and laughed it off. For, you must know, the lady's face looked astonishingly like a certain face that I don't particularly care to see—certainly not in such close connection with Minnie. But, you see, I thought it might have been my fancy, so that I finally shook off the feeling, and said nothing to you about it."

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"I STOOD TRANSFIXED."

Dacres paused here, rubbed his hand violently over his hair at the place where the scar was, and then, frowning heavily, resumed:

"Well, this afternoon I called again. They were at home. On entering I found three ladies there. One was Lady Dalrymple, and the others were Minnie and her friend Ethel—either her friend or her sister. I think she's her sister. Well, I sat for about five minutes, and was just beginning to feel the full sense of my happiness, when the door opened and another lady entered. Hawbury"—and Dacres's tones deepened into an awful solemnity—"Hawbury, it was the lady that I saw in the carriage yesterday. One look at her was enough. I was assured then that my impressions yesterday were not dreams, but the damnable and abhorrent truth!"

"What impressions—you haven't told me yet, you know?"

"Wait a minute. I rose as she entered, and confronted her. She looked at me calmly, and then stood as though expecting to be introduced. There was no emotion visible whatever. She was prepared for it: I was not: and so she was as cool as when I saw her last, and, what is more, just as young and beautiful."

"The devil!" cried Hawbury.

Dacres poured out another glass of ale and drank it. His hand trembled slightly as he put down the glass, and he sat for some time in thought before he went on.

"Well, Lady Dalrymple introduced us. It was Mrs. Willoughby!"

"By Jove!" cried Hawbury. "I saw you were coming to that."

"Well, you know, the whole thing was so sudden, so unexpected, and so perfectly overwhelming, that I stood transfixed. I said nothing. I believe I bowed, and then somehow or other, I really don't know how, I got away, and, mounting my horse, rode off like a madman. Then I came home, and here you see me.'

There was a silence now for some time.

"Are you sure that it was your wife?"

"Of course I am. How could I be mistaken?"

"Are you sure the name was Willoughby?

"Perfectly sure."

"And that is the name your wife took?"

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"Yes; I told you so before, didn't I?"

"Yes. But think now. Mightn't there be some mistake?"

"Pooh! how could there be any mistake?"

"Didn't you see any change in her?"

"No, only that she looked much more quiet than she used to. Not so active, you know. In her best days she was always excitable, and a little demonstrative; but now she seems to have sobered down, and is as quiet and well-bred as any of the others."

"Was there not any change in her at all?"

"Not so much as I would have supposed; certainly not so much as there is in me. But then I've been knocking about all over the world, and she's been living a life of peace and calm, with the sweet consciousness of having triumphed over a hated husband, and possessing a handsome competency. Now she mingles in the best society. She associates with lords and ladies. She enjoys life in England while I am an exile. No doubt she passes for a fine young widow. No doubt, too, she has lots of admirers. They aspire to her hand. They write poetry to her. They make love to her. Confound her!"

Dacres's voice grew more and more agitated and excited as he spoke, and at length his tirade against his wife ended in something that was almost a roar.

Hawbury said nothing, but listened, with his face full of sympathy. At last his pent-up feeling found expression in his favorite exclamation, "By Jove!"

"Wouldn't I be justified in wringing her neck?" asked Dacres, after a pause. "And what's worse," he continued, without waiting for an answer to his question—"what's worse, her presence here in this unexpected way has given me, *me*, mind you, a sense of guilt, while she is, of course, immaculate. *I*, mind you—*I*, the injured husband, with the scar on my head from a wound made by *her* hand, and all the ghosts of my ancestors howling curses over me at night for my desolated and ruined home—*I* am to be conscience-stricken in her presence, as if I were a felon, while *she*, the really guilty one—the blight and bitter destruction of my life—*she* is to appear before me now as injured, and must make her appearance here, standing by the side of that sweet child-angel, and warning me away. Confound it all, man! Do you mean to say that such a thing is to be borne?"

Dacres was now quite frantic; so Hawbury, with a sigh of perplexity, lighted a fresh cigar, and thus took refuge from the helplessness of his position. It was clearly a state of things in which advice was utterly useless, and consolation impossible. What could he advise, or what consolation could he offer? The child-angel was now out of his friend's reach, and the worst fears of the lover were more than realized.

"I told you I was afraid of this," continued Dacres. "I had a suspicion that she was alive, and I firmly believe she'll outlive me forty years; but I must say I never expected to see her in this way, under such circumstances. And then to find her so infernally beautiful! Confound her! she don't look over twenty-five. How the mischief does she manage it? Oh, she's a deep one! But perhaps she's changed. She seems so calm, and came into the room so gently, and looked at me so steadily. Not a tremor, not a shake, as I live. Calm, Sir; cool as steel, and hard too. She looked away, and then looked back. They were searching glances, too, as though they read me through and through. Well, there was no occasion for that. She ought to know Scone Dacres well enough, I swear. Cool! And there stood I, with the blood flashing to my head, and throbbing fire underneath the scar of her wound—hers—her own property, for she made it! That was the woman that kicked me, that struck at me, that caused the destruction of my ancestral house, that drove me to exile, and that now drives me back from my love. But, by Heaven! it 'll take more than her to do it; and I'll show her again, as I showed her once before, that Scone Dacres is her master. And, by Jove! she'll find that it 'll take more than herself to keep me away from Minnie Fay."

"See here, old boy," said Hawbury, "you may as well throw up the sponge."

"I won't," said Dacres, gruffly.

"You see it isn't your wife that you have to consider, but the girl; and do you think the girl or her friends would have a married man paying his attentions in that quarter? Would you have the face to do it under your own wife's eye? By Jove!"

The undeniable truth of this assertion was felt by Dacres even in his rage. But the very fact that it was unanswerable, and that he was helpless, only served to deepen and intensify his rage. Yet he said nothing; it was only in his face and manner that his rage was manifested. He appeared almost to suffocate under the rush of fierce, contending passions; big distended veins swelled out in his forehead, which was also drawn far down in a gloomy frown; his breath came thick and fast, and his hands were clenched tight together. Hawbury watched him in silence as before, feeling all the time the impossibility of saying any thing that could be of any use whatever.

"Well, old fellow," said Dacres at last, giving a long breath, in which he seemed to throw off some of his excitement, "you're right, of course, and I am helpless. There's no chance for me. Paying attentions is out of the question, and the only thing for me to do is to give up the whole thing. But that isn't to be done at once. It's been long since I've seen any one for whom I felt any tenderness, and this little thing, I know, is fond of me. I can't quit her at once. I must stay on for a time, at least, and have occasional glimpses at her. It gives me a fresh sense of almost heavenly sweetness to look at her fair young face. Besides, I feel that I am far more to her than any

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other man. No other man has stood to her in the relation in which I have stood. Recollect how I saved her from death. That is no light thing. She must feel toward me as she has never felt to any other. She is not one who can forget how I snatched her from a fearful death, and brought her back to life. Every time she looks at me she seems to convey all that to me in her glance."

"Oh, well, my dear fellow, really now," said Hawbury, "just think. You can't do any thing."

"But I don't want to do any thing."

"It never can end in any thing, you know."

"But I don't want it to end in any thing."

"You'll only bother her by entangling her affections."

"But I don't want to entangle her affections."

"Then what the mischief *do* you want to do?"

"Why, very little. I'll start off soon for the uttermost ends of the earth, but I wish to stay a little longer and see her sweet face. It's not much, is it? It won't compromise her, will it? She need not run any risk, need she? And I'm a man of honor, am I not? You don't suppose me to be capable of any baseness, do you?"

"My dear fellow, how absurd! Of course not. Only I was afraid by giving way to this you might drift on into a worse state of mind. She's all safe, I fancy, surrounded as she is by so many guardians. It is you that I'm anxious about."

"Don't be alarmed, old chap, about me. I feel calmer already. I can face my situation firmly, and prepare for the worst. While I have been sitting here I have thought out the future. I will stay here four or five weeks. I will only seek solace for myself by riding about where I may meet her. I do not intend to go to the house at all. My demon of a wife may have the whole house to herself. I won't even give her the pleasure of supposing that she has thwarted me. She shall never even suspect the state of my heart. That would be bliss indeed to one like her, for then she would find herself able to put me on the rack. No, my boy; I've thought it all over. Scone Dacres is himself again. No more nonsense now. Do you understand now what I mean?"

"Yes," said Hawbury, slowly, and in his worst drawl; "but ah, really, don't you think it's all nonsense?"

"What?"

"Why, this ducking and diving about to get a glimpse of her face."

"I don't intend to duck and dive about. I merely intend to ride like any other gentleman. What put that into your head, man?"

"Well, I don't know; I gathered it from the way you expressed yourself."

"Well, I don't intend any thing of the kind. I simply wish to have occasional looks at her—to get a bow and a smile of recognition when I meet her, and have a few additional recollections to turn over in my thoughts after I have left her forever. Perhaps this seems odd."

"Oh no, it doesn't. I quite understand it. A passing smile or a parting sigh is sometimes more precious than any other memory. I know all about it, you know—looks, glances, smiles, sighs, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Well, now, old chap, there's one thing I want you to do for me."

"Well, what is it?"

"It isn't much, old fellow. It isn't much. I simply wish you to visit there."

"*Me?*—visit *there?* What! me—and visit? Why, my dear fellow, don't you know how I hate such bother?"

"I know all about that; but, old boy, it's only for a few weeks I ask it, and for my sake, as a particular favor. I put it in that light."

"Oh, well, really, dear boy, if you put it in that light, you know, of course, that I'll do any thing, even if it comes to letting myself be bored to death."

"Just a visit a day or so."

"A visit a day!" Hawbury looked aghast.

"It isn't much to ask, you know," continued Dacres. "You see my reason is this: I can't go there myself, as you see, but I hunger to hear about her. I should like to hear how she looks, and what she says, and whether she thinks of me."

"Oh, come now! look here, my dear fellow, you're putting it a little too strong. You don't expect me to go there and talk to her about you, you know. Why, man alive, that's quite out of my way. I'm not much of a talker at any time; and besides, you know, there's something distasteful in acting as—as— By Jove! I don't know what to call it."

"My dear boy, you don't understand me. Do you think I'm a sneak? Do you suppose I'd ask you to act as a go-between? Nonsense! I merely ask you to go as a cursory visitor. I don't want you to breathe my name, or even think of me while you are there."

"But suppose I make myself too agreeable to the young lady. By Jove! she might think I was paying her attentions, you know."

"Oh no, no! believe me, you don't know her. She's too earnest; she has too much soul to shift and change. Oh no! I feel that she is mine, and that the image of my own miserable self is indelibly impressed upon her heart. Oh no! you don't know her. If you had heard her thrilling expressions of gratitude, if you had seen the beseeching and pleading looks which she gave me, you would know that she is one of those natures who love once, and once only."

"Oh, by Jove, now! Come! If that's the state of the case, why, I'll go."

"Thanks, old boy."

"As a simple visitor."

"Yes—that's all."

"To talk about the weather, and that rot."

"Yes."

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"And no more."

"No."

"Not a word about you."

"Not a word."

"No leading questions, and that sort of thing."

"Nothing of the kind."

"No hints, no watching, but just as if I went there of my own accord."

"That's exactly the thing."

"Very well; and now pray what good is all this going to do to you, my boy?"

"Well, just this; I can talk to you about her every evening, and you can tell me how she looks, and what she says, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"By Jove!"

"And you'll cheer my heart, old fellow."

"Heavens and earth! old boy, you don't seem to think that this is going to be no end of a bore."

"I know it, old man; but then, you know, I'm desperate just now."

"By Jove!"

And Hawbury, uttering this exclamation, relapsed into silence, and wondered over his friend's infatuation.

On the following day when Dacres came in he found that Hawbury had kept his word.

"Great bore, old fellow," said he; "but I did it. The old lady is an old acquaintance, you know. I'm going there to-morrow again. Didn't see any thing to-day of the child-angel. But it's no end of a bore, you know."

CHAPTER XI.

FALSE AND FORGETFUL.

THE day when Lord Hawbury called on Lady Dalrymple was a very eventful one in his life, and had it not been for a slight peculiarity of his, the immediate result of that visit would have been of a highly important character. This slight peculiarity consisted in the fact that he was short-sighted, and, therefore, on a very critical occasion turned away from that which would have been his greatest joy, although it was full before his gaze.

It happened in this wise:

On the day when Hawbury called, Ethel happened to be sitting by the window, and saw him as he rode up. Now the last time that she had seen him he had a very different appearance—all his hair being burned off, from head and cheeks and chin; and the whiskers which he had when she first met him had been of a different cut from the present appendages. In spite of this she recognized him almost in a moment; and her heart beat fast, and her color came and went, and her hands clutched the window ledge convulsively.

"It's *he!*" she murmured.

Of course there was only one idea in her mind, and that was that he had heard of her presence in Naples, and had come to call on her.



"'IT'S HE!' SHE MURMURED."

She sat there without motion, with her head eagerly bent forward, and her eyes fixed upon him. He looked up carelessly as he came along, and with his chin in the air, in a fashion peculiar to him, which, by-the-way, gave a quite unintentional superciliousness to his expression. For an instant his eyes rested upon her, then they moved away, without the slightest recognition, and wandered elsewhere.

Ethel's heart seemed turned to stone. He had seen her. He had not noticed her. He had fixed his eyes on her and then looked away. Bitter, indeed, was all this to her. To think that after so long a period of waiting—after such hope and watching as hers had been—that this should be the end. She turned away from the window, with a choking sensation in her throat. No one was in the room. She was alone with her thoughts and her tears.

Suddenly her mood changed. A thought came to her which dispelled her gloom. The glance that he had given was too hasty; perhaps he really had not fairly looked at her. No doubt he had come for her, and she would shortly be summoned down.

And now this prospect brought new hope. Light returned to her eyes, and joy to her heart. Yes, she would be summoned. She must prepare herself to encounter his eager gaze. Quickly she stepped to the mirror, hastily she arranged those little details in which consists the charm of a lady's dress, and severely she scrutinized the face and figure re-

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flected there. The scrutiny was a satisfactory one. Face and figure were perfect; nor was there in the world any thing more graceful and more lovely than the image there, though the one who looked upon it was far too self-distrustful to entertain any such idea as that.

Then she seated herself and waited. The time moved slowly, indeed, as she waited there. After a few minutes she found it impossible to sit any longer. She walked to the door, held it open, and listened. She heard his voice below quite plainly. They had two suits of rooms in the house—the bedrooms up stairs and reception-rooms below. Here Lord Hawbury was, now, within hearing of Ethel. Well she knew that voice. She listened and frowned. The tone was too flippant. He talked like a man without a care—like a butterfly of society—and that was a class which she scorned. Here he was, keeping her waiting. Here he was, keeping up a hateful clatter of small-talk, while her heart was aching with suspense.

Ethel stood there listening. Minute succeeded to minute. There was no request for her. How strong was the contrast between the cool indifference of the man below, and the feverish impatience of that listener above! A wild impulse came to her to go down, under the pretense of looking for something; then another to go down and out for a walk, so that he might see her. But in either case pride held her back. How could she? Had he not already seen her? Must he not know perfectly well that she was there? No; if he did not call for her she could not go. She could not make advances.

Minute succeeded to minute, and Ethel stood burning with impatience, racked with suspense, a prey to the bitterest feelings. Still no message. Why did he delay? Her heart ached now worse than ever, the choking feeling in her throat returned, and her eyes grew moist. She steadied herself by holding to the door. Her fingers grew white at the tightness of her grasp; eyes and ears were strained in their intent watchfulness over the room below.

Of course the caller below was in a perfect state of ignorance about all this. He had not the remotest idea of that one who now stood so near. He came as a martyr. He came to make a call. It was a thing he detested. It bored him. To a man like him the one thing to be avoided on earth was a bore. To be bored was to his mind the uttermost depth of misfortune. This he had voluntarily accepted. He was being bored, and bored to death.

Certainly no man ever accepted a calamity more gracefully than Hawbury. He was charming, affable, easy, chatty. Of course he was known to Lady Dalrymple. The Dowager could make herself as agreeable as any lady living, except young and beautiful ones. The conversation, therefore, was easy and flowing. Hawbury excelled in this.

Now there are several variations in the great art of expression, and each of these is a minor art by itself. Among these may be enumerated:

First, of course, the art of novel-writing.

Second, the art of writing editorials.

Third, the art of writing paragraphs.

After these come all the arts of oratory, letter-writing, essay-writing, and all that sort of thing, among which there is one to which I wish particularly to call attention, and this is:

The art of small-talk.

Now this art Hawbury had to an extraordinary degree of perfection. He knew how to beat out the faintest shred of an idea into an illimitable surface of small-talk. He never took refuge in the weather. He left that to bunglers and beginners. His resources were of a different character, and were so skillfully managed that he never failed to leave a very agreeable impression. Small-talk! Why, I've been in situations sometimes where I would have given the power of writing like Dickens (if I had it) for perfection in this last art.

But this careless, easy, limpid, smooth, natural, pleasant, and agreeable flow of chat was nothing but gall and wormwood to the listener above. She ought to be there. Why was she so slighted? Could it be possible that he would go away without seeing her?

She was soon to know.

She heard him rise. She heard him saunter to the door.

"Thanks, yes. Ha, ha, you're too kind—really—yes—very happy, you know. To-morrow, is it? Good-morning,"

And with these words he went out.

With pale face and staring eyes Ethel darted back to the window. He did not see her. His back was turned. He mounted his horse and gayly cantered away. For full five minutes Ethel stood, crouched in the shadow of the window, staring after him, with her dark eyes burning and glowing in the intensity of their gaze. Then she turned away with a bewildered look. Then she locked the door. Then she flung herself upon the sofa, buried her head in her hands, and burst into a convulsive passion of tears. Miserable, indeed, were the thoughts that came now to that poor stricken girl as she lay there prostrate. She had waited long, and hoped fondly, and all her waiting and all her hope had been for this. It was for this that she had been praying—for this that she had so fondly cherished his memory. He had come at last, and he had gone; but for her he had certainly shown nothing save an indifference as profound as it was inexplicable.

Ethel's excuse for not appearing at the dinner-table was a severe headache. Her friends insisted on seeing her and ministering to her sufferings. Among other things, they tried to cheer her by telling her of Hawbury. Lady Dalrymple was full of him. She told all about his family, his income, his habits, and his mode of life. She mentioned, with much satisfaction, that he had made inquiries after Minnie, and that she had promised to introduce him to her the next time he called. Upon which he had laughingly insisted on calling the next day. All of

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which led Lady Dalrymple to conclude that he had seen Minnie somewhere, and had fallen in love with her.

This was the pleasing strain of conversation into which the ladies were led off by Lady Dalrymple. When I say the ladies, I mean Lady Dalrymple and Minnie. Mrs. Willoughby said nothing, except once or twice when she endeavored to give a turn to the conversation, in which she was signally unsuccessful. Lady Dalrymple and Minnie engaged in an animated argument over the interesting subject of Hawbury's intentions, Minnie taking her stand on the ground of his indifference, the other maintaining the position that he was in love. Minnie declared that she had never seen him. Lady Dalrymple asserted her belief that he had seen her. The latter also asserted that Hawbury would no doubt be a constant visitor, and gave Minnie very sound advice as to the best mode of treating him.



"THEN SHE FLUNG HERSELF UPON THE SOFA."

On the following day Hawbury called, and was introduced to Minnie. He chatted with her in his usual style, and Lady Dalrymple was more than ever confirmed in her first belief. He suggested a ride, and the suggestion was taken up.

If any thing had been needed to complete Ethel's despair it was this second visit and the project of a ride. Mrs. Willoughby was introduced to him; but he took little notice of her, treating her with a kind of reserve that was a little unusual with him. The reason of this was his strong sympathy with his friend, and his detestation of Mrs. Willoughby's former history. Mrs. Willoughby, however, had to ride with them when they went out, and thus she was thrown a little more into Hawbury's way.

Ethel never made her appearance. The headaches which she avouched were not pretended. They were real, and accompanied with heartaches that were far more painful. Hawbury never saw her, nor did he ever hear her mentioned. In general he himself kept the conversation in motion; and as he never asked questions, they, of course, had no opportunity to answer. On the other hand, there was no occasion to volunteer any remarks about the number or the character of their party. When he talked it was usually with Lady Dalrymple and Minnie; and with these the conversation turned always upon glittering generalities, and the airy nothings of pleasant gossip. All this, then, will very easily account for the fact that Hawbury, though visiting there constantly, never once saw Ethel, never heard her name mentioned, and had not the faintest idea that she was so near. She, on the other hand, feeling now sure that he was utterly false and completely forgetful, proudly and calmly held aloof, and kept out of his way with the most jealous care, until at last she staid indoors altogether, for fear, if she went out, that she might meet him somewhere. For such a meeting she did not feel sufficiently strong.

Often she thought of quitting Naples and returning to England. Yet, after all, she found a strange comfort in being there. She was near

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him. She heard his voice every day, and saw his face. That was something. And it was better than absence.

Minnie used always to come to her and pour forth long accounts of Lord Hawbury—how he looked, what he said, what he did, and what he proposed to do. Certainly there was not the faintest approach to love-making, or even sentiment, in Hawbury's attitude toward Minnie. His words were of the world of small-talk—a world where sentiment and love-making have but little place. Still there was the evident fact of his attentions, which were too frequent to be overlooked.

Hawbury rapidly became the most prominent subject of Minnie's conversation. She used to prattle away for hours about him. She alluded admiringly to his long whiskers. She thought them "lovely." She said that he was "awfully nice." She told Mrs. Willoughby that "he was nicer than any of them; and then, Kitty darling," she added, "it's so awfully good of him not to be coming and saving my life, and carrying me on his back down a mountain, like an ogre, and then pretending that he's my father, you know.

"For you know, Kitty pet, I've always longed so *awfully* to see some really nice person, you know, who wouldn't go and save my life and bother me. Now he doesn't seem a bit like proposing. I do *hope* he won't. Don't you, Kitty dearest? It's so *much* nicer not to propose. It's so *horrid* when they go and propose. And then, you know, I've had so much of that sort of thing. So, Kitty, I think he's really the nicest person that I ever saw, and I really think I'm beginning to like him."

Far different from these were the conversations which Mrs. Willoughby had with Ethel. She was perfectly familiar with Ethel's story. It had been confided to her long ago. She alone knew why it was that Ethel had walked untouched through crowds of admirers. The terrible story of her rescue was memorable to her for other reasons; and the one who had taken the prominent part in that rescue could not be without interest for her.

"There is no use, Kitty—no use in talking about it any more," said Ethel one day, after Mrs. Willoughby had been urging her to show herself. "I can not. I will not. He has forgotten me utterly."

"Perhaps he has no idea that you are here. He has never seen you."

"Has he not been in Naples as long as we have? He must have seen me in the streets. He saw Minnie."

"Do you think it likely that he would come to this house and slight you? If he had forgotten you he would not come here."

"Oh yes, he would. He comes to see Minnie. He knows I am here, of course. He doesn't care one atom whether I make my appearance or not. He doesn't even give me a thought. It's so long since *that time* that he has forgotten even my existence. He has been all over the world since then, and has had a hundred adventures. I have been living quietly, cherishing the remembrance of that one thing."

"Ethel, is it not worth trying? Go down and try him."

"I can not bear it. I can not look at him. I lose all self-command when he is near. I should make a fool of myself. He would look at me with a smile of pity. Could I endure that? No, Kitty; my weakness must never be known to him."

"Oh, Ethel, how I wish you could try it!"

"Kitty, just think how utterly I am forgotten. Mark this now. He knows I was at *your* house. He must remember your name. He wrote to me there, and I answered him from there. He sees you now, and your name must be associated with mine in his memory of me, if he has any. Tell me now, Kitty, has he ever mentioned me? has he ever asked you about me? has he ever made the remotest allusion to me?"

Ethel spoke rapidly and impetuously, and as she spoke she raised herself from the sofa where she was reclining, and turned her large, earnest eyes full upon her friend with anxious and eager watchfulness. Mrs. Willoughby looked back at her with a face full of sadness, and mournfully shook her head.

"You see," said Ethel, as she sank down again—"you see how true my impression is."

"I must say," said Mrs. Willoughby, "that I thought of this before. I fully expected that he would make some inquiry after you. I was so confident in the noble character of the man, both from your story and the description of others, that I could not believe you were right. But you are right, my poor Ethel. I wish I could comfort you, but I can not. Indeed, my dear, not only has he not questioned me about you, but he evidently avoids me. It is not that he is engrossed with Minnie, for he is not so; but he certainly has some reason of his own for avoiding me. Whenever he speaks to me there is an evident effort on his part, and though perfectly courteous, his manner leaves a certain disagreeable impression. Yes, he certainly has some reason for avoiding me."

"The reason is plain enough," murmured Ethel. "He wishes to prevent you from speaking about a painful subject, or at least a distasteful one. He keeps you off at a distance by an excess of formality. He will give you no opportunity whatever to introduce any mention of me. And now let me also ask you this—does he ever take any notice of any allusion that may be made to me?"

"I really don't remember hearing any allusion to you."

"Oh, that's scarcely possible! You and Minnie must sometimes have alluded to 'Ethel.'"

"Well, now that you put it in that light, I do remember hearing Minnie allude to you on several occasions. Once she wondered why 'Ethel' did not ride. Again she remarked how 'Ethel' would enjoy a particular view."

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"And he heard it?"

"Oh, of course."

"Then there is not a shadow of a doubt left. He knows I am here. He has forgotten me so totally, and is so completely indifferent, that he comes here and pays attention to another who is in the very same house with me. It is hard. Oh, Kitty, is it not? Is it not bitter? How could I have thought this of *him*?"

A high-hearted girl was Ethel, and a proud one; but at this final confirmation of her worst fears there burst from her a sharp cry, and she buried her face in her hands, and moaned and wept.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.*



GEORGE H. NOBBS, PASTOR OF PITCAIRN.

FEW books have been more widely read than Sir John Barrow's "Pitcairn Island," written almost forty years ago. The story of the singular people descended from the mutineers of the *Bounty* is brought down only till 1830. During the succeeding forty years the history of the islanders was full of incidents quite as romantic as any which had before occurred. Lady Belcher, a step-daughter of Peter Heywood, a midshipman on the *Bounty*, who was wrongfully condemned to death, pardoned, and afterward rose to a high rank in the British navy, has brought the narrative down to the present time. We propose to follow her account.

I.—THE MUTINY ON THE "BOUNTY."

On the 23d of December, 1787, a ship of 215 tons sailed from England. She was appropriately named the *Bounty*, for her object was to convey from the South Sea Islands to the West Indies the bread-fruit, and other valuable nutritive plants. Officers and men, there were on board forty-five souls. Of these there are seven to be especially noted for the parts which they played in the drama to be enacted.

William Bligh, the commander, was a lieutenant in the royal navy, about thirty-four years old. He had served four years under Captain Cook, with whom he had visited Tahiti and the adjacent islands. The knowledge thus acquired probably led to his appointment to the command of the *Bounty*. He was one of that class of men formed only in the navy. On shore, to all appearance, a courteous gentleman; on ship a coarse, rude, and vulgar tyrant.

Fletcher Christian, mate and acting lieutenant of the *Bounty*, was a young man of five-and-twenty, born on the Isle of Man, of a good family, and evidently well educated. He had twice before sailed with Bligh, by whom he was chosen as mate of the *Bounty*.

Edward Young, midshipman, nephew of a baronet, was a young man of twenty-two, notable as the last survivor save one of the actual mutineers.

George Stewart, midshipman, is described by Bligh as "a young man of creditable parents in the Orkneys; at which place, on the return of the *Resolution* from the South Seas, in 1780, we received so many civilities that, on that account only, I should gladly have taken him with

* *The Mutineers of the Bounty and their Descendants in Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands.* By Lady Belcher. With Map and Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.

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me; but, independent of this recommendation, he was a seaman, and had always borne a good character."

James Morrison, boatswain's mate, was about twenty-eight years of age, and in acquirements quite above his position. His journal, cited by Barrow, and given almost in full by Lady Belcher, forms the main evidence as to the nature of the mutiny, and of much that followed.

Peter Heywood, midshipman, was a lad of fourteen; of a wealthy family, friends of Bligh. He was taken from school to embark on this expedition, Bligh promising to look to the lad.

Alexander Smith, "able-bodied seaman," whom we shall hereafter come to know by the name of John Adams, which he long afterward assumed, was the father of the colony on Pitcairn Island.

Besides these seven, the officers and men of the *Bounty* differed little, for better or worse, from any body of men picked up for a long voyage. A good commander might have made a fair crew of them. How they turned out under Bligh is to be shown.

We propose only to give the barest outlines of the voyage of the *Bounty*. Hardly had the vessel left England when the commander began to show his true character. Some cheese was missing from the ship's stores; Bligh ordered no more to be given out till the deficiency had been made good. Among the stores were a large quantity of pumpkins; as they neared the equator these began to spoil; Bligh ordered them to be served out instead of bread. The men demurred; the commander swore that they must take what he gave them, adding, "I'll make you eat grass, or any thing you can catch, before I have done with you;" and, moreover, he would flog the first man who dared to make any complaint. Whenever any cask of provisions was broached the best pieces always went to the cabin table. One day a sheep died, and Bligh ordered the carcass to be served up for the men. It would, he said, make "a delicious meal." The men threw it overboard, and made their dinner of dried sharks' flesh.

And so on for page after page of Morrison's journal. Meanwhile the *Bounty*, after vainly trying, in April, 1788, to round the stormy Cape Horn, shot over to the Cape of Good Hope, whence she set sail for the Pacific islands, reaching Tahiti in October, ten months after leaving England. Disputes and quarrels enough had arisen among the officers, the upshot of which, as the boatswain's mate noted, was that "Mr. Bligh and his messmates, the master and surgeon, fell out and separated, each taking his part of the stock, and retiring to live in his own cabin, only speaking to each other when on duty."

Arriving at Tahiti, the real work of the expedition began. It lasted for months; but early in April, 1789, more than a thousand plants had been collected and safely stowed away, and the *Bounty* set sail homeward. Of the wearisome quarrels which marked the long interval we take no note. They came to a point on the 27th of April, the ship being then not far from the island of Tofoa. Bligh missed some cocoa-nuts, which he said must have been stolen by the men, with the connivance of the officers. Christian said, "You don't believe me guilty of stealing your nuts?" "Yes," replied Bligh, "you —— hound, I do think so. You —— rascals, you are all thieves alike, and combine with the men to rob me. You will steal my yams next. I will flog you and make you jump overboard before we reach Endeavor Straits."

All this was neither better nor worse than what had taken place daily for months. But it was the last straw which broke the camel's back. Christian said nothing, but went to his own cabin. Soon after Bligh sent, asking him to dine with him. Christian declined, pleading illness. He had already formed a plan to escape from the vessel upon a raft which he had constructed with the knowledge of some of his shipmates. Mere accident changed his plans. The morning watch of April 28 belonged to him. Going on deck in the gray dawn he found the officers asleep, and himself in actual command. "Why not take possession of the vessel?" he thought. He stepped down into the steerage, spoke for a moment with seven of the crew who he knew were dissatisfied with Bligh. They agreed with him, and in a few minutes the plot was conceived and executed. The arms were seized by an artifice, and the eight held control of the vessel. When young Heywood, awakened by some noise, came upon deck, he found Bligh pinioned, and in his shirt-sleeves, guarded by some of the mutineers. Some one told him, "Mr. Christian has taken possession of the vessel, and is going to carry Lieutenant Bligh a prisoner to England."

What followed for the next few hours is almost a whirl; no one, not even clear-headed James Morrison, could fairly make it out. But the upshot was that Christian resolved to send Bligh and a part of the crew adrift in the ship's launch. Bligh entreated that Christian would relent: "I'll pawn my honor, Mr. Christian; I'll give my word never to think of this if you will desist. Consider my wife and family."

"No," rejoined Christian; "if you had any honor, things would not have come to this extremity; and if you had any regard for your wife and family, you should have thought of them before, and not have behaved so like a villain as you have done." The boatswain then tried to soften Christian. "It is too late," was the reply; "I have been in hell this fortnight, and am determined to bear it no longer. You know that during the whole voyage I have been treated like a dog."

The surgeon had died a few weeks before, and there were forty-four persons in all. Nineteen of these were forced into the launch, an open boat only twenty-three feet long, into which were placed the carpenter's tool-chest, one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, thirty-

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two pounds of pork, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, twenty-eight gallons of water, and four empty barrels. No arms were allowed, and the only instruments of navigation were a sextant and a book of nautical tables. When all were on board, the gunwales were only a few inches above the water. The selection of those to be sent away and those to be kept is inexplicable. The number who took any actual part in the mutiny was not more than twelve. Of the twenty-five who remained at least four were kept by absolute force. Some of the others remained only because they believed that the launch would be lost if she went to sea, and if the men went upon any island they would be killed by the natives.

The launch having been set adrift, the *Bounty* was cleared of all the plants and curiosities which had been collected, and under the command of Christian cruised for weeks among the islands to find a favorable place for a settlement. The little island of Toobonai, fertile, wooded almost to the water's edge, and surrounded by coral reefs, was chosen. The *Bounty* then sailed for Tahiti, where live stock and provisions were gathered, when she put back to Toobonai, where she arrived on the 23d of June. The site of a fort was marked out; but the natives attacked the settlers, and a number of conflicts ensued, in which Christian and another were severely wounded, and a number of the natives slain. Many of the men also—those especially who had taken no active part in the mutiny—were not disposed to pass their days on this island. So it was decided by a majority of two to one that the *Bounty* should return to Tahiti, where the vessel was to be given to Christian and those who chose to remain with him; and that every thing else should be fairly divided among all hands. On the 22d of September, a week less than five months after the seizure of the ship, the division was made. Sixteen men, among whom were Heywood and Morrison, remained at Tahiti. Nine chose to go with the *Bounty*.

Christian, for himself and his associates, argued thus: "If Bligh reaches England a ship of war will certainly be sent out in search of us. Those of you who had no share in the mutiny had better give yourselves up on the first opportunity; as for us who took part in the seizure of the vessel, we will find some uninhabited island where we will live the remainder of our days without seeing the face of any man except ourselves."

Every man of Christian's party had acquired a wife at Tahiti; and they had also made friends with several natives, who were willing to share their fortunes. Among the books on board the *Bounty* was Cartaret's "Voyage to the South Seas," wherein mention was made of Pitcairn Island, a lonely rock seldom seen by mariners. Christian fixed upon this as his place of refuge. When his party were all gathered, there were himself and his eight comrades, six islanders, and twelve women, one of whom had an infant: in all twenty-eight souls. Christian was the last to embark. He bade farewell to those left behind; and at noon of the 23d of September, 1789, the *Bounty*, heading northward, was faintly discerned in the distance. For twenty years all on board were lost to human view as completely as though they had been swallowed up in the ocean

II.—BLIGH'S BOAT VOYAGE.

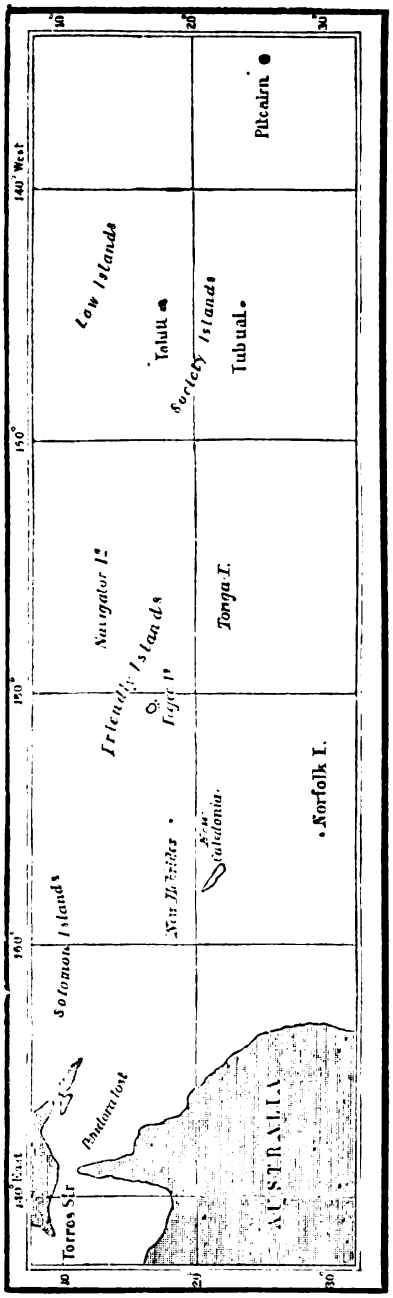
We now turn to Bligh and his eighteen companions who had been set adrift in the launch of the *Bounty*. The voyage which was performed is the most notable of the kind on record. For its details we are indebted wholly to Bligh's own journal.

Bligh's first action was naturally to land on Tofoa, in order to get fruits and water. The landing party climbed the cliffs and obtained about a score of cocoa-nuts, when they were attacked by the natives, and one man was stoned to death. It was then resolved to make no more landings, but to put straight away for the island of Timor, twelve hundred leagues distant. To make this voyage their food must be husbanded to the utmost. Bligh laid the matter before the men; told them that they must live on an ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water a day; and that they must promise not to break further into their scanty store. To this they agreed. That they should have made this promise is natural; but that starving men should have faithfully kept it is marvelous. The boat was so crowded that while one half of the crew were sitting the other half were obliged to lie down on the bottom, so closely that they were unable to stretch their limbs.

We will give snatches from Bligh's journal, commencing on the 3d of May, when the voyage had fairly begun:

"*May* 3. At 8 it blew a violent storm, and the sea ran very high, curling over the bow of the boat, which obliged us to bail with all our might. I served a teaspoonful of rum to each person with a quarter of a breadfruit, which was scarcely eatable, for dinner.—*May* 4. Our limbs were so benumbed that we could scarcely find the use of them. I served a tea-spoonful of rum to each person, from which we all felt great benefit. —*May* 6. Passed numerous islands, at none of which I ventured to land. We hooked a fish, but were miserably disappointed by its being lost in trying to get it into the boat.—*May* 7. Being very wet and cold, I served a spoonful of rum and a morsel of bread for breakfast. We kept sailing among islands, from one of which two large canoes came out in chase of us; but we left them behind.—During the next week the wet weather continued, with heavy seas and squalls. As there was no prospect of getting our clothes dried, my plan was to make every one strip and wring them through the salt-water, by which means they received a warmth that, while wet with rain, they could not have had. The sight of islands, which we were always passing, served only to increase the misery of our situation. We were very little better than starving with plenty in view; yet to attempt procuring any relief was attended with so much danger, that prolonging life, even in the midst of misery, was thought preferable, while there remained hopes of being able to surmount our hardships.—*May* 17. At dawn of day I found every person complaining, and some of them solicited extra allowance, which I positively refused."

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And so on for another week, when Bligh took account of the provisions remaining. The bread had been weighed out, the weight of a pistol-ball—twenty-five to the pound—being served out for breakfast, dinner, and supper. At this rate it would last twenty-nine days. But as it was doubtful whether they would reach Timor in that time, it was determined to make the supply last six weeks. This was done by omitting the allowance for supper. The scanty meals were, however, now and then increased from outside sources. On the morning of the 25th, a flock of "noddies"—a bird about as large as a pigeon—came near the boat. One was caught, divided into eighteen parts, and eaten raw, entrails and all. It never rains but it pours. In the evening a flock of "boobies"—a bird as large as a duck—appeared. One got his legs within seizing distance and was caught. He was quickly divided, the blood being given as a cordial to those who seemed the most exhausted.

Better than the birds themselves was the assurance which their presence gave that land was not far off; for these birds never fly far from shore. On the 28th was heard the sound of the breakers dashing upon the long barrier reef of what we now call Australia. They shot through an opening in the reef, and found themselves in water as smooth as that of an inland harbor. They landed on a little island apparently uninhabited, the rocky shores of which were covered with oysters. By the aid of a magnifying-glass a fire was made, and the men had a hearty meal. They staid here two days, faring sumptuously on oysters stewed with palm-tops and bits of bread and pork, and moreover filled their water-casks, when they were frightened off by the appearance of a band of armed natives. They landed on one or two other islands, upon one of which the men who had before been so obedient almost broke out into mutiny, which Bligh, however, quelled. At night a party of three was sent out to hunt for boobies. They returned, minus one of their number, with a dozen birds; but said that Lamb, the missing man, had gone ahead, and scared the birds from their roosting-places. Lamb made his appearance in the morning looking quite comfortable, but saying little. But he afterward owned that during the night he had caught and eaten nine birds—which, if true, is one of the greatest gastronomic feats on record.

On the 30th of June they left the coast of Australia, heading for Timor. On the 5th a booby was caught; next day the allowance of bread for supper was recommenced. On the 7th, the sea running high, and breaking over the whole boat, some of the men seemed fast giving way. A spoonful or two of wine—the last left, was given to these, and to the rest an ounce of dried clams, exhausting the store which they had made on the Australian key. This revived them somewhat. On the 8th a dolphin was caught. On the 10th matters seemed to be at the worst. "There was," says Bligh, "a visible alteration in many of the people, which gave me great apprehensions. An extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, a more than common inclination to sleep, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presage of an approaching dissolution." But the next day all was changed. Bligh, having succeeded in taking an observation, announced that they had passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor. On the following morning the island was seen only two leagues away.

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They coasted along until, on Sunday, the 14th of June, they entered the Dutch harbor of Coupang. "Our bodies," says Bligh, "were nothing but skin and bones; our limbs were full of sores; we were clothed in rags. It appeared hardly credible to ourselves that in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa, having in that time run, by our log, a distance of 3618 miles; and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished on the voyage."

Bligh and his companions were provided by the Dutch with passages for England. Five, however, died before reaching home; one was left behind at Batavia, and never afterward heard of; one had been killed at Tofoa; so that of the nineteen sent off from the *Bounty*, only twelve reached England.

Bligh himself landed at the Isle of Wight on the 14th of March, 1790, ten months and a half after the outbreak of the mutiny. His journal was soon published. In this he says nothing of the outrageous conduct on his part which had led to the mutiny. Of the cause of this, he says, "I can only conjecture that the mutineers had flattered themselves with the hopes of a more happy life among the Tahitans than they could possibly enjoy in England; and this, joined to some female connections, most probably occasioned the whole transaction." Of his conduct on the open-boat voyage there could be no question; and he was welcomed with extraordinary favor. In 1791 he was sent in command of another vessel, the *Providence*, to the South Seas, to collect bread-fruit plants. He reached Tahiti in the spring of 1792. In three months he collected 1200 young plants, which he carried to the West Indies; and for the successful result of his expedition he received the gold medal of the Society of Arts. But the bread-fruit did not flourish in its new home, where it was found every way inferior to the plantain. So, as far as ultimate results were concerned, the enterprise proved a failure.

Bligh rose rapidly in the navy. In 1797 he gained great credit for his conduct in suppressing the famous mutiny at the Nore; commanded a ship in the naval battles of Cape St. Vincent and Camperdown, and in 1801, at the bombardment of Copenhagen, upon which occasion he was publicly thanked by Nelson for the efficient support which he had given during the action. In 1805 he was appointed Governor of New South Wales, where, in 1808, his arbitrary conduct occasioned a mutiny. Colonel Johnstone, the military commander, deposed Bligh, and sent him back to England; for which the Colonel was tried by court-martial and cashiered. Bligh then retired from active service, but rose to the rank of Vice-Admiral of the Blue. In private life, as Lady Belcher admits, "he displayed amiability of character." He died at London in 1829.

III.—THE PRISONERS OF THE PANDORA.

The British government decided to send a vessel to the South Seas to search out and bring back the remainder of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. The vessel selected was the *Pandora*, 24 guns and 160 men, Captain Edwards commander. As lieutenants went Thomas Hayward and John Hallet, the two midshipmen of the *Bounty* whose falling asleep on their watch had given opportunity for Christian to seize the vessel. Many delays had taken place in fitting out the vessel; and it was not until the 23d of March, 1791, eighteen months after Christian and his companions had left the island, that the *Pandora* entered Maatavaye Bay in Tahiti.

The sixteen men who had refused to follow the fortunes of Christian had meanwhile separated into various parties, and resided in different parts of the island. The two midshipmen, George Stewart and Peter Heywood, became favorites of Tippaoo, a chief who owned most of the land near the bay, whose daughter was soon married to Stewart. Young Heywood allowed himself to be tattooed, to please his island friends, but formed none of the alliances so common between Europeans and native women. He busied himself in studying the language, of which he wrote a long vocabulary, which afterward became of great use to the missionaries.

Morrison and four others set at work to build a vessel, in which they hoped to leave the island and make their way to Batavia, whence they could find a passage to England. In November, 1789, the keel of the boat was laid; and in the July following she was launched. She was named the *Resolution*; she was schooner-rigged, measuring thirty feet in length, with a breadth of nine feet and a half, and a depth of five feet. Considering the means at the disposal of the builders, the *Resolution* was a marvel. All the tools which they had consisted of a hand-saw and some small axes, with which they had to cut down the trees and hew them into planks. For pitch they used the gum of the bread-fruit tree, of which a man could gather only a quarter of a pound in a day. They had also to deceive the chiefs, by pretending that the purpose of the boat was that of a pleasure-vessel, for voyaging around the island. Unfortunately, they had no adequate material for sails, and were forced to conclude that without them there was no chance of reaching Batavia.

Those of the people who had taken no part in the mutiny had been anxiously awaiting some means of returning to England. When the *Pandora* appeared in the offing Coleman put off to her in a canoe, which was swamped, and he narrowly escaped drowning. Heywood and Stewart soon followed, announced who they were, and were immediately put in irons. The remainder were sought out in different parts of the island and brought on board. Two were missing. They had been killed in a quarrel.

The treatment of the prisoners was barbar-

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ous. They were put in irons and a sentinel placed over them, with orders to shoot any one who should speak in the Tahitan language. A "box" was soon constructed on the deck for their reception. It measured eleven feet by eighteen, and was entered by a scuttle from the top. Two sentries paced upon its top. All the prisoners were heavily ironed by the ankles and wrists. One man, whose limbs were slight, managed one night to slip a leg from the fetters. These were ordered to be made tighter. "The lieutenant," writes Morrison, "in trying the handcuffs, placed his foot against our breasts, and hauling them over our hands with all his strength, in several cases took off the skin with them. All the irons that could be hauled off in this manner were reduced, and fitted so close that there was no possibility of turning the hand in them. When our wrists began to swell he told us that the handcuffs were not intended to fit like gloves."

Their native friends swarmed around the *Pandora*; but few were permitted to speak with the prisoners. An exception was made in the case of "Peggy," the girl whom Stewart had married. She came on board with her infant in her arms. She clung to her husband, who was lying heavily ironed, until it was necessary to remove her by force. He begged that she might not be allowed to see him again. But day after day, until far into the night, she remained on the beach, where she could at least see his prison. In vain did her father urge her to take rest. She kept ever at her post, and in a few weeks after the departure of the *Pandora* she died of a broken heart.

The *Pandora* cruised about for weeks vainly searching for Christian and his companions. At length, in August, she sailed homeward, heading first for the island of Timor. The sufferings of the prisoners were intolerable. They had no means of steadying themselves, and when the ship lurched they were pitched together in a heap, wounding themselves and each other with their irons. Some pieces of plank were at length fastened to the deck to keep them apart. On the 28th of August, while passing through Endeavor Straits, at the northern extremity of Australia, the *Pandora* ran upon a reef. For what followed we quote from Morrison's journal:

"The ship was forced farther on the reef with violent and repeated shocks, and we expected every surge that the masts would go by the board. As we were in danger at every shock of killing each other with our irons, we broke them that we might be ready to assist ourselves, and informed the officers of what we had done. In the mean time the ship lost her rudder, and with it a part of her stern-post, and having beat over the reef she was brought up in fifteen feet water with both anchors, and the first news was, 'nine feet of water in the hold!' Coleman, Norman, and M'Intosh were ordered out of the box to the pumps, and the boats were got out. As soon as Captain Edwards was informed that we had broken our irons, he ordered us to be handcuffed and leg-ironed again, with all the irons that could be mustered.

"At daylight, August 29th, the boats were hauled up, most of the officers being aft on the top of the 'box;' we observed that they were armed, and preparing to go into the boats by the stern ladders. We begged that we might not be forgotten, when by the captain's orders the armorer's mate was sent down to take the irons off Muspratt and Skinner, and send them and Byrne (who was then out of irons) up; but Skinner was hauled up with his handcuffs on, and the other two following close, the scuttle was shut and barred before the mate could get to it, and he, in the mean time, knocked off my hand-irons and Stewart's. I begged the master-at-arms to leave the scuttle open, when he answered, 'Never fear, my boys, we will all go down together.' The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the ship took a sally, and a general cry of, 'There she goes!' was heard. The master-at-arms, corporal, and sentinels rolled overboard, and I saw Captain Edwards swimming to the pinnace, which was some distance astern. Birkett and Heildbrant were yet handcuffed, and the ship was under water as far as the main-mast. It was now beginning to flow in upon us, when Providence directed the boatswain's mate to the place. He was scrambling up on the box, when, hearing our cries, he said he would either set us free or go to the bottom with us, and took out the bolts, throwing them and the scuttle overboard, though he was forced to follow instantly, as he was nearly drowning."

Morrison swam to one of the gangways which was drifting by, upon which was one of his fellow-prisoners. The top of the "box" had floated, and upon it were Heywood and four others. These were all rescued by one of the boats, and landed on a little sandy quay two or three miles from the ship. Of the crew of the *Pandora* thirty-one were lost; of the prisoners four, among whom was Stewart, the husband of "Peggy," daughter of the Tahitan chief. Peter Heywood, in a letter to his sister, written while he was awaiting his trial, gives a brief account of what occurred on shore:

"I send you two little sketches of the manner in which the *Pandora* went down, and of the appearance we who survived made on the small sandy quay within the reef (about ninety yards long and sixty athwart), in all ninety-nine souls. There we remained three days, subsisting upon two ounces of bread and a single wine-glass of wine and water a day, and no shelter from the meridian (and then vertical) sun. Captain Edwards had tents erected for himself and his people, and we prisoners petitioned him for an old sail which was lying useless, part of the wreck, but he refused it, and all the shelter we had was to bury ourselves up to the neck in the burning sand, which scorched the skin as if we had been dipped in boiling water."

These pictures, drawn of course from memory, are given upon the next page. Morrison's journal gives details of what followed. They tried for water, but could find none. The lieutenant filled a kettle with salt water, set it a-boiling, and watched all night collecting the steam which was condensed from the spout. The result was a spoonful of fresh water. On the third day they embarked in four boats, and headed for the Dutch settlement on Timor, four or five hundred leagues distant. The conduct of Captain Edwards was as brutal as it had been on the *Pandora*, and the sufferings of all were not inferior to those of Bligh and his companions on the same voyage. On the 16th of September they reached Coupang, the same place where Bligh had landed more than two years before. Here the prisoners remained in irons for three weeks; then sailed for Batavia, which they

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WRECK OF THE PANDORA.



ON THE SANDY ISLET.

reached after a tedious voyage of a month. Thence they were shipped to the Cape of Good Hope, where they arrived on the 15th of January, 1792. Here they remained, still in irons, till April, when they were sent on to England, landing on the 19th of June, four years and three months after they had sailed in the *Bounty*. Fifteen months had been passed in irons since they had come on board the *Pandora*.

A court-martial, presided over by Admiral Hood, was convened on the 12th of September. The court lasted a week. Of the ten prisoners three were acquitted, it being clearly shown that they took no part in the mutiny, and were detained by Christian against their will. The others were found guilty, but the verdict in the case of Heywood and Morrison was accompanied by a recommendation that they should receive an unconditional pardon. So fully, indeed, must the court have been convinced of their innocence that as soon as the pardon was granted Morrison was promoted to the rank of gunner in the navy; and Admiral Hood offered to take Heywood on board his own vessel. Heywood, now only nineteen years of age, rose with almost unexampled rapidity from the rank of midshipman to those of commander, post-captain, and flag-captain; being finally placed in command of a 74-gun ship. At the close of the war in 1814 he retired from the navy, married a widow, whose daughter by a former husband is the Lady Belcher who wrote the book under notice; and being in possession of an ample fortune, devoted himself to literary, scientific, and philanthropic enterprises. In 1818 he was offered the command on the lakes of Canada, which he declined. In 1829 he was urged to accept the post of head of the Hydrographical Department of the Admiralty. This he declined on account of failing health. He died in 1831.

IV.—PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

We left Fletcher Christian and his companions in the *Bounty* on the 23d of September, 1789, sailing northward. For nineteen years no human eye beheld the wanderers; and only one of the refugees ever thereafter saw a human being except his companions.

In 1808 the whale-ship *Topaz*, of Boston, Captain Folger, chanced to be cruising near a rocky islet, upon the shore of which the surf was breaking so furiously that it seemed inaccessible. A canoe was seen putting off through the breakers, and the occupants hailed the ship, offering, in good English, their services if any one wished to land. One of the sailors volunteered to go ashore in the canoe. He soon came back with a strange report. The first man whom he met on the island said his name was Alexander Smith, and that he was the sole survivor of the crew of the *Bounty;* that including himself there were now thirty-five persons on the island. Captain Folger then went ashore, received some further information, and in return told the islanders something of what had happened in the world for the last score of years: how there had been a revolution in France; how there was a man named Bonaparte who had become emperor; how there had been great wars; and England had won glorious victories on the sea. Upon hearing this the islanders broke into a loud hurrah, exclaiming, "Old England forever!"

Captain Folger returned to his ship, made a note in his log-book, and upon reaching Valparaiso furnished an account of what he had seen, which was duly forwarded to England. But just then the British government had matters of more importance on hand than to attend to the case of a few people on a lonely island upon the other side of the globe. So the curtain which had been lifted for a moment fell again for another six years, when it was again raised by accident.

In 1814 the frigates *Briton*, Captain Staines, and *Tagus*, Captain Pipon, were cruising in the Pacific in search of the American sloop-of-war *Essex*, which had captured several British whalers. As evening fell they suddenly came in sight of a small but lofty island, two hundred miles from where, according to their charts, any island ought to have been. They looked at their charts; no island was there. They looked to sea, and there the island certainly was, rising sheer up a thousand feet from the water's edge. Morning broke, and there still stood the island, and groups of people were standing on the rocks.

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Presently two men were seen launching a canoe, into which they sprung and paddled to the ships. "Won't you heave us a rope now?" was the cheery hail. This was done, and a tall young man of five-and-twenty sprang on board. "Who are you?" was the question. "I am Thursday October Christian, son of Fletcher Christian, the mutineer, by a Tahitan mother, and the first born on this island." The other, a young man of eighteen, was Edward Young, son of another of the mutineers of whom we have spoken.

The young men were full of wonder at what they saw. A cow astonished, and perhaps frightened them a little. Goats and pigs were the only animals they had ever seen. A little dog pleased them greatly. "I know that's a dog," said Edward; "I have read of such things." Captain Staines ordered refreshments to be prepared for them in his cabin. Before sitting down they folded their hands and asked a blessing, which they repeated at the close of the meal. They had been taught to do this, they said, by their pastor, John Adams; for it appears that Alexander Smith went also by this name, which we shall hereafter give him.

The two captains went on shore, and climbed the steep ascent to the village, where the whole community, headed by John Adams and his blind wife, were waiting to receive them. He was something past fifty, stout and healthy in appearance, though with a care-worn expression of countenance. He stood, hat in hand, smoothing his thin gray locks, as he had been wont, sailor-fashion, to do a quarter of a century ago when addressing his officers. On being assured that no harm should happen to him, he told the story of what had occurred since the *Bounty* disappeared.

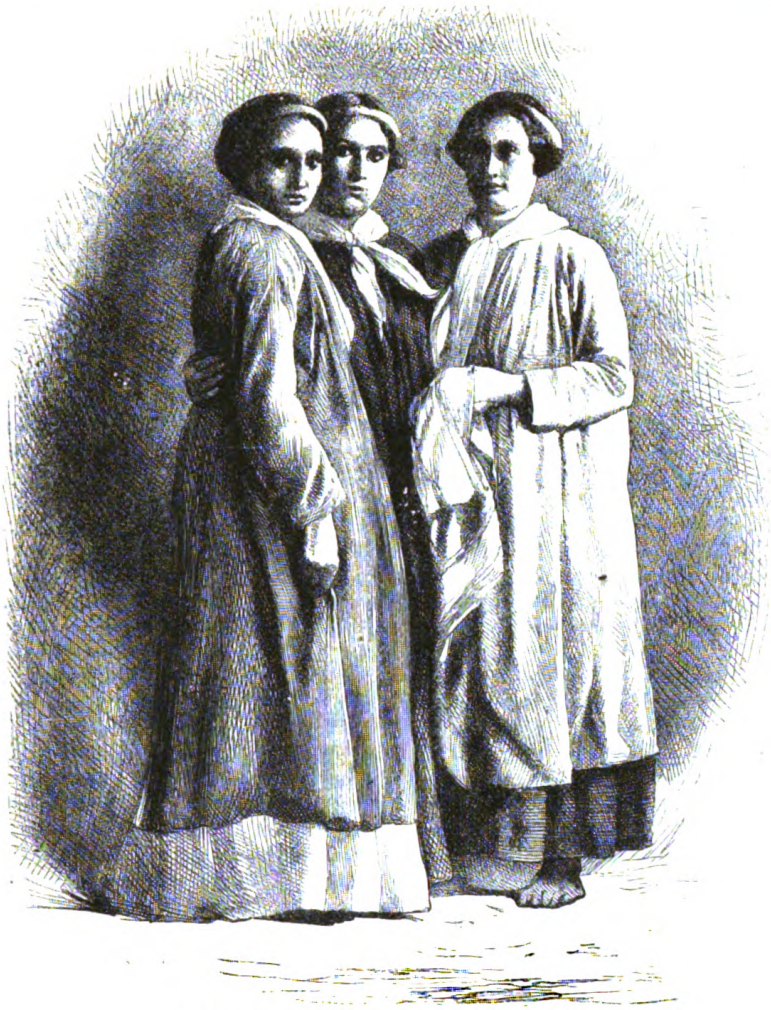
The narrative (which Barrow relates in a somewhat contradictory manner) runs thus: For two months the *Bounty* cruised about in search of Pitcairn Island. When at last they discovered it, the vessel was dismantled, every movable article, even to the planks from her sides, taken ashore; fire was then set to the hull, and the charred remains sunk in twenty-five fathoms' water. The arable part of the island was then divided into equal shares among the nine whites, the Tahitans being evidently considered almost as slaves. Christian himself, apprehending that he would be followed even to his lonely retreat, found a cave far up the mountain-side, where he kept a stock of provisions, and spent much of his time gazing over the waste of waters, watching for the dreaded appearance of a sail, and reading a Bible and Prayer-book.*

For two or three years every thing went on prosperously. Then the wife of Williams was killed by falling over the rocks. He undertook to take the wife of one of the Tahitans, whose comrades formed a plot to murder all the Englishmen. The plot was discovered and revealed by the wives of the whites. Two of the Tahitans fled to the mountains, where they were killed by the others, to whom pardon had been offered if they would do so. Meantime, two of the men, Quintal and M'Koy, had succeeded in distilling alcohol from a root, were constantly drunk, and abusive toward the natives, who again determined to murder all the whites. Five—Christian, Mills, Williams, Martin, and Brown—were killed on the spot; Smith fled severely wounded down the rocks, but the Tahitans promised to spare his life if he would return; Young was hidden by the women, with whom he was a favorite; Quintal and M'Koy fled to the mountains, where they remained until summoned back, peace having apparently been restored. But the whites felt that their only security lay in the death of the natives; they fell upon them by surprise and killed them all. Soon, however, M'Koy while drunk fell over the rocks, and Quintal became so outrageous that Adams and Young killed him in self-defense.

These two were now the sole survivors of the fifteen men who had seven years before landed upon the island. How and when occurred the great change which took place in these two men is not told. All that is told is, that they sought out the Bible and Prayer-book of Christian, and entered a most religious life. Young died of asthma, in 1800, not, however, until he had instructed Adams, who could barely read, and not write; and he, the sole man on the island, became the guardian and instructor of a community of more than a score of women and young children. As the children grew up they were married by Adams, according to the form laid down in the Prayer-book, the ring, used for all, having been made by him. The son of Christian took for wife the widow of Edward Young, a woman quite old enough to be his mother, and so became step-father to the tall

* It has been stated that this Prayer-book was the one which had been presented to Peter Heywood by his mother. But Lady Belcher, who probably received the account from her step-father himself, says that when Heywood escaped from the wreck of the *Pandora*, "the only thing he preserved on this occasion was his Prayer-book, the last gift of his mother, which he carried between his teeth."

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MARIA CHRISTIAN, ELLEN QUINTAL, SARAH M'KOY.

young man, almost of his own age, who accompanied him on his visit to the British ship.

If the islanders were astonished at their visitors, the latter were no less amazed at the aspect of this little community. The island, apparently about a dozen miles in circuit, rose to the height of a thousand feet, the steep cliffs down to the water's edge being clothed with palm, banyan, cocoa-nut, and bread-fruit trees, while in the valleys were plantations of taro-root, yams, and sweet-potatoes. The village, which consisted of five houses, that being the number of families, was situated on a level platform high above the ocean, shaded with broad-leafed bananas and plantains. The houses were of wood, two stories in height, each having its pig-pen, poultry-house, bakery, and another for the manufacture of *tappa*, the substitute for cloth, a kind of paper made by pounding together layers of the inner bark of trees. The population now numbered forty-six. The young men, all born on the island, were finely formed, tall, the average height being five feet ten inches, some of them exceeding six feet. The young women were also tall, one, not the tallest, was five feet ten inches. All had white teeth, and profuse black hair, neatly dressed, and ornamented with wreaths of flowers. Their features were of a decidedly European cast, the complexion being a clear brunette. Their dress consisted of a loose bodice reaching from waist to knees, with a sort of mantle thrown over the shoulder, and reaching to the ankles, which was thrown aside when at work. Their feet were bare. A photograph, taken many years after, of Maria Christian, Ellen Quintal, and Sarah M'Koy, daughters of these young women, gives a perfect representation of those who were seen by the English captains. The young people were then mostly unmarried, for Adams discouraged very early marriages, as the girls would then necessarily be occupied with the care of their children; and he also inculcated upon the young men the necessity of having made some provision for a family before entering into any matrimonial engagement.

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The older women were mainly occupied in making tappa; the younger worked in the fields with their fathers and brothers. Their strength and agility astonished their visitors. "One of them," says Captain Pipon, "accompanied us to the boat, carrying on her shoulders, as a present, a large basket of yams, over such roads and precipices as were scarcely passable by any creatures except goats, and over which we could scarcely scramble with the help of our hands. Yet with this load on her shoulders she skipped from rock to rock like a young roe." Both sexes were expert swimmers.

More even than by their attractive persons were the visitors charmed by the gentle manners and sincere piety of the islanders. "What most delighted us," writes Captain Pipon, "was the conviction which John Adams had impressed on the minds of these young people of the propriety and necessity of returning thanks to the Almighty for the many blessings which they enjoy. They never omit saying grace before and after meals, and never think of touching food without asking a blessing from Him who gave it. They repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed morning and evening."

For another ten years we have no record of the people, though the island was two or three times visited by whalers. In 1823 a vessel stopped there, and one of the crew was so charmed that he asked permission to remain. His name was John Buffett, a young man of much intelligence. He was received, and soon appointed to act as schoolmaster. About the same time another seaman, John Evans, was left by a whaler. Perhaps the charms of the young women had much to do with this. At all events, Buffett married a daughter of Young, and Evans one of Adams's.

In 1825 Captain Beechy, of the *Resolute*, being on a voyage of discovery, stopped at the island. He remained three weeks, and his account confirms all that had been said by Staines and Pipon. He found the population to be sixty-six. The *Resolute* was provided with a chaplain, and Adams embraced the opportunity of being formally married to the blind, bedridden old woman who had been his companion for five-and-thirty years.

John Adams died in 1829, surrounded by the flock to whom he had so long been a parent. But a successor had been strangely raised up for him.

A year before a little launch of eighteen tons, with two men on board, appeared at the island. They had sailed from Callao, in Peru, 3500 miles away. One of the men was so worn out that he died in a few days. The other, a man of thirty, who gave his name as George Hunn Nobbs, said he had come to end his days on the island. He possessed a good education, and had acquired some knowledge of surgery. His earnest manner pleased the old patriarch, and he was appointed schoolmaster and surgeon. He soon married the grand-daughter of Fletcher Christian, and daughter of that little girl who had been brought an infant on the *Bounty*, and upon his death-bed Adams appointed him pastor.

For more than thirty-five years no one knew any thing of his history and antecedents. He first disclosed it in 1852 to Admiral Moresby. He was the illegitimate son of a British marquis, whose name is not given, and so we are ignorant of the name—Paget, Cholmondeley, Cecil, Stewart, Beresford, or what not—to which he had such right as an illegitimate son has to his father's name, instead of the one which he assumed. His mother, to whom he was always tenderly attached, was the daughter of an Irish baronet, who, having been implicated in the Irish rebellion, was lost in attempting to escape to France. His mother formed a fixed resolution that he should never accept a favor from his father's family, and on her death-bed, when he was two-and-twenty years old, she exacted of him a promise that he would not even use a sum of money invested a score of years before for his support. She placed him with a family named Nobbs, and insisted that he should assume their name. In 1811, then being twelve years old, he was placed in the navy through the influence of Admiral Murray. But, after some years, his mother learning that inquiries had been made about him—probably by his father—took him from the navy and placed him at school. In 1816 he accepted a berth on a vessel fitted out for the service of the South American patriots. Of his adventures we can here give but a bare outline. While in charge of a prize he was captured by the Spaniards, and set to carrying stones to repair the forts at Callao, wearing irons of fifty pounds' weight. He escaped by secreting himself on board a New Bedford whaler, rejoined his ship, which made many prizes; and in 1817 he was able, he says, to send $700 to his "poor mother, who sadly needed it." In 1818, he, with thirty-six others, in an open launch, cut out a large merchant-ship from under the guns of Arica. His share of the prize-money amounted to $2000, half of which he sent to his mother. In the succeeding three years he took part in several hazardous enterprises, among which was Cochrane's famous exploit of cutting out a Spanish frigate from under the guns of Callao. In 1822 he was recalled to England by his mother, who soon died. In 1823 he went to Sierra Leone as chief mate of a vessel. Of nineteen persons only four lived to return. In 1824 he went back to Africa as commander of the same ship, and lay sick with fever for six weeks, but recovered so as to take his ship back. He then resolved to quit England forever, and take up his residence on Pitcairn Island. Collecting his little property, he sailed for Calcutta in 1825. There he remained nearly two years; then sailed on the ship *Ocean*, of New York, for Callao. Here, after much delay, he found a man named Bunker, who had an unfinished

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launch, which he had no means of completing. Nobbs invested all his means in purchasing a share of this, on condition that the two should sail in her for Pitcairn Island, where he arrived on the 28th of October, after a voyage of six weeks, and began his new life, of which we shall have more to say.

In 1830 a severe drought occurred on the island, and fears were felt that its small area would not afford support to the population, and after anxious deliberation it was resolved to emigrate to Tahiti, where Queen Pomare offered them a large grant of fertile land. They went next year in a government vessel. But the gross licentiousness of the Tahitans was abhorrent to the pure Pitcairners, and they returned in six months.

Pitcairn Island had already come to be frequently visited by ships, and in 1832 a man of nearly sixty years landed. He called himself Joshua Hill; said he belonged to the family of the Duke of Bedford, and had been sent by the British government to assume chief authority in the island. The simple natives were, above all things, anxious to be recognized as a part of the British empire. They yielded faith to Hill's representations; and he set up, and for six years maintained, a reign of terror. He determined first of all to drive off the three Englishmen. When Nobbs was taken sick, Hill forbade his friends from visiting him, and refused to allow him medicines from the general chest. Buffett was brought, upon some trumpery charge, before a court, of which Hill was judge, jury, and executioner. Buffett was hung up by the hands, beaten till his head was broken and his hand dislocated, flogged with a cat-o'-nine-tails, and fined. Hill endeavored to induce Evans's wife to leave him; not succeeding in this, he tried to have Evans taken away by a man-of-war, which happened to arrive. Failing in this, he promulgated a law of treason, and when Evans asked for a written copy of it, he was tried and flogged. It is impossible to recount a tenth of the mad freaks of this man. The result was that the three Englishmen and their families were driven from the island, remaining absent for some years.

Finally, however, the islanders were convinced that Hill was an impostor, and petitioned that he might be taken away. In 1838, after six years, a British ship was sent to take him to Valparaiso. Who the man was, whence he came, and what further became of him, no one knows. After Hill's deportation the exiles returned, and Mr. Nobbs, by special request of the islanders, resumed the exercise of his functions.

During the following ten years the island was visited more frequently, especially by whalers to procure water and vegetables, for which they bartered articles which the inhabitants needed. Shoes were in special demand; but the women had yet to go barefoot, for ladies' shoes formed no part of the outfit of a whaler. Even the roughest sailors were touched by the honesty and piety of this people, and one of them declared that if any insult were offered to any of them, especially to a female, the offender would not live long after he came on board the vessel. In 1841 influenza broke out, and carried off a tenth of the people. In that year the British ship *Curaçoa* touched at the island, and the captain, having ascertained the spot where the *Bounty* had been sunk, succeeded in raising the charred hull; her oaken timbers were sound after a submersion of half a century. The captain was able to tell them of the career of Peter Heywood; and Isabella Christian, the aged widow of the leader of the mutineers, sent a present of tappa to "Peter's wife." She had a perfect remembrance of the young midshipman, whom she had seen at Tahiti. In 1849 the British ship *Pandora*, Captain Wood, stopped at Pitcairn Island, and the captain wrote a detailed account of his visit, from which we quote a few paragraphs:

"I ran on till very close to the island, which appeared in the moonlight like a high rock with its summit in the clouds, and then hove to. At daybreak I bore up, and at 7 A.M. was near enough to perceive that there was a heavy swell breaking on the rocks. We fired a gun, which soon drew attention; at first a red ensign, and then a white flag was displayed. The white flag is a signal that landing is practicable; and soon two whale-boats were seen coming off. They were laden with men, a fine, hardy, athletic set of fellows as I ever saw, but little tinged with their mothers' blood; those of the third generation are nearly as white as Europeans. Arthur Quintal, the son of the mutineer, a fine, strong-made man of fifty, with an honest, open countenance, was the senior of the party; but a strapping stout fellow, John Adams, was pilot for the time. This berth they take in rotation, each family according to their seniority and that family has the privilege of entertaining the captain while on shore. The way they effect a landing is this: One, whose experience can be trusted, mounts a rock that commands a view of the sea, and watches for the proper moment, when, at a signal from him, the boat, which has been lying as close to the breakers as possible, makes a rush, and by taking one of the less heavy breakers, goes flying in before it, frequently without a stroke of the oars being necessary, except to steer her, till they get within the rocks, when all danger is over. But, as this turn is very narrow and sharp, it requires skill and experience to get a boat in safely; for a trifling deviation on either side would dash the boat to pieces on the rocks. The beach and heights above it were lined with inhabitants, mostly females, with Mr. Nobbs, pastor and teacher, at their head. All crowded around me, and as I could not shake all their hands at once, I thought it better to kiss them, and they appeared to like this well. I soon found my cap ornamented with a garland of flowers, and amidst laughter and jokes we began to ascend the cliffs. This is no easy task even to a strong man, and to me it would have been quite impracticable, had not Mr. Nobbs called to one of the young ladies to come and help me. She seized my arm, and carried me up without the aid of my feet, without any apparent effort on my part. All my officers were similarly treated, and decorated with garlands not only around their hats but their necks. We marched to the top of the cliff, and there met with the remainder of the community. Among others, I was introduced to the only remaining female of the original Tahitans, who is very old, and has lost an eye, but still continues to walk about. We went to the school-room, which is furnished with cross-benches, fitted with inkstands, etc.; and at the upper end a table and seat for the master, and against the end is the pulpit or reading-desk, for the school-room is the church on Sundays.

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LANDING AT PITCAIRN ISLAND.

Their form of worship is the Church of England ritual.

"Evil and crime seem unknown among them; their very simplicity toward us showed such a consciousness of innocence, or rather ignorance of evil, that familiarities such as pass between brothers and sisters were soon established. The dress of the females is varied; but the most useful is a kind of long white jacket or short skirt, with a dark-colored wrapper, which is fastened around the waist, and hangs down to the ankles. They wear no shoes or stockings. Their heads are uncovered, but the hair is turned up behind in an ingenious manner, which needs no comb to keep it in place. Combs, they say, would be in their way when conveying a load of yams, and they pride themselves on the weight they are able to carry from the landing-place to the top of the cliff. A girl of sixteen or seventeen will carry over two hundred-weight. The houses are built of wood, and show progressive improvement in the mechanical part of them which would not disgrace a European tradesman. Most of them are ornamented with prints and looking-glasses; one had an American clock, which, however, would not go. The owner said he did not care, for the sun was the best time-piece. They rise before the sun, eat when they are hungry, and sleep when they are tired, and have no rules for the disposal of their time, except on Sundays, when they attend church twice at the stated times, and on that day Mr. Nobbs winds up his watch, and sets it by aid of a meridian line marked on the floor of his house."

January 23, 1850, was celebrated as a gala day, it being the sixtieth anniversary of the settlement of the island. Prayers were held, and a salute fired from the gun of the *Bounty*, which had been fished up five years before from the water where it had lain for more than half a century. In March of that year an incident happened which proved of some import-

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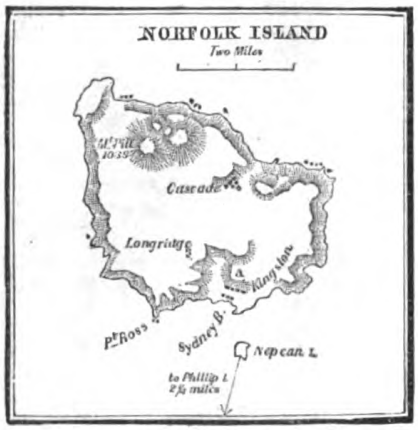
ance to the islanders. A party of five gentlemen, among whom were Baron Thierry and Mr. Carleton, landed from a bark, intending to stay but a few hours. But rough weather came on, and after standing off and on for two days, the vessel sailed away, and the visitors were left behind. Mr. Carleton, who was an accomplished musician, undertook to train a choir, and so apt were his pupils, that in a fortnight they could not only sing the church service, but perform quartettes, glees, and catches. The national anthem, "God Save the Queen," was their special favorite. They have, however, a Pitcairn anthem of their own, composed by Mr. Nobbs, set to the music of "Rousseau's Dream," the first verse of which runs thus:

"Mid the mighty Southern Ocean
Stands an isolated rock,
Blanchéd by the surf's commotion,
Riven by the lightning's shock.
Hark those strains to heaven ascending,
From those slopes of vivid green,
Old and young their voices blending:
God preserve Britannia's Queen!"

In 1852 Admiral Moresby, the British commander on the Pacific station, visited the island on a special invitation, signed by the women. His son, Mr. Fortescue Moresby, who became a great favorite with the people, who designated him as "Fortey," wrote a very interesting account of the visit, which is given by Lady Belcher. The Admiral found that the islanders were very anxious that Mr. Nobbs should receive regular episcopal ordination, in order that he might be qualified to administer the sacrament of the Eucharist. He offered to take him to Valparaiso, and to provide him with a passage thence to England. Mr. Nobbs went, accompanied by his young daughter Jane, of whom we shall have a glimpse hereafter, who was to be left at Valparaiso, to be taught some things which she could not learn on the island. Mr. Nobbs reached England on the 16th of October, 1852, and a week after was ordained deacon by Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, who a short time after thus wrote of him: "We have all been very much pleased with Mr. Nobbs's good sense and right feeling and genuine simplicity. I earnestly pray that it may please God to continue to him the blessing which has hitherto been vouchsafed to his disinterested and self-denying labors." On the 24th of November he was ordained as priest, and entitled "Chaplain of Pitcairn Island," with a salary of £50 from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. After preaching once or twice in London, being presented to the Queen, who gave him portraits of herself and the royal family, he set out on his return on the 17th of December, and on the 14th of May, 1853, reached Pitcairn Island. He brought with him his daughter Jane, of whom Mr. Fortescue Moresby writes: "The Admiral was much pleased with the progress made by Jane Nobbs. She has learned to sew neatly, besides other domestic accomplishments, without losing her pretense to simplicity and modesty."

Things had not gone well on the island. A severe drought had occasioned almost a famine, and the people for months had been obliged to live on pumpkins, berries, cocoa-nuts, and beans. A few days after his return the influenza broke out, and so rapid was its progress that in a week there were not ten persons capable of attending to their own wants. The population of the island had now increased to 172, of whom 75 were communicants. A succession of unfavorable seasons followed, and it became apparent that the island could not long support its population. Yet so strong was their attachment to each other that they would not think of emigrating, except as a body, and only to some other island, where they could retain their isolation from the great world.

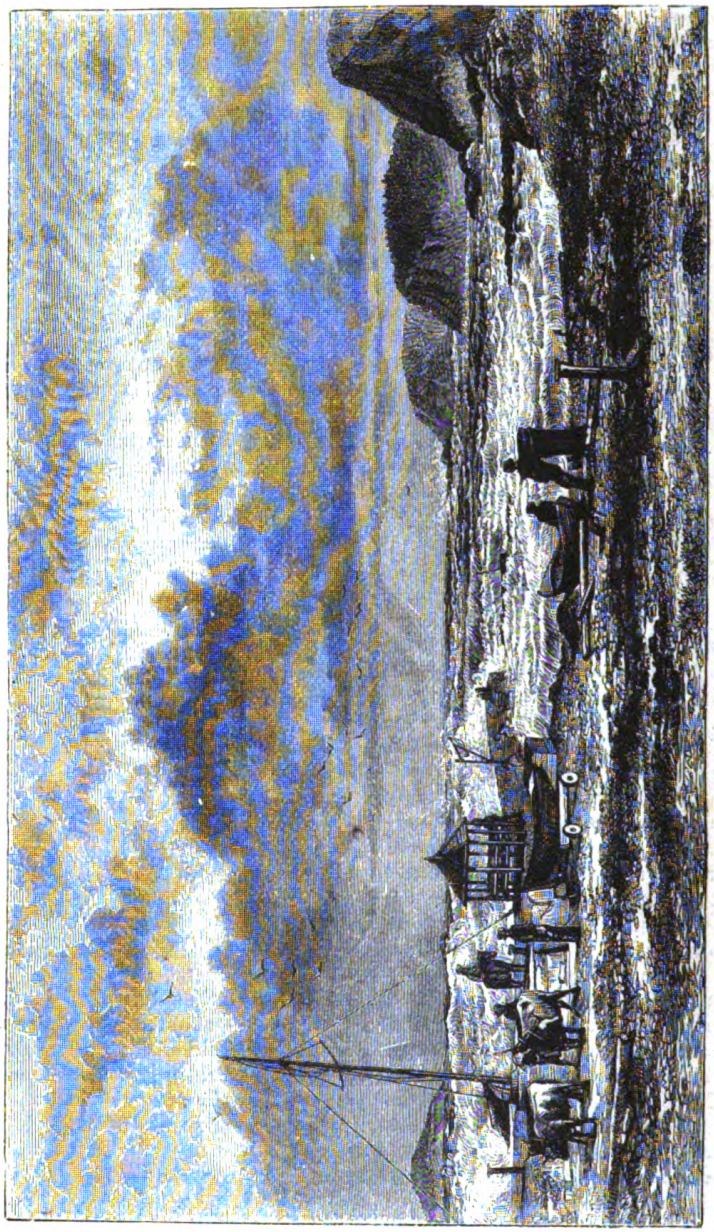
V.—REMOVAL TO NORFOLK ISLAND.



About this time Norfolk Island, near New South Wales—about twelve times as large as Pitcairn—which had long been used as a British penal settlement, was abandoned for that purpose, and the government proposed to give it to the Pitcairners. The people sorrowfully acceded to the necessity of removal. On the 1st of May, 1856, they held their last service in their church. An infant newly born was bap-



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LANDING-PLACE, SIDNEY BAY, NORFOLK ISLAND.

tized by the name of Priscilla Pitcairn Quintal: "So named," says Mr. Nobbs, "as she will in all probability be the last born of this community on the island." Two days after the whole community embarked on a vessel provided by the British government, and after a stormy voyage of five weeks reached their new home.

A letter written by Mrs. Nobbs soon after their arrival gives a quaint insight into the life which these people had led. "Every thing," she writes, "was so strange! The immense houses, the herds of cattle grazing, and, in the distance, the gigantic Norfolk pines, filled us for the moment with amazement. I was conducted to the Government-house, and seated by a good fire in the drawing-room (I have learned that name since), which was the first fire I had ever seen in a dwelling-house, and an excellent addition to my previous ideas of domestic comfort." Mr. Patteson, the chaplain to the Bishop of Melanesia, gives a vivid description of the Pitcairners as they appeared a month after their arrival at Norfolk Island:

"I landed, and met Mr. Nobbs and family, and plenty of men and women—thirty families—sixty married people, and one hundred and thirty-four children and young men and women. I had tea at Mr. Nobbs's house, and afterward asked to hear some of the young people sing, which they did beautifully—in parts. About twenty-four came to the house, and sang, for two hours and a half, psalms, hymns, and ended with 'God Save the Queen,' admirably sung. The simple, modest, and manly behavior—the gentle looks of all, men and women—every thing about them, quite confirms all that I had read. The men are darker than the

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INTERIOR OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

Italians, but with no shade of black; it is more of the bright copper-color. The women are scarcely distinguishable from English women. The men wear shirts, serge jerseys, and a sailor costume in general, many without shoes or socks. The women are chiefly dressed in a loose kind of robe; all modest and quiet, but without any appearance of fear. They all have the dress of poor people, with the feelings of gentle born and nurtured. Two of John Adams's daughters—the oldest people on the island—are really magnificent women, like queens; old Hannah with long black hair flowing to her waist, though sixty-five years old."

Upon the whole the Pitcairners were not well pleased with their new home. The island was rock-bound, and hardly accessible. This perhaps did not displease them. But the spot where their settlement was placed was bleak and bare of trees, though the interior was well wooded and beautiful. The soil was fertile when irrigated, but the scarcity of running water made many promising crops abortive; and insects and drought caused three crops of maize out of five to fail. The latitude was five degrees farther from the equator than Pitcairn Island, and the people missed the bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts to which they had been accustomed. In a couple of years two families, named Young, returned to their old home. Of these we shall merely mention that they were visited on Pitcairn Island in 1869, when there were in all seventeen, of whom thirteen—ten girls and three boys—were children. The last intelligence from these people is contained in a letter dated July 27, 1869. The account is not altogether favorable:

"The last merchant-ship touched here last August, so that we are very short of clothing. We ought to be very thankful that we are blessed with health, as we

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NAOMI NOBBS. JANE NOBBS.

have no medicine on the island. Meat is scarce, and so are fish. We have some sheep and goats, but no cattle, and the hogs are diseased. There has been a failure of the yam crops, so that our principal food is sweet-potatoes and plantains. Oranges are plentiful, and bananas and pine-apples, so that we make out pretty well in the eating line. Most of the people would rather be on Norfolk Island than here."

We return to the emigrants on Norfolk Island. Mr. Nobbs took, on the whole, a cheerful view of the situation. "The land," he wrote, in 1859, "is a goodly land, and needs nothing but a contented mind and a grateful heart to render it productive and pleasant." His contentment was perhaps a little increased by a government grant of £50 a year in addition to the like sum given him by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Besides the cultivation of the soil, the people took to whaling, with very fair success. In this same letter we get a bit of domestic history. Jane Nobbs had grown up. Her photograph taken at this time shows her to be decidedly pretty. The commander of a Sydney whaler, who had occasionally stopped at the island, had proposed for her in marriage; and her father writes:

"He will probably return in a few months, when, I suppose, if nothing turns up to his disadvantage, the wedding will take place. Now you will inquire, 'Why does not the silly girl marry one of her own people?' Well, the reasons are not very reconcilable, and may be answered very briefly. In the first place, there are but two men near Jane's age unmarried. One of these is of deficient intellect, and the other is of so taciturn a disposition that he would hardly speak for months if not spoken to; in fact, no girl ever expects Robert Buffett to make her an offer. Jane is now twenty-three years of age, and any of the lads four or five years younger than herself would be rejected with contempt. I suppose if she don't marry an Englishman or an American—and she has had offers from both—she will remain single. The matter is a source of anxiety both to my good wife and myself. However, I will use all prudence, with a prayerful attention to my duty as a parent, and then will leave the result to Him who has graciously said, 'I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring.'"

Two years later we get at the dénouement of Jane Nobbs's love-life. In a letter to Admiral Moresby she says, incidentally: "As to

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the affair of my getting married, I leave it entirely to the will of the all-wise Providence. If it should be His will that we should get married, I trust He will bless us; but, if otherwise, then 'His will be done' also; but, I assure you, I love him sincerely." A year later we find, in a letter from her father: "Jane was married a few months since to her cousin, John Quintal." So that the "him" was neither the young sailor, nor any Englishman or American, nor the man deficient of intellect, nor taciturn Robert Buffett, but one of those fellows four or five years her junior, whose offers it was presumed would have been "rejected with contempt."

The question of getting husbands grew to be rather a serious matter. The British governor at Sidney was asked to "look out for husbands for several young damsels who were growing up without a proper supply of the article," but, says he, "I found it beyond my power to meet the demand. I could not get a single eligible offer. No applicant that I could approve presented himself. Several of a different stamp applied for leave to proceed to the island, but in no case did I accede to the application." But in course of time men who to the girls themselves seemed "eligible" did present themselves, and, not greatly to the liking of Admiral Moresby and Mr. Nobbs, got themselves wives from the fair islanders.

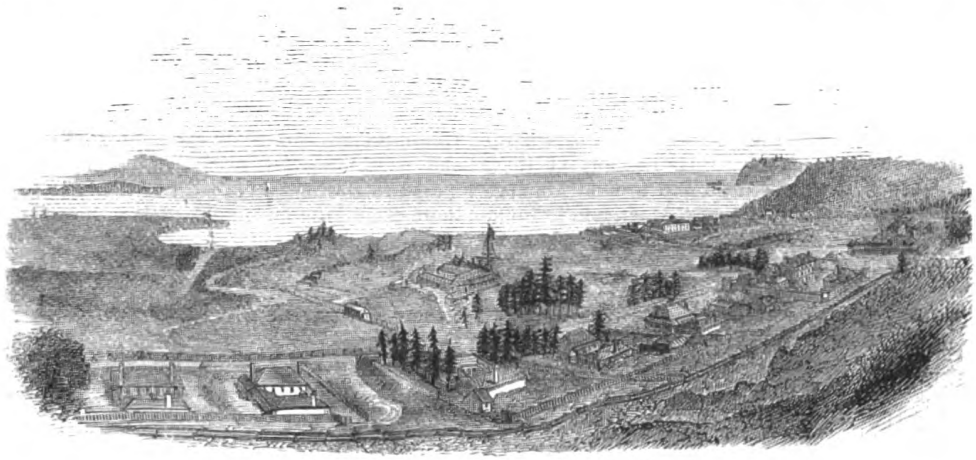
In 1868 Mr. Nobbs writes: "We are going on in our usual quiet way, but not greatly improving our condition in worldly matters; having at all times a good supply of food, but not of other domestic requirements, by reason that ships rarely visit us, and the island produce is not demanded in the colonies of New Zealand and Australia. We at this moment number exactly three hundred persons, and, somewhat singular, there are one hundred and fifty of either sex. The births last year were eighteen, deaths four, from whooping-cough. There are ninety children being educated, and the parents pay £1 a year for each child, which is divided among the teachers in this manner: £40 for the principal, who is a son of mine; £25 for the next in rank, who is myself, until the arrival of another son whom I am daily expecting from Sydney; and two pupil-teachers at £12 and £6 respectively. The few surplus pounds are expended in paper, ink, etc. My threescore years and ten are beginning to weigh heavily upon me, my hearing being especially impaired." There were living two children of the mutineers of the *Bounty;* one, Arthur Quintal, seventy-six years of age, being "the oldest man on the island, with something of the spirit of the old Covenanters." The next year, 1869, was a sad one for the community, thirty of its members having died. In the twelve years since the landing on Norfolk Island, there had been two hundred and four births and seventy-two deaths, of which almost half were in this one year. Leaving this death-year out of view, there is probably no community on the globe where the births show such a preponderance over the deaths.

We close our sketch of the Pitcairn Islanders with an extract from a letter of Mr. Nobbs to Lady Belcher, written on the 10th of January, 1870:

"From our coral-fenced austrine hacienda of twenty miles circumference, glowing beneath a midsummer and nearly vertical sun, accept our New-Year's salutation of grace, mercy, and peace. We have all the day long been engaged in laying the foundations of our new church (All-Saints'), and humbly trust we shall be permitted to finish it by the middle of this year. It is to be of wood, one hundred feet long and forty feet wide. In consequence of increasing deafness (one of the three warnings) I am constrained to relinquish my superintendence of Sunday and day schools. The latter I used to visit every Friday to catechise the children; but I can do so no longer. I am most grateful that for forty-one years (since 1828) I have been enabled to do my duty in that state of life in which I humbly trust it was His good pleasure to place me; and now, providentially, there is other help at hand, that my people will not be neglected, or sustain much loss whenever my *number* is made. And now, my dear Lady, I close by bidding you God-speed, and that the descendants of the Mutineers of the *Bounty* may have grateful cause to felicitate themselves on your exposition of their fathers' derelictions and provocations.

"Yours, in verity,

"GEORGE H. NOBBS."



PITCAIRN SETTLEMENT, NORFOLK ISLAND.

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BOWERY, SATURDAY NIGHT.



INFANT GERMANY.

THE more noticeable features of the growth of New York city, from its grotesque and singular germ in the little Dutch village on the southern end of Manhattan Island, have been to a certain extent forced upon it by topographical peculiarities, both of land and water; but social and national groupings have also exercised an important agency. Like has sought and clung to its like, and as strenuously shunned and avoided its unlike or its opposite, until now, speaking within limits, different classes and nationalities have assumed and occupied their different "quarters" almost as distinctively as if assigned to them by despotic edicts of the Middle Ages. Neither has the city's growth been at all subservient to the prophecies or plans of those who have sought to direct or control it. Nothing has gone as it was meant to go, nor is any thing where, according to map and calculation, it should be. The men who fondly looked upon Chatham Square as the future centre of trade are not more hopelessly "out" than those who pinned their faith to Pearl Street, or settled themselves for life within sight of the City Hall clock.

If, however, we resign the doubtful task of prophesying what and where the city will be, there is a good deal in the study of the city as it is. Some one has put on record the remark that "New York is not by any means an *American* city," but he would have been nearer the truth if he had said, "Hardly any of these New Yorks, scattered on and around Manhattan Island, are distinctively American." Some of them have developed curiously composite characters of their own—constantly changing of course—not to be mated elsewhere in the world; and one of them, quite a large "city within a city," is sufficiently German in its characteristics to merit an especial description.

Turning off to the right, or easterly, from the City Hall, is a street of varying width, irregular direction, and no great length, destitute of all pretensions to beauty, architectural or otherwise, always dirty, crowded, and busy. This is Chatham Street, the main connection between the technically "down-town" districts of New York and the swarming "east side." It terminates in a very irregular open space on what was once a pretty steep hill-side, known as Chatham Square, being about as far as possible from that shape, or, indeed, from any whatsoever. Here, also, terminate or begin, as you please, a number of other streets. New Bowery, an attempt at a short cut down to the "Swamp" and the leather-men; Oliver, East Broadway, and Catherine, running to the banks of the East River; Division, stretching away toward Corlear's Hook; Worth, newly opened through from Broadway and the west side, by way of letting in the daylight of a broad business thoroughfare upon the darkness of the intervening "Five Points," and thereby destroying all the sombre and filthy romance of that once famous locality. Mott Street, running nearly parallel with the Bowery, is but a tenement-house lane, and Doyer but a *cul de sac*, while all the others are legitimate and more or less important feeders of the Bowery—the great artery of the eastern side of Manhattan Island and the Broadway of Germantown.

Let no unlettered rustic win derision to himself by calling this great thoroughfare Bowery *Street*, for it is "The Bowery," and nothing more. In the good old days when the memory of Hendrick Hudson and due reverence for "their High Mightinesses" of Amsterdam had not yet departed from Man-a-hatta, stout-hearted and hard-headed old Governor Peter Stuyvesant had his *Bouwerie*, or country seat, out this way, and the highway thereto, out of proper respect, derived its imperishable name therefrom.

In some of the earlier maps, to be sure, prepared by presumptuous Yankees or usurping Englishmen, the Governor's drive is degraded to "the high-road to Boston," as if New Yorkers cared what settlements bordered on their highway after it had departed from the incomparable island. In the maps of 1766 a better spirit is manifested by the supersciption "Bowery Lane;" and in 1806 it was noted as the "Bowery Road," connecting near what is now Union Square with the "Bloomingdale Road," and continuing its career higher up as the "road to Boston." On most of the later maps there is no attempt to add useless appendages to the simple and sufficient cognomen.

In those ancient and excellent days of pastoral simplicity, on the left, as you went north from Chatham Square, lay the estates of the De Lanceys, and above them the broad lands of Dyckman and Brevoort, while on the right the old records give us the historic names of Rutgers, Bayard, Minthorne, Van Cortlandt, and others; and beyond and exceeding these were the Bouwerie and other possessions of

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the Stuyvesants, who have left more traces of their ownership and occupancy than all others put together—partly because the family yet retain much of the property, but more because of the bad temper of the old Governor, and the preposterously long life of the "Stuyvesant pear-tree," at the corner of Thirteenth Street.



OLD CLO' SHOPS.

There can be little room for doubt in the mind of any devout antiquarian but that the spirits of the sturdy old burgomasters of Nieuw Amsterdam continue to tutelize their old haunts, and have exercised a material influence in determining the character and nationality of their successors; nor would it be altogether difficult at the present day to find, on some pleasant summer evening, sitting with his "vrauw" or gossip in front of some Bowery *halle* or *garten*, the modern representative of "Hard Koppig Peter" and his bellicose neighbors. Solid and sturdy men were they—sturdy and solid men are these good and honest citizens, and as eager for news of father-land and the stirring deeds of "unser Fritz" as were their prototypes for the slow-coming tales of the prowess of Van Tromp and De Ruyter. Not even the news by telegraph and the street railways can deny to the properly constituted mind the privilege of recognizing the flavor of the old times in what we assume to be the new.

If nowadays we leave behind us the busy and rattling slope of Chatham Square, with its "old post-office" and its vanished hopes of centralization, we find ourselves at once entering a region which has not its exact parallel on this side of the Atlantic, or the other either. There are no gradations except a few "old clo'" shops. Chatham Street is itself, and has a character of its own, which it seems to have been unable to push beyond the corner of Division. Various lines of street railway converge from different directions toward the Bowery; some, as the Third Avenue and others, entering it here, while others still, as the Fourth and Madison avenue lines, come in at points higher up. The very cars with their passengers have something special for the eyes of him who would see. If observations are begun early enough in the afternoon, it may be possible to "stratify" the successive loads to a certain extent, and study the uses of the Bowery as a main artery and thoroughfare. It is so on all days, but more especially on Saturday, when the hours of labor terminate somewhat earlier than usual. Let us begin our researches between three and four o'clock, and pass from car to car, as the pickpockets, who are plenty here on Saturday night, are accustomed to do.

The Madison Avenue and Fourth Avenue lines hardly belong to the Bowery; they get their loads nearer the City Hall, and carry them through, not taking up or putting down many hereabout.

Their cargoes are largely made up of spruce Wall Street men and down-town clerks and merchants, with here and there an economical lady from "above Fourteenth," who has been shopping at low prices in the Bowery. Such, too, at this hour, is in a great measure the case with even the closely packed cars of the Third Avenue—which is but an extension of the Bowery—for a surprisingly large number of our down-town men have their homes on the east side, as far up as Yorkville and Harlem.

Thanks to the early-closing movement, the hard-worked attachés of the wholesale and shipping houses in the lower wards begin, a trifle later, to furnish their quota; but they, too, are for the most part through passengers, and we have little to do with them. Then, at various intervals, from four until six, with belated exceptions, lingering along till seven, or even after, come swarms of weary and grimy mechanics and other workmen, with bevies of

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THE BOWERY SHOP-GIRL.

laughing shop-girls and factory operatives, tired enough, all of them, but buoyant for the moment, at least, with the sense of relief from labor, and the certainty that the week has reached an end, and that rest is before them. This, too, is almost a universal pay-day, and it is easy to discern in the countenances of these children of toil the traces of that peculiar feeling of satisfaction which is the sure effect of money in the pocket. No matter if the sum be small, or how soon it is to vanish before the demands of the evening's necessities, for the moment the well-earned wealth is there, and they are rich. If Astor's income is ten dollars a minute, and I have ten dollars, then for one minute I am as rich as he.

The evening ride of a very large number, especially those of German birth, terminates in the Bowery, while, even of those who are to be carried beyond, many pause briefly here, to transact their modest shopping and marketing.

But here we are at the lower terminus of the Bowery, and as yet there is nothing very brilliant about it; something rather of gloom seems to pervade the atmosphere; and so it will be later in the evening, in spite of the street lamps and the glare from the windows, as if shadows floated out from the over-crowded tenement houses that loom in the darkness on either side. Here, in the dingy beer-shops and dirtier cellars, lurk some of the worst specimens of our foreign population, and uncanny forms of varied evil stop a moment to stare at you before they dive down dimly lighted stairways or slink around the corners. "The exile," omnipresent in America, does not always present to us a more fascinating shade of character than that which he was moulded into by his transatlantic circumstances and career.

Hereabout are multitudinous drinking-shops, and "hotels" of limited proportions; but their broad sign-boards are almost invariably decorated with German or Franco-German names and emblems. The very posters on the dead walls, and the newspaper and concert bulletins, are Teutonic in type and language.

It is after six o'clock now, but the cars that pass are still densely packed. They might be likened unto human sardine-boxes, but that no living being ever yet saw the little oily fishes clinging that way on the *outside* of their portable sarcophagi. The workmen with their tools, of manifold shape and use, are on the front platforms, while inside are women with their arms full of finished work, or babies, while every inch of standing room, and every last hope of holding on, are utilized to the uttermost. It is hot to-night, and how that mass of over-packed humanity manages to catch its breath is a problem for the philosophers.

There are some few manufacturing establishments in and about the Bowery; but except these there are no "wholesale" concerns, the business carried on being for the most part strictly "retail." As a consequence of this, one of the first things to strike the eye of a wanderer from Broadway is the multiplicity of small, narrow-fronted shops, none of them deep, and, as a general thing, squeezed uncomfortably into sections of the lower stories of queer, antiquated little edifices of wood or brick, whose total elevation would hardly reach the second-floor of an average Broadway palace of trade. Lager-beer, the most intensely retail of all commodities, seems alone to aspire to the dignity of full fronts and extended area. It is evident at a glance, however, that during



UNATTRACTIVE EXILE.

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the more active hours of the day the retail commerce is expanding, for it overflows upon the sidewalks, and furniture, boots and shoes, crockery, hardware, and unlimited "notions" confine to a strait and narrow way the ample space theoretically allotted to foot-passengers. Here and there the merchant, male or female, paces seductively up and down among or in front of his heaps of wares; and among these may be discerned numerous representatives of the "absentee landlords" of Judea, to many of whom the Bowery has proved indeed a land of promise, overflowing with mercantile milk and honey. The larger part of these shops, it is worth while to notice, are thoroughly family affairs, containing both home and warehouse, and frugally employing the time and energies of all the generations gathered under the humble roof. The father, spectacles on nose, may be plying his trade in the far corner; the mother, baby on arm, may be chaffering with hard-to-please customers within, while keen-eyed youngsters of either sex watch from the threshold over the safety of the wares on the sidewalk. Keen-eyed, indeed, for they seem to discern, with an unerring instinct, the pause of the probable customer from the mere stare of curiosity, and the field of *their* survey is a poor one for the "shop-lifter." Most assuredly the business interests of the house will be well served by the coming generation.



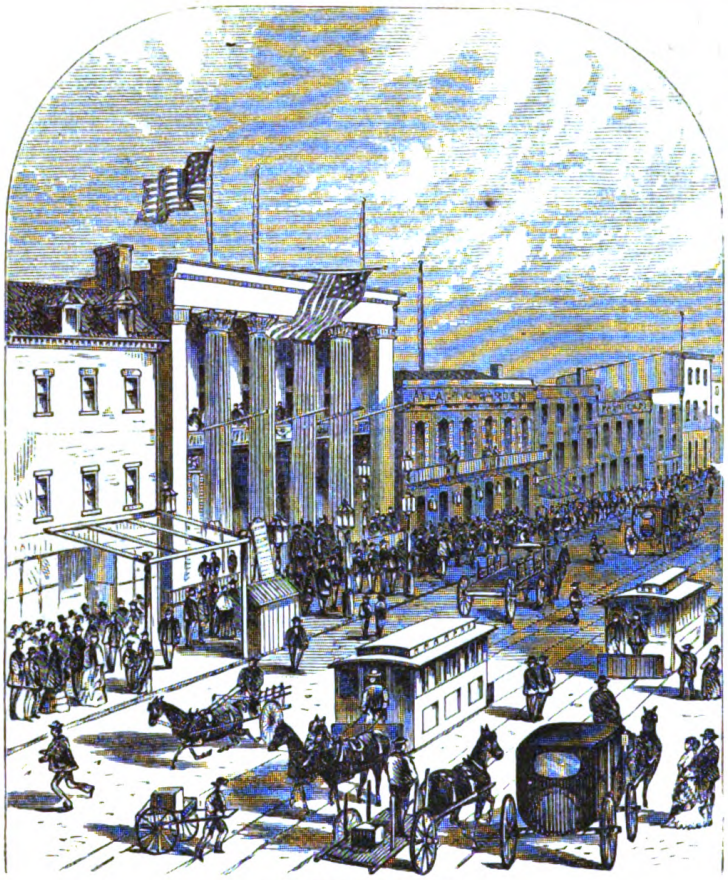
FRUIT STAND.

On the left, as we slowly make our way northward, is the Old Bowery Theatre, the news-boys' elysium, and undisputed realm of the "yellow covered" drama. Here "The Red Robber of the Blue Hills," "The Pirate's Daughter," and all the old-time glories of the sensation stage survive to draw crowds of enthusiastic admirers, whose taste is yet above Shakspeare, if it has not attained the level of "The Black Crook." Just at this present, however, the ample front and the tall bulletin-boards are placarded with the announcements of that unchained hero who "has sworn to liberate Ireland or die," and whose portraits here are enough to make any one believe he will do it. Where *could* George Francis Train be so utterly and appropriately at home as on the boards of the Old Bowery? His foot is on his native heath in the home of tragic farce.

A few doors further up are the open portals of the Atlantic Garden, but it is too early yet to witness the evening resorts of the Germans in all their glory; we must wait till supper and marketing are over for that. The streets are full, but the crowds are doing no strolling—they are for the most part hurrying homeward. Almost any body looks in place on Broadway, but more than half of the frequenters of that thoroughfare would have an exceptional appearance here. There is very little flash, and an immense amount of genuine respectability. Even the work-girls have a solid and wholesome look, as if their toil sat lightly on them, while not a few of the rosy-cheeked lasses from over the Rhine would evidently sit heavily enough on toil or care. Not much beauty. No, you must wait till the next generation has somewhat Americanized their type; only let us hope that they may retain their robust constitutions.

These German friends of ours have brought with them—let America be thankful for it—a genuine Teutonic love of home and family, but in this overcrowded city life they are compelled to gratify it under difficulties. On either side of Bowery, for its entire length, the parallel streets are given up to tenement houses, while the transverse streets to the eastward, on which side the population is more German in its character, are lined with long rows of unpretending two and three story dwellings, relics of an

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OLD BOWERY THEATRE

earlier and less crowded era in the city's history. Many of these tenement houses offer commodious and decently arranged apartments, but the greater number aim only at packing the largest possible aggregate of humanity into the smallest possible modicum of space. "Store-room" there is none, even for those whose thrift would otherwise enable and incline them to purchase housekeeping materials by larger quantities, and the poorer sort are, therefore, one and all, driven to the petty, vexatious, and uneconomical "shopping" and marketing, which, in their turn, sustain these multitudinous small traders.

An employment of the trite similitude which likens these swarming tenements to bee-hives suggests at once the further likeness, and with it the vast improvement to be gained by adopting the "co-operative principle," which is the world-old key to success in honey-making. Co-operation will come some day, in some shape, because in the nature of things it is one of those future births which *must* come.

The broad street is now but little lumbered or obstructed by vehicles, almost the only ones in sight being the crowded street cars that follow one another in such quick succession. There seems to be even a sort of lull or temporary thinning out of the crowds upon the sidewalk, for the Bowery world is at this moment largely occupied with its Saturday-evening meal. In thousands on thousands of narrow and humble homes, up endless stairways, in secluded "back-buildings," over half-deserted shops, where even the wide-open windows afford but slight relief from the stifling heat and the varied fumes of German cookery, the hard-worked and hungry multitudes are busy with the food which the Giver has sent them; and it may be there is less of dissatisfaction and querulous discontent to be recorded against them on this Saturday evening than disgraces the luxurious tables of those whose pride ignores the very existence of such as they. Be it known, however, that such of these Germans as are able to boast of a house and home of their own, for all their careful frugality, are no starvelings, and know how to base their goodly proportions on solid foundations of good fare.

We have already purchased three dailies and as many weekly papers, as we came along, one of them illustrated, but all in the German tongue; nor have we found a news-boy with any thing else. How they cling to their language and traditions! but how quickly a sort of queer Americanism creeps over and modifies, externally and internally, not only themselves but these their publications! Not a single German news-boy, however, has yet made his appearance. The infant Teutons do not take kindly to Bohemianism.

It is getting along into the dusk of the evening, and on the street corners the fruit wagons and other "stands" are beginning to show their flaring torches of smoky kerosene, while their salesmen are shouting forth their descriptions of wares, and the wonderful cheapness of their prices. Here are the remnants of stocks of oranges, lemons, etc., left over from the day's business in the down-town markets, closing out at sacrifices alarming enough, in view of the fact that few of them would keep safely till Monday; and here are eloquent peripatetic soap and patent-wonder vendors, each with his little knot of curious customers holding up their motley faces in the glare of the kerosene.

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But before Bowery does any thing extensive in the way of promenading, or otherwise enjoying itself, it will make its purchases of supplies, and otherwise settle its commissary department, for over Sunday. Let us begin at Tompkins Market, an institution which is largely patronized by the Bowery, though not the only source of its supplies, by any means. It is a building of very respectable size, the upper part of which is occupied as the armory of the famous Seventh Regiment, and it is located just where the Bowery is split by the Cooper Institute and Bible House into Third and Fourth avenues. It will at once appear that both "education" and "piety" were required to effect any material change in the prevailing characteristics of the great thoroughfare.

The butchers and other dealers of Tompkins Market have brought down from other days an excellent reputation for their wares; and they have aristocratic customers who come from far, but not the most prosperous of them disdains to cater for the humble needs and limited purchases of their nearer neighbors. Every thing is light and pleasant and clean, nor is it difficult to assure one's self that there must be a good deal of mild pleasure in the providing as well as in the consumption of our daily food.

The family party nearest us on the right is one to gladden the heart of a dealer in solids, if not in liquids. Behold a burgomaster worthy the pencil of Rembrandt, and a pipe worthy of its bearer! The boy, half grown as to height—if middle-aged laterally—will one day come here with a dame as keen and sprightly, in spite of her avoirdupois, as the motherly vrauw, whose fat forefinger is deciding which of the lordly cuts on the block shall go into his capacious basket. Others may weakly have their meat sent home for them; but she prefers to *take* it, and Wilhelm is content, for his round eyes testify that he will dream of his burden all the way home as being already tabled; for "tabled" it will be on the morrow as surely as a "peace petition" to Congress.



A VERY LOW LIVER.

Hold your string tight, little girl; it is a region of but doubtful comfort for dogs with that expression of countenance, and he does well to cower close to your skimp little skirts. It is your turn now.

"Vot you vants, eh?"

The reply is all but inaudible, but it is listened to kindly enough.

"Shoost a little liver? Vell—"

And though we know that the rates for liver are low, we judge that something of Dutch liberality went with the knife in separating that generous "chunk."

"Ant dere's a pone for de leetle tog."

That's thoughtful. Where's Mr. Bergh? We should have been apt to have forgotten a dog so preterca-ninely meek as that.



PATENT SOAP VENDOR.

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NOT AT HOME.

But Bowery has other types than these, and yonder, striding wistfully, if somewhat proudly, past stall after stall, is one who hardly seems at home. Unmistakable, with his head of long flaxen hair, he has "student" written all over him, and he has not been in America long enough to have received any other superscription. He may be a senator or a governor yet, and he has a faint look of Carl Schurz about him; but now he has decided on ten cents' worth of Bologna sausage, incomparable viand, which demands no fire, and has no tantalizing waste of bones to mock the record of its purchased weight.

What a pity Dickens had not been for a few weeks a Tompkins Market butcher, or, at least, had been forced to do his marketing here until he had photographed the groups around us! If he had gone out by the south door, as we are doing, he would have found at the street side, a little lower down, that broken line of empty "truck wagons," and on the last of them that queer-looking lot of genuine Bowery "gutter-snipes" of boys, brimful of mischief and all mirthful antics now, but destined to grow up into—who shall tell what? And that other lot—four of them—dickering with the squat old cake-woman on the curb-stone for their evening lunch of cakes and fruit. That is a Bowery "band," and the young gentlemen from Italy muster three fiddles and a harp. It can hardly be a disadvantage that the instruments are about as large, musically speaking, as the brown-faced performers. What tune from the banks of Styx or Arno can that be? Oh, they are tuning up, and no wonder the crowd is puzzled to catch the air! Let us move on.

"Coffees, teas, wines, liquors, wholesale and retail." You can buy almost any thing you want there, and a good many things you ought not to want, and the place is full, but it is worthy of note that the Germanic type is in a large minority among the customers. Can it be that lager has any thing to do with that? Perhaps we shall see.

"Exchange?" We have noticed several signs like that. "No doubt the Germans bring with them heaps of outlandish coin, and these small bankers are a necessary provision."

Not a bit of it! These are the pernicious dens of the lottery-policy dealers, and they are fewer here than elsewhere, in proportion to the population. So are the faro hells, of which Bowery maintains a few tenth-rate specimens. The Germans gamble, some of them; but it is not their national vice, and they are much too shrewd to invest their hard earnings largely where the investment is sure to be so sadly "permanent."

Here are other features, however, which offer powerful proof that the pawnbrokers ought not to be the enemies of the poor; and if it were not for our miserable laws these evidently flourishing establishments would be replaced by the *Monts-de-Piété* with which these people from the Rhine-land were familiar beyond the sea. Saturday night is the regular period for the



REDEEMING A PLEDGE.

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redeeming of pledges. Even if scant wages or vicious expenditure will surely bring the household treasures here again before the week is out, still lingering pride and hope of better things will carry them homeward once more. It is sad to see the shadowy doors open so frequently; but there are more mournful testimonies in the glaring windows yonder, where the "unredeemed pledges" are offered for sale. Jewelry of every shape and device, medals of merit, jeweled "orders," musical instruments, weapons, chess-men, battered plate, antiquated time-pieces—heirlooms of a more frugal or more fortunate ancestry. Somehow—who shall guess how?—for all these sad collaterals the appointed day went by, and here they are, each with its untold story. There is a dull look on some of them, discolored spots and corrosions: tears will rust almost any thing.



A GERMAN INSTITUTION.

If there is any feature that is more characteristic of the Germans than their love of home, it is their sociability. Americans are at once gregarious and exclusive—witness the crowded solitude of our immense hotels, and the swarming isolation of our watering-places. Englishmen are neither one thing nor the other, being merely insular, and as much insulated as the condition of their individual pockets will admit. A shrewd look around us, and up and down a few of these parallel and side streets, will give us a tolerable notion of the several descriptions of "homes" supplied by the civic geography of this quarter, and the percentage of them is by no means large in which one would care to spend the evening, more especially a Saturday evening in summer. What is to be done, then? Shall the multitudinous heads that peer out of the windows, as if reaching for air, remain there all the evening? Some of them will, if they can not help it. Shall all the human bees of these hives swarm around the narrow stoops and entry ways? They are crowded with chattering coteries of beings of all ages, and yet but a few are there. Promenade these narrow and ill-smelling streets? Yes, that also, if it does not rain; but that is indeed a barren resource, and woefully insufficient. What then? Why, here is the cause and secret of the endless cafés, beer-cellars, and "gartens," and their innumerable little tables with chairs for four, and their large round tables with chairs for a dozen. The Celt or the Yankee may march up to the bar, alone or in company, and take his more or less fiery stimulus, like a "health to the dead," standing and in silence. But who ever yet saw a true German, in his right mind, take his Saturday-evening lager all alone? You will not witness such a solecism this evening, though the hour for recreation has arrived, and the public resorts are full.

"Yes, no doubt; that's all very well for the men, but what of the women and children?"

What of them? You shall see, and at the same time learn a lesson that is worth learning. If these Germans could only "naturalize" the idea of making a family matter of all amusements, fewer men would disgrace their manhood by going where they dare not take their wives and children with them.

But there are French here as well as Germans, and both nationalities have developed to a high point, for good or evil, the idea of "café life," even as the Americans have gone mad after hotels and their unhomelike horrors. The painted bills of fare at the entrances, with prices annexed, announce that sustenance for the body can be obtained at the most reasonable prices. He must indeed be a poor man who can not make out to dine at these rates. Not that an opportunity can not be obtained hereabout to order an expensive dinner, and that, too, cooked by experts of Parisian training; but the majority of Bowery purses incline to the more modest and moderate establishments.

As for the lager-beer *salons*, their name is legion, with legions of names. The larger and more pretentious supply more or less of music—some of it of a very excellent character, and some of it, alas! of a character as debased and execrable as that of those who make it and the audiences who hear it; for Bowery has its "free concert halls," as evil and disgusting, if

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THE HERO OF THE BOWERY DRAMA.

possible, as those of Broadway, though not nearly so numerous. Time was, if we may trust tradition and the police records, when this region was the peculiar hunting-ground of ruffianism, and the "Bowery Boy" has received an established place in the local drama and flash literature; but the worst of that passed away with the Volunteer Fire Department, and now, except toward the lower end, which is liable to the incursions of the Chatham Square Comanches and other barbarous tribes that roam over the howling municipal wilderness south of Division Street, the Bowery, until after the orthodox German bedtime, is as orderly for its numbers as any other portion of the city. Not as much can be said for its auxiliaries and feeders; for there is a great deal of human nature in this part of the city, and mixed multitudes have their fermentations, especially after eleven by the clock.

Travelers in the German father-land have for many generations—Julius Cæsar being the first, though his account is dry and unsatisfactory—brought back with them marvelous stories of the German breweries and beer gardens; and though our lager factories are situated in Newark and other suburbs of New York, we are not without one or two gardens that would do credit to any university town in all Deutschland. These and their multitudinous small imitators solve for us the evening recreation problem. The stoops and window seats in the side streets are not so densely peopled now as they were an hour ago, and we may as well follow the crowds that have left them.

This is the "Atlantic Garden." A constant stream of people is pouring out, and we must take our time with the other torrent that is pouring in. Through a sort of huge vestibule, lined with busy "bars" and lunch counters, and we are in an immense hall, somewhat airily roofed with wood. Over the vestibule, at this end, is a capacious gallery, and away yonder, at the other, is a raised platform, while midway, on the left, is the "bureau of supplies," and over it the orchestra. In shape it is a parallelogram, with another smaller one jutting out from it there on the right. No matter for the exact dimensions; but they are huge enough, and all this space is closely occupied with narrow tables, flanked on either side by high-backed benches capable of seating four or five each, according to physical development.

There is hardly a table or a seat vacant, and yet not many are compelled to stand long, for the thirsty multitudes come and go with a sort of irregular regularity. It is of no use to ask for strong liquors, for "ve does not geep visky," and the waiter will only scowl at you. Very good light Rhine wein, very good lager, however, and in unlimited quantities—hundreds of casks on any warm and pleasant night like this. But we must not fill our eyes with mere statistics, for this is a representative German *institution*, thoroughly national, and it is also, in more ways than one, a political power, for the beer garden has its distinct and audible voice in the answers of the November ballot-boxes. It has done a great deal in the way of forcing our too hasty politicians to recognize important moral facts.

"Moral facts?"

Yes, think of the stifling tenement houses and the uninviting streets, and then look carefully around you.

Germans all, and our own exceptional nationality is promptly and good-humoredly noted by the crowd. On every side are family groups, father, mother, and children, all merry, all sociable, all well-behaved and quiet. There is not the remotest danger of insult or disturbance, or need of the presence of any policeman. The Germans are proud to keep up the respectability of the place to which they bring their female friends and relatives, and we hope they may fully succeed in maintaining it. Here and there are couples from whose appearance not even the crowd, the laughter, and the lager can drive away the sheepish romance; for this is a great place for courting. Let us go forward to the platform, if we can get there, and take a seat at the edge, where we can have a look down upon these thousands of Bowery Germans.

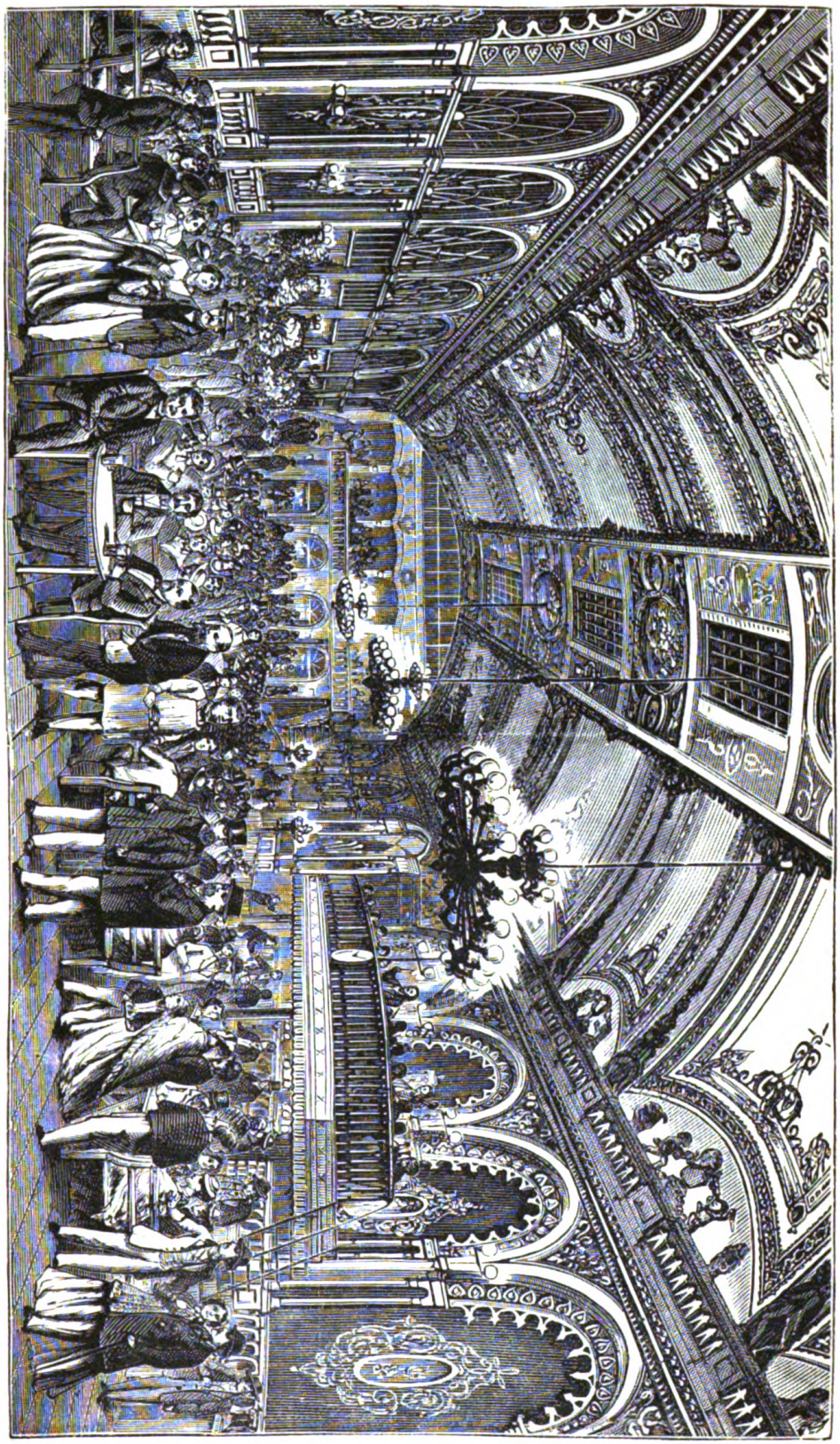
You wish they were not drinking lager-beer and Rhine wein?

Your superior wisdom and philanthropy is to be bowed to, but what if it were whisky, or even the strong beer of old England, would that better the case?

"There should be no compromise?"

Well, lager may fairly be viewed in that light, but it is a compromise up, not down; and then what about the tenement houses this hot night? It is doubtless true that Croton is a healthful, sociable, and stimulating beverage of a Saturday night, after a week's labor, and there are better places than the beer gardens, but also there are worse. And do not let us moralize over what we perhaps do not altogether understand. You think there is a crowd here

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CELEBRATING THE CAPITULATION OF SEDAN AT THE "ATLANTIC GARDEN."

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to-night; and so there is, and a crowd so quiet over its beer and wine as to seem almost stupid; but you should have been here on Saturday night, September 10, 1870, when the details of the great French overthrow at Sedan were being brought in here from the telegraph offices, and you would have seen what a heat of intense enthusiasm slumbers under this calm, stolid, Teutonic surface. They made a sort of human pyramid there in the centre, and a big-voiced German shouted out the news, but no one could hear him at twenty paces. There were flags and portraits on the walls; and how they did cheer, and how the band up there, doubled for the occasion, did bang and work at the national airs!

They sang the "German's Father-land" and Luther's Hymn, and patriotic choruses of a dozen lands, until they were hoarse, and hardly could get breath to drink the health of "unser Fritz" and Von Moltke, and every body else. They even tried to waltz, and nearly brought the platform down, but desisted out of regard for the ladies; and nobody was drunk, as they would have been if they had been, let us say Patagonians; and one could not help feeling that a part of "Father-land" was here, for they had brought it with them in their hearts.

One more brief walk on our way up town through the still crowded street, for it is yet early. Not much extravagance in dress about us, and an endless stream of oddities in face and form and apparel, but very little noise, or nonsense, or glaring vice—that is, much less than you would naturally expect.

It is wonderfully easy to collect a crowd, for every body is out to be amused, and an excitement is an especial windfall. A dog-fight or a broken window would gather a thousand in a minute; but there are no fights or broken windows, and we are compelled to admit that Bowery has a respectability of its own. Two or three hours later things may have changed for the worse, but then these throngs who are passing us now will be at home and abed; for their week's work is over, they have had their Saturday evening, and every soul of them is honestly and reasonably tired.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

XVII.—THE CLOSE OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR, AND THE PARTITION OF POLAND.

THE fifth campaign of the Seven Years' War closed with the year 1760. By exertions such as mortal man perhaps never made before, Frederick succeeded, during the winter, in raising an army of ninety-six thousand men. In the mean time the allies had concentrated in Bohemia, to crush him, seventy-two thousand Austrians and sixty thousand Russians. The capture of four fortresses would drive Frederick hopelessly out of Silesia. Early in May Frederick, leaving his brother Henry with about forty thousand men to protect Saxony, set out with fifty thousand for the relief of Neisse, which was then besieged. General Goltz, probably the most able of the Prussian commanders, was detached to the fortified camp at Glogau.

"But, alas, poor Goltz, just when ready to march, was taken with sudden, violent fever, the fruit probably of overwork; and in that sad flame blazed away his valiant existence in three or four days; gone forever, June 30, 1761, to the regret of Frederick and of many."[1]

The Russians were entering Silesia from the northeast, by the way of Poland. Frederick, by one of his incredibly rapid marches, for a time prevented the junction of the two hostile armies. After innumerable marchings and manœuvrings, during which Frederick displayed military ability which commanded the admiration even of his foes, the Prussian king found himself, on the 16th of August, at Nicolstadt, in the very heart of Silesia, at the head of fifty-seven thousand men. In front of him, obstructing his advance, there were sixty thousand Russians. In his rear, cutting off his retreat, there were seventy-two thousand Austrians. From a commanding eminence Frederick could watch the movements of both of these hostile bands. Both Russians and Austrians stood in such awe of the prowess of their redoubtable antagonist that they moved cautiously, like hounds surrounding the lion at bay.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 20th of August, and after the march of a few hours, the little army of Frederick commenced constructing a fortified camp near the poor little village of Bunzelwitz, about half-way between the Silesian fortresses of Schweidnitz and Striegau. Spades were provided. Fifty thousand men were instantly employed, according to a well-matured plan, in digging and trenching. The extraordinary energies of Frederick seemed to nerve every arm. Here there was speedily reared the camp of Bunzelwitz, which has attained world-wide renown.

An ordinary eye would not have seen in the position any peculiar military strength. It was an undulating plain about eight miles long and broad, without any abrupt eminences. A small river bordered it on the west, beyond which rose green hills. On the east was the almost impregnable fortress of Schweidnitz, with its abundant stores. Farm-houses were scattered about, with occasional groves and morasses. There were also sundry villages in the distance.

Frederick himself was chief engineer. The army was divided into two forces of twenty-five thousand each. Carlyle gives a graphic description of this enterprise.

[1] CARLYLE.

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THE KING'S BIVOUAC.

"And twenty-five thousand spades and picks are at work, under such a field engineer as there is not in the world when he takes to that employment. At all hours, night and day, twenty-five thousand of them: half the army asleep, other half digging, wheeling, shoveling; plying their utmost, and constant as Time himself: these, in three days, will do a great deal of spade-work. Batteries, redoubts, big and little; spare not for digging. Here is ground for cavalry, too. Post them here, there, to bivouac in readiness, should our batteries be unfortunate. Long trenches there are, and also short; batteries commanding every ingate, and under them are mines."

Many of the trenches were sixteen feet broad by sixteen feet deep. Under each battery there were two mines. In case of capture the mines and the victors could be blown high into the air. Knowing that the batteries were all mined, the Russian and Austrian soldiers would be slow to make charges in which victory would be certain death. The small villages around were all strongly fortified.

"Würben, in the centre, is like a citadel, looking down upon Striegau Water. Heavy cannon, plenty of them, we have brought from Schweidnitz. We have four hundred and eighty cannon in all, and one hundred and eighty-two mines. Würben, our citadel and centre, is about five miles from Schweidnitz. Before our lines are palisades and *chevaux-de-frise*. Woods we have in abundance in our circuit, and axes for carpentries of that kind. There are four intrenched knolls; twenty-four big batteries capable of playing beautifully, all like pieces in a concert."[1]

Frederick had been three days and nights at work upon his fortress before the allies ventured forward to look into it. It was then a Gibraltar. Still for eight days more the spade was not intermitted. Cogniazo, an Austrian, writes: "It is a master-piece of art, in which the principles of tactics are combined with those of field fortifications as never before."

The Austrians took position upon the south, at the distance of about six miles. The Russians were at the same distance on the west, with their head-quarters at Hohenfriedberg.

It would seem that Frederick's troops must have had iron sinews, and that they needed as little repose as did their master. Those not at work with the spade were under arms to repel an assault. Two or three times there was an alarm, when the whole fifty thousand, in an hour, were in battle-array. Frederick was fully aware of the crisis he had encountered. To be beaten there was irretrievable ruin. No one in the army performed more exhausting labor than the king himself. He seemed to be omnipresent, by day and by night. Near the chief battery, in a clump of trees, there was a small tent, and a bundle of straw in the corner. Here the king occasionally sought a few moments of repose. But his nervous excitement rendered him so restless, that most of the time

[1] Archenholtz, ii. 262.

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he was strolling about among the guard parties, and warming himself by their fires.

"One evening," writes Carlyle, "among the orders is heard this item: 'And remember a lock of straw, will you, that I may not have to sleep upon the ground, as last night!' Many anecdotes are current to this day about his pleasant, homely ways, and affabilities with the sentry people, and the rugged hospitalities they would show him at their watch-fires. 'Good-evening, children.' 'The same to thee, Fritz.' 'What is that you are cooking?'—and would try a spoonful of it, in such company; while the rough fellows would forbid smoking. 'Don't you know he dislikes it?' 'No! smoke away,' the king would insist."

General Loudon was in command of the Austrians, and general Butturlin of the Russians, who were arrayed against Frederick. They could not agree upon a plan of attack. Neither commander was willing to expose his troops to the brunt of a battle in which the carnage would necessarily be dreadful. Thus the weeks wore away. Frederick could not be safely attacked, and winter was approaching.

At ten o'clock at night, on the 9th of September, the Russian camp went up in flame. The next morning not a Russian was to be seen. The whole army had disappeared over the hills far away to the north. Frederick immediately dispatched eight thousand men under general Platen to attack the flank of the retreating foe, and destroy his baggage wagons. The feat was brilliantly accomplished. On the 15th of September, before the dawn of the morning, general Platen fell upon the long train, took nearly two thousand prisoners, seven cannon, and destroyed five thousand heavily laden wagons.

Frederick remained at Bunzelwitz a fortnight after the retreat of the Russians. In the mean time the French and English were fighting each other with varying success upon the banks of the Rhine. It is not necessary to enter into the details of their struggles. Frederick's magazines at Schweidnitz were getting low. On the 26th of September he broke up his camp at Bunzelwitz, and in a three days' march to the southeast reached Neisse. The Austrians did not venture to annoy him. Frederick had scarcely reached Neisse when he learned, to his amazement and horror, that general Loudon, with a panther-like spring, had captured Schweidnitz, with its garrison and all its supplies. It was a terrible blow to the king. The Austrians could now winter in Silesia. The anguish of Frederick must have been great. But he gave no utterance to his gloomy forebodings.

"The king," writes Küster, "fell ill of the gout, saw almost nobody, never came out. It was whispered that his inflexible heart was at last breaking. And for certain there never was in his camp and over his dominions such a gloom as in this October, 1761, till at length he appeared on horseback again, with a cheerful face; and every body thought to himself, 'Ha, the world will still roll on, then.'"

Frederick's treatment of the unfortunate general Zastrow, who was in command at Schweidnitz, was quite peculiar. Very generously he wrote to him:

"My dear general Von Zastrow,—The misfortune which has befallen me is very grievous. But what consoles me in it is, to see by your letter that you have behaved like a brave officer, and that neither you nor your garrison have brought disgrace or reproach upon yourselves. I am your well-affectioned king.

"Frederick.

"P.S.—You may, in this occurrence, say what Francis I., after the battle of Pavia, wrote to his mother: 'All is lost except honor.' As I do not yet completely understand the affair, I forbear to judge of it; for it is altogether extraordinary."

Notwithstanding this letter, Frederick refused to give general Zastrow any further employment, but left him to neglect, obscurity, and poverty. Zastrow wrote to the king imploring a court-martial. He received the following laconic reply:

"It is of no use. I impute nothing of crime to you. But after such a mishap it would be dangerous to trust you with any post or command."

The freezing gales of winter soon came, when neither army could keep the open field. Frederick established his winter-quarters at Breslau. General Loudon, with his Austrians, was about thirty miles southwest of him at Kunzendorf. Thus ended the sixth campaign.

The winter was long, cold, and dreary. Fierce storms swept the fields, piling up the snow in enormous drifts. But for this cruel war the Prussian, Russian, and Austrian peasants, who had been dragged into the armies to slaughter each other, might have been in their humble but pleasant homes, by the bright fireside, in the enjoyment of all comforts.

"The snow lies ell-deep," writes Archenholtz; "snow-tempests, sleet, frost. The soldiers' bread is a block of ice, impracticable to human teeth till you thaw it."

It was on the 9th of December that the king, after incredible exposure to hunger and cold and night-marchings, established himself for the winter in the shattered apartments of his ruined palace at Breslau. He tried to assume a cheerful aspect in public, but spent most of his hours alone, brooding over the ruin which now seemed inevitable. He withdrew from all society, scarcely spoke to any body except upon business. One day general Lentulus dined with him, and not one word was spoken at the table. On the 18th of January, 1762, the king wrote in the following desponding tones to D'Argens:

"The school of patience I am at is hard, long-continued, cruel, nay, barbarous. I have

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not been able to escape my lot. All that human foresight could suggest has been employed, and nothing has succeeded. If Fortune continues to pursue me, doubtless I shall sink. It is only she that can extricate me from the situation I am in. I escape out of it by looking at the universe on the great scale, like an observer from some distant planet. All then seems to me so infinitely small; and I could almost pity my enemies for giving themselves such trouble about so very little.

"What would become of us without philosophy, without this reasonable contempt of things frivolous, transient, and fugitive, about which the greedy and ambitious make such a pother, fancying them to be solid! This is to become wise by stripes, you will tell me. Well, if one do become wise, what matters it how? I read a great deal. I devour my books, and that brings me useful alleviation. But for my books, I think hypochondria would have had me in bedlam before now. In fine, dear marquis, we live in troublous times and in desperate situations. I have all the properties of a stage hero—always in danger, always on the point of perishing. One must hope that the conclusion will come, and if the end of the piece be lucky, we will forget the rest."[1]

"The darkest hour is often nearest the dawn." The next day after Frederick had written the above letter he received news of the death of his most inveterate enemy, Elizabeth, the empress of Russia. As we have mentioned, she was intensely exasperated against him in consequence of some sarcasms in which he had indulged in reference to her private life. Elizabeth was the daughter of Peter the Great, and had inherited many of her father's imperial traits of character. She was a very formidable foe.

"Russia may be counted as the bigger half of all he had to strive with; the bigger, or at least the far uglier, more ruinous, and incendiary; and, if this were at once taken away, think what a daybreak when the night was at the blackest."[2]

The nephew of Elizabeth, and her successor, Peter III., was a very warm admirer of Frederick. One of his first acts was to send to the Prussian king the assurance of his esteem and friendship. Peter immediately released all the Prussian prisoners in his dominions, entered into an armistice with Frederick, which was soon followed by a treaty of alliance. The two sovereigns commenced a very friendly correspondence. Frederick returned all the Russian prisoners, well clothed and fed, to their homes. The change was almost as sudden and striking as the transformations in the kaleidoscope. On the 23d Peter issued a decree that there was peace with Prussia, that he had surrendered to his Prussian majesty all the territorial conquests thus far made, and had recalled the Russian armies.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 281. [2] Carlyle.

Peter III. had been left an orphan, and titular duke of Schleswig-Holstein, when eleven years of age. His mother was a daughter of Peter the Great. His aunt, the czarina Elizabeth, who had determined not to marry, adopted the child, and pronounced him to be her heir to the throne. Being at that time on friendly terms with Frederick, the empress Elizabeth had consulted him in reference to a wife for the future czar. It will be remembered that the king effected a marriage between Peter and Sophia, the beautiful daughter of a Prussian general, prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, and at that time commandant of Stettin. His wife was sister to the heir-apparent of Sweden. Carlyle, speaking of this couple, says:

"They have a daughter, Sophie-Frederike, now near fifteen, and very forward for her age; comely to look upon, wise to listen to. 'Is not she the suitable one?' thinks Frederick in regard to this matter. 'Her kindred is of the oldest—old as Albert the Bear. She has been frugally brought up, Spartan-like, though as a princess by birth. Let her cease skipping ropes on the ramparts yonder with her young Stettin playmates, and prepare for being a czarina of the Russias,' thinks he. And communicates his mind to the czarina, who answers, 'Excellent! How did I never think of that myself!'"

This was in January, 1744. The young lady, with her mother, by express invitation, and with this object in view, visited the Russian court. Sophia embraced the Greek religion, received in baptism the new name of Catherine, and on the 1st of September, 1745, was married to her second-cousin Peter. "And with invocation of the Russian heaven and Russian earth they were declared to be one flesh, though at last they turned out to be *two fleshes*, as my reader well knows."[1]

About a year before this, on the 17th of July, 1744, Frederick's sister Ulrique had been married to Adolf Frederick, the heir-apparent to the throne of Sweden. Eighteen years of this weary world's history, with its wars and its woes, had since passed away. On the 5th of April, 1751, the old king of Sweden died. Thus Adolf became king and Frederick's sister Ulrique queen of Sweden. And now, on the 5th of January, 1762, the empress of Russia died, and Peter III., with his wife Catherine, ascended the throne of that majestic empire.

The withdrawal of Russia from the alliance against Frederick, though hailed by him with great joy, still left him, with wasted armies and exhausted finances, to struggle single-handed against Austria and France united, each of which kingdoms was far more powerful than Prussia. The winter passed rapidly away without any marked events, each party preparing for the opening of the campaign in the ensuing spring. On the 8th of June, 1762, Frederick wrote to D'Argens:

"In fine, my dear marquis, the job ahead of

[1] Carlyle.

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THE EMPRESS CATHERINE.

me is hard and difficult, and nobody can say positively how it will all go. Pray for us; and don't forget a poor devil who kicks about strangely in his harness, who leads the life of one damned."

Peter III. was a drunken, brutal, half-crazed debauchee. Catherine was a beautiful, graceful, intellectual, and dissolute woman. They hated each other. They did not even pretend to be faithful to each other. Catherine formed a successful conspiracy, dethroned her husband, and was proclaimed by the army sole empress. After a series of the wildest scenes of intrigue, corruption, and crime, the imbecile Peter III., who had fled to the remote palace of Ropscha, was murdered, being first compelled to drink of poison, and then, while writhing in pain, he was strangled with a napkin. Whether Catherine were a party to this assassination is a question which can now probably never be decided. It is certain that she must have rejoiced over the event, and that she richly rewarded the murderers.

In the following curious proclamation the empress, Catherine II., announced to her subjects the death of her husband:

"The seventh day after our accession to the throne of all the Russias we received information that the late emperor, Peter III., was attacked with a violent colic. That we might not be wanting in Christian duty, or disobedient to the divine command by which we are enjoined to preserve the life of our neighbor, we immediately ordered that the said Peter should be furnished with every thing that might be judged necessary to restore his health by the aids of medicine. But, to our great regret and affliction, we were yesterday evening apprised that, by permission of the Almighty, the late emperor departed this life."

The seventh campaign of the Seven Years' War commenced on the 1st of July, 1762. Peter III. had sent an army of twenty thousand men to the support of Frederick. Aided by these troops, united with his own army, Frederick had emerged from his winter-quarters, and was just about to attack the Austrian army, which was intrenched upon the heights of Burkersdorf, a little south of Schweidnitz, which fortress the Austrians then held. The evening before the contemplated attack the Russian general Czernichef entered the tent of Frederick with the following appalling tidings:

"There has been a revolution in St. Petersburg. The czar Peter III., your majesty's devoted friend, has been deposed, and probably assassinated. The czarina Catherine, influenced by the enemies of your majesty, and unwilling to become embroiled in a conflict with Austria and France, has ordered me to return instantly homeward with the twenty thousand troops under my command."

For a moment the king was quite stunned by the blow. The withdrawal of these troops would expose him to be speedily overwhelmed by the Austrians. By earnest entreaty Frederick persuaded Czernichef to remain with him three days longer. "I will require of you no service whatever. The Austrians know nothing of this change. They will think that you are still my ally. Your presence simply will thus aid me greatly in the battle."

General Czernichef, though at the risk of his head from the displeasure of Catherine, generously consented so far to disobey the orders of his empress. The next day, July 2, 1762, Frederick, with his remaining troops, attacked the foe, under general Daun, at Burkersdorf. From four o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon the antagonistic hosts hurled themselves against each other. Frederick was the victor. "On fall of night, Daun, every body having had his orders, and been making his preparations for six hours past, ebbed totally away, in perfect order, bag and baggage; well away to southward, and left Frederick quit of him."[1]

Early the next morning, Czernichef, greatly admiring the exploit Frederick had performed, commenced his march home. Just before this there was a change in the British ministry, and the new cabinet clamored for peace. England entered into a treaty with France, and retired from the conflict. Frederick, vehemently upbraiding the English with treachery—the same kind of treachery of which he had repeatedly been guilty—marched upon Schweidnitz. After a vigorous siege of two months he captured the place.

Nearly all of Silesia was again in the hands of Frederick. He seems to have paid no regard to the ordinary principles of honor in the accomplishment of his plans. Indeed, he seems to have had no delicate perceptions of right and wrong, no instinctive appreciation of what was

[1] CARLYLE.

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ASSASSINATION OF PETER III.

honorable or dishonorable in human conduct. He coined adulterated money, which he compelled the people to take, but which he refused to receive in taxes. In his *Military Instructions*, drawn up by his own hand, he writes:

"When you find it very necessary, yet very difficult, to gain any intelligence of the enemy, there is another expedient, though a cruel one. You take a rich burgher, possessed of rich lands, a wife, and children. You oblige him to go to the enemy's camp, as if to complain of hard treatment, and to take along with him, as his servant, a spy who speaks the language of the country; assuring him at the same time that, in case he does not bring the spy back with him, after having remained a sufficient time in the enemy's camp, you will set fire to his house, and massacre his wife and children. I was forced to have recourse to this cruel expedient. It answered my purpose."[1]

A man's moral nature must be indeed obtuse who could thus recommend the compulsion of a peaceable citizen to act the part of a traitor to his own country, under the alternative of having his house fired and his wife and children massacred.

Winter was now approaching. The Austrians in Saxony made a desperate attack upon prince Henry, and were routed with much loss. The shattered Austrian army retired to Bohemia for winter-quarters. Under the circumstances, it was a victory of immense importance to Frederick. Upon receiving the glad tidings he wrote to Henry:

"Your letter, my dear brother, has made me twenty years younger. Yesterday I was sixty, to-day hardly eighteen. I bless Heaven for preserving your health, and that things have passed so happily. It is a service so important rendered by you to the state that I can not enough express my gratitude, and will wait to do it in person."

On the 24th of November the belligerents entered into an armistice until the 1st of March. All were exhausted. It was manifest that peace would soon be declared. Commissioners to arrange the terms of peace met at the castle of Hubertsburg, near Dresden. On the 15th of February, 1763, peace was concluded. *Frederick retained Silesia.* That was the result of the war.

According to Frederick's computation he had succeeded in wresting this province from Maria Theresa at an expense of eight hundred and fifty-three thousand lives, actual fighters, who had perished upon the field of battle. Of these one hundred and eighty thousand were Prussians. Of the hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children who, in consequence of the war, had perished of exposure, famine, and pestilence, no note is taken. The population of Prussia had diminished, during the seven years, five hundred thousand.

The day in which the treaty was signed Frederick wrote to the marquis D'Argens as follows:

[1] *Military Instructions, written by the King of Prussia*, p. 176.

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THE OFFICER AND THE CURATE.

"The best thing I have now to tell you of, my dear marquis, is the peace. And it is right that the good citizens and the public should rejoice at it. For me, poor old man that I am, I return to a town where I know nothing but the walls, where I find no longer any of my friends, where great and laborious duties await me, and where I shall soon lay my old bones in an asylum which can neither be troubled by war, by calamities, nor by the wickedness of men."

Archenholtz, who was an eye-witness of the miseries which he describes, gives the following account of the state of Germany at the close of the conflict.

"Whole provinces had been laid waste. Even in those which had not been thus destroyed, internal commerce and industry were almost at an end. A great part of Pomerania and Brandenburg was changed into a desert. There were provinces where hardly any men were to be found, and where the women were, therefore, obliged to guide the plow. In others women were as much wanting as men. At every step appeared large tracts of uncultivated country. The most fertile plains of Germany, on the banks of the Oder and the Wesel, presented only the arid and sterile appearance of a desert. An officer has stated that he had passed through seven villages without meeting a single person excepting a curate."[1]

On the 15th of March, 1763, Frederick left Leipsic, and on the 30th entered his capital of Berlin, from which he had been absent six years. It was nine o'clock in the evening when his carriage drove through the dark and silent streets to his palace. His arrival at that hour had not been anticipated. It is said that he repaired immediately to the queen's apartment, where he met the several members of the royal family. As soon as it was known that the king had arrived, Berlin blazed with illuminations and rang with rejoicings.

There still remained to Frederick twenty-three years of life. He now engaged very vigorously in the endeavor to repair the terrible ravages of war, by encouraging agriculture, commerce, and all useful arts. He invited the

[1] Archenholtz, *Histoire de la Guerre de Sept Ans.*

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distinguished French philosophers Helvetius and D'Alembert to visit his court, and endeavored, though unavailingly, to induce them to take up their residence in Berlin. They were both in sympathy with the king in their renunciation of Christianity.

There are many anecdotes of Frederick floating about in the journals, whose authenticity can not be vouched for. The two following are doubtless authentic. Frederick, as he was riding through the streets of Berlin, saw a crowd looking upon a picture which was posted high up on a wall. He requested his groom to see what it was. The servant returned with the reply,

"It is a caricature of your majesty, seated on a stool, with a coffee-mill between your knees, grinding with one hand, and picking up the beans which have fallen with the other."

"Take it down," said the king, "and hang it lower, that the people may not hurt their necks in looking at it."

The crowd heard what he said. With bursts of laughter they tore the caricature in pieces, scattered it to the winds, and greeted the king, as he rode away, with enthusiastic shouts of "Our Fritz forever."

The crown prince, Frederick, had married the daughter of the duke of Brunswick. She was a very beautiful, proud, high-spirited woman. Her husband was a worthless fellow, dissolute in the extreme. She, stung to madness, and unrestrained by Christian principle, retaliated in kind. A divorce was the result. The discarded princess retired to the castle of Stettin, where she lived in comparative seclusion, though surrounded with elegance.

Upon one occasion she ordered a very rich silk dress directly from Lyons. The custom-house dues were heavy. The custom-house officer detained the dress until the dues should be paid. The haughty princess, exceedingly indignant, sent an order to him to bring the dress instantly to her, and she would pay the demand. As soon as he entered her apartment she snatched the dress from his hands, and with her open palm gave him two slaps in the face, ordering him immediately to leave the house.[1]

The officer drew up a statement of the facts, and sent it to the king, with the complaint that he had been dishonored in discharging the duties intrusted to him by his majesty. The king sent the following reply:

"To the custom-house officer at Stettin. The loss of the excise dues shall fall to my score. The dress shall remain with the princess; the slaps to him who received them. As to the pretended dishonor, I entirely relieve the complainant from that. Never can the appliance of a beautiful hand dishonor the face of an officer of customs."

Frederick, with his own pen, gives the following account of this family quarrel, which resulted in the divorce of the crown prince and Elizabeth:

"Not long ago we mentioned the prince of Prussia's marriage with Elizabeth of Brunswick. The husband, young and dissolute, given up to a profligate life, from which his relatives could not correct him, was continually committing infidelities to his wife. The princess, who was in the flower of her beauty, felt outraged by such neglect of her charms. Her vivacity and the good opinion she had of herself brought her upon the thought of avenging her wrongs by retaliation. Speedily she gave into excesses scarcely inferior to those of her husband. Family quarrels broke out, and were soon publicly known. The antipathy which ensued took away all hope of succession. The brothers of the king, Henry and Ferdinand, avowed frankly that they would never consent to have, by some accidental birth, their rights of succession to the crown carried off. In the end there was nothing for it but proceeding to a divorce."[1]

Within three months after the divorce the crown prince, anxious for an heir, married, on the 18th of April, 1769, the princess Frederica Louisa, of Hesse-Darmstadt. A son was born to them, who became Frederick William III.

Under the energetic administration of Frederick, Prussia began, very rapidly, to recover from the desolation which had overwhelmed it. The coin, in little more than a year, was restored to its purity. In the course of two years Frederick rebuilt, in different parts of his realms, fourteen thousand five hundred houses. The army horses were distributed among the impoverished farmers for plow teams. Early in June, 1768, the king set out on a general tour of inspection.

"To form an idea," he writes, "of the general subversion, and how great were the desolation and discouragement, you must represent to yourself countries entirely ravaged, the very traces of the old habitations hardly discoverable. Of the towns, some were ruined from top to bottom; others half destroyed by fire. Of thirteen thousand houses the very vestiges were gone. There was no field in seed, no grain for the food of the inhabitants. Sixty thousand horses were needed if there were to be plowing carried on. In the provinces generally there were half a million population less than in 1756; that is to say, upon four millions and a half the ninth man was wanting. Noble and peasant had been pillaged, ransomed, foraged, eaten out by so many different armies; nothing now left them but life and miserable rags.

"There was no credit by trading people even for the necessaries of life. There was no police in the towns. To habits of equity and order there had succeeded a vile greed of gain, and

[1] "Northern tourists, Wraxall and others, passing that way, speak of this princess down to recent times as a phenomenon of the place. Apparently a high and peremptory kind of lady, disdaining to be bowed too low by her disgraces. She survived all her generation, and the next and the next, and, indeed, into our own. Died 18th February, 1840, at the age of ninety-six."—CARLYLE.

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 25.

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an anarchic disorder. The silence of the laws had produced in the people a taste for license. Boundless appetite for gain was their main rule of action. The noble, the merchant, the farmer, the laborer, raising emulously each the price of his commodity, seemed to endeavor only for their mutual ruin. Such, when the war ended, was the fatal spectacle over these provinces, which had once been so flourishing. However pathetic the description may be, it will never approach the touching and sorrowful impression which the sight of it produced."

The absolutism of Frederick placed all legislative, judicial, and executive powers in his hands. He was law-maker, judge, and executioner. The liberty, property, and lives of his subjects were at his disposal. He could call others to assist him in the government, but they were merely servants to do his bidding.

"During the war," writes Frederick, "the councilors and ministers had successively died. In such time of trouble it had been impossible to replace them. The embarrassment was to find persons capable of filling these different employments. We searched the provinces, where good heads were found as rare as in the capital. At length five chief ministers were pitched upon."

The rich abbeys of the Roman Catholics were compelled to establish manufactures for weaving damasks and table-cloths. Some were converted into oil-mills, or "workers in copper, wire-drawers, the flaxes and metals, with water-power, markets, and so on."

While on this tour of inspection the celebrated French philosopher D'Alembert, by appointment, met the king at Geldern, and accompanied him to Potsdam. D'Alembert was in entire sympathy with the king in his renunciation of Christianity. In 1755 D'Alembert had, by invitation, met Frederick at Wesel, on the Rhine. In a letter to Madame Du Deffand, at Paris, dated Potsdam, June 25, 1763, D'Alembert wrote:

"I will not go into the praises of king Frederick, now my host. I will merely send you two traits of him, which will indicate his way of thinking and feeling. When I spoke to him of the glory which he had acquired he answered, with the greatest simplicity:

"'There is a furious discount to be deducted from said glory. Chance came in for almost the whole of it. I would far rather have written Racine's *Athalie* than have performed all the achievements of this war.'

"The other trait I have to give you is this. On the 15th of February last, the day of concluding this peace, which is so glorious to him, some one said to him, 'It is the finest day of your majesty's life.' The king replied:

"'The finest day of life is the day on which one quits it.'"[1]

Helvetius, another of the distinguished French deistical philosophers, was invited to Berlin to assist the king in his financial operations. To aid the mechanics in Berlin, and to show to the world that the king was not so utterly impoverished as many imagined, Frederick, on the 11th of June, 1763, laid the foundation of the sumptuous edifice called "The New Palace of Sans Souci."

Frederick, though now at peace with all the world, found no nation in cordial alliance with him. He had always disliked England, and England returned the dislike with interest. The duchess of Pompadour, who controlled France, hated him. Maria Theresa regarded him as a highway robber who had snatched Silesia from her and escaped with it. Frederick, thus left without an ally, turned to his former subject, now Catherine II., whom he had placed on the throne of Russia. On the 11th of April, 1764, one year after the close of the Seven Years' War, he entered into a treaty of alliance with the czarina Catherine. The treaty was to continue eight years. In case either of the parties became involved in war, the other party was to furnish a contingent of twelve thousand men, or an equivalent in money.

On the 5th of October, 1763, Augustus, the unhappy king of Poland, had died at Dresden, after a troubled reign of thirty years. The crown was elective. The turbulent nobles, broken up into antagonistic and envenomed cliques, were to choose a successor. Catherine, as ambitious as she was able and unprincipled, resolved to place one of her creatures upon the throne, that Poland, a realm spreading over a territory of 284,000 square miles, and containing a population of 20,000,000, might be virtually added to her dominions. Carlyle writes:

"My own private conjecture, I confess, has rather grown to be, on much reading of those *Rulhières* and distracted books, that the czarina —who was a grandiose creature, with considerable magnanimities, natural and acquired; with many ostentations, some really great qualities and talents; in effect, a kind of she Louis Quatorze (if the reader will reflect on that royal gentleman, and put him into petticoats in Russia, and change his improper females for improper males) —that the czarina, very clearly resolute to keep Poland hers, had determined with herself to do something very handsome in regard to Poland; and to gain glory, both with the enlightened philosophe classes and with her own proud heart, by her treatment of that intricate matter."

In the court of the czarina there was a very handsome young Pole, Stanislaus Poniatowski, who had been an acknowledged lover of Catherine. Though Catherine had laid him aside for other favorites, she still regarded him with tender feelings. He was just the man to do her bidding. By skillful diplomacy she caused him to be elected king of Poland. That kingdom was now entirely in her hands, so far as it was in the power of its monarch to place it there.

This, however, stirred up great strife in Poland. The nobles were roused. Scenes of con-

[1] *Œuvres Posthumes de D'Alembert*, i. 197, cited by CARLYLE, vi. 283.

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fusion ensued. The realm was plunged into a state of anarchy. Frederick, being in cordial co-operation with the czarina in all her measures, instructed his minister in Warsaw to follow her policy in every particular. It has generally been supposed that Frederick was the first to propose the banditti division of the kingdom of Poland between Prussia, Russia, and Austria by means of their united armies. This is not certain. But, whoever may have at first made the suggestion, it is very certain that Frederick cordially and efficiently embarked in the enterprise.[1]

Poniatowski was elected king of Poland on the 7th of September, 1764, and crowned on the 25th of November. He was then thirty-two years of age, and the scarcely disguised agent of Catherine. Two or three years passed of wars and rebellions, and all the usual tumult of this tumultuous world. In August, 1765, the emperor Francis died. He was at Innsprück attending the marriage festivities of his second son, Leopold. About nine o'clock in the evening of the 18th, while sauntering through the rooms in the midst of the brilliant gala, he was struck with apoplexy. He staggered for a moment, fell into the hands of his son Joseph, and instantly died.

Joseph, the oldest son of Maria Theresa and Francis, by the will of his mother became emperor. But Maria Theresa still swayed the sceptre of imperial power, through the hands of her son, as she had formerly done through the hands of her amiable and pliant husband. The young emperor was fond of traveling. He visited all the battle-fields of the Seven Years' War, and put up many monuments. Through his minister at Berlin he expressed his particular desire to make the acquaintance of Frederick. The interview took place at Neisse on the 25th of August, 1769. His majesty received the young emperor on the grand staircase of the palace, where they cordially embraced each other.

"Now are my wishes fulfilled," said the emperor, "since I have the honor to embrace the greatest of kings and soldiers."

"I look upon this day," the king replied, "as the fairest of my life; for it will become the epoch of uniting two houses which have been enemies too long, and whose mutual interests require that they should strengthen, not weaken, one another."

There were dinner-parties and military reviews and operas to beguile the time. The interview lasted three days. The king and the emperor often walked out arm in arm. Frederick wrote:

"The emperor has a frankness of manner which seems natural to him. In his amiable character gayety and great vivacity are prominent features."

Under cover of these festivities important political matters were discussed. The question of the partition of Poland arose, and arrangements were made for another interview. Soon after this Frederick sent to Catherine a sketch of a plan for partitioning several provinces in Poland—Russia, Prussia, and Austria each taking a share. "To which Petersburg, intoxicated with its own outlooks on Turkey, paid not the least attention."[1] The second interview, of five days, commenced on the 3d of September, 1770, at Neustadt, near Austerlitz, which has since become so famous.

The prince De Ligne, in a long letter to Stanislaus, king of Poland, gives an interesting account of several conversations which ensued. In this narrative he writes:

"I forget how the conversation changed. But I know that it grew so free that, seeing somebody coming to join in it, the king warned him to take care, saying that it was not safe to converse with a man doomed by the theologians to everlasting fire. I felt as if he somewhat overdid this of his 'being doomed,' and that he boasted too much of it. Not to hint at the dishonesty of these free-thinking gentlemen, who very often are thoroughly afraid of the devil, it is at least bad taste to make display of such things. And it was with the people of bad taste whom he had about him, and some dull skeptics of his own academy, that he had acquired the habit of mocking at religion."

The king was not a little vain of the keen thrusts he could occasionally give the clergy. In a letter to Marie-Antoine, electress of Saxony, dated Potsdam, May 3, 1768, he, with much apparent complacency, records the following witty achievement:

"It is a pity for the human race, madam, that men never can be tranquil. But they never can be any where. Even the little town of Neufchâtel has had its troubles. Your royal highness will be astonished to learn how. A parson there had set forth in a sermon that, considering the immense mercy of God, the pains of hell could not last forever. The synod shouted murder at such scandal, and has been struggling ever since to get the parson exterminated. The affair was of my jurisdiction, for your royal highness must know that I am pope in that country. Here is my decision:

"'Let the parsons who make for themselves a cruel and barbarous God be eternally damned, as they desire and deserve. And let those parsons who conceive God gentle and merciful enjoy the plenitude of his mercy.'

"However, madam, my sentence has failed to calm the minds. The schism continues. And the number of damnatory theologians prevails over the others."[2]

The king could be very courteous. He gave a dinner-party, at which general Loudon, one of the most efficient of the Austrian generals, and who had often been successfully opposed

[1] *Histoire ou Anecdotes sur la Révolution de Russie en l'année 1762, par M. Rulhière.*

[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 26.

[2] *Correspondance avec l'Electrice Marie-Antoine.*

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to Frederick, was a guest. As he entered the king said:

"General Loudon, take a seat by my side. I had much rather have you with me than opposite me." *Mettez vous auprès de moi. J'aime mieux vous avoir à côté de moi que vis-à-vis.*[1]

Catherine was at this time engaged vigorously in a war with the Turks. Frederick, by his treaty with the czarina, was compelled to assist her. This ambitious woman, endowed with extraordinary powers, was pushing her conquests toward Constantinople, having formed the resolve to annex that imperial city to the empire, and thus to open through the straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles new avenues for Russian commerce.

Count Von Kaunitz, an able but proud and self-conceited man, was prime minister of the emperor of Germany. His commanding mind exerted quite a controlling influence over his imperial master. Kaunitz records the following conversation as having taken place at this interview between himself and Frederick:[2]

"These Russian encroachments upon the Turk," said Kaunitz, "are dangerous to the repose of Europe. His imperial majesty can never consent that Russia should possess the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia. He will much rather go to war. These views of Russia are infinitely dangerous to every body. They are as dangerous to your majesty as to others. I can conceive of no remedy against them but this. Prussia and Austria must join frankly in protest and absolute prohibition of them."

"I have nothing more at heart," Frederick replied, "than to stand well with Austria. I wish always to be her ally, never her enemy. But the prince sees how I am situated. Bound by express treaty with her czarish majesty, I must go with Russia in any war. I will do every thing in my power to conciliate her majesty with the emperor—to secure such a peace at St. Petersburg as may meet the wishes of Vienna."[3]

Singularly enough the very next day Frederick received an express from the Divan requesting him, with the aid of Austria, to mediate peace with Russia. The Turks had encountered such reverses that they were anxious to sheathe the sword. Frederick with great joy undertook the mediation. But he found the mediation far more difficult than he had imagined. Catherine and Maria Theresa, so totally different in character, entertained a rooted aversion to each other. The complications were so great that month after month the deliberations were continued unavailingly. Maria Theresa was unrelentingly opposed to the advance of Russia upon Constantinople.

Thus originated with the empress Catherine, one hundred years ago, the idea of driving the Turks out of Europe, and of annexing Constantinople to her majestic empire. From that time until now the question has been increasingly agitating the courts of Europe. Every day now the "Eastern Question" is assuming greater importance. The accompanying map very clearly shows the commanding position of Constantinople, and the immense strength, both in a military and a commercial point of view, it would give to the Russian empire.

Meneval, private secretary of Napoleon I., records that, in one of the interviews of the emperor with Alexander, the czar offered to co-operate with Napoleon in all his plans, if the emperor would consent that Russia should take Constantinople. The French emperor replied, after a moment's hesitation:

"Constantinople! never. It is the empire of the world."

There can be but little doubt, however, that the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles will ere long be in the hands of Russia. "I know that I or my successors," said the czar Nicholas, "must have Constantinople. You might as well arrest a stream in its descent from a mountain as the Russians in their advance to the Hellespont."[1]

There was a famine in Poland, and the famine was followed by pestilence. A general state of tumult and discord ensued. Maria Theresa had gathered a large army on the frontiers of Hungary to watch the designs of Russia upon Turkey. Availing herself of this disturbed state of Poland, Maria Theresa marched her troops into one of its provinces called Zips, which had once belonged to Hungary, and quietly extended her boundaries around the acquisition. Catherine was much exasperated by the measure.

The czarina had, about that time, invited prince Henry, the warlike brother of Frederick, to visit her. They had met as children when the czarina was daughter of the commandant at Stettin. Henry was received with an extraordinary display of imperial magnificence. In the midst of this routine of feasting, balls, and masquerades Catherine one day said to Henry, with much pique, referring to these encroachments on the part of Maria Theresa:

"It seems that in Poland the Austrians have only to stoop and pick up what they like. If the court of Vienna has the intention to dismember that kingdom, its neighbors will have the right to take their share."[2]

Frederick caught eagerly at the suggestion, as the remark was reported to him by his brother. He drew up a new plan of partition, which he urged with all his powers of address upon

[1] Pezzl. *Vie de Loudon*, ii. 29.

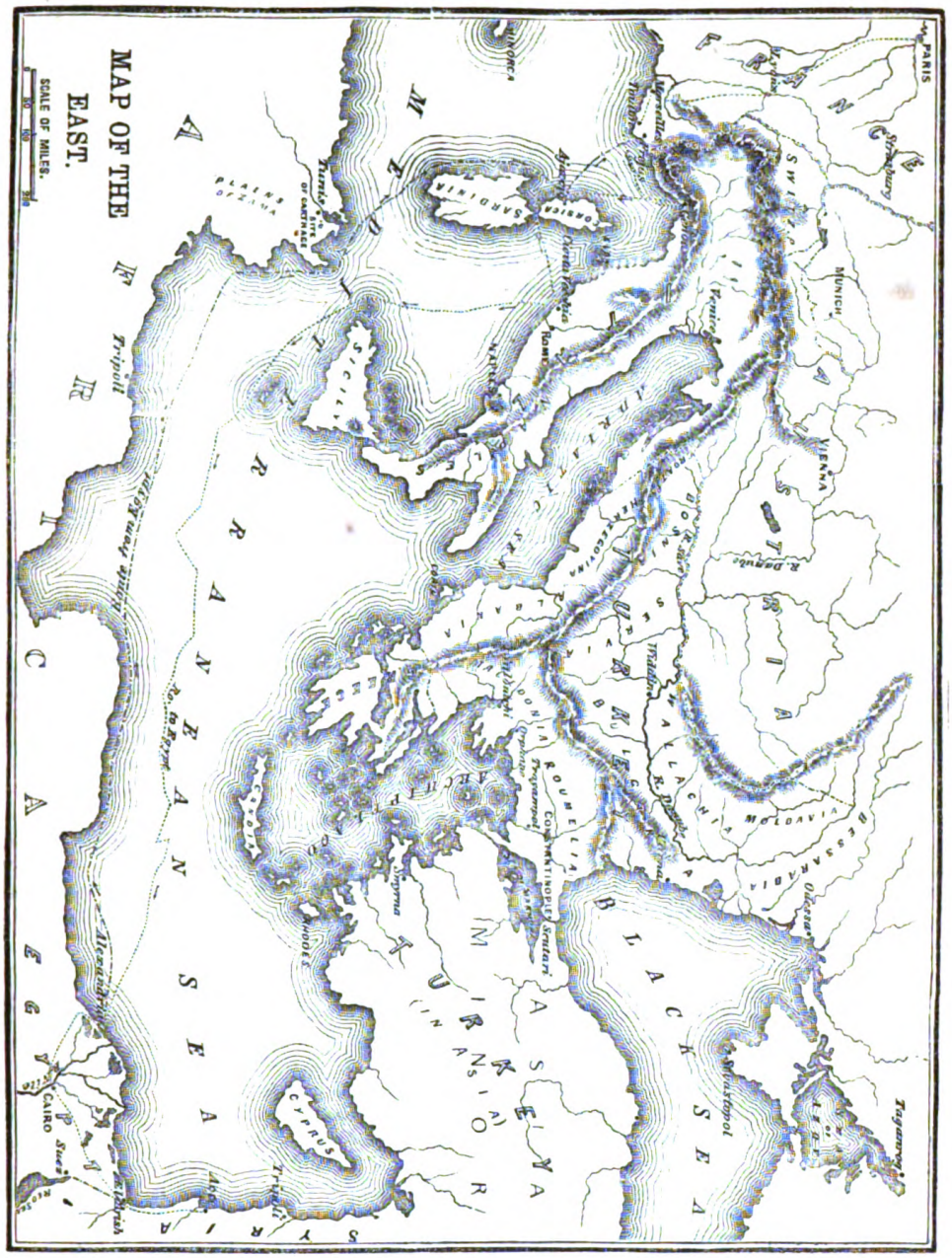
[2] "Kaunitz," writes Frederick, "had a clear intellect, greatly twisted by perversities of temper, especially by a self-conceit and arrogance which were boundless. He did not talk, but preach. At the smallest interruption he would stop short in indignant surprise. It has happened that at the council board in Schönbrunn, when her imperial majesty has asked some explanation of a word or thing not understood by her, Kaunitz made his bow and quitted the room."

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 30.

[1] Schnitzler, ii. 247.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 345.

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both Russia and Austria. The conscience of Maria Theresa was strongly opposed to the deed. Catherine and Kaunitz were very greedy in their demands. Circumstances assumed such an aspect that it was very difficult for Maria Theresa to oppose the measure. At length, through the extraordinary efforts of Frederick, on the 5th of August, 1772, the following agreement was adopted:

Russia took 87,500 square miles. Austria received 62,500. The share which fell to Frederick was but 9456 square miles. Small in respect to territory as was Frederick's share, it was regarded, in consequence of its position and the nature of the country, equally valuable with the other portions.

"Frederick's share," writes Mr. Carlyle, "as an anciently Teutonic country, and as filling up the always dangerous gap between his Ost Prussen and him, has, under Prussian administration, proved much the most valuable of the three; and, next to Silesia, is Frederick's most important acquisition."

In carrying out these measures of partition, which the world has usually regarded as one of the most atrocious acts of robbery on record, resort was had both to bribery and force. The king of Poland was the obsequious servant of

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Catherine. A common fund was raised by the three powers to bribe the members of the Polish diet. Each of the confederate powers also sent an army to the Polish frontiers, ready to unite and crush the distracted people should there be any forcible resistance. Thus the deed was accomplished.

Maria Theresa was a devout woman, governed by stern convictions of duty. Her moral nature recoiled from this atrocious act. But she felt driven to it by the pressure brought upon her by her own cabinet, her powerful and arrogant prime minister, and by the courts of Prussia and Russia. While, therefore, very reluctantly giving her assent to the measure, she issued the following extraordinary document:

"When all my lands were invaded, and I knew not where in the world to be brought to bed in, I relied on my good right and the help of God. But in this thing, where not only public law cries to Heaven against us, but also all natural justice and sound reason, I must confess never in my life to have been in such trouble, and I am ashamed to show my face. Let the prince (Kaunitz) consider what an example we are giving to all the world, if, for a miserable piece of Poland, or of Moldavia, or Wallachia, we throw our honor and reputation to the winds. I see well that I am alone, and no more in vigor. Therefore I must, though to my very great sorrow, let things take their course."[1]

A few days afterward, in an official document, she writes: "I consent, since so many great and learned men will have it so. But long after I am dead, it will be known what this violating of all that was hitherto held sacred and just will give rise to."[2]

Frederick had cultivated a supreme indifference to public opinion. Not believing in any God, in any future retribution, or in any immortality, and regarding men merely as the insects of an hour, like the myriad polyps which, beneath the ocean, rear their stupendous structures and perish, his sense of right and wrong must necessarily have been very different from that which a believer in the Christian faith is accustomed to cherish. In allusion to this subject, he writes:

"A new career came to open itself to me. And one must have been either without address or buried in stupidity not to have profited by an opportunity so advantageous. I seized this unexpected opportunity by the forelock. By dint of negotiating and intriguing I succeeded in indemnifying our monarchy for its past losses, by incorporating Polish Prussia with my old provinces. This acquisition was one of the most important we could make, because it joined Pommern to East Prussia, and because, rendering us masters of the Weichsel River, we gained the double advantage of being able to defend that kingdom (East Prussia), and to draw considerable tolls from the Weichsel, as all the trade of Poland goes by that river."

The region thus annexed to Prussia was in a deplorable state of destitution and wretchedness. Most of the towns were in ruins. War had so desolated the land that thousands of the people were living in the cellars of their demolished houses.

"The country people hardly knew such a thing as bread. Many had never tasted such a delicacy. Few villages possessed an oven. A weaving-loom was rare; a spinning-wheel unknown. The main article of furniture, in this bare scene of squalor, was a crucifix and a vessel of holy-water under it. It was a desolate land, without discipline, without law, without a master. On nine thousand English square miles lived five hundred thousand souls—not fifty-five to the square mile."[1]

With extraordinary energy and sagacity Frederick set about developing the resources of his new acquisition. Houses were built. Villages rose as by magic. Marshes were drained. Emigrants, in large numbers, mechanics and farmers, were transported to the new lands. Canals were dug. Roads were improved, and new ones opened. One hundred and eighty-seven schoolmasters were sent into the country. Every where there was plowing, ditching, building.

"As Frederick's seven years' struggle of war may be called superhuman, so was there also, in his present labor of peace, something enormous, which appeared to his contemporaries almost preternatural, at times inhuman. It was grand, but also terrible, that the success of the whole was to him, at all moments, the one thing to be striven after. The comfort of the individual was of no concern at all."[2]

The weal or woe of a single human polyp was, in the view of Frederick, entirely unimportant in comparison with the great enterprises he was ambitious of achieving. For this dismemberment of Poland Frederick was severely assailed in a book entitled "Polish Dialogues." In answer to a letter from Voltaire he wrote, under date of March 2, 1775:

"The 'Polish Dialogues' you speak of are not known to me. I think of such satires with Epictetus, 'If they tell any truth of thee, correct thyself. If they are lies, laugh at them.' I have learned, with years, to become a steady coach-horse. I do my stage like a diligent roadster, and pay no heed to the little dogs that will bark by the way."

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[1] HORMAYR, *Taschenbuch*, 1881, S. 66, cited by Dr. J. D. E. PREUSS, Historiographer of Brandenburg, in his life of *Friedrich der Grosse*, vol. iv. p. 38.

[2] PREUSS, iv. 39.

[1] G. FREYTAG, *Neue Bilder aus dem Leben des deutschen Volkes*, cited by CARLYLE, vol. vi. p. 378.

[2] FREYTAG, p. 397.

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JOHN EASTMAN'S COMPENSATION.

I.

IT was a gray, chilly evening in November. There was no snow upon the ground, but the fields and highways were frozen so hard that footsteps and carriage wheels rung as upon iron; and the leafless trees and the dead stalks of weeds shook and rattled in the biting easterly wind. A keen and cruel wind it was that came sweeping down over the wooded crest of the hill and blew sullenly across the farm of Deacon Follen. It was growing quite dark in the deacon's large barn; but still John Eastman, sitting among the cornstalks, was very busy giving the last touches to something he was making. John had faithfully attended to "the chores;" he had

> "Littered the stalls, and from the mows
> Raked down the herds-grass for the cows;"

had brought water from the well, heaped the wood-box with birch and maple, and carried in the milk-pails, foaming and full; and this last half hour of the fading light was his own, to devote to such occupations as his teeming boy brain might prompt him to.

Soon the last touch was given to his work, and he sprang up from his seat with a chuckle of delight, and a kick of the heels that evinced perfect satisfaction in the result of his labors. At that moment the heavy tramp of the deacon's old horse, and the rumble of his wagon wheels, sounded on the road; and, hastily hiding his work under an old barrel, John ran round to the house door to attend to the horse.

"You needn't take the harness off, John," said the deacon, as he stepped rather stiffly from his wagon. "I guess Miss Follen will want to go to meeting this evening."

So saying, he gathered up his numerous parcels from under the wagon seat, and walked into the comfortable and cheerful kitchen where supper was waiting, and whither John soon followed him.

The family consisted of four persons—the deacon and his wife, Huldah French, and John Eastman. The only children the good couple had ever had were lying in a lonely graveyard, on a bleak side-hill, two or three miles from the farm, where the cold night wind swept over the little mounds, and hissed through the dead stalks of the golden-rod with which the summer had tried to make the place look cheerful. But barren and neglected though their resting-place might be, their memory was green in the hearts of the deacon and his wife, and served to make their words gentle and their acts kind to the young orphan, John Eastman, who had lived with them for several years. The boy had no relatives and no friends when the kind old people took him home. And in return for all their kindness John had served them faithfully and well, doing promptly all that was asked of him, and thoughtful enough not to need asking when he saw what was wanted. He kept the otherwise quiet house lively with his boyish drollery and mischievous pranks. It must be admitted he was rather given to playing pranks; but they were always good-natured, and had never caused any serious mischief, only calling forth a grave "Why, John!" from gentle Mrs. Follen. Most of his pranks were played on Huldah French, who was a simple, credulous old soul, a firm believer in signs, dreams, and wonders, and in every species of hobgoblin. Many times in a day John might be seen running from the kitchen, with a very broad grin on his face, and in a moment after Huldah's shrill "Lord o' marcy!" would be heard within.

Huldah, like himself, was all alone in the world, and had been for many years, for she was by no means young. Her mother, who died when Huldah was quite a little girl, had been a feeble, helpless woman, and had belonged to that unfortunate class known as "town poor." The child had no kindred, and but few friends. She had lived about from place to place, sometimes kindly and sometimes harshly treated; as she grew older, earning a little here and there, but always saving with the utmost economy her scanty wages. The strongest feeling which she knew was her dread of some day becoming "town poor." To save herself from this she labored constantly; and her highest ambition was to be able to mark her mother's grave with what she called a "harnsome gravestun." For this object she lived and saved. Her earnings had at last reached the, to her, enormous sum of three hundred dollars; and on the November afternoon with which this story commences Deacon Follen had collected it all from various places, had brought it to her in clean, crisp bank-notes, and had counted it over for her two or three times, that she might be sure all her precious fortune was there. The next day he was to go to a neighboring town on business for himself, and had promised to take her money, and see it safely deposited in a bank. He offered to take charge of it for the night; but Huldah preferred to feel that her money was in her own keeping what time it was in the house. So, taking it to her own room, she rolled it carefully in a stocking, and hid it under a pile of dried herbs on the shelf of the closet. She had a feeling that it was necessary to conceal it with care, lest a house with such a hoard in it should be entered by burglars before morning.

The comfortable supper was over, and Mrs. Follen, assisted by Huldah, was preparing for her ride to the evening meeting at the village. While they were thus occupied John had slipped out of the house, and, running to the barn, overturned the old barrel, and took from it a large pumpkin, on the side of which he had carved a hideous, grinning face. With this he hastened back to the house, and watching his opportunity when Mrs. Follen and Huldah were out of the kitchen for a moment, he snatched a lighted candle, and ran up the back stairs to

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Huldah's chamber. Softly closing the door, he proceeded to place the candle in the pumpkin, and then set the whole on the shelf of the closet. Knowing well it was Huldah's habit to look into the closet and under the bed before she ventured to go to sleep, he had reckoned on a great deal of fun when she should discover the frightful goblin.

Fearing lest his absence might be observed, he hastily pushed his pumpkin into place, without noticing that one side rested on the bundles of dried herbs, only stopping to give one chuckle of delight, as he fancied Huldah's fright when she should discover the monster, before he ran down again to the kitchen. Laugh your merriest now, John Eastman, and rub your hands in glee! It will be many a long day before you will laugh like that again.

When he got down to the door the deacon and Mrs. Follen were just driving away. John helped Huldah to clear away the supper things, and then both sat down before the great open fire to pare apples. John contrived, by a few skillful questions and remarks, to set Huldah talking of all manner of fearful adventures and supernatural appearances, in order to get her thoroughly nervous before she went to bed. In this way they worked and talked for nearly an hour; and John was beginning to feel anxious lest his candle should burn out before Mr. and Mrs. Follen came back, and Huldah was ready to go up stairs. Suddenly Huldah looked up and said:

"Don't sit so nigh to the fire, John. You are scorchin' your trowsers."

John moved back, but declared he was not scorching. Presently Huldah raised her head again, with a prolonged sniff, exclaiming, "Suthin *is* burnin', for I smell smoke."

Then, for the first time, John, too, perceived the choking smell of smoke; and comprehending at once what it might be, he sprang up, and, with a white, scared face, hurried to the stairway door. As he flung it open a blinding, suffocating cloud of smoke rushed down the narrow staircase, and filled the kitchen in an instant. Above him was the dull glare and the fearful snap and crackle of flame. Huldah's first thought was of her precious money, and with one shrill scream she rushed up stairs and disappeared into the gloom above. John sprang after to draw her back, just in time to see her fall headlong into her own room, which seemed to him to be like a blazing furnace. Blinded and almost suffocated with the smoke, it was a moment before he could grope his way to her; and, when he found her, his strength was scarcely sufficient to carry her down stairs and into the open air. She was quite insensible, and her clothes were already on fire. Poor John with the greatest difficulty extinguished the flames; but he saw she was badly burned, and he thought she must be dead.

In his terror at the condition of Huldah he forgot, for the time, the burning house; and, when he did make an effort to save some of its contents, he found that the opened doors had caused the fire to spread so furiously as to make it impossible to enter, and all he could do was to run to the barn and let loose the cattle. There were no neighbors nearer than half a mile, and he knew it was of no use to call for assistance, even if he had dared leave Huldah to go for it. But soon the flames, bursting through the roof, were visible from the surrounding farms, and many of the neighbors came hurrying to the spot. But it was too late to save any thing; and when, soon after, the deacon and his wife came driving along the road, at a fearful pace for the stiff old horse, it was to find nothing left of the comfortable home where they had hoped to spend the remainder of their days but a pile of blazing timbers. The barn, with its well-filled mows, and the ample granaries, where the wealth of the farm was stored, were gone like the rest. The little group of neighbors and friends who stood around were powerless to stay the fire; they could only look on helplessly while it did its work, uttering surmises and asking innumerable questions as to how the fire originated, but too much excited to observe that they were none of them answered.

In the mean time poor Huldah had been restored to consciousness, but she could give no account of what had happened. She was suffering intensely from her burns; and they made haste to get her away to a place where she could be properly cared for, and carried off the houseless old couple to the shelter of a neighbor's roof for the night. In the general excitement no one remembered John Eastman, and he was only too glad to be forgotten. When the others were all gone he sat down on the frozen ground and leaned against an old apple-tree. He was sick with the thought of the misery he had caused, and chilled to the core by the bleak night wind; but he could not bring himself to seek warmth from the burning embers of the house he had destroyed. So there he sat through the long November night, his white face resting in his hands, and his eyes, once so laughing and merry, set with a dull, fixed stare on the ruin his hand had wrought. He knew it must be his work, for no one but himself had been in the chambers; but how it happened that his candle had come in contact with any thing but the inside of the pumpkin was a mystery. He could only suppose that in his haste he had not set the thing firmly on the shelf, and that some jar—perhaps the slamming of a door or window from the high wind that was blowing—had sent it rolling over, and the candle, falling out, had set fire to the dry bunches of tansy and thorough-wort with which Huldah's shelves were covered.

When the morning broke, dull and gray, John rose from his sitting posture, and walked up and down the familiar paths. One would hardly recognize him as the same lad who sat cutting cornstalks a few hours before; and indeed he was not the same. That was a merry, light-hearted boy, with scarcely three sober thoughts

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in a year; but this one was sober enough, and it seemed to him that he should never laugh again. During the night he had made a firm resolve that, come what might, the old people should have their home again, and that he would pay them back, with interest, every dollar they had lost through him, though, perhaps, he had little conception of the magnitude of such a task.

As the morning advanced, curious neighbors began to arrive, and walk around the ruins, with many speculations as to the origin of the fire. By-and-by Deacon Follen was seen approaching, moving slowly, and with little of his usual vigor. He looked as if ten years had been added to his age during the night. When he saw John he greeted him with a poor attempt at cheerfulness.

"This is a pretty bad business, ain't it, John?" said he. "I don't know what you will do now, my boy. You will have to make some kind of a shift to get another place. I hain't got no home to offer you now—I hain't got none for my old woman and myself."

His voice shook a little, and he turned away that none might see the working of his face. This was almost too much for John. If the kind old man had really heaped red-hot coals from the crumbling hearth-stone on his head he could have borne it better. He answered never a word, but slipped behind the great gate post, and stood quite out of sight. Presently he heard Deacon Follen and his brother-in-law, Mr. Smith, talking on the other side of the gate, and could not well avoid hearing what they said.

"It ain't no use talking," said the deacon; "there is nothing left but the land. I never had no great luck farming—and then we have had, first and last, a sight of sickness, that has cost money. Not that I begrudge any thing I have spent for mother and the children; but it has kept me from laying up any thing. It is only two years ago I finished paying for this farm; and mother and I calculated that, if we had our health, we could lay by enough to take care of us. But we are getting along in years, and it is pretty hard to begin all over again. And there is Huldah," he continued, after a pause. "She had been savin' up her wages for quite a spell, and she had all her money in the house last night, so that is gone with the rest. I expect she'll have to come on the town after all, for she can't earn no more now."

To all this John listened with feelings which can not be described. He was nearly crushed by the thought of all the trouble he had caused to these people, who had been so kind to him. After a moment of silence the men spoke again.

"I can't imagine how it took," said the brother.

"It must have been the chimney," the deacon answered. "I supposed it was all tight, but I can't see where else it could have caught. Huldah says they didn't go up stairs with a light at all. It is a great mystery."

This was a hard moment for John. It had never occurred to him that he might avoid telling what he knew; but now he saw that no one suspected his agency in the misfortune, or need to know of it unless he chose to tell. The temptation was strong for a moment, but he soon said to himself: "No, no; they are pitying me because I am turned out of house and home, and I can't bear it. I shall feel so awful mean." And moving quickly, lest his courage should fail him, he appeared in front of the two men, saying, in a husky voice, "I expect I know how it was, Deacon Follen." And then, brokenly, and with many hesitations, he told the whole story.

Deacon Follen listened in utter amazement, and, when the boy had finished, turned from him and walked away without a word, a cold, hard look in his eyes, and his lips set firmly together. He would not speak lest, in his excitement, he should be betrayed into what he considered unchristian anger. But Mr. Smith was restrained by no such considerations; and he broke out into the most violent accusations, upbraiding John for ingratitude, making it appear to the poor boy that he had been guilty of the worst conceivable crime; and finally declaring that he should be sent to the State prison if there was law in the land. When his rage had spent itself he stumped angrily away, leaving John even more crushed and miserable than he had been before.

He was leaning against the gate, sobbing in the very abandonment of grief, when a young man of the neighborhood came up, and, seeing his distress, questioned him kindly until he drew from him the whole story of his trouble. He was sorry for the boy, and told him to come home with him and have some breakfast, and they would talk the matter over. John went, somewhat reluctantly, but was glad to find himself beside a comfortable fire, and felt very grateful for the kindness shown him by Andrew Mason and his pretty young wife. They soothed and cheered him, sympathizing warmly in his purpose to make restitution to the old couple, though with, perhaps, not much faith in his ever accomplishing any thing of the kind. They advised him to go to some larger town, and endeavor to find employment, as, at that season of the year, no one would want him on a farm; and, moreover, people where he was known might not feel disposed to trust him at first—not until the excitement of this misfortune had a little passed away. Andrew said he would himself carry him as far as the next town on the following day.

The next morning they set out early. They had not proceeded far before they met Deacon Follen. He was walking with his head bent down, and did not see who was coming until they stopped beside him. Then, raising his head, he recognized John, and immediately quickened his steps. But John called after him, though rather tremulously, and the old man stopped.

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"I suppose," the boy began, "it ain't much use saying of it, but I wanted to tell you that I feel dreadful sorry for what I've done; and some time—"

"No doubt, no doubt; but that don't do me much good now," answered the deacon, hastily, beginning to move on.

John made a second effort. "I hope your folks won't think I meant to do it."

But the deacon interrupted him again:

"No, no; I don't suppose you meant to do it; but I would rather not talk with you about it." And with that he moved away.

John rode on for some minutes in silence. After a while he said, "I did want to ask him not to lay up any thing against me; but I suppose he can't help it."

"Well," said his companion, "most likely he will feel rather hard toward you for a spell; but the deacon is a pretty fair man; I guess he won't hold a grudge against you always."

And with this rather feeble consolation John Eastman went his way, and the little town of Meadowbrook saw him no more for years.

Deacon Follen also went his way, striving with difficulty to keep down the hard, angry feeling which would rise against the boy who had injured him so much, but which the good man felt to be unchristian, nevertheless. In the course of a few months, with the help of his sympathizing neighbors, he had built a new house; but it was small and poor, and very little like the comfortable one he had lost. To build even this he was obliged to encumber his farm again with debt; and now he was more than ever before in his life a poor man. He had lost not only much of his wordly means, but his courage also. He was past the prime of life, and his health was broken; and the prospect of himself and his wife passing the rest of their days in poverty and toil was a gloomy one.

But hard as their case was, that of poor Huldah French was even more unfortunate. In one hour all the product of years of hard labor had vanished; and in the vain effort to save it she had lost what was much more than money, her good, strong hand. She was so badly burned that her right hand had to be amputated, and its loss rendered her helpless. Mr. and Mrs. Follen were not in a situation to keep her, as they would have been glad to do; and though there were many kind people who pitied her, there were none who were able to take upon themselves the burden of her support. So that fate which she had dreaded so much, and striven so long and hard to avert, had come upon her at last. Huldah was "town poor!"

II.

Years went by, and John Eastman had grown to manhood. All the experiences of those years it is not necessary to tell; suffice it to say that they were spent in unremitting labor. When he first parted from his friend Andrew Mason, that cold, melancholy morning after the fire, he was full of courage, believing, like many a boy, that if he could go to some large town the way to fortune was easy. He imagined that five years, at most, would be sufficient to accomplish all he desired. But his actual experience was harder. He found it very difficult during that winter to obtain employment of any kind; and often he was hungry, cold, and wretched; but still he persevered. His merry blue eyes had grown sober and thoughtful; and his lips, once so ready to laugh, were grave and firm. He had worked at almost every thing, sometimes in town, and sometimes in the country, but always saving with scrupulous care every penny of his earnings, until he had come to be regarded by his acquaintances as almost mean. But his unfailing good-nature, his perfect probity, and real kindness of heart won him many friends.

More than twice five years had passed, and still he had not succeeded in saving enough to carry out the resolution he had formed on leaving Meadowbrook. His friend Andrew Mason sent him letters at long intervals, informing him how matters stood with the people there. It was noticeable that after the arrival of one of these letters he was more grave than usual for a long time. No one of his new friends knew any thing of his past, for he had always maintained entire silence on that subject. He was by degrees obtaining a certain position in the community where he had finally settled, and was considered a steady and reliable young man. He was respected by the elders, and looked upon as a safe companion for their sons, and a desirable one for their daughters. By the young people he was generally liked, though they were inclined to think him a little plodding.

But there was one among them who could see nothing but excellence in all his ways; and that one was pretty Esther Sampson. And Esther's bright eyes, red cheeks, and sweetly smiling mouth were very attractive to John. She was a general favorite, and had numerous admirers, though she had little beyond a merry laugh for any of them. It was perfectly plain to all but himself that she preferred John Eastman's scanty attentions to all their devotion. As for John, he dared not trust himself in her presence too much. He knew that he could not marry and discharge the great debt he owed to Mr. and Mrs. Follen and poor Huldah. His life was not his own; he could not share it with any woman. He had thought that he should never wish to marry—that it would be perfectly easy to devote his life to the self-imposed task of making restitution to those he had unintentionally injured. But now he began to feel how hard it might be to hold to his resolution, to do what he considered his duty. The years were slipping by him. He was approaching thirty, and he felt twice that age. Still life looked very long before him, and lonely; and of late visions of what it might be with Esther by his side had haunted not only his

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waking, but his sleeping hours. In fact, he loved her with all the strength of his great, loving heart. He was not of a quick or ardent temper; his feelings were not easily moved; but when any emotion took possession of him it had all the force of his slow, concentrated nature. The struggle was all the more severe because he believed, from certain faint indications quite consistent with maidenly reserve, that Esther would have listened favorably to his suit had he been free to press it. He had seen her color change and her bright eyes grow brighter at his approach; and there were looks and tones of hers which he remembered with a yearning thrill at his heart, that was almost too much for his resolution to master. How could he give her up? His lonely heart, denied the love of parents and of kindred, was hungry for the love of wife and child. It was hard—almost harder than he could bear.

And Esther! Esther had thought she could not be mistaken in believing that John Eastman cared for her, though he had said no word, and his attentions were only such as from a gayer man would have had no meaning at all. But time went by, and the avowal which she had begun to look for was not made, and she and John scarcely ever met now. She even fancied that he avoided her, and her pride rose. She was merry and bright as ever when with her friends, but in secret I fear that she shed some tears. Many times she said to herself, "Why should I spend a thought on a man who never cared for me?" but she did not find it quite an easy task to school herself to indifference.

And so matters stood when John was thirty. Fifteen years had gone by since he left Meadowbrook, and he began now to think he might return. He had been successful in business; he was even what is called rich in such modest communities as that in which he lived. And now it was that he was called on to face the greatest temptation of his life. He knew that he could go back to Meadowbrook, and restore to the old people all that his boyish mischief had robbed them of. But, if he did so, he must resign all thought of Esther Sampson—Esther who, he was sure, might be his. He believed that she loved him; could it be his duty to turn his back on so much happiness? Why should he not think of himself as well as others? He had never known any thing but hardship all his life. He had never had any one who belonged to him, to make his life like other men's; and now that this great blessing was within his reach, surely he would be excusable if he took it to himself. And if Esther liked him, as he was sure she did, had he any right to cause her distress for the sake of some old people who, he tried to think, had no actual claim on him?

Days and nights he spent in battling with the strong temptation; and I know not how the struggle might have ended but for a letter which he received about that time from Andrew Mason. Andrew spoke of old Mr. and Mrs. Follen; told how feeble they were growing; that they had never been able to rid themselves of debt; and that every year seemed to see them growing poorer. The old man was crippled with rheumatism; and Andrew hardly saw how they were to get through another hard winter.

This letter ended John's hesitation. Fearing lest his resolution might be again shaken, he, with a haste which surprised his friends, settled up his affairs and went away, saying nothing to any one of why or where he went, but allowing it to be understood that he did not intend to return.

Perhaps it was rather a hard blow to Esther; but if she was disappointed, she had quite too much spirit to allow the fact to be seen. She was a sensible girl, too. She reflected that John had never given her any reason to suppose that he preferred her, though she had certainly felt very sure that he did. If she had deceived herself, she had no right to blame him; and she was not going to pine for a man who plainly did not care for her. So she set herself resolutely to the task of forgetting him, and by degrees overcame whatever of disappointment she may have felt. And when, a year after, handsome Ezra Walton offered her his hand and heart and farm, she accepted the whole, and became a happy, cheerful wife, remembering John Eastman kindly, and perhaps a little tenderly, but without sadness or regret.

John went to Meadowbrook. The fifteen years which had elapsed since he had left it had made many changes; yet he found much that was familiar in place and people. Most of the neighbors remembered him, and regarded him with a kind of surprised curiosity. His return was an event in the little community. Every body wondered where he had been, and what he had been doing, but, most of all, what he would do. By Mr. and Mrs. Follen he was received with some surprise, but with perfect kindness and cordiality. If they had ever cherished hard feelings toward him, it was only for a time. They had come to regard him as only an instrument in God's hand, and accepted the misfortune which he had brought upon them in the same spirit of patience with which they had borne all the other trials of life. John had some difficulty in making them understand his wishes in regard to themselves, and the purpose which had brought him back. He would pay off the debt upon their farm, rebuild the house as good as it was before, and come, if they would let him, and live with them, to lift from them the burden of labor, and take care of them in their old age. They were quite overcome by what seemed to them an unheard-of generosity on his part, and it was a long time before they would consent to any such arrangement. But John urged that this was what he had been working for all his life, and that he could not be disappointed now. His fast friend, Andrew Mason, helped him with ready tongue

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to bring the old people to his way of thinking; and at last, yielding one point at a time, they came to give up all to him, and really seemed happy in so doing. The deacon found it very comfortable to be able to sit down and rest for an hour or two in the middle of the day, and to feel that the farm-work was still going forward. Mrs. Follen had always liked John, and it was pleasant to have his good-humored face about the house again, and to see him relieving with more youthful vigor her toil-worn husband. His thoughtful care for herself was very grateful to the childless woman, and it was not long before both the kind old people loved him like a son.

The work of rebuilding the house was pushed forward rapidly, the wishes of the deacon and his wife being consulted in all its appointments. When all was completed the services of a strong-armed woman were secured to relieve Mrs. Follen; and in a cheerful room, which had been finished expressly for her use, poor old Huldah French was installed, more proud and happy than any crowned queen.

A more comfortable or peaceful household it were hard to find. The deacon and his wife felt that they could now pass the evening of their lives resting with folded hands, after the labor of the long day. John entered upon his new life with energy and real interest. After the farm was paid for and stocked, the house rebuilt, and Huldah provided for, he found he had very little left; but he had strength and courage, and soon made the broad fields begin to yield back what they had cost. He enjoyed the accomplishment of his long-cherished plans, the affectionate regard of the old people, the hearty friendship of the Masons, and the respect and esteem of the towns-folk, among whom he was held in the highest honor. Sometimes, indeed, he could but remember all that he had left behind him, and what he had given up; and then the gravity which had become habitual with him would deepen into sadness; but, in general, the same strength which had enabled him to make the sacrifice helped him to bear with cheerfulness all that it cost. Frequently he was joked in a clumsy way by his acquaintances about his bachelor condition, and Mrs. Follen would sometimes speak of the time when he would bring a wife to the farm; but he turned them off with some droll answer, and they little knew what a sore heart they touched, or what heavy pain and longing their careless words left behind. But Time, the blessed healer, brought to him the balm he has for all our griefs; and constant occupation helped him in his efforts to put sorrowful thoughts aside. When, in the second year of his new life, he heard of Esther Sampson's marriage, he felt, it must be confessed, a sharp twinge of jealous pain. But it was not for long. The generous part of his nature soon gained the ascendency, and he was able to admit that things had turned out for the best, and to find an unselfish pleasure in the reflection that Esther, after all, had not cared too much for him—that her life had not been blighted by the misfortune that had fallen upon his. So, with such alleviations, his wound gradually healed; the old scar even ceased to sting with painful remembrances; and that placid content which is the next best thing to keen enjoyment settled upon his life.

If there was one of that happy family at the Follen farm more filled with blessedness than all the rest, that one was Huldah French. Immediately after John's return he had sought out Huldah, and paid into her hand her lamented three hundred dollars, with the accumulated interest of fifteen years. It made a sum that completely astonished her; and the poor soul really did not know what to do with it. But some of her friends undertook to see it well invested, and she gave up all care of it, thoroughly satisfied with the idea that she possessed money, and was independent. At the suggestion of Mrs. Follen John brought her to the farm to live, and now, indeed, her days were golden. Her wants were simple, her pleasures few; but they were all provided for. She could be quite useful, even with her one hand, and she liked to think herself indispensable in the *ménage*. In winter she had always the warmest seat by the open fire; and in summer she would sit for hours in the sunny porch, watching the chickens and young turkeys, smoking her pipe and reading her hymn-book—the only book, besides the Bible, she was ever known to read. She was very pious, and always went to meeting twice on Sunday, and to all the prayer-meetings in the neighborhood. She was fond of visiting, too, and was always kindly welcomed wherever she went. It was a pleasant sight to see her moving along the highway, or across the fields to some neighbor's house, arrayed in her best gown—a well-preserved "pongee" of a sober stone-color—a scarlet crape shawl pinned carefully over her square shoulders, and her gray hair combed smoothly back under a large bonnet of bright green silk. It was long before the days of crinoline; and her narrow skirt hung straight down, revealing her large feet, incased in white stockings and shoes of shining morocco leather, which gave forth as she walked a placid and most respectable creak. But better than all she liked to roam away over fields and through woods, in search of berries and herbs. However wide the circuit she made, she never came home without visiting the lonely little graveyard on the hill. I am not prepared to say what her meditations were like while there; but, whether sweet, or sad, or solemn, I suspect they were mingled with a certain innocent pride as she contemplated the tall white head-stone that marked her mother's grave. For that long-desired happiness was attained at last; and above poor Deborah French's dust stood a stone as white and every inch as tall as those which told where rested the two wives of Squire Peabody, the richest man in Meadowbrook.

So, filled with labor, but also with peace, ten

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years went smoothly by, and John Eastman was forty. His thick brown locks showed here and there a thread of silver, and he began to have a little difficulty in reading his newspaper in the evening if the print was fine. His form was still erect and vigorous as ever, but perhaps hard labor was beginning to tell upon him slightly. His hard work told upon his farm, too; and he was esteemed "well-to-do" by his neighbors. He always regarded every thing as the deacon's property; but every body knew that, as the latter had no kindred who could possibly stand before John in his regard, all that was held in his name would be given to that son of his heart. He used to say, "I hain't exactly adopted John. I kind o' think he has adopted me and the old lady." However it might be, he was quite satisfied.

John was still unmarried, and when joked about it declared he meant to marry Huldah when she was old enough; there was no need for a young fellow like him to be in a hurry. He had reached the age when very young women overlooked him as undesirable, though their prudent mothers, in view of his excellent character and worldly possessions, were of a different mind, while spinsters who felt their chances waning, and middle-aged widows, took the deepest interest in his affairs.

III.

It was a golden autumn day. The forests around Meadowbrook glowed with the rich hues of the season, and the little river twinkled in the soft light as it crept in and out among its smooth meadows and overhanging alders. Along the swelling fields

> "The banded sheaves stood orderly
> Against the purple autumn sky,
> Like armies of Prosperity."

About the Follen farm-house all was peaceful and still. Within was like peace and stillness, where a quiet life was fading with the fading year. In the little sunny room she had enjoyed so much Huldah French lay dying. She had had a short and painless illness, and now the end was near. Mrs. Follen sat beside the bed, quietly watching the invalid, who seemed to be sleeping. She had just come from the adjoining room, where she had been holding a whispered conversation with John.

Presently the sick woman opened her eyes and looked around. The old lady bent over her, and put some cooling drink to her lips. "How do you feel now?" she said.

"I don't know how I feel," said Huldah, faintly. "The Lord is coming for me. I expect to hear his chariot wheels."

"I suppose, Huldah, the Lord will call you soon," Mrs. Follen said. "But I think you will be prepared."

"Oh yes, I am ready. I expect he has got a place for me—a place—"

Here her voice died away, and she seemed sinking to sleep again, but Mrs. Follen made haste to catch her attention. "Ain't there some things belonging to this world you want to speak of before you go?" she asked.

Huldah opened her eyes with a questioning look, seeming not to understand.

"You know you have some property; don't you want to say who is to have it?"

It was some time before Huldah could be made to comprehend, and then she said, in a dull way, "I'm going to glory—I don't want it."

"No, of course you don't want it; but who do you want to have it?"

After a long silence, in which she seemed to forget the whole subject, Huldah answered, "Give it to John. It ain't mine; it's his'n."

"But John doesn't want it, and wouldn't feel right to take it. He says so himself, and wants you to say who is to have it."

She could get no further reply from Huldah, and she did not feel sure the latter understood her. Several hours after, as the short autumn twilight was fading into night, the family stood around the bed where Huldah was evidently breathing her last. She had lain for some time apparently unconscious. Suddenly she opened her eyes, which were lighted by a feeble ray of intelligence, and said, distinctly, "I'm going to glory—I don't want it." Then after a moment added, "The town poor, John," and almost immediately ceased to breathe.

But her last words were understood by all, and the wish they expressed was faithfully carried out. The few hundred dollars she left behind served to furnish many comforts for those unfortunates who filled her latest thoughts; and if Huldah was permitted to look back to the world she had left, I think it must have added to her happiness, even in that heavenly kingdom she was so sure of reaching, to see the tender respect with which her scarred and crippled body was laid to rest beside her mother, and the tall white stone that marked the spot.

It was scarcely a year after that kind old Mrs. Follen also went home. In her last hours she talked much with John, giving a mother's tenderest blessing to him who had been so truly a son to her. "Surely," she said, "all things work together for good to those who love the Lord; and though we thought you had brought upon us a great trouble, He has turned it into a greater blessing. If we had not suffered through you when we were able to bear it, we should not have had you to make our old age so happy. The Lord sends trouble, but He always sends some compensation, and I hope He will bless you as through you He has blessed us."

These were comfortable words for John to hear. He felt that all his sacrifices had not been made in vain, and he mourned with a sincere sorrow for the kind woman who had been all the mother he ever knew.

Old Deacon Follen did not long survive the partner of all his joys and sorrows. In a very few weeks he too was gone, and John was quite alone. He found the house very lonely now without the cheery old couple. The widow

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Billings, who had for years been housekeeper at the farm, was one of those people whose countenances always suggest the idea that "man was made to mourn." In her own words, she "had enjoyed more misery than she had happiness in this world." She had a wonderful faculty of setting all the chairs in a room in a row, as if for a funeral, and of giving a lugubrious aspect to furniture generally. The very clock ticked with more solemnity in her presence, and the fires she built never snapped and sparkled like other people's fires. The tone of her conversation could hardly be called cheerful. She was painfully neat, and the house and every thing in it were kept with scrupulous care; but it was a dismal place to live in, for all that, and John felt it to be so, but it did not occur to him that there could be a way out of the difficulty. These slow, steady minds do not take new suggestions readily, though when they have once made an idea their own they hold it with astonishing tenacity. But John began to take very gloomy views of life, and to feel decidedly old.

One rainy day he had called on some trifling errand at a neighbor's house; and as he drew up his chair to the bright sparkling fire, he involuntarily exclaimed:

"Well, now, Mrs. Pennel, this does look cheerful. It is dreadfully lonesome up at our place since the old folks died."

"Don't you like Mrs. Billings?" asked the hostess.

"Oh yes, yes; she is a good woman, and keeps the house well; but then, you know," he added, with something like his old sly laugh, "her talk is powerful solemnizing."

"Well, why in natur', John Eastman, don't you get married?" exclaimed, in a shrill voice, old Grandmother Pennel, who sat beside the fire.

Every body laughed, and John answered, "If you'll have me, Granny Pennel, I vow I'll do it."

"I won't have you," replied the old lady. "If you can't get a younger gal it's because you ain't worth havin'."

The laugh was against John now, and he was glad to turn his attention to the errand on which he had come.

The next Sunday John, as usual, went to meeting. It was glorious summer weather, and he enjoyed it without exactly being conscious of the fact. It was pleasant riding along between fields where the hay harvest was just begun, through a bit of maple wood that belonged to himself, over the little bridge at the foot of the hill, past the mill, and through the village to the meeting-house. For some reason or other John did not pay much attention to the sermon that morning; his thoughts would wander to almost every thing besides. He found himself recalling with singular minuteness all the scenes of his old life in that distant town where he had known Esther Sampson. He had long ago got over the pain of that period; but on this summer morning he remembered Esther with a kind of half-sorry feeling, thinking how much pleasanter it would seem to have her sitting at the head of his pew than the widow Billings, in her stiff black alpaca, with her rusty black veil hanging down, limp and narrow, from the side of her bonnet, and looking as if she could not see how the sun had the heart to shine on such a vale of tears.

The last hymn was given out, and the congregation stood up with their faces turned toward the choir. As John turned round with the rest, his eyes chanced to fall upon Asenath Mason, the daughter of his old friend Andrew. She was a comely sight as she stood up there in the singing-gallery. She was tall and well shaped, and had shining black hair, smoothly drawn back under her simple bonnet. Her eyes were dark and bright and very pleasant, her cheeks round and ruddy as at sixteen, though she was twenty-seven. Her mouth was large but good, and it opened quite wide as she sang in loud, clear tones.

John looked at her for a moment, and all at once he seemed to hear, as distinctly as if they had been spoken beside him, the words, "Why in natur', John Eastman, don't you get married?" He started, and his face turned as red as a boy's. Of course Granny Pennel did not say that to him right there in meeting; but what did it mean? He heard less of the close of the service than he had of the beginning, and on the way home made curious answers to Mrs. Billings's various comments on the sermon.

The next day was as fine a hay day as ever dawned. John was at work bright and early with his men; but about ten o'clock he came up to the house and harnessed his horse into his best wagon. In answer to some question from Mrs. Billings, he informed her that he was going over to Mason's to see about some sled-runners Andrew was going to hew out for him. As he drove away the good woman looked after him wonderingly, saying to herself, "I don't see why he should be so drove about them sled-runners as to go off in the middle of the best hay day there has been this summer. It ain't right to look forrard so. He may not live to use 'em, life is so uncerting."

John's hurry about the sled-runners seemed to be over when he reached his friend's house. Andrew was in the field; so he sat down in the cool porch, and, looking through the kitchen window, talked with Andrew's daughter. She was a wide-awake young woman, full of gay spirit as well as good sense. She made the old kitchen a pleasant place as she moved about with quick steps in her tidy gingham gown and large apron of blue and white check, her handsome arms bare to the elbow, and her strong hands taking hold of every thing with skill and quickness. John found the place so pleasant that he quite forgot his hay was waiting to be cut; and when, at twelve o'clock, Andrew came up from the field, his dinner, for the first time in many years, was not quite

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ready. But he found John Eastman leaning his elbows on the window-sill, and talking earnestly to Asenath, whose cheeks were as red as the scarlet-runner that grew over the porch. They both started at the sound of his voice, and John made haste to explain the business which had brought him there.

"Sled-runners, hey?" said Andrew, with a prolonged whistle, and a sideways look at his daughter. A half-sheepish smile spread over John's face, and Asenath vanished into the pantry.

John staid to dinner, and when it was over had some talk with Andrew, sitting on the barn-yard gate; but I doubt if it was about sled-runners. He afterward spent some time in the house, and as he was going away was heard to say to Asenath,

"Why can't you come right off now?"

"Because," answered Asenath, "I can't leave mother right in the middle of haying, when help is so hard to get. Besides, I always said if I ever got married I meant to have a nice wedding fix; and I want time to make it."

And she did have it; but on Thanksgiving-day they were married, and sunshine and happiness came with her into John Eastman's house, and there they have since had their abode.

John is a hale and hearty old man now. He told me much of this story himself not long ago.

"You certainly had rather a hard time in some part of your life," I said to him.

"A pretty hard time, and no mistake," he answered; and then added, after a pause, in which his bright blue eyes rested with a satisfied look on the figures of his still handsome wife and her stalwart son, "But the old lady was right, after all. There is most generally some compensation."

THE GULF STREAM AND THE TRADE-WINDS.

THEIR ORIGIN AND LAW OF MOVEMENT.

THE Gulf Stream has always been regarded as a great cosmical phenomenon. It traverses the sea, conveying the warm arterial blood of the oceans to the extremities, there to build up the organisms which would otherwise perish. It springs from fountains which never dry, and pours itself into basins which never fill, becoming a paradoxical river, always "flowing down hill," with its outlet as high as its source.

Many eminent names have been associated with the ingenious theories which have been advanced to explain the phenomenon; but the earth's rotation, the trend of continents, submarine currents from the Mediterranean, a submountain river under the Andes, volcanoes under the Gulf of Mexico, the peristaltic shape of currents, the trade-winds, coral builders, difference of evaporation, and all other enumerated causes, combined for a prolonged period, would not produce the movement of the Gulf Stream for a single hour.

A few degrees west of the coast of Africa begins the equatorial current of the Atlantic, which, from a breadth of 100 to 200 miles, widens as it flows westward to 700 or 800 miles. Striking the shores of South America, it divides. It flows at the rate of several knots per hour, and has a maximum of 96° when it enters the Caribbean Sea. The equatorial current of the Pacific begins a few degrees west of the coast of South America, and on the opposite side assumes a width of over 1000 miles, forming the most majestic exhibition of force on the surface of the globe. Here, as in the Atlantic, this current divides.

The problem, therefore, is not to produce one of the branches, such as the Gulf Stream, but the equatorial current; that is, *to produce the movement of a volume of water equal to the cubical contents of the equatorial current, and to ascertain its* GENESIS *of motion by pointing out the* LAW *of its production.*

The cubical contents of the equatorial current of the Atlantic can only be approximately determined. The Gulf Stream, which embraces all the northern branch, is estimated by Lieutenant Maury at 1,650,000 cubic feet as passing a given point per second. There is an excess of evaporation in the southern hemisphere over the northern of 52,000,000 tons; hence the equilibrium must be restored through the introduction into the southern hemisphere, by the south branch of the equatorial current, of a greater volume of water than is contained in the Gulf Stream, since no water from the tropics is carried into the higher latitudes except by these rivers. It is, perhaps, within proper bounds to say that the equatorial current of the Atlantic equals 4,000,000,000 cubic feet at any given point per second. The real problem is, therefore, to produce a force equal, *mechanically*, to moving a current of this size into the polar seas —not only to impart initial movement, but to continue it until circulation is complete. Mathematically, it is to lift 4,000,000,000 cubic feet of water per second from the bottom of the equatorial sea to such an elevation that it will flow north and south into the polar basins of its own momentum. Thus it becomes purely a question of thermo-dynamics.

Count Rumford was the first to discover that heat and force were definitely related, and to reach the fundamental idea that heat is but a mode of motion. He demonstrated that the force transformed by the bodily motion of one pound falling seventy-one feet would raise the temperature of a pound of water one degree. In the language of the savans who have so

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firmly established this law, "when equal quantities of work are done by causes purely thermic, there is a disappearance of equal quantities of heat, whatever be the manner of operating."

All the permanent forces on the surface of the globe must take their genesis of motion from heat—the transformation of the molecular motions lost from some cooling body. So the process of following the matter in movement back to the place where the heat was communicated, or where the transfer of motion occurred, is the only safe method of ascertaining how each mass-motion on the earth's surface originated. Following the Gulf Stream back on the line of its motion, the heat increases until the place is reached where it was communicated, and its genesis of motion will be found in the separate movement of each particle composing the current. The movement, therefore, is as purely mechanical as the currents in a boiling caldron; and to comprehend either is simply to ascertain how water acts under the influence of heat. A hot current may be defined as the aggregation of the homogeneous particles of water, moving in mass, on the line of the least resistance. Pursuing the method indicated, it is now proposed to ascend this oceanic river to its source, until the very springs are found from which it takes its origin; and the result is as certain as finding the fountain-head of any fresh-water river on the globe.

We will start off the coast of North Carolina in midwinter, where the current, 75 miles wide, flows at the rate of three knots per hour, with a temperature of 80° Fahr., and a depth of 900 feet. The first question to be settled is whether the current is an ascending or descending one. According to Lieutenant Maury (and he makes a masterly effort to prove it), "the Gulf Stream is an ascending current throughout." It must not be assumed that a river in the ocean runs under any different law than on land, and, as Lieutenant Maury does, that it is on a mean level with the ocean, as decided by man's imperfect vision. Matter on the surface of the globe moves in the line of the least resistance; and to propel a column of water equal to 1,650,000,000 cubic feet per second 6000 miles up hill against a resisting medium would require a new law. It would be a useless expenditure of heat, which is never found in nature. This river, like all others, has to be lifted to such an elevation at the equator that it will flow of its own momentum back to the point at which it received its motion. Unshaken confidence in the law heretofore shown decides in our minds which way the river runs. We therefore still propose to ascend it, and, by a *reductio ad veritatem*, to prove the Gulf Stream a descending medium throughout.

At the Narrows, the stream, which is, according to the Coast Survey, about 32 miles wide and 2250 feet deep, flows at the rate of four knots per hour, and has *increased* in temperature since we started over 2° Fahr. This verifies the law, and we know that we are ascending the current. After leaving the Narrows the river becomes tortuous, and expands in width, while tributaries come in from between all the Bahama Isles. Meandering through the Caribbean Sea, it begins to impinge on the coast of South America, *the temperature still increasing*. The shores on all sides are clothed in perpetual verdure, and a profusion of tropical life appears. We reflect that the shores of Iceland, to-day locked in perpetual ice, were once as green as these; that then the Gulf Stream poured a flood of tropical waters on its shores; and that thus does this current become aboriginally related to life on the globe.

The trade-winds, which have been moving us southward all the way, are said to be the cause of moving the river northward. We shall soon be able to decide. The stream has now reached the temperature of 96° Fahr., and the origin must soon be reached. As the current curves toward the east, an anomaly is presented unlike any fresh-water river on the globe. It divides, one branch passing south along the coast of Brazil. We have now reached the equatorial current, and still follow on in the line of its movement from the east.

This is the thermal equator, the region of calms. The winds have all left us, and we are surrounded by a warm, moist atmosphere. The heat from the current we are now ascending is radiated into the superincumbent atmosphere, and ascends under the law of convection. This produces surface currents, flowing in from the north and south, which are known as the trade-winds. Here, where there is no perceptible movement of the atmosphere, is the place where its principal currents are manufactured. This is the cave of Æolus. Here the winds, which bear their treasury of life and hope to millions in distant lands, begin their movement. As they ascend, and curve toward the poles, they are known as the "upper trades;" and when, having precipitated their wealth in higher latitudes, they return as counter-currents, they receive the name of the trade-winds. Thus, *instead of the trade-winds giving motion to the equatorial current, it is this which imparts to them their velocity*—just the reverse of what has been assumed by Franklin, Herschel, Maury, and all others. Recording this discovery on our log, we proceed still further.

On nearing the coast of Africa alarming symptoms appear. The temperature of the stream has been slowly decreasing. Humboldt says, "Its first impulse and origin is to be found near the Cape of Good Hope." Yet here we still find the temperature decreasing, and this continues to the poles in either direction *on this longitude.*

We now return to the point on the thermic equator where the maximum of temperature was found, and descend to the bottom of the sea. *We still find the cold increasing.* Our whole philosophy seems now seriously threatened, since we have said that the temperature of the stream would be found to increase until

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the place was reached where the heat was communicated. This has been true so far; let us consult the heat philosopher. We read that "heat is carried through solids by convection"—that is, the atoms to which heat, or oscillation, has been communicated transfer that oscillation to the adjacent atoms, eventually heating the mass. When enough heat has been imparted to sufficiently enlarge the movement of the atoms the solid becomes a fluid, and a translatory motion begins: those atoms to which the heat is imparted move off in the line of the least resistance, and radiate that heat at the surface. This law of convection is peculiar to all fluids and gases. All fluids are igneous—water forming no exception.

It is apparent from this law that heat must be applied to water *below*, and that the atoms so heated must ascend through the colder and more dense atoms and aggregate on the surface. Thus it is that water heats first on the surface, the coldest place in the water during all its stages up to vapor being at the bottom, where the heat is applied. When heat is applied to water from above, the particles move off in the line of the least resistance to the place of greatest cold; atoms on the ocean's surface, heated by the sun's rays, would, therefore, move directly northeast and southeast from the equator, this being in the line of the least resistance as effected by the earth's rotation. The fact is, however, that the current moves west in a narrow, compact volume, and there is no principle known by which the direct action of the solar ray could produce such a current at the thermal equator. Evidently, then, there is some agency, in addition to the heat of the sun, producing this movement. The heated particles of water which have thus aggregated on the surface must have taken their initial velocity from below, and we must not let the increase of cold with depth shake our faith in the law.

Reversing, then, the movement of the particles which compose this current, they are found curving downward and eastward until the bottom of the sea is reached, when, following them north and south along the bottom of the lowest oceans to the poles, we shall find them coming down from the surface. *Here, then, at the point of greatest density*, IN THE FURTHEST LIMITS OF THE FROZEN OCEAN, *where sea-water registers only* 27° *Fahr.*, IS THE FOUNTAIN OF THE EQUATORIAL CURRENT AND OF THE GULF STREAM! *Here it is that the waters sink to the bottom of the polar seas which*, in their passage to the thermal equator, *form the under-currents of the ocean.*

We now have the entire movement of the current, and of the particles which compose it; let us ascertain its relation to a cause. The cold, dense atoms of water sank to the bottom of the polar basin, and, as they moved to the equator, abstracted the heat from the interior of the globe. As the specific gravity of each particle was rendered less by the imparted heat, it changed its place by an upward movement until it reached atoms of the same density—its place at the bottom being taken by any other atom. At the equator, the temperature of the entire volume having augmented, brought to rest, the motion began among the particles, which, in ascending, aggregated into currents, until they encountered the great eastern velocity of the earth, which deflected them, producing the westward motion of the equatorial current. This movement seems never to have been clearly understood. The Gulf Stream flows *eastward* in the higher latitudes, because it has the westerly momentum of the *ocean's surface at the equator;* while the equatorial current moves *westward* from the easterly momentum *at the bottom of the equatorial sea.* The direction of the movement in both cases relates to the place or genesis of motion. Supposing the current to ascend at the rate of two miles an hour from a depth of four miles, the surface of the sea has gone 2000 miles eastward when it reaches the top; hence it reaches the surface west of the point of its initial motion, and has a western momentum, with nothing to overcome until it strikes the deflecting continent. The absence of the eastward motion in the higher latitudes would destroy the whole theory.

Technically, then, the Gulf Stream is produced *by a transformation of the molecular motions, lost from the sun and the earth's interior, into the bodily motion of the matter in movement under the mechanical laws of heat.* In short, the heat from the sun and the interior of the globe acting in correlation.

The proofs readily follow. Every cubic foot of sea-water weighs sixty-two pounds, and 4,000,000,000 of these cubic feet must be lifted every second to such an elevation on the equator that they will flow off to the antipodes of their own momentum. Dr. Mayer, from calculations made for a whole hemisphere, finds the direct heating power of the sun's rays equal to raising the temperature of 5.5 cubic French miles 1° Cent. per minute. When we consider, then, the cubical contents of the equatorial current which is raised, as Maury and others estimate, 24° Fahr. per second above the mean temperature of the ocean, it will be clearly seen that this can not be effected by solar heat.

The oceans have been slowly cooling during all the geological ages succeeding their formation, showing that these waters could not have received more heat from the sun's rays than they radiated. Tyndall has shown that the action of absorption and radiation is reciprocal.

It is estimated that the waters of the globe are 15,000 feet in mean depth, and cover an area of 145,000,000 square miles. Every cubic foot of this water (estimating the mean temperature at 70° Fahr.) represents a mechanical energy equal to 3,342,000 pounds—sufficient, in all the oceans, if properly applied, to move the earth across its orbit. Can it be said that all this heat has been stored away by the sun? The sun imparts daily sufficient heat to raise over 7000 cubic miles of water 1° Cent., but

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the waters receiving this proportion not only radiate that much, but vastly more. Since there can have been no storing away of solar heat—as it has been shown that the ocean has always been cooling—and this incalculable amount of heat is absolutely found treasured up in these waters, *it must have been derived from the interior*.

Over the entire globe, without exception, there is found a line of *invariable temperature*, produced by calorific waves from the interior. This could not occur unless there was an increase of heat with depth, and it is clear that our estimates of the ratio of increase are incorrect and under-estimated. On *terra firma* this is estimated at 1° Fahr. in about every 50 feet, while in the water hemispheres there is an increase of cold with depth. A water hemisphere of the depth of 15,000 feet, having a mean temperature of 70° Fahr., will be found to contain over *five times* the amount of heat present in a land segment of equal size. Since water has a greater radiating power, it must receive a greater amount of heat than an increase of 1° Fahr. for every 50 feet in descent would give—proving that at a depth of 30,000 feet a much higher degree of heat is reached than is due to such a ratio. There is, therefore, no other means afforded by science to explain the existence and origin of the heat absolutely existing in the waters of the ocean than to abstract it from the interior under the 145,000,000 miles of this aqueous envelope. It is through the waters of the sea that the earth has always lost its heat. It is true that, were it not for the enormous accessions made by the sun, the temperature would sink rapidly. The sun supplies daily an amount of heat sufficient to surround the globe within the tropics with aqueous vapor, preventing the rapid escape of this central heat; but, *were the sun to be entirely withdrawn*, this aqueous circulation would not cease until the temperature of the poles and tropics became equalized, which would not occur until this line of invariable temperature, which is now found at a few inches below the surface in the tropics, had sunk to a depth of 600 feet, its present limits within the arctic circle.

The heat is abstracted from the interior, and becomes related to the movement of these waters in this wise: This line of invariable temperature is found near the surface in the tropics, and at great depth in the polar regions, because a more active relation exists between the solar and interior heat under the equator than at the poles, where the crust has become chilled by radiation—thus extending the line to greater depths. The configuration of the entire Atlantic basin, *as well as the soundings made therein*, show it to be a descending plane from the poles to the equator, in its deepest depression. In the tropics a depth of eight English miles has been reached. Now, considering that at a depth of 30,000 feet in *terra firma*, under the present estimated ratio, a temperature of over 600° Fahr. would be reached, and that an amount of heat equivalent to this, if not greater, is absorbed by (or constantly being radiated into) the waters at that depth, and some approximation may be made of the whole temperature abstracted. This under-current of the sea, leaving the poles at the zero of temperature, moves along the lowest depressions, gradually heating until it reaches the equator, where, coming to a state of rest, the temperature of the atoms becomes augmented, it ascends—aggregating, as before indicated—and moves westward from the earth's rotation. Thus the reasons are pointed out why the current does not flow directly northeast, but assumes a westward direction, and, also, why the thermal and geographical equators do not coincide. If the thermal equator were produced solely by the sun's heat they would coincide, because this line receives the maximum of solar heat. It is, then, the oceanic currents which, by the evolution of their opaque heat into the atmosphere, cause the thermal equator!

The Gulf Stream is nothing more nor less than a great thermal spring in the ocean, and is in every respect similar to one on land. To produce this great oceanic phenomenon we have only to substitute the arctic basin for an elevated mountain; and, instead of underground temperature derived from a few square rods of the interior, take that afforded by 145,000,000 of square miles 20,000 *feet nearer the interior*, and the thermal spring in the ocean is formed! The difference is only quantitative.

These currents, which rest on the bottom of the sea, are colder and denser than ice, and could not be lifted to the surface were it not for the forces from the interior. Abstracting that heat from the crust which underlies the sea, it will naturally be suggested that this process must chill this crust to a greater depth than the atmosphere does *terra firma*, and thus render the effective force of the interior as feeble on the bottom of the sea as on the surface of the land hemispheres. Fourrier, *from observations made on terra firma*, finds that the loss of heat which the globe daily sustains is too feeble to play any important part. If he be correct, the temperature of the oceanic waters could never have been obtained from the amount of heat which passes through the land hemispheres. Yet there is this actual presence of heat—which we have shown can not have accumulated from the solar ray—and the only way open is to associate it with some law to which it either now is or has been related.

It will be admitted that when these waters were of such a high temperature as to produce a tropical climate around the shores of Greenland, they did not receive that heat from the sun, but from the interior. Seeing that at one time there was a law which produced so high a temperature through this crust, why should we discredit its present existence, when the temperature has only sunk 30° since? Heat always preserves the coefficient of expansion, and when matter is in a fluid state this coefficient must

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exist. Whatever inequalities may take place in the relation of these condensed atoms on the crust, the form of the fluid interior remains unchanged, inasmuch as the expansion continues. As the heat became lost from the interior of the earth, and its fluid diameter diminished, these water hemispheres, still retaining their reciprocal relation to the centre, went down to a corresponding depth. The crust which underlies the sea was, therefore, always a distance equaling the ocean's depth *nearer* the fluid part. How, we would ask, could 145,000,000 of square miles of water, 15,000 feet deep, be kept at a temperature of 70° unless an igneous fluid world, as large as the planet Mars, existed directly under them? This is by no means speculation, when we have considered the amount of heat contained in a single cubic foot of water at this temperature. The cause which produced the sinking of the water hemispheres in the first instance has always continued. As the solid crust of the globe condenses and contracts its folds, the crust which underlies the sea, being *the lower fold*, is forced into a much closer relation with the fluid part. The calculations made by Fourrier are, therefore, of no value, for they were formed, according to Dr. Mayer, from observations made on *terra firma*—under a clear misapprehension of the mode by which the interior heat was transmitted. Tyndall makes an excellent illustration of the principle for which we have contended, but for a far different purpose. He fills two kettles with warm water, and around one of them wraps a moist blanket. He finds that the water in the kettle thus surrounded cools much more rapidly than the other —demonstrating that it has *the better radiation* of the two. Applying this demonstration to the earth, let us consider our globe a kettle of larger proportions—not filled with warm water, but with incandescent fluid matter—around three-fourths of which is placed (not a blanket merely) an aqueous envelope of icy coldness *at the bottom*, with wonderful powers of radiation *at the surface*, and we will then have no difficulty in determining how the waters of the ocean have always received their temperature, and how the interior loses its heat.

A word, in parting, in regard to the corelation of the Gulf Stream and the trade-winds. The Gulf Stream loses every second 24° Fahr. of temperature from 1,650,000,000 cubic feet of water. Does not this loss of heat produce a compensating gain to the motion of the atmosphere into which it is transformed, and, through dynamical laws, modify climate by the distribution of heat and moisture? Every degree of heat lost from the current gives motion to 800 times as much atmosphere in volume as the current from which it passes—air being 800 times lighter than water. One degree of heat lost from the water will add four times that amount of heat to 800 times the same volume of air, because air has only one-fourth the capacity for heat which water is known to possess. Then $4 \times 800 \times 24 \times 1{,}650{,}000{,}000 = 126{,}720{,}000{,}000{,}000$, the number of cubic feet of atmosphere which is put in motion every second, and raised 4° Fahr. in temperature. How long would it require such an energy to lift the cubical contents of the entire atmosphere which surrounds the globe?

We now see why the Gulf Stream becomes the most interesting phenomenon on the globe, and why it has been so little understood. It becomes, as we now see it, but a part of that endless chain of motion which, through a conservation of energies, completes the entire mechanism of the universe.

CRUISING.

What are the days but islands,
So many little islands,
And sleep the sea of silence
That flows about them all?
There, when the moon is risen,
The peaceful waters glisten;
But yonder plashing—listen!
It is the souls that fall.

The little boats are skimming,
The wind-led boats are skimming,
Each in its silver rimming,
Apart from fleet and shore.
There not an oar is dipping—
With just a cable's slipping
Glides out the phantom shipping
That wanders evermore.

Every day's an island,
A green or barren island,
A lowland or a highland,
That looks upon the sea.
There fruitful groves are crowning;
There barren cliffs are frowning,
And rocky channels drowning
The little boats that flee.

How many are the islands,
The teeming, talking islands,
That in the sea of silence
The roving vessels find?
Their number no man knoweth;
Their way the current showeth;
The tide returnless floweth
As each is left behind.

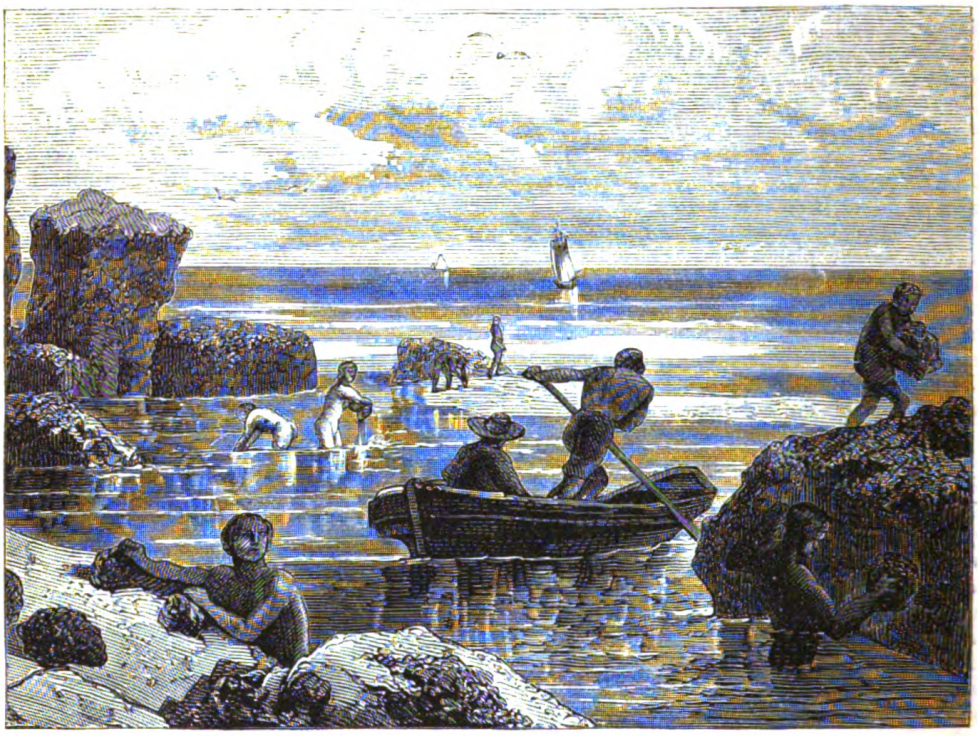
The sailors long to tarry—
For rest they long to tarry—
When at some isle of faery
They touch and go ashore.
With songs of wistful pleading
They follow fate unheeding,
And with the tide's receding
Are drifting as before.

But sometime, in the sailing,
The blind and endless sailing,
They pass beyond the hailing
Of land upon the lee:
The lowlands and the highlands,
And all beyond the islands,
Behold the sea of silence—
Behold the great white sea.

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ALONG THE FLORIDA REEF.

[Third Paper.]



SPONGE FISHING.

THE Northwest Light twinkles an instant on the southern horizon, and disappears as the flush of the coming morn reveals its iron cage suspended in the broad space of waters. This is the entrance beacon of Key West Harbor, from the north. Our course is now clear for the low lines of waving tree-tops that mark our goal.

In due time the vessel is made fast at the pier; and the *Rosetta*, our much-prized boat, which was left behind in charge of "the Bos'n," is brought alongside and made ready for further service in the morning. A finer day, and one less portentous of evil, could hardly be recalled.

It is like the many in this latitude—fraught with cheering influences. Nature, on every side, seems in her best aspect. The summer-like air is pleasantly tempered by the east wind. The rich azure of the sky is heightened to wondrous beauty by the moving volumes of day clouds; and the still sea mirrors the scene, adding deeper touches of olive and brown where the reef lies near the surface.

As the day wanes the wreckers and the spongers make sail and stand in for an anchorage. The barometer indicates no immediate change; and the wharf-loungers agree with Captain Gieger that "we'll have a fair day to-morrow." Yet a change comes; a low line of leaden clouds lifts gradually at sunset and shuts in the richly colored scene.

Presently heavy curtains of sable shoot upward. The Squire confirms the Judge's remark—that a norther is brewing—and steps home to change his linen for kersey. Meantime a heavy rain has broken upon us, and speculation is at once rife. In the cooler months such rains are rare. The torrent continues through the whole evening, and is unabated at bedtime. The wind strengthens, and the darkness, with the rain, shuts us in from the scene. To sleep is impossible. The rain blows so furiously against the windows; and the puffs that come intermittently—now here, now there—it seems a thorough gale. The blinds that have rattled, and the signs that have creaked, and the tin roofs that have crashed, all give way, and go rattling and crashing together into the streets, adding to the piles of débris from wharves and yards; floating up and down with the driven tide; choking the highways and by-ways, and holding general carnival of chaotic noises. The wind, after going all around the compass, is plying steadily from the south, driving in the sea through the streets, with timber and fuel from the docks. To look out or go out is unsafe, as slates and tin are flying from the roofs; and lumber even is driven through the air by the wind. To wait and watch is our only lot through the long hours of the night. The house remains whole, but not tight; torrents

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of water pour through the soaked walls and the tinless roofs. The furies ply their utmost. Whirling continuously, seemingly with all power, an occasional lunge sways every thing with enormous force.

At daybreak is a lull. Slate tiles yet fly from the roofs; but with considerable effort we gain the scene of our great solicitude. Piles of tin roofing, lumber, trees, and broken chandlery are left high and dry where the tide swept them. The sea was even now fearful to behold. Heavy surf was breaking against the buildings upon the wharves, crushing and destroying many of them. Half buried under the timbers of a wharf a steam-tug was pounding and beating her way, and now had cut clear through to the opposite side, where she jammed and chafed what was left above water of our good schooner, of which little else was visible but her tapering top-masts.

The wind is yet a gale in strength, and its wild howlings, with the flying scuds of spray, render a view of the whole scene impossible.

"But where is the *Rosetta?*"

"She went to pieces, Sir, early in the night."

"And the Bos'n?"

"He has not been seen since, Sir."

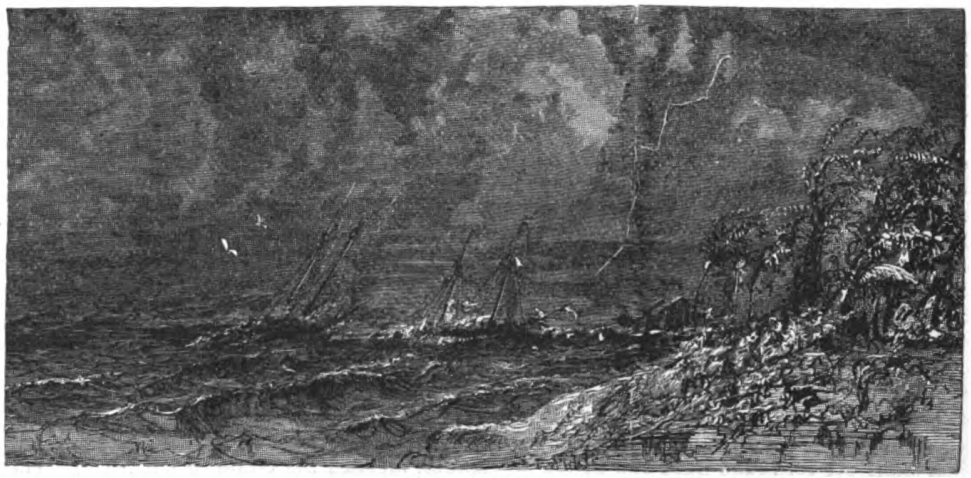
The Bos'n had held on by the schooner until obliged to retreat. She was sinking, and as he leaped to the shore the skipper tossed his valise after him, which he unluckily caught by one of the two handles. The off side went overboard by stress of weight. But what was the Bos'n's astonishment and indignation when he discovered that the half which was now subject of immediate salvage was worthless compared to that now open to the law of flotsam and jetsam! The truth is, Bos'n had occupied his spare hours in selecting, and expended his spare change in purchasing, some fine neckties and fine linen, with a proper selection of under-clothing, and had placed them carefully in the one half of the valise which was now so cruelly snatched from him, while the part which was saved held only the less valuable shift of old clothing.



A WRECKER OF THE REEF.

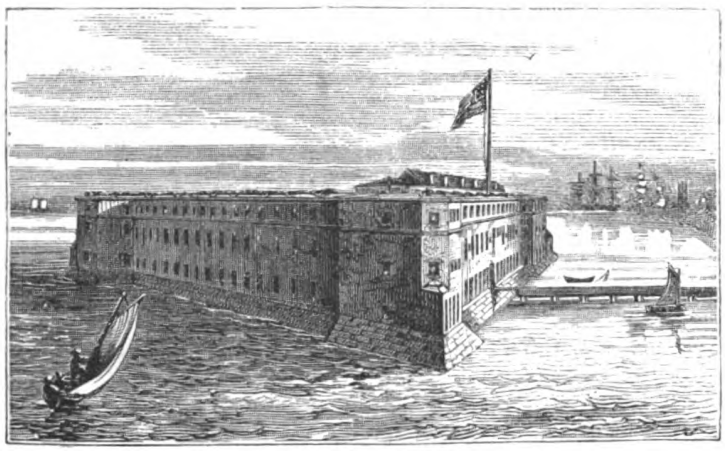
We looked around to find even a fragment of the lamented boat: the little cove between two piers was literally choked with broken lumber. Presently a form was discerned standing so motionless among the stranded fragments that it seemed like a half-buried spar, with its rag of canvas fluttering in the wind. There the Bos'n stood, and at his feet lay all that remained of the once gay *Rosetta.* He did not move nor speak. The old man had deemed it incumbent on him early in the night, as it looked, as he afterward remarked, a good deal like foul weather, to fortify himself; and nothing is more sure than that he became firmly intrenched. An expression of face indicative of great calamity was now all that was possible.

As the wind and rain subsided the people went forth to view the wreck. The tall old cocoa palms, which had not felt such a shock for many years, were stripped; and many of those that escaped the late destructive fire were wrenched and sadly denuded. The streets were blocked by great limbs and brush-wood. At the barracks a very long frame building that was perched upon stones four feet in height,



THE HURRICANE.

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FORT TAYLOR, KEY WEST.

and under which several cows had found shelter, was lifted and dropped, unbroken, its whole width away from the spot, crushing the cows, that in some instances broke through the floor and remained unharmed. The front of one house opposite a lumber-yard was riddled with holes, and one plank went entirely through the end of the house. Vessels of all classes were ashore; and several gun-boats, kept under steam, were constantly plying their screws to prevent dragging the anchors. A large bark, that was quietly standing into the entrance of the Moro at Havana, was suddenly driven seaward, and, with incredible speed, across the Gulf, over the shoal reef, high upon the beach near Fort Taylor.

This is a fair specimen of the hurricane of the West Indies. The hurricane of 1850 has long been quoted, and used as a convenient point to date from. This gale of 1865 will now take its place. Some say it is greater, some say less; but it is probably much like the average—severe enough, and one that comes once in about fifteen or twenty years.

Key West, now shorn of its beauties, presents a dreary aspect. We must therefore speak of it as seen before this scathing blast.

The island of Key West is about five miles in length, and one mile in greatest width. The town is situated at the western extremity, where the reef protects a large and safe harbor, one of great depth, and of incalculable importance to our navy.

A ridge of calcareous rock crops out in the central part to the height above water of ten or twelve feet, and in other places about water level. Within the hollows and inequalities of the rock a rich soil has accumulated, consisting of decayed vegetation and animal remains. On this soil trees can not attain a large size. Yet the island is well wooded with a strong growth of shrubs and small timber. Approached from the sea, Key West has quite the appearance of an important maritime town. The intricate and dangerous nature of the reef navigation is brought to view by an early appearance of the pilot, while yet out in the Gulf, and by the occurrence of buoys for miles along the devious channel.

You are naturally puzzled concerning the harbor. Where is it? For is it not all out at sea here—an island in the ocean, with no protecting points or arms of inclosure? All such protection is here, but under water. The solid reef is an all-powerful barrier, and breaks the heavy sea as it rolls inward on either hand. Deep channels lead between in several directions, and open into a wide basin off the western end of the island, where the town is; and that is Key West Harbor.

From the top of Sand Key Light, on the great iron-framed tower, near the edge of the Gulf Stream, may be seen in a calm day, mapped by the various brown tints of coral and algæ, these protecting arms of reef, divided by the blue of the channels. Or, when the north wind in all its potency has wrought tumult in the ocean bed, and the troubled sea moves shoreward in majestic columns, the falling crest, complete dispersion and retreat, denote the presence of a resisting power—mighty bulwarks of the myriad polyps, whose galaxies of bright stars spread their open mouths, and take with every wave fresh aliment.

Projecting from the seaward face of the town, Fort Taylor commands the entrance. A fine front of granite and brick work, with castellated walls, bastions, and towers. Along the beach, at intervals of a mile, are several martello towers, works of great strength, each with a casemated wall surrounding it. These towers, with Fort Taylor, give to the island prominent features.

The town is laid out in squares; and, before the rebellion, was pretty and prosperous. Many of the merchants owned pleasant estates, and much pains was taken to add new beauties from tropical regions to their already semi-tropical surroundings. Nothing can exceed the pleasurable feeling experienced on the sudden arrival from the cold north to the perpetual summer climate of this island. Landing here in December, in a moonlight night, before rebellion had laid its heavy hand upon the people, we sought the abode of one of the merchants of the place. The tall cocoa palms were then at their best, and presented a spectacle strange yet lovely in the extreme. The bright moon was soon lost to view, except where its beams in places penetrated the thick, overhanging foliage. A long stretch of handsome stone fence, loaded with vines, and nearly concealed by flowering shrubs, inclosed the estate of our friend. On

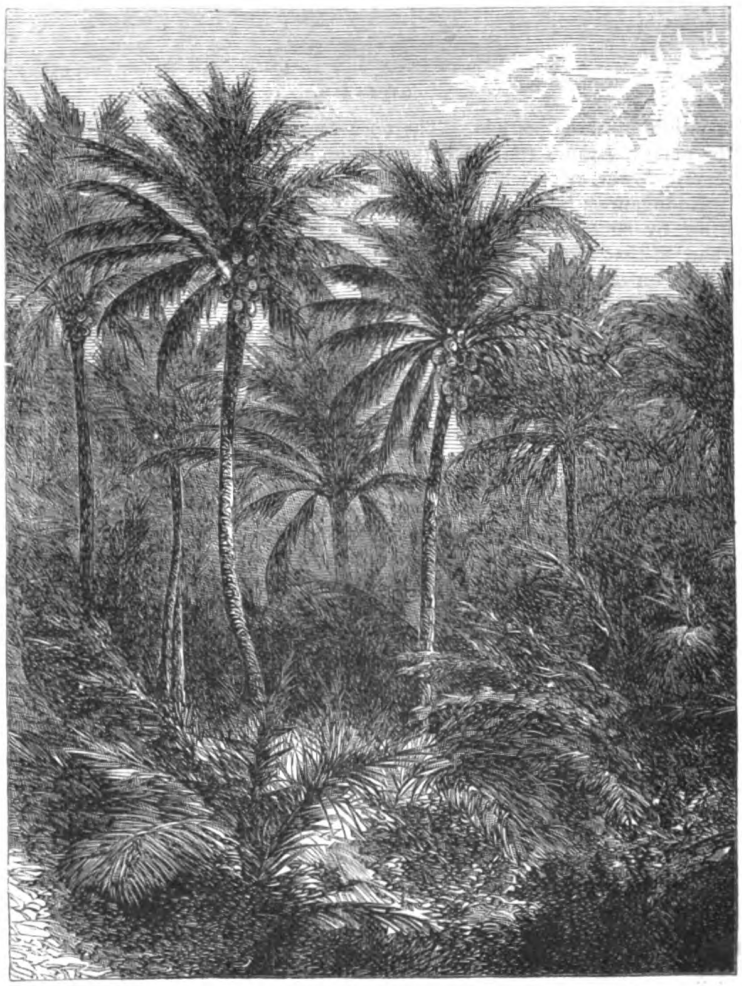
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the gateway the pendent branches of bergamot gave forth rich perfume. Buried within a complete canopy of foliage was the quaint cottage home. Broad verandas were furnished with wicker seats, lounges, and with the ever-acceptable hammock of grass netting. Choice birds—the red-bird, the canary, and the mocking-bird—were pleasant, cheering occupants. The good people, in white linen and in lawns, welcome with the heartiness characteristic of the Southern home. With the then accessionals, African slaves, passing the tempting bits of fruit and the refreshing draughts of cocoa-nut nectar and jelly, and the constant perfumes of jasmine, of lemon, and the endless odoriferous fruits and plants, the scene was one altogether novel to the unaccustomed Northerner.

The unusual wealth of rare vegetable forms on this estate makes it a fit subject of notice.

On all sides, overshading every thing, is the cocoa-nut palm; and beyond every thing for grace of form in vegetation is the young of this tree. The leaves rise directly from the earth, or nearly so; in the centre a stout midrib, bending with exact curve, upward and over, bears its leaflets in exquisite outline and comb-like regularity.

Uninitiated, we wonder at the peculiar aspect of these trees. Large trees, fifty or eighty feet in height, yet with no branches; growing with leaves from the top like plants—leaves sometimes fifteen or twenty feet in length. Of the three great classes of vegetation—Exogens, Endogens, and Acrogens—outside growers, inside growers, and top growers respectively—the Endogenous class, to which the palms belong, is profusely represented in the tropics, and as meagerly represented in the North. The most prominent of the class in our Northern States are the cereals, maize or Indian corn, and the orchids, cattails, and grasses. If we compare the cornstalk with the banana we shall be led a step further, and see how much the palm is like it. The banana, which is one of the most common plants here, and stands in splendid groups around this estate, throws up a leaf much like that of corn; another comes up within, and then others, alternately facing to right and left, until a great fleshy stalk is grown. The first leaves wither and die, and the stem supports a few of the latest leaves at the top. It is a green, succulent trunk—soft, almost, as the cornstalk. So the palm grows up, soft and stringy in its fibre—its long leaves dropping as it attains certain height, leaving behind the triangular scars which give this family a characteristic feature. And thus, as the cornstalk has no branches, so has the palm none. When the cocoa palm brings forth its first flowers and fruit, in its seventh year, a striking resemblance is seen to the flowers and fruit of the cornstalk. A large yellow spathe puts out, and falls over to reveal a bunch of elegant florets of the choicest "corn-color," which soon begin to branch like the tassel of corn, presenting a beautiful feature of this much-admired tree. The tassel is unlike the corn tassel in one respect—the young fruit appears upon that of the cocoa, and eventually there is a bunch of nuts formed from



COCOA PALMS.

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DATE PALM.

it weighing many pounds. The corn tassel is the male blossom; the silk being the top of the female flower, from which comes the fruit.

Endogenous plants are those that do not grow by successive layers, added year after year, so that the rings of growth can be counted, as on our trees and shrubs, when they are cut cross-wise. They have no bark, but uniform bundles of fibrous woody matter added from the centre as sap rises, and there deposits it. A most interesting provision of nature is seen in the fibrous development of the base of the leaves. From that portion which clasps the one above it strong fibres issue, and extend around and form a close and regular net-work. The fibres are crossed and interwoven so as to resemble an artificial matting. Being dry and gray, they are at first sight supposed to be extraneous wrappings. It becomes at once apparent that they are intended to hold the immense weight of the long leaves; which would otherwise be split from the trunk during the prevalence of high winds. The cocoa palm varies much in its aspect. Beginning to bear when it has arrived at the age of seven years, its leaves at this time are of immense size compared with the trunk; but as the tree grows older it towers to the height of sixty or more feet, bearing only its top-most leaves; while the fruit still continues to form at their base. Fruit in all sizes is seen on the same tree, as they continue to put out blossoms in every month of the year. The uses of the cocoa palm and its productions, both in this climate and elsewhere, are wonderfully extended. The hard trunks form an easy material for the construction of the huts of the poor. The midrib is formed into oars and various articles of use along shore. The terminal bud, like that of the palmetto, is a delicious article of food. The leaves are useful for thatching and for hats. The ashes yield an abundance of potash. The juice of the flowers and stems, replete with sugar, is used in the manufacture of arrack. From the spathe, or flower-covering, flows, when cut, a grateful beverage. An excellent oil is expressed from the kernel; and every body knows the uses of its well-known fruit.

The banana is not tree-like, but is annual in its growth; the root being perennial, and permanent. In one year the banana grows from the root to about twelve feet in height, bears its one bunch of fruit, and dies. Other shoots meantime are coming up from the same root; they in turn bear fruit; each after a year's growth. Such a method of growth brings the plant into extensive groups. Every yard in Key West has its banana patch; and the grand glossy leaves lend great beauty to the surroundings of the humble cottage as well as to the more pretentious domicile. The flower-bud of the banana is purple, and contrasts finely with the rich green of the leaves.

One of the handsomest trees of this garden is the date palm, which bears the dates of commerce. The leaflets of this palm are so beset with sharp spines at their base it is a matter of wonder that the fruit is ever gathered.

Closely resembling each other as do the palms, a wide difference is seen in their products. Sago, coquillo-nuts, wax, dates, cocoa-nuts, and a great many more less familiar. The date palm requires about the same length of time to arrive at maturity as the cocoa-nut. We remember visiting several date palms here in 1859, when they were then small plants, just brought from Cuba. These and a group of cocoa palms, of the same age, at Tortugas, were watched with great interest. In 1866 both groups were in bloom, and young fruit soon formed on them.

The great leaves of the palm and their leaflets have on the surface of the midrib or stem hollow troughs, and in extremely dry weather

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the leaves are more erect; thus allowing every drop of dew which collects upon the surface to run toward the centre of the tree, moistening the bundles of fibres which make up the solid structure of the trunk.

The plantain is quite as common as the banana here, and is so much like the latter that it deserves no special notice. The fruit is not pleasant except it be cooked.

In the front corner of this estate we observe a most singular tree; and in our rambles around town we meet it frequently near the street. One remarkable specimen is within the parade at the barracks. This is the *Ficus pedunculata*, or wild fig. Its habits are very similar to the banyan of the East, or *Ficus indica*. As is frequently the case, the one we are observing is supported by another tree. The seed of the fig has been left by some bird upon the branches of an iron-wood-tree, and now the latter seems to be wholly within the grasp of the fig. Rootlets or aerial branches are thrown down, while the young tree derives nourishment from the iron-wood, and a rapid growth soon covers it entirely. Branches shoot out and hang in the air until they reach the ground, where they take root, and present the novel aspect characteristic of the banyan. The leaf of this fig is large and oblong, unlike the indented leaf of our edible fig—*Ficus carica*. Like the India-rubber-tree, it has the thick white milky juice common to this family. One of the members yields a rich and wholesome milk, much prized by the natives, and is consequently called cow-tree. Bread-fruit is another product of the class. Many, however, yield poisonous juices; the famed upas is one. The gum-resin of commerce called shellac is from another of the family.

One of the taller and more conspicuous trees here is the almond. It is a striking feature in the scenery—not the less that it is the only tree that shows the autumnal colors in the cooler season. The branches are thrown out horizontally around the tree at a certain height; then a straight, limbless trunk rises a few feet, and another whorl of branches spreads out. Frequently three of these whorls or umbrella-shaped groups are seen. The leaves are very large and thick, and in many respects the tree is remarkably attractive. The fruit is imperfect here; though probably this is not the species that bears the finer kinds of commerce.

The tamarind is prized much for its fruit. Fine groups of them are common, and they are now loaded with ripe pods. The inner part of the pods is a most grateful, acidulous morsel, and when preserved is much esteemed. The delicate tracery of the tamarind leaves is quite rivaled by that of the chaparral. The latter resembles the weeping-willow, has smooth, rich green trunk and branches, and a flowing, airy spray of foliage of the finest feathery character, with slender stems of golden-yellow blossoms. This tree is more like the mimosa than chaparral, and is probably misnamed.

The guavas, several varieties, are thrifty in all parts of the island. In this garden are some fine trees. The fruit is rich and luscious, and furnishes the well-known jelly of the West Indies. The trees are low and straggling, like the peach, but have a rich, glowing foliage and smooth, mottled bark, like that of ash. It is worthy of remark here that nearly all trees and shrubs of these warm regions are destitute of the rough bark so common to trees of the North. It occurs to us that this is parallel with the fact concerning animals. The Northern animals are provided with thick coats, and shaggy ones in the extreme North, while those of the tropics are smooth and thinly clad. The pitch-pine is loaded with thick, shaggy bark. The palm is naked, its smooth skin quite exposed.

The sapodilla is a straight, elegant tree of the middle size. Several fine ones here, near the front walk, are completely shaded by the cocoa palms, yet they are fresh and thrifty, and full of the russet-apple-like fruit. The tree resembles closely the *Magnolia glauca*. Maumee-apple and maumee sapoté are beautiful trees, and bear large egg-shaped fruit, most excellent in quality. The peculiar form and grouping of the leaves, and their curiously arranged veins, make this tree conspicuous and interesting in this delightful exhibition of foliage.

The sour-sop and custard-apple are small shrubby trees, bearing fruit that is much valued.

The shaddock, with its great pumpkin-like oranges, grows in abundance.

Limes are in great profusion, and the woods are full of them. The juice is considered much more agreeable than that of the lemon. The latter is not of much account here, as, like the orange, having tap-roots, they do not find sufficient depth of soil.

Of all the flowering shrubs the oleander is the most prominent. Trees they are here fifteen or twenty feet high. Our friend, the Judge, can show us his neat cottage quite o'ertopped with them; and if we visit him at evening, and sit under his cheerful veranda (always allowing him to retain the wicker *rocking*-chair), he will show us a display of the gorgeous cups of the night-blooming cereus, which "excite our special wonder; while the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses," fraught with the perfume of the festooned jasmines and roses.

What a wealth of gay blossoms these oleanders display! Marvelous, indeed, and one would think sufficiently so in this garden of gay beauties. Yet our benign friend, noting the fulsome exposition of the beauty and rarity of certain plants duly catalogued from the North, essayed to procure and plant a few seeds of the *marvel of Peru*, judging correctly, as he thought, that—a marvel from Peru, a land renowned for all that is gorgeous—the plant would certainly prove a desirable acquisi-

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BANANA AND NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

tion. The Judge could have borne the disappointment, he said, "with some degree of equanimity had he not from time immemorial been bothered by the plaguy *four-o'clocks* coming up all over his garden. Why don't they *say four-o'clocks*, and done with it?"

These same four-o'clocks prove quite acceptable at Tortugas. We maintained a hedge of them several years. They become, like many plants, perennial, and grow quite shrubby. They were cut neatly in square shape, and continued blooming the year round. The agave, or Sisal hemp, grouped with the various shrubs, is an effective object in the garden. The vines and flowering plants that climb and hang gracefully over the walls are delightful objects, and each deserves a nearer view. The effect at night, while the moon is shining through the thick foliage, is exceedingly pleasant; and when a gentle breeze is stirring, the great leaves of the cocoanut palm, rasping each other, give forth a sound like a gentle fall of rain. The birds make free with this little forest, and give sweet music in return. Rambling out from the main street we gradually emerge into a low wooded expanse. Here the curious candle cactus rears itself above the surrounding shrubs, with here and there a stalk of agave relieving the uniformity of the outline. How strange and various are the forms of this family! This is a member of the cereus family, and is as prim and straight and angular as Mr. Burton tried to be in his inimitable personation of the head of a similar one. The grand columns of this plant in Mexico are wonderful objects compared with others, or considered as mere plants. The flower is exceedingly beautiful, like others of the cacti, but pure white.

The night-blooming cereus is native, growing luxuriantly upon trees; fastening itself, each joint as it puts forth, by rootlets. The houses are sometimes loaded with this plant, as it fastens readily upon brick or wood. In many of the yards in Key West the large trees are seen every evening during the warmer months decked with the great cups of this elegant plant. It is easily propagated by the joints. A curious example of that tendency in nature to adapt itself to circumstances is afforded here. This cereus, when not climbing and fastening itself by rootlets which are thrown out of the angular borders, contracts regularly at about every foot of growth, where a woody fibre is formed to strengthen it. It then enlarges to its proper size and shape, growing one of these joints every month. But if the plant is allowed to fasten itself by the rootlets it continues on for many feet in one unbroken angular column, somewhat like that of the columnar cereus, or candle cactus, but triangular in form. In the former case no rootlets are thrown out, as they are not called for; at the same time the fibrous contracted parts *are* called for to render the plant service as *acting backbones*. This would be a pretty example for the "development" theorists were it not true that, like every other object subject to such changes, the plant is ever true to its sphere of creation.

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be it never so "plastic" notwithstanding. Here comes closely to us the question, Has the creation been put forth by some unknown cause, endowed with innate power, with laws that work blindly, indefinitely; or, is there an Omnipotent, an Omnipresent Author who has devised the all-wondrous plan of nature, and yet guides and directs its workings? It seems impossible for one to take the former view without blindly setting adrift, and either denying the existence of the Creator, or attributing to him "resources so meagre that in order to create a human being endowed with reason, he must first change a monkey into a man. Without question this diversity of thought arises from two opposite qualities of mind. It is most likely that those who embrace the "development theory" are all of the same class of minds, the mathematical, say, or metaphysical. On the other side are found practical minds; those that see Nature as she is, and accept her plan as laid bare before us. A gentleman of great culture, yet given to useless speculations, remarked that he "could wish that the theory was correct, as it offered a grand field for thought." *There lies the secret.* Not satisfied with a devout contemplation of Nature as presented in her manifold forms, lacking the sense of appreciation of her beauties, forgetting for the time how little is our power of comprehension comparatively, impatient of the slow yet sure steps of exact science, they can only be amused by risking the accepted faith of the Christian for a wild reverie after a "simple and easy solution of the fact that we live."

From the angles of the cereus the buds put forth, and bloom with very little stem, the large cups appearing to open directly from the surface. Fully spread, the flower is of pearly whiteness. The stamens are very numerous, and have the effect of the plumage of the bird of paradise. Mingled with the perfume of the jasmines, the air is often nearly oppressive with the odor.

Other species of cacti are numerous in the forest—among them the opuntia, from which the cochineal bug of commerce is obtained. This plant in Mexico yields many thousand pounds yearly. The prickly-pear, a low variety, covers extensive tracts, and several delicately formed species are found in single groups. In the gardens are cultivated many of foreign growth.

In the midst of the bush lives an old negro called Sandy. Every one who has visited Key West has heard of or made acquaintance with this odd genius. The old man, now white-headed with age, has lived here with his wife, as he says, a heap many year. Sandy is shrewd, intelligent, and provident. He has read much and pondered, he says, and for many years has held forth to his colored brethren. His voice is voluminous, enduring, and cumulative—interesting his hearers, and plunging them into the most profound agitation, physically, if not mentally, agonizing to behold. The old man is very fond of plants, and has a very extensive variety of tropical productions.

"Well, now, I know I'm gwine to hab rain, Cap'n—suah, stranger," says Sandy, as we approached, in company with our friend. "Yes, dat tree is Susannah's tree—dat is, I keeps dem trees for her sake, and I comes out dere and reads in de Bible and ponders." The tree that we were examining is the mastic, which yields the gum-mastic of the shops. We failed to see the connection, however, concerning Susannah.

Fine grapes are growing here trained upon frames. In his garden near the house are fine guavas—an orchard of them—and sapodillas. On an old stump near the house is a bald eagle, which Sandy has kept for many years. Date palms, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, limes, grow here in perfection. Pine-apples, tobacco, coffee, and sugar-cane also thrive, with more or less luxuriance.

Near Sandy's house are the remains of an old mill, which was once used to crush the leaves of the agave or Sisal hemp, from which the Manilla or Mexican hemp is made for cordage. The manufacture was abandoned on account of undue cost in working the mill. Labor being cheaper in other countries, the hemp is imported for less price than they can afford to manufacture it at Key West.

The pawpaw is a striking and singular object — rising with bare trunk, showing scars where the long-petioled leaves have dropped. From the top a cluster of leaves shoots out, and altogether the tree resembles a fan palm at a distance. The fruit hangs from the base of the leaves. An unusual number of terrestrial shell-fish are seen lying on the ground and crawling over the stones. In the North, land-shells are so small and inconspicuous they are seldom seen. Few are probably aware how large a number of shell-fish live upon the land, permanently adapted to terrestrial life. Several species of helix, or snail, and a large achatina are plentiful here. Myriads of dead shells lie upon the ground. Some of the islands in the Indian Ocean are wonderfully stocked with land-shells. Ceylon has one hundred and twelve known species; and in the Philippine Islands there are over three hundred.

A rambling style of gardening is that of old Sandy's; but he succeeds in raising a good deal of nice fruit.

The garden of Captain Pffister is probably one of the finest on the island. More care is taken there to produce good fruit, and plenty of it. He has all the usual varieties, and in great profusion.

In these gardens we meet with nothing familiar; all is strange, yet full of interest. An epitome of the tropics is here, in our own land, and proves a pleasure to those who are unable to go from home to enjoy the views in foreign climes. At New Orleans and throughout the Southern States we meet with many strange forms of vegetation, but mingled with those

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more familiar. Here all is strange. It is so far south that a new zone is presented with peculiar productions, animal as well as vegetable. The pelican and the frigate-bird at once attract our notice. The palm and banana are equally strange to our sight.

In the outskirts of the town are many quaint cottages and cabins, where as quaint old people live. Old Uncle George puts his snow-white head out from the door and says, "Come in!" We are enthusiastically fond of these choice bits of living pictures. A friend who is quite as enthusiastic, and an artist of great culture withal, once, in the suburbs of Havana, in the midst of a pouring rain, from which his companion was hastily urging him, insisted on having the umbrella held over him while he sketched a rude cabin, "full of the picturesque." We are almost afraid that it will be thought absurd to stop by the way and enter and admire this "picturesque" cabin of Uncle George's. But let us take a glance, and not tarry. Plumes of cocoa-nut palm, long lance leaves of banana and plantain, rich russet foliage of almond, glossy green globes of guavas, towering over and nearly concealing what little space is left on the thatched walls not decked with flowering vines of ipomœas and jasmines. Gorgeous oleanders break the green masses, in varied tints, from the rich crimson to the lightest blush of pink. Slender sprays of coral-bush tipped with lake, peach blossom roses, and gay cups of the many-colored elders and cordianas, come into the picture; and the quaint old colored folk, quite in keeping, complete the scene.



UNCLE GEORGE'S CABIN.

The profusion of flowering plants and trees impresses the stranger with pleasure. A stroll up and down the streets is quite enjoyable, particularly in the early spring, when there is rather more than the usual floral display. All through the winter plants bloom, birds sing, and insects flit and hum.

One of the most singular and striking flowering trees is called the Gieger tree here, from the fact that Captain Gieger first brought it from the West Indies. The exquisite tint of scarlet, and large size of the flowers, render it very showy and ornamental. The pomegranate is a graceful shrub, throwing up long, slender branches, which bend with the weight of the rich, red-cheeked fruit. The flower is an elegant sculptured cup of scarlet, quite unique and wonderful as compared with others.

Though there are few houses here of any pretension to style, there are many tasteful cottages and domiciles. The house of Mr. Ferguson is a pretty Grecian structure, standing on about half an acre of land, and almost hidden from view by the numerous palms of all sizes. This place is exceedingly attractive to the stranger. The Marine Hospital is creditable, and is a pleasant feature, surrounded by noble trees. The Episcopal church and the parsonage are appropriate structures, and are embellished finely by the grand row of pine-trees—a tall species of Southern growth.

Were the streets shaded by palms, which grow so rapidly here, the town would present additional graces, greatly to the credit of its inhabitants and charming to the stranger. Across the island, to the northward, lie extensive salt ponds. Years ago these ponds were remunerative. Slaves were then employed, and other labor was low-priced. Lately the works have been re-established on a more scientific footing, and there can be no doubt but the intelligent enterprise of the proprietor will prove eventually successful. Key West salt has always maintained the highest standard, the highest reputation, in the whole list of localities, being placed at the head of the list by competent authority. This fact will stand always to its credit, and must be the means of bringing a considerable income to the town.

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This, with the sponge trade, and the usual wrecking business, gives to Key West at present a good earnest for the future.

The bay on the northern side bears a lively little fleet of vessels, small craft, nearly all of which are engaged in the sponge business. Opposite this bay is the government reserve, where is situated the United States barracks—an artillery post, and one of the neatest in the army. Six handsome cottages are arranged on two opposite sides of a square. Barracks for the privates are on the third side, facing the fourth, or front, which borders the bay. A handsome parade ground is within; and a hospital, with other appropriate quarters, is situated near.

Fort Taylor is a strong work, with two tiers of casemates. Besides the two towers, with their surrounding casemated works, two others are to be constructed—one upon the extreme eastern portion, and another upon an island in the inner harbor. These square towers are arranged to mount four guns of the largest kind on the top or parapet. Loopholes for musketry are in the walls. Covered ways and casemates are in the works surrounding the towers.

Along the south beach, facing the broad waters of the Gulf, grow most delicate and brilliantly colored algæ, mossy sea-weeds, and corallines. At low tide, when the little pools are left on the rough ledge, exquisite forms are seen, simulating in the clear mirror of still water the daisies and the ferns of the forest. Here is a form quite unique, even among the algæ. Long, slender stems bearing shallow circular cups, prettily radiated in the manner of the mushrooms. We so often meet with bright faces like these turned to the sunlight from the sea-side, learning to regard them as animal nature, that here in the same pool with such forms as tubularias, anemones, and others, it seems odd that the delicate fringes of this little cup do not instantly recoil on being touched. This is certainly one of the most interesting of all the algæ.

That species called *Acetabularia crenulata* grows in pretty bunches, and looks like so many mushrooms, barring the color—a delicate green.

Algæ vary much in their composition, from the purely vegetable structure to those that absorb or assimilate muriate of lime of the sea-water to form within their tissues a carbonate of lime, which in some species is hard as stone. Some of the nullipores are quite like stalactites or coral forms.

The laminarias, those long-leafed kelps with hollow stems, are not found here. Around the rocky shores of the North immense beds of them are seen in a calm day, swaying in the sea like tall grain.

Marine vegetation here forms a distinct province, differing greatly from that of the eastern coast, and strongly resembling that of the Mediterranean. Nearly one-third of the species are identical. Near one hundred and fifty species are found upon this island.

The caulerpas, comprising those elegant trailing plants with feathery fronds, most remarkable in their close resemblance to pinion plumage, constitute the entire forage of the green-turtle, so prized as an edible reptile.

After a heavy gale from the southward the beaches are loaded with algæ from the reef, and great numbers of the various species of sponge and gorgonias, sea-fans, sea-feathers, and other forms, attached to dead coral or shells. At such times the wonderful display of curious zoophyte forms cast upon the shore is worth a visit.

Our lost boat seemed likely to place an obstacle in the way of rambling along the reef; but we were fortunate in coming into possession of an almost duplicate of the one so much prized—one no less celebrated than the cutter of the yacht *Wanderer*, that was sold here, the noted slaver. We christened her *The Curlew;* and as our schooner is no more also, and the Bos'n having brought himself to a peace footing, we embark in the new boat, intending to run ashore along the reef as we head for the western end, or "leward"—"Down to the Tugasses," as the wreckers say; "Tight and snug," says the Bos'n—and we head her for the Marquesas.

As we shove ashore innumerable light-colored crabs run up the beach and suddenly disappear. Spirit-crabs! Appropriate name. Singular, square-bodied creatures, of the same color as the surrounding sand. Here they burrow for retreat, and sally forth by hundreds to feed on carcasses.

Low trees or shrubs, called bay-cedar, completely cover these islands. Crawling upon the branches were great numbers of hermit-crabs, each with his stolen coat upon his back. This is truly a *freak* of nature. Many of the species are aquatic, but this one is terrestrial, and does not go into the water. With chest and arms of formidable strength, this creature ignobly tapers to a soft, worm-like posterior. Like Richard, not shaped for sportive tricks, curtailed of fair proportion, cheated of feature, deformed, unfinished, sent before its time into this breathing world scarce half made up, it seeks to usurp and intrench itself within the castle of another knight of the shore.

As soon as the young crab has attained sufficient size and strength to assume its wonted responsibility, and struggle for existence, it forthwith looks about for "its size" among the cast-off univalve shells; first thrusting a long claw into the chambers to make sure that all is well and the castle vacant. Should a smaller or weaker knight of his order chance to be the occupant, battle is given at once. The sally-port is closed by the stout mailed arms, and the castle held strictly on the defensive as its only safety. The ambitious knight is on the alert, however, and eventually succeeds by strategy. The weaker party relaxes a little, and peeps forth to survey the field. A well-aimed blow and quick passage of arms place the incumbent

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hors de combat; he is dragged from the gates, and quick as thought the conqueror throws his rear within the castle, winds up the spiral turret, and presents a bold front of mailed armor at the gate. This strong-hold is held unless some party yet stronger gives battle anew.

These hermit-crabs are exceedingly pugnacious, and seemed to be continually disposed to rout and plunder. Several large ones were sent North, packed in a small box. One individual remained; he, the strongest, had devoured all that was edible of the others, leaving only the shells and claws. The survivor was kept under a glass bell for a year. He moulted once successfully, casting a perfect shell, an exact fac-simile of himself; but he died in the act of casting the second time. This crab became quite tame; eating from the hand, and remaining partially out of the shell when touched, though usually they remain "closely mewed up" when approached.

It is a ludicrous sight at times, when great numbers of these creatures congregate about a carcass, or climb the bushes after a rain to sip the moisture from the hollow leaves. An officer of the post at Tortugas, lately arrived, filled his pockets with the pretty shells so profusely scattered upon the keys. On landing at the wharf, homeward bound, he was much surprised at the manifestly improper expression that met him in every face of the guard, from sergeant to private. A friendly voice called his attention to the crawling multitude which now well-nigh likened him to the tawdry shell-work of frames and fancy boxes. The crabs, in many instances, can retire within the shell so far that they are not readily observed. One, enthusiastic in his first blush of delight at finding so large a number of pretty shells so near each other, is quite likely to fill his pockets greedily, without stopping to examine them, then and there. The shy creatures withdraw, and hug closely the inner chamber of the shell the instant a footstep is felt, and so remain until all danger is past—hence the possible mistake of which our friend really became the victim. An amusing sight was afforded in the office of the engineer in charge at Fort Jefferson. The officer—now our distinguished Quartermaster-general—had a large number of these crabs, from the largest to the smallest, placed upon the floor. Then commenced a novel scene—battles and combats, sparring, and rough-and-tumble fights; while numbers of them crawled upon the walls, and manifested every phase of curiosity by examining closely all parts of the room. A large species, which usually selects the turbo, a shell about the size of a large tea-cup, had the habit of living under houses or logs, and seemed to sally forth more at night. Occasionally they would crawl into the house. One particular individual became notorious as a constant visitor, and regularly crawled up the corner of a book-case to drink water from a dish—never, of course, leaving his shell behind. They present an exceedingly grotesque appearance shambling along with



CONTEST OF CRABS.

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THE HERMIT AT HOME.

their heavy stolen shells. Diogenes must have learned his habit from these creatures. Some naturalist has given the philosopher's name to one species.

These hermits seldom adopt an imperfect shell; but the height of the ludicrous was reached when we discovered an individual ensconced within the bowl of an old black clay pipe nearly stemless. It required all the taction the poor weak abdomen could muster to keep a sure tenure of possession. Commiserating his forlorn condition we gave him a chance to change quarters; an opportunity which he seized with alacrity; not unlike in that respect some in the army who delight in "turning each other out according to rank." The hermit is opposed to "commutation of quarters," and takes his "in kind"—*casemates* though they be, of *one story*, and *no back window*.

Few freaks of nature exceed this of the hermit-crab. It seems so unaccountable that an animal, in every other respect like its kind, should be so half finished, and given the instinct which induces it to adopt the rejected covering of another—the dead shell of a totally different class. The "developmentists" can take comfort, for here is an excellent opportunity for the exercise of the imaginative faculties. Here is a species trying very hard to establish itself by "natural selection." Can we not imagine the hermit eventually *stuck* to his stolen shell? or, seriously, in accordance with the theory of Darwin, we may imagine a single hermit-crab centuries back suddenly afflicted with paralysis of the abdominal muscles, which renders the part impotent, and in consequence the members attached become shriveled and useless. As this class of philosophers assume certain conditions when necessary, we will have to assume that the hermit was originally built as perfect, and on the same plan, as others of its family. The hermit now presents an aspect exactly of a paralytic. It is most reasonable to *imagine* this weak creature crawling into, as he naturally would—following the "law of natural selection"—the first available hole or by-place for protection in his "struggle for existence." What more likely than that a shell, a cast-off, dead shell was the first object in his way? Hence results an "unconscious selection." Once within, *imagine* him forever there. Clad in armor, which he moves with reasonable celerity, he never will give up his strong-hold; not he. Darwin says: "Under nature, the slightest difference of structure may well turn the nicely balanced scale in the struggle for life, and so be preserved." Now, our hermit, possessing unusual means of defense in his adopted shell, gives battle to his tribe, and kills off, assisted by his offspring, the weaker portion (the imagination indulges fondly here), while the soft, inactive, palsied posterior of the crab relies upon the kindly offices of the spiral conch, and perpetuates its degenerate form; preserving a favored race in the struggle for life, and offering a splendid example of the "origin of species by means of natural selection."

So reason the "developmentists." Let us rather have faith in the wisdom of the Creator, and believe that this *apparent* anomaly is designed for some good purpose, remembering that our wisdom is finite.

On the beach of the Marquesas are found the finest varieties of gorgonias seen upon the reef. Some of the most elegant yellow and purple sea-feathers are cast ashore here.

Gopher-turtles and terrapins abound here, and both are much prized as food.

Before the steady east wind we run along over the reef and Rebecca Shoals to East Key, the largest and outermost of the Tortugas group. Miles of reef, of uniform depth of water, here spread out before us. On the western border of this group of islands is a deep channel, much used by shipping bound to the Gulf ports. A dangerous quicksand and projecting points of reef are localities of many serious disasters. The map of this reef, kept at Fort Jefferson, indicates many names of vessels wrecked there. The channel is safe to those accustomed to its bearings; but strangers too often attempt its passage.

Were we approaching this key in the month of May, before the low white sand-bar was distinctly visible, we should see a cloud of moving specks directly over it. Nearing it, the cloud is seen to be made up of mottled sea-birds—sooty and noddy terns—members of the gull family, the prettiest of their class. Nearer, we are met by one and another, and presently by many, flying straight at us, as if determined to see who comes, and stop him at once. But suddenly they wheel, utter a shrill cry of alarm, and fly directly back to join their companions. As we reach the shore, myriads of these garrulous birds fly over and around us, disputing every inch, darting with all vigor at our heads, and filling the air with their shrill cries. The island is nearly covered by the bay-cedar, which forms a close brush, about ten feet in height. Under this brush, in all directions, are eggs of the terns. A slight depression is scooped in

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the sand, and one brown, spotted egg is deposited. Barrelfuls of these eggs are collected by the soldiers in the course of a few days, and they prove, unlike the eggs of most sea-fowl, most excellent eatables. Besides the immense numbers on the ground, pure white eggs are found on the top branches of the bushes, laid by the sooty tern or noddy—a lovely bird, with eye dove-like, and expressive of all gentleness, its plumage quite in keeping with its character. Darwin was impressed by the beauty of the little white tern which we have seen hovering over the *river of fishes*. He says: "There is one charming bird, a small, snow-white tern, which hovers smoothly at the distance of a few feet above one's head, its large black eye scanning with quiet curiosity your expression. Little imagination is required to fancy that so light and delicate a body must be tenanted by some wandering fairy spirit."

The noddies build a rude nest on the very top of the slender bushes, and in no instance did they appear to be hollow, but almost always quite the reverse, so that the single egg is only held in place by the twigs. Often the nest is of considerable dimensions, and requires much time in its construction, notwithstanding it is so crude. It is believed that the sun has much to do with hatching the eggs; for the parent bird is seldom seen sitting upon the nest, but usually near it. The egg of the noddy is nearly pure white, and the yolk is as yellow as that of a hen's egg, closely resembling it as an article of food. They are regarded as a great luxury, and prove of inestimable value to the command during the hot weather of the first weeks of summer. The birds continue to lay about six weeks. Though their numbers are enormous, and a cloud of them hangs over the island during this time, it seems difficult to account for the great numbers of eggs unless it is true that they deposit more than one. Only one being found in or near a nest, it is supposed that they lay in different places. A custom is to clear a space which can be recognized, and take the eggs from that place daily, or on alternate days; in this way for several weeks a fresh lot of eggs is taken with no risk of gathering those partly incubated.

A novel effect is produced by shouting loudly while in the midst of this chaos of voices; instant silence—fearful, almost, in its intensity; every voice is hushed, but only for a moment; the vast chorus, *una voce*, bursts forth again as if it had not been interrupted, but as if we had suddenly lost and immediately recovered our sense of hearing.

Spirit-crabs and hermits, Bohemians of their class, gather around and filch away the small fishes that chance to drop from the greedy chops of the young birds. The hermits drag their heavy shells to the top of the bushes, and lay in wait for a grab at the young noddy's victuals.

This is the season for turtle-turning. It is now that the green-turtle and the loggerhead crawl upon the beaches to lay their eggs. All the rest of the year they swim in the great deep. We have seen how shy they are, and knowing that, we wonder why they should select moonlight nights as suitable time to perform this important work. Perhaps they have poor sight, and are beholden to the sweet silver light of that luminary. Ten to one, Bob Rand and Long John are to be found just round the bend of the key, killing two birds with one stone; not literally, but in the way of watching for a chance to pilot in a vessel, and keeping a sharp eye to any reptile that may "break" near the island.

The Bos'n is beckoning, and tugs on with unwonted energy, which betokens some extraordinary good luck. The boat at anchor and the shelter-tent — leg-o'-mutton sail stretched over an oar — confirm our suspicion; and all doubt is removed concerning the presence of the renowned turtlers as we discover the Bos'n placing his affections between a pot of hard-boiled noddies' eggs and a black bottle labeled "Kitchen and Henderson's Hair Restorative." To sit upon the clean white sand, and eat hard-boiled noddies' eggs dipped in pepper and salt, "with a sup of Bob's cawfee," was, as the Bos'n says, having "dead loads of comfort."

The Bos'n says he "remembers the day, 'twas of a Chewsday—four year come Michaelmas—sin' he'd exparunced ony thing like ut." Certainly nothing but a Daniel Webster, Boston cracker chowder, with crispy rashers tried out of sweet pork, and eaten on the rocks at Nahant in the hot term, equals this bivouac and its accompaniments of hard-boiled noddies' eggs and Bob Rand's hot coffee.

The turtlers camp here for the season. They make fast those that they catch, and send them into market as occasion offers. Some of these huge reptiles weigh over six hundred pounds, and require all the strength of the two men to turn them. When once on their backs, they are entirely helpless. As they are all females that come out of water, they are allowed to lay their eggs before they are turned. The eggs are much esteemed by the native population of this vicinity. Most of those taken here are loggerheads; the green-turtles are more abundant within the creeks and channels of the older part of the reef, where, as we have seen, they feed and fatten in the extensive fields of algæ. The loggerhead is carnivorous, and is not esteemed a delicacy.

Middle Key and Sand Key are two smaller islands, with no vegetation, forming with East Key a line of barrier, with the intervening reef, which is continued by the larger Loggerhead Key, Bird Key, and their reefs; completed by Long Key and Bush Key, between which and East Key, where we now are, the main ship-channel passes.

Winding in almost zigzag course, the channel opens within this barrier an expanse of deep water that proves of great service as a safe harbor. In the centre of this harbor is the island formerly called Garden Key, now wholly covered by Fort Jefferson.

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ANNA VALLAYER-COSTER, 1780.

ANNA VALLAYER-COSTER.

TWENTY years ago I was the guest of a descendant of one of the oldest of the Huguenot families that settled in the country bordering on the Hudson River after the revocation of the toleration edict of Nantes in 1685—an act which sent about fifty thousand Protestant families out of France.

I was snow-bound there on a midwinter night. A wind-storm of uncommon severity was skurrying over the land, piling white drifts in great masses in the roads, and rattling the closed window-shutters of the quaint old family mansion with fierce menaces of entrance and possession. But a sense of comfort, and of security against the tempest, was felt by all in the little parlor to which we had retired from the supper-table, where a coal-fire was glowing in the broad grate, and a candelabrum was radiating a pleasant light from a cluster of clear white burners.

Upon the walls of that little room hung several small paintings, mostly in the style that succeeded the old French school of art, whose dynasty ended with the advent of Vien and David, late in the last century. Among them was a picture of a vintage scene in Burgundy, painted by a feminine academician late in the reign of Louis XV., whose modesty and quiet domestic habits caused her to shine less conspicuously in society, and to win less fame as an artist through popular applause, than her accomplishments and merits entitled her to. Her profile, finely engraved, and framed in ebony, hung above a small cabinet of the same wood, with glazed doors, within which were groups of curious and even costly little works of art inherited by the family from both near and remote ancestors. The classic face and the costume of a belle of almost a century ago impelled me to inquire who and what was the original of the picture. I was answered that it was the profile of Madame Anna Vallayer-Coster, whose painting of the vintage scene I had just been admiring; that she was an artist so skillful that her sovereign requested her to paint her own portrait for his private cabinet; and that the print before me was from an engraving made by Letellier, who was an eminent practitioner with the burin in her day.

While conversing upon the subject of the pictures, a younger member of the family brought to me a small, velvet-covered port-folio, which contained a score of letters written at Paris by her great-grandmother, then a young married woman, to her sister in Westchester County, New York, during the period of our old war for independence and a few years afterward. In those letters Mademoiselle Vallayer was frequently mentioned as one of the most charming and intimate of the writer's personal friends; and from them I gleaned a history of the artist, a part of which has a special interest for Americans.

Anna Vallayer was a native of Paris, and daughter of an engraver of some repute. She was well educated in a conventual school, in which needle-work and drawing were taught. She soon excelled her tutor in the latter accomplishment, and showed such tokens of artistic taste and genius that her father procured for her the privilege of some lessons from Joseph Marie Vien, a disciple of the school of the Caracci, and the tutor of the celebrated David. He was then, at the age of fifty years, at the head of his profession in France, and was working out, with his own pencil, the regeneration of art in that country, in which labor he was afterward ably assisted by his brilliant pupil, the painter of the "Oath of the Horatii."

Vien took great interest in his charming little learner, and inspired her genius with such enthusiasm that, at the age of twenty years, she was admitted as an Associate in the Academy of Fine Arts at the Louvre, where none but artists of acknowledged ability were permitted to enter as such. Her reception pieces (*morceaux de réception*), required by the Council from the applicant for membership, were the vintage scene just mentioned—of which she made several copies—and a portrait and some flowers. She was admitted as an academician in the year 1770, and from that time until the kindling of the French Revolution, in 1789, her *genre* pictures, and paintings of portraits, cattle, flowers, and still-life were always seen at the annual exhibitions at the Academy.

Vien never missed an opportunity to please her, and was the recipient of the most sincere gratitude in return. He was courted by the nobles and patronized by the royal family. In

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the realm of taste and culture he was regarded as a benefactor; for, in spite of the sneers of rivals—the disciples of Vanloo and Boucher, who had reduced art in France to an insipid and puerile state—he was boldly and rapidly creating a new school of art, in which the study of the antique and of nature, that distinguished the best Italian masters, was most prominent.

And the wife of Vien, the accomplished painter in miniature, and flowers, birds, and still-life—Marie Theresa Reboul—who had been an academician since 1757, loved Anna as a daughter, and led her into advantageous social positions. With these friends she attended the coronation of Louis the Sixteenth, in May, 1774; and at the state ball on that occasion she was presented to the proud Austrian archduchess, Marie Antoinette, then made Queen of France. It was on that occasion that the writer of the letters just mentioned, then a bride of a few weeks, first saw the beautiful academician. A few days afterward she met her at the house of the Count De Vaudreuil, a patron of the new French school, and at whose elegant home Americans were always welcome. There the two young women formed an acquaintance which ripened into sincere friendship and close intimacy.

"She is a charming little creature," wrote that bride, a few days afterward. "Her modesty is almost diffidence, and her manners are as natural as those of a child. Her face is radiant with genius, that shines benignantly but almost silently upon us. She is a brunette, with sparkling dark eyes—short, plump, and active. Her voice is like that of a singing-bird; and the pressure of her hand and of her lips on the cheek at meeting and parting testify that she has a warm heart and sympathetic nature. I am sure I shall love her. To-morrow my husband and I will dine with her at her father's—the only guests—when we shall see her pictures."

That little dinner-party was in a small cottage, embowered in shrubbery and vines, just outside the old walls of Paris, near the banks of the Seine. On that occasion a copy, by herself, of mademoiselle's reception piece—the vintage scene in Burgundy—was purchased by her guests, and has ever since been a precious possession of the family of that bride. And she made them a present of an exquisite print of "Venus and Cupid," engraved by her father, after Pierre, then at work in Paris, at the age of sixty years. He and Vallayer were intimate friends; and Pierre came to the engraver's cottage just as the guests were about to leave. An introduction, and an invitation to the old painter's studio, resulted in the purchase of another of the pictures that adorned the little parlor of the Huguenot family. It was from a cartoon of a scene by Pierre on the ceiling of the chapel of the Virgin in the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris.

Among the men of note outside of the circle of academicians with whom Mademoiselle Vallayer was a favorite was Caron de Beaumarchais, whose beneficent labors in aid of the American colonies, when struggling for their independence, was most extraordinary for zeal and magnitude. He was one of the remarkable souls in European society of the last century who were feared and trusted by the cabinets of kings; and yet it is a strange fact that he is little known or spoken of to-day, there or in America, than as the author of the immortal drama of "The Barber of Seville," and of a comedy called "The Marriage of Figaro." As a mechanic, a courtier, a tutor in the palace, a poet, dramatist, secret diplomatist, publisher, merchant, manufacturer, financier, cabinet councilor, reformer, and a negotiator with a Bourbon king for aid to republicans struggling for the full liberty of the people, he was always distinguished above the common standard of excellence. The spring of his superiority may be found in his declaration—"The fear of mediocrity poisons my life." This feeling he impressed upon others. Through it he stimulated the ambition of Mademoiselle Vallayer to be little in nothing; and in the household of that really great man, consisting of his daughters, nieces, and nephews, who were clear echoes of the chief Voice of the family, she received much of the inspiration that impelled her to execute a few works of art which have never been excelled.

In Beaumarchais's drawing-room Mademoiselle Vallayer met Sophie Arnould, the audacious, witty, tyrannical, wicked, loving, spiteful, charming Queen of Song, in praise of whose voice and beauty all pens and tongues were eloquent for a time, and at whose house Voltaire, Helvetius, D'Alembert, Diderot, Dorat, Bernard, Francœur, Rousseau, and a host of distinguished persons of lesser note, might have been met a hundred years ago. It seemed as if the whole Encyclopedia met at her house. Dr. Franklin declared that nowhere in highest Parisian society did he find such pleasure, such wit, such brilliancy, as in the *salon* of Mademoiselle Arnould, so late as his arrival in France. Her conquests over hearts were themes for daily conversation; and her sparkling repartees were upon every lip, from those of the venerable Voltaire, who often encountered her sallies, to the young nobles who fluttered about her in the green-room of the theatre, as moths around a candle, although often scorched almost into cinders by her satires. This woman—who, to Voltaire, when he one day said, "Ah! mademoiselle, I am eighty-four years old, and have committed eighty-four follies," could say, "A mere trifle, monsieur; I am not yet forty, and have committed more than a thousand"—was so charmed by the genius and the sweet simplicity and purity of Anna's character, so unlike her own and that of almost every body else in French society at that time, that she sought her friendship, became her patron; and when the son of the old minister, Count De Maurepas, who had become enamored of the Queen of the Opera,

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asked her for her miniature, she would allow no one to have the commission but Mademoiselle Vallayer. The young artist became attached to Sophie, but was proof against her vices.

It was in the house of Beaumarchais that the beautiful academician also met Arthur Lee, the false witness against his associate commissioners, sent by the American Continental Congress to obtain material aid from Europe, and who were in direct communication with Beaumarchais. Lee's untruthful letters, by which Congress was made distrustful of its commissioners and of Beaumarchais, did immense and lasting mischief to the cause of the Americans in the early years of their struggle for independence. Insatiate ambition was the great defect in the young Virginian's character. This the acute perception of Mademoiselle Vallayer discovered immediately; and she whispered in the ears of Beaumarchais suspicions of Lee's lack of veracity, which his own experience speedily justified. She became an enthusiast in favor of the Americans; and she was so fearful that the strong affection of the Marchioness De Lafayette for her husband might cause her to restrain his zeal in the same cause that she ventured to call upon her, without an introduction, with eloquent words of persuasion. But they were not needed. The zeal of the marchioness was equal to that of the artist.

On the very evening after the interview with the marchioness (in the winter of 1777) Mademoiselle Vallayer accompanied Beaumarchais to Passy, a pleasant little village on the Seine, then three miles from Paris, to visit Dr. Franklin. There she had her first interview with the venerable sage and diplomat, and charmed him with her enthusiasm and personal magnetism. When, not long afterward, she was passing an afternoon with the philosopher, and receiving draughts of wisdom from the deep well of his knowledge, she sketched that profile of him, with a fur cap on his head, which is seen on the rare medals of the red clay of Passy which Franklin's host caused to be struck in his honor. At about the same time she also painted a profile likeness of the fine head of Beaumarchais, a copy of which, with a long autograph letter of his to Alexander Hamilton, as his counsel, is before me while I write. It was in profile portraiture that she most excelled.

The coiffure of Mademoiselle Vallayer, seen in her profile by her own hand at the head of this paper, is an illustration of what Franklin at that time wrote about the fashions to his friend Mrs. Mary Hewson. In a postscript under the date of January 27, 1777, he wrote:

"They tell me that in writing to a lady from Paris one should always say something about the fashions. Temple observes them more than I do. He took notice that at the ball in Nantes there were no heads less than five—and a few were seven—lengths of the face above the top of the forehead. You know that those who have practiced drawing, as he has, attend more to proportions than people in common do. Yesterday we dined at the Duke De Rochefoucauld's, where there were three duchesses and a countess, and no head higher than a face and a half. So, it seems, the farther from court the more extravagant the mode."

The finest work by Anna Vallayer ever exhibited at the Royal Academy was a picture of the "Crowning the Rosière at Sarennes." It was on the walls of the Academy in 1779, and attracted great attention. Vien and his wife, who had lately come from Rome on a visit, were delighted with it. David, also just from Rome—then rapidly rising in public favor, but who was not yet an academician—spoke of it as an almost faultless picture; and Marie Louise Elizabeth Vigee, the wife of Le Brun (a Paris dealer in works of art), who had already acquired much of that reputation which became immortal, declared it to be the best painting sent to the Academy that year. It was purchased by the Count De Vaudreuil, at whose house Colonel Trumbull saw it in the summer of 1786, who was so charmed with the subject that he went out to Sarennes to see the original. In his journal, after making a note of the house and furniture of the count as "elegant and magnificent in a high degree—few pictures, and mostly of the modern French school"—he wrote:

"*Sunday, August 5.*—Went with Mr. Jefferson and others to see the ceremony of crowning the *rosière* of Sarennes, a village near St. Cloud, four miles from Chaillot. Every year the most amiable, industrious, and virtuous poor girl of the parish is elected, who is received by all the village and a crowd of strangers in the church with great solemnity. The service is performed, a sermon preached, and the ceremony of crowning with roses is enacted with the benediction of a bishop. The *rosière* of the year, and the preceding candidates, are arranged on the right of the bishop, their parents and friends with them. The crown of flowers is placed by a little girl, daughter of the seigneur of the parish, with the *benedicite* of the bishop, and accompanied by music. The *rosière* is then conducted home, attended by the clergy, music, and company, when she receives three hundred livres, the annual legacy of a clergyman, whose institution this is."

The admirers of Anna Vallayer's genius, beauty, and character had multiplied every year. She was flattered without being made vain. Suitors of rank and wealth and genius sought her hand, and were refused with a sweetness of manner that intensified passion and disappointment. To society she was an enigma, a marvel; to herself and a few discreet friends she was a true woman. These knew the secret of her apparent stoicism and self-possession in the furnace of temptation. For five years—the years when the fair letter-writer I have mentioned was most intimate with her—she was betrothed to a son of an old friend of her father, a lineal descendant of David Coster, the famous Flemish en-

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graver of illustrations for books at the beginning of the century.

There was a bit of romance in the story of these lovers. Anna's mother died when she was an infant, and the wife of her father's friend was her nursing-mother for a while. She shared the maternal bounty with Lucien Coster, now her betrothed. They grew to youthhood together, and in daily intercourse were like brother and sister. They loved each other when they were little children, and the cord of affection grew stronger until, in their halcyon days, they were conscious of a union of souls more spiritual than that of mere earthly friendship.

So slender was the fortune of Lucien's father that he was unable to give his son more than the most meagre education. He was handsome, witty, generous, dutiful. When he saw the genius of Anna blooming with promises of rich fruit, he felt an intense desire for the learning of the schools, that he might be a worthy suitor for her hand. But he grew to manhood as the assistant of his father in a small manufactory of watches. He had long desired to confess his love, but his circumstances forbade it. At length, just when Anna had commenced her brilliant career by admission to the Academy, he did so, and they exchanged vows of mutual fidelity. To both the future was a mist full of undefinable shapes—the phantoms of hopes and fears—and their nuptial day seemed too far distant to be spoken of excepting as a delicious dream of the fancy.

Years passed away, and bountiful was the happiness they enjoyed in each other's society. Before them there was always a riddle which they could not penetrate. It was suddenly solved. On the day when Anna was at the coronation of the young king, with Vien and his wife, Lucien was informed that he was the inheritor of a considerable fortune from an unexpected source. Before he told her the good news he had resolved to make himself worthy of her genius and unfolding fame by acquisitions of knowledge. He entered a German university as a pupil; and at the close of his student life, late in 1779, when Anna was at the height of her popularity as an artist, and her suitors were most numerous and importunate, he appeared in Paris. Elegant in person and manners, an accomplished scholar, fluent and witty in conversation, and amiable in words and deportment, he soon won the hearts of her distinguished friends. A week before Christmas they were married in the church of St. Sulpice by the young Abbé Arnouts, of Passy. The wedding banquet, at the house prepared by Lucien for his bride, was an affair long remembered and talked about in the artistic and literary circles of the French metropolis.

"Never," said our fair letter-writer, "since I have been in Paris have I seen together, socially, so many persons of genius and taste as at the wedding and the nuptial feast of Anna Vallayer last week. The two most distinguished of her artist friends were not there—Vien and David. They are both in Rome. M. Vien, a very sprightly little man of sixty-three, whose hair is white and thin, but whose complexion is as fresh and fair as an Englishwoman's at forty, is now director of the French Academy in the city of the Cæsars. His dear, good wife, younger than he and full of cleverness, is with him. M. David went there four years ago, after winning the grand prize of the Royal Academy for his picture of 'The Amours of Antiochus and Stratonice,' which secures to him the royal pension for life. He is studying antique forms with the devotion of an enthusiast, as he is, and painting historical pictures which, Vien writes, will make his name immortal. So fascinated is he with Greek art that he has written to his friend Julien, the sculptor, that he wishes his works to be so like those of the Hellenic artists that, were it possible for a citizen of Athens in Alexander's time to recross the Styx, they might appear to him as the paintings of Zeuxis or Apelles. But I am wandering; and I will only add that David is young—less than thirty—a grave, plain, sensible man of few words and kindly manner. The world will possess great things of his.

"Among the artists at the dinner the most distinguished were Madame Le Brun and Julien the sculptor. The lady is young—only twenty-four—yet she has already won much fame, and is patronized by the nobility, for whom she makes exquisite copies of the pictures of favorite masters. She is one of the most fascinating women I have yet met in society here. In features she reminds me of Mrs. Jay, who was sweet Sarah Livingston when I left for Europe, and who, you know, was here not long ago with her husband, on their way to Madrid, where he is to be the American minister. Julien is about fifty. He is tall and slender, and his fine face is well embowered in a profusion of dark hair. He has just gained admission to the Academy by his statue of the 'Dying Warrior.' There were artists of lesser note, but of large promise, whom I will not name. But I will not pass over the good Adelaide la Bille de Vertus, now Madame Guyard, a plain woman, but one of the most entertaining of her sex I have ever met. She paints well, and her house is the resort of people of taste.

"I can not now tell you about the literary, musical, and other notables who were at the feast; nor a single word about the brilliant, beautiful, and fashionable women who graced the occasion. But I must mention the names of a few persons who are well known here. There was Beaumarchais, gay as a beau of twenty-five, though a man of fifty. His comedy called 'The Marriage of Figaro' is just now making a great stir in Paris. It hurls keen shafts at public abuses, and his enemies have made the king scent revolution in its verses.

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His Majesty says it shall not be brought out at the theatre. 'The man laughs at every thing,' he said to the queen the other day, who rather wished to see the comedy performed. 'If I shall permit this piece to be played, I must order the Bastile to be pulled down, to be consistent.' But Beaumarchais will outwit the king and the censors. Perhaps the Bastile *will* be pulled down.

"Again I am wandering. Well, the Count De Vaudreuil and his wife were there. So also was Madame De Lafayette—so beautiful! —who stole a little time from her husband (now here, with 'honorable scars,' on business for the Americans) to do honor to one she had learned to love. There, too, was Dorat, the writer of indifferent tragedies; and Rameau, the popular composer; and Bernard, the fine lyric poet; and Francœur, the leader of the orchestra. The venerable Franklin was invited, but he was ill; and in his stead came a handsome young American merchant, Elkanah Watson, just established at Nantes with my husband's friend, M. Cossoul. He was then the doctor's guest. He was accompanied by a son of Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, and a young Livingston from the Manor, who brought introductions from the sage.

"The dinner was plain, the 'feast of reason' was bountiful, and music and conversation kept the company together until a late hour."

As I have observed, Anna Vallayer's pictures were on exhibition at the Academy until the breaking out of the French Revolution in 1789, which disrupted the foundations of society not only in France but in a large portion of Europe. But while her pictures were not less excellent than formerly, and every body admired them, she was no longer annoyed by flatterers, nor forced to battle with the temptations of society. Her name in the catalogues of the Academy after 1779 had an appendix. It was Anna Vallayer-Coster. Her husband became an advocate of considerable eminence. Both loved the quiet of domestic life, and kept out of the dangerous vortex of fashionable society. A few real friends were habitual visitors at their home. Among the most welcome of these were her feminine associates of the Academy. The number of these to be admitted at one time was fixed, in 1783, at four. At that time all of her associates were living but one—Marie Louise Giroust, wife of M. Roslin, who was received as a painter of portraits, and died in 1772, at the age of thirty-seven years. The survivors were Madame Vien, received in 1757 as a painter of miniatures; Madame Guyard, and Madame Le Brun, who were both received in 1783. The reception piece of the latter was her celebrated picture of "Peace renewing Plenty." David, who had returned from Rome, was admitted to the Academy the same year, and was appointed painter to the king, with apartments in the Louvre; but the next year he returned to Rome and painted his masterpiece, the "Oath of the Horatii." Vien had left Rome two years before, and was chosen rector and a director of the Academy; and he finally succeeded David in the office of painter to the king.

When Colonel Trumbull visited Paris and all its resident artists of note in 1786 he did not see Madame Coster. She and her husband were then in Saxony. "I was sorry," our fair letter-writer said, in an epistle early in October that year, "that my charming friend was away when the young American artist and soldier was here. We dined with him at Mr. Jefferson's the day before Mr. Trumbull's departure for Frankfort. He spoke warmly of her pictures, especially of the 'Crowning the Rosière at Sarennes,' and seemed to regret the denial of the pleasure of seeing the artist. She paints but little now. Her two children, to whom she is most devoted, occupy a greater portion of her time."

The writer, who left France for her native country a few months afterward, merely mentions again, in a letter, the fair academician as one of those she regretted to part with.

The current of the lives of the artist and her family seems to have run smoothly until the terrible storm of the Revolution broke over their country. Then we lose sight of them for long periods of time. Here and there in the writings of contemporaries we catch glimpses of the wife and mother among the wrecks floating on the surface of the dark sea. The husband and father probably perished in the storm.

Of some of Madame Coster's old friends more is known. When the tempest was rising in 1789, Madame Le Brun went to Italy, where she was chosen a member of the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome. In that city she painted many portraits of distinguished persons. Afterward she went to Switzerland, and spent some time there. Then she sojourned a while in Prussia, and finally made her home in England, where she painted a portrait of the Prince of Wales, and of young Lord Byron, then just come to his title and estates. Her fame was as wide as civilization, and she was honored by election to membership in the academies of several European capitals. Under the title of "Souvenirs," she wrote a racy sketch of her own life and times, in which may be found outline portraits of contemporary artists and other persons of note.

Vien remained in Paris, and weathered the storm. When it was over, and Napoleon was the director of the political elements of the nation, Vien was created a senator, a count of the empire, and a commander of the Legion of Honor; and at his death, in 1809, when he was ninety-three years of age, he was honored with burial in the Pantheon at Paris. He seems to have been a constant friend and protector of his fair pupil during the period of the fearful tempest, and later. Robert Fulton said in a letter to a friend, written in 1798, giving him an interesting account of his visit to that Nestor of art: "I found there, as a cherished

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member of the family, Madame Anna Vallayer-Coster, an artist of great ability, whose hand, for many years, has been unable to hold a firm pencil because of a nervous affection. The vicissitudes of fortune and the ravages of many griefs have failed to obliterate beauty from a face almost sixty years old, or to extinguish that vivacity inherent in the French character. Her two children, a son and daughter, are receiving education at the expense of the venerable artist. Madame Coster is a most agreeable companion for Madame Vien, who is now more than threescore-and-ten years old."

Less than a year after this letter was written, Beaumarchais, another warm friend of Madame Coster, died of apoplexy. It was at the middle of Floréal (May), when he was sixty-seven years of age. The Revolution had ruined him. He was proscribed and exiled. His property was confiscated and wasted; his wife, sister, and daughter were imprisoned, and were on the list of victims moving toward the scaffold when, on the day of the 9th Thermidor, that horrid procession was arrested. And when they were at liberty they almost starved, for bread was as rare as diamonds at one time. Fuel for baking it cost fourteen hundred francs a load, and candles to light the supper-table when eating it cost one hundred francs a pound. Through precisely such experiences Madame Coster had passed, and been compelled to seek safety from the mob in the disguise of a nobody.

We have also a glimpse of her during that stormy period as the benefactor of her old friend Sophie Arnould. That remarkable woman left the theatre a little while before the Revolution, and retired to the country, where, in obedience to a whim, she kept cows and sheep, made butter and cheese, raised poultry, and gathered hay and pease with her own hands. When the surges of that revolution began to resound she sold her little estate, bought a house that had belonged to a community of penitents, and in a ruined convent at the end of a park she built a tomb for herself. There, in a sort of voluptuous ease in the midst of material enjoyments, she prepared for death in her own pleasant way, refraining from sins of commission, and receiving and entertaining troops of friends. There the *sans-culottes* of Luzarches disturbed her. By tact she caused the leader to say, "She is a good citoyenne, after all," and they passed on. But she could not foil the storm. It swept away her fortune. She went to Paris, the vortex of the whirlwind. With her fortune and waning beauty went her friends. Many faithful ones ascended the scaffold or fled into exile. For a while her abode was in a little nook, without light or a fire-place, in the house of a man who had formerly been her hair-dresser. There, in extreme poverty, and almost starving, Madame Coster found her. She had little to offer to her old friend excepting words and acts of kindness, and these she gave in abundance. In poverty that Queen of Song lived for years. When in 1798 Fouché, one of her old lovers, became a minister of state, Madame Coster, through Vien, called his attention to her. Fouché admitted her to an audience, and with the plea that she had for twenty years enchanted Paris with her voice and eyes, he gave her an ample government pension, and apartments in the Hôtel d'Angevilliers. Golden days and troops of friends were again hers. Then good Madame Coster, having paid her debt of gratitude, retired to the sweet quiet of Vien's home. Four years afterward Sophie passed away, obscure and unnoticed, for fortune had again withdrawn its sunshine.

Madame Vien died in 1805, and her husband four years afterward. I have nowhere found traces of Madame Coster after that time, excepting in a single paragraph of a small book of travels written by an Englishman, who speaks of her as living in Paris as late as the year 1818, when she must have been about eighty years of age.

HER HERO.

WHO "she" was, and how he became "her hero," may be told in a few words. She, Mina Felden, was the youngest daughter of a gentleman whose castles were all in the air, and whose gold was a chimera, and whose luck was (as he was in the habit of asserting more forcibly than elegantly) nowhere.

Mina was his youngest daughter, and her hero, Philip Bray, was his bosom friend. He was something else to the Felden family besides the bosom friend of the head of it. But what that something else was can not be told just now.

It had been a portion of Mr. Felden's ill luck all his life to lack what his more sagacious friends called concentration. His head was always full of half-developed, brilliant schemes, that would have greatly benefited the majority of mankind if only the other half could have been developed also. He had a tolerable ear for music, and a moderately good eye for form and color, and a tongue with that enviable power of turning off sentences trippingly that stands some men in lieu of talent. But his compositions (and only Cramer and Boosey and Beale knew how voluminous they were) would have been hopelessly unpopular if they had ever been published. And his sketches were always just a little out of drawing; and though the sentences ran trippingly from his tongue, they hung about his pen, and came out thick and muddy therefrom. In short, he was a failure—a man foredoomed apparently to be a "step from the sublime" invariably, however earnestly he strove to touch it.

He and his shortcomings, though, were more than compensated for by his daughters. Two more splendid specimens of womanhood than "poor Arthur Felden's daughters" it would be very hard to find. And they were what they were in spite of things so very adverse to the

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growth of graces in girls that it was no marvel that Philip Bray sought to make himself a hero in their eyes.

The tale of their earlier tribulations is soon told. They were born, and they were brought up, where and how it was extremely difficult to tell, for Mr. Felden rarely had a local habitation. But for all the nomad existence they had led, they were girls that, at the ages of eighteen and nineteen respectively, any man, however peace-loving and discreet, might have been proud to seek out and transfer to some more definite abode than was provided for them by their father.

It was all of a piece with the misfortunes that had pursued Mr. Felden from his cradle (out of which he had fallen in his infancy) that his wife should have died when these girls of theirs were little children. She had been more than a helpmeet to him. Not only had she been the love of his youth, but she had been the stay and support of his manhood. To the world she had seemed simply a pretty little glossy-haired brunette, who thought of nothing but dress and amusement. But her husband knew that the glossy hair had covered a brilliant brain that had worked unceasingly for him and his. And he idolized her himself, and taught her children to idolize her in a way that made the clever little anonymous writer's life a very happy one. And when she died they mourned not only the bread-winner, but the mother and wife, with a genuine mourning that "ought to have brought her back," her poor little daughters thought.

When his eldest girl was fourteen it suddenly occurred to Mr. Felden that the "children ought to have some first-rate tuition." Accordingly he consulted the advertisement-columns in divers papers, and failing to find a governess with the requisite accomplishments, he cast about for masters for them, and at length found one.

His introduction to the Felden family was brought about in rather an untoward way. It pleased Mr. Felden's fancy—they were in London at the time, lodging opposite to the pump in Sloane Street—to go to the theatre very frequently. He "had an undeveloped comedy in his head," he said, and he wanted to "study a company in order to write up to it." One night, he being in an exceptionally genial mood, Bertha and Mina besought him to let them accompany him; and he took them, forgetting, as it was his happy faculty to forget, that his funds were in their normal state of lowness, and that the sordid soul of the ticket vendor would demand coin of the realm before his "little women," as he called them affectionately, could go in and enjoy the spectacle, to which he had a free pass.

Arthur Felden—he was a man who was called by his Christian name always, in the semi-affectionate, semi-contemptuous way in which failures are very commonly addressed—had a careless, liberal way with his money when he had any. Accordingly he paid the cab fare from Sloane Street to the Haymarket Theatre with a royal indifference to the fact that only one shilling remained to him now, and that the dividend which came to him quarterly from some obscure source was not due for two days. Just as he was arriving at the humiliating truth himself, he was—"providentially," he called it—spared the necessity of communicating it to his daughters. He caught sight of a man he knew, and hailed him at once.

"Ah, Bray," he said, "you're in good time to save an awkwardness. My little girls are making their first visit to a theatre, and I was afraid I should have to go home for my purse until I saw you. Lend me some change, there's a good fellow; they will lose the first act if we don't get in quickly."

The little girls heard their father's statement, felt its mendaciousness, and blushed painfully. Their blushes were seen by Philip Bray as they stood there in the lamp-light on the pavement—stood there drawing their little shawls about them, and looking patrician in spite of their palpable poverty.

"You should not have subjected them to this, Felden," he said, hurriedly, passing something into Felden's hand as he spoke. "They must not wait here another instant. Permit me, Miss Felden—your father shall introduce us presently." And he quietly offered his arm to Bertha, and marshaled Mina in good order before him into the theatre, in a way that made them feel that they were of importance, that they were protected, that they were guarded as other young ladies were, and that they owed it all to him.

"I can never be glad enough that I came up at the moment, and saved you the nuisance of being delayed," he said, addressing Mina more especially; and from that moment he was her hero. In her heart the girl felt that her father's reprehensible carelessness and cool want of veracity must have been as transparent to this man as it was to herself. But he had the gracious courtesy to seem to take the only view of the situation that could be a pleasant one to them. "I felt like a little beggar till he said that," she exclaimed, when that bewilderingly joyful evening was over, and they were back in bed; "but, directly he said that, no princess could have felt prouder than I did."

"I don't see that there was any thing to feel proud about," the matter-of-fact elder sister replied. "Of course it was only his civil way of putting it; he knew as well as we did that papa had no money at home any more than in his pocket."

"I think I felt proud of him," Mina said. "I forgot all about papa."

Those words told the whole truth. She forgot all about papa; she forgot all about their poverty and many privations, and their present dubious position, as she contemplated the first generous, gentle action she ever saw her hero perform. He was as a god to the young, sim-

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ple-hearted, enthusiastic child. His strong form; his pale, oval face; the bright, crisp auburn hair, that was cut closely enough to clearly define the proportions of his handsome head; his dark, earnest-looking gray eyes, that looked down on her so kindly—all these things seemed to her to be the realizations of the most perfect ideals of beauty which she had ever formed. And with it all he was so considerate, so chivalrously attentive to the "little women," who were accustomed to so very much neglect.

Sothern was on the boards that night as David Garrick; and, somehow or other, when it came to the sham drunken scene Mina found herself speculating as to what she should feel, and how she should act, if it ever came to pass that Philip Bray tried to disenchant her.

The predominant thought in her mind that night was that he seemed to be too young and too good to be papa's friend. This disloyalty, this apparent straying from the proper path of filial sentiment, was an ungovernable impulse. It was her honest thought that Philip Bray was good; and she admitted the honest thought, and rather cherished it than otherwise, just as she admitted the thought of the fact of a midday sun being bright, or of a midsummer night's moon being beautiful. It was a fact to her from the first moment of her seeing the man. There was no disparagement to her father intended by it.

Long years after, when he was fallen from his pedestal in her imagination, when her beautiful ideal was lying shattered at her feet, she recalled him as he looked (and as he was) this night—a young, earnest-souled man, without a stain on his life, without a shadow on his conscience, without a doubt in his mind as to his power of living the life his mother had taught him to admire—the life of a knight of purity.

He became the poem of Mina's life after this night. Every thing she did was with reference to him. The lessons she learned, the books she read, the hard self-education she gave herself without any foreign aid, were all regarded by her as so many steps of the ladder by means of which she might in time climb up to him—climb up to a more perfect comprehension of her hero.

He was a strange friend for Mr. Felden to have made. A young, hard-working, high-hearted, industrious, God-fearing man—an art student too. And Mina soon held the happy notion that no good art student could be a bad man, and so loved the whole fraternity for his sake. Her father, always engaged himself in trying to give tangibility to some foggy chimera of his own brain, laughed at her enthusiasm for the plodding artist, who was contented to gain what Mr. Felden, in his impecunious magnificence, called a "pittance," by drawing on the wood for a second-class magazine. But the laughter and ridicule glanced off her harmlessly. To her he was the happy prince with joyful eyes, who had wakened her from the long dream of insensibility into a full knowledge of the bliss of loving and esteeming. In short, he was her hero—a golden-haired young king—the sovereign lord of her heart from that night when she had first beheld him.

Years passed away, and the Feldens knew many fluctuations of fortune. The comedy that was the offspring of those frequent visits had been brought out, and hissed off the boards by a lot of kindly critics, the majority of whom had tried that sort of thing and failed in it themselves. It is true, the dialogue was jargon, and the situations were hackneyed; but these things are frequently but slight drawbacks to success. However, in Mr. Felden's case, they were sufficiently condemnatory, and the comedy was withdrawn after one night's trial.

How their drawing and music and languages were paid for these girls never knew. Perhaps Philip Bray could have told them; but he kept silence altogether on the subject, and only worked the harder at his drawing on the wood when he thought about it. His style had proved a taking one; and when the Felden girls were finishing their studies, and curbing the luxuriance of their hair by putting it into chignons and coronets, he came to tell them one evening that he had received a splendidly remunerative offer from a celebrated author to go to America and illustrate a new serial work which the celebrated author had upon the stocks.

For the first time, as he made this announcement, it came home to the heart of Mina Felden that, without him, the world would be a very dull place indeed. And for the first time it came home to him that the beautiful children he had known and loved as children were women.

For mere beauty of person the elder sister, Bertha, carried off the palm. She was one of those resplendently colored and luxuriantly formed women, with a touch of imperialism about them, who seem born to roll through life in carriages, and to be attired in raiment of price. Tall, with shoulders and bust shaped like the Venus of Milo, and a splendid little head, wrapped round with rich hair full of copper-colored reflections, she would have attracted admiring regard even if her face had not been as perfect as it was. But when you came to look at her deep, wood-violet eyes, and to watch the sweet, tender smile that always hovered over her perfect lips, your judgment was gone in an instant, and you could no more carp at the languid indolence which suffered the onus of every thing to fall upon her sister than you could have caviled at a star for being only bright.

As for that sister, she was a magnificently revised and improved edition of that mother who had been the brightest and the best influence of theirs and their father's lives. "Care and sorrow and child-birth pain" had never, to the eyes of the observant, even set their traces on the heart, or brain, or appearance of the glossy-headed, bright-faced woman who had varied the labors of an essayist and reviewer with those of a maid-of-all-work. There *had*

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been hours of which the world knew nothing, when the biting, withering sense of its being all of no avail—all of no use, however hard she worked—had overcome that faithful little laborer of love. During these hours tears that made her ache for days afterward had been shed—tears of agonizing sorrow—that when so much was needed of her she could do so little; tears of pity for her children, who had such a frail rod to depend upon as was the reading public's appreciation of what she wrote; tears of sympathy with her husband, whose proverbial ill luck (never properly crushed down) had induced him to marry a woman without money, "when he needed so much, poor fellow!" she would say, pathetically; and sometimes—but this very rarely—tears of pity for herself, for that she did not dare to rest and take breathing-time in order to widen her knowledge and strengthen her style by a thorough course of reading.

This was the mother who had set the stamp of her character and her intellect and her beauty upon Mina Felden. Only in Mina all three—character, intellect, and beauty—were intensified to a degree that made the girl a dangerously pretty as well as a dangerously clever and impressionable one. Though she lacked the large, languid, splendid beauty of her sister, there was still a sufficiency of warmth and color about Mina. The dark, hazel-nut-colored hair and eyes were just dark enough and soft enough to tone down the rich bloom of the face to a most harmonious tint. The nose had just deviated sufficiently from the straight Grecian line to be interesting. But the mouth was Mina's strong feature—the beautiful mobile mouth, that was at once so flexible and so firm. It is Shirley Brooks who says, in one of his wonderfully vivid descriptions of women, that the girl who "knows how to leave off smiling," and whose smile is often accompanied by a little inquiring frown, is a rare creature. Mina possessed this combination of rare charms. She knew when to leave off smiling, and she had a way of bending her brow upon any one whom she was questioning with a most interrogatory frown. Notwithstanding this latter fact, the normal expression of her face was bright as her mother's had been. And from that mother she had inherited a great love of all things appertaining to art and literature.

So there was this reason (among others) why Mina should sparkle up and look more especially interested when Philip Bray came into their sitting-room one evening, and told them of the offer that had been made to him.

"And as all the world will read his book, all the world will see your drawings, Philip," Bertha said, carelessly. He was not a hero to Miss Felden; she called him "Philip" without a tremor.

"And all the world will delight in them," Mina said.

"Thank you, Mina, for the prophecy," he said, laughing. "That's your delusion, is it? Well, it won't be dissolved as speedily as Bertha's. She speaks of my generous patron in the masculine gender. My celebrated novelist is a lady, Bertha—none other than Mrs. Ferrers;" and he mentioned a name that had resounded very favorably through the ranks of fiction of late years.

"Does Mrs. Ferrers—" Mina began; then she paused, and Bertha filled up the pause by asking:

"Is she an old frump of a woman, Philip? She must be, for I read her novels when I was quite a child."

"No, she is not," he said, tersely. "What were you going to say, Mina?"

"Does Mrs. Ferrers go alone?" the girl asked, hoarsely.

"Alone? no! Why, *I* am going, I tell you—and there is her husband."

"Oh! she has a husband," Mina said, heaving a sigh of relief.

"I thought women who wrote novels very seldom had husbands," Bertha said. "I thought they took brevet rank, and just called themselves 'Mrs.' to enable themselves to frisk about in the world a little more freely. Well, Philip, we shall miss you; but I hope you'll come home a rich man."

"I hope you'll come home a happy and successful man," Mina added.

"You darling well-wishers of mine," he said, warmly, "it's an awful pinch to leave you, though I feel I am only going away to make my fortune. Don't forget your drawing-lessons, Mina;" and then he bent his head close down to the girl's, and added, "and don't forget me!"

Forget him!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me."

Mina made the quotation mentally. Aloud she only said:

"No, I shall never forget you." And her heart gave a jump as she recalled those happy drawing-lessons, in the giving of which he had so often taken her hand and pressed it fondly.

It was hard, bitter, passionate pain to the girl to part with him, even though he was going away to fortune and to fame. She would like to have had some fuller assurance as to what manner of woman Mrs. Ferrers was. Philip was to be "one of the family," he told them, and Mina's heart foretold that Mrs. Ferrers would be engrossed with thoughts of work to the exclusion of thoughts of Philip's comfort. He was so dear and important to the girl that she could ill bear the idea of his being passed over or neglected in any way. And probably this Mrs. Ferrers, whose books they had read when they were children of ten and eleven, was a selfish old woman, unsympathetic and

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sordid. Well, at any rate, they were only going to America for six months, and six months would speedily pass, brightened by the knowledge she had that Philip would soon be able to command the success that he so well deserved.

The young man spent a part of his last evening with the Feldens. They made a little festival for him, but farewell festivals are always more or less sad and fast-like. "I wonder will you two have changed into demure matrons, whose husbands won't like my calling you by your Christian names, when I come back," he said; and Bertha replied, candidly:

"I do hope so, Philip, for I am rather tired of being poor Miss Felden. Mina can afford to wait a year longer than I can, for she's younger, you know."

"Can Mina afford to wait for me?" he whispered, bending his head down to her. And Mina whispered "Yes," in an ecstasy of bliss, and so these two young people became engaged.

And while they were trying to reduce their chaotic emotions to order, and make some coherent plan, Mr. and Mrs. Ferrers were holding their little farewell-to-England festival in their handsome apartments at a West End hotel. A few literary friends had gathered round the popular, pleasing authoress, who was still a young and pretty woman, though Bertha and Mina had read some of her books when they were children.

They were some of her earlier works, written while she was still "an infant in the eyes of the law"—written, in fact, before she was twenty-one. Now, at thirty, she was that most seductive of all things when it is seductive at all—a charming young married woman of thirty, with all the freedom of matronhood about her, together with the coquettish fascination of a girl.

Nature had been very prodigal in her gifts to Mrs. Ferrers. Look at her now, as she presides at the supper-table, round which are assembled many of the representative literary men and women of the day. She is dressed in black velvet, relieved at the neck with white lace. The sleeves just reach below the elbow, and are richly ruffled there with more white lace. Mrs. Ferrers's arm is a beautiful one, and her hand is a very graceful pendant to it. The position, therefore, which displays to the full extent the beauties of that hand and arm may not be an entirely accidental one.

She is a tall, fair woman, with a neck like polished marble, shaped not so much like a swan's as like a grand old Greek statue. She has a fair proud face, and great brilliant blue eyes, and masses of almost golden hair. A handsome, queenly looking woman in repose is the popular authoress, too. And she can rouse herself into such bewitching animation that clever men, whose ears are better cultivated than their eyes, admire her as much as artists do.

"What makes Philip Bray so late to-night?" she said, once, to a man who was seated opposite to her at the delightfully cozy and sociable round table, about which the group was gathered. He was her husband—a man who had been brave enough to take the pretty authoress "for better, for worse," though legions of far-sighted friends told him that the day would surely come when he would repent him of "the imprudence." He disregarded their warning, as was only natural, looked upon them as sordid-souled and narrow-minded, and fearlessly and hopefully and trustingly linked his fortunes with those of the well-born young lady, who had a strong dash of the *Bohémienne* in her, and who, though she had the courage to marry him, had the cowardice to blush for his being in trade.

His trade was a very remunerative one—almost as remunerative, indeed, as were his wife's novels. He was a wholesale manufacturer and exporter of something or other that is in daily use in every household, and between them they kept up a large establishment on a luxurious scale. But for all the solid comfort that surrounded her, for all her own rapidly increasing popularity (and only a woman can understand how dear a certain kind of popularity is to the heart of a woman), for all these and many other things, Mrs. Ferrers was not a thoroughly well-satisfied woman. It was a daily cross to her that her husband's position was one that might be questioned by people who were proud to welcome her. "He is not accepted on his own merits, the dear, good, generous fellow; he is accepted because they want me," she would say to herself. And for a while she had girded against this fact, and had held herself aloof entirely from the class who either passed him over or regarded him solely as her husband—a being with whom, independently of her, they could have nothing whatever to do. But, after all, this class was her own class—her own class both by nature and habit—and it was hard to be separated from them because her husband was not one of them. So it came to pass some time before this epoch that she had gone out a great deal alone. "Society bored Mr. Ferrers," she explained. And in society she had seen a good deal of Philip Bray.

The arrangement that he should join the *ménage*, and go to America with the Ferrerses, had been come to quickly. Mrs. Ferrers longed for a change from the "Old World stagnation," as she called it, and a trip across the Atlantic offered her the prospect of the craved-for change. Moreover, there was something very delightful to the artistic-souled woman in the thought of the free, unfettered companionship she would thus have with one whom she had already distinguished as a thorough artist. So the plan was made, and they were on the eve of carrying it out.

"Philip Bray is taking leave of his friends the Feldens," one of the guests said, in answer to his hostess's remark. "I thought that would have been a match long ago."

"What would have been a match?" Mrs. Ferrers asked, quickly.

"With poor Arthur Felden's daughter; there are two of them, and it's generally believed that

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Philip Bray has been in love with them ever since they were babies; one is a perfect Venus."

"The one it is to be a match with, of course?" Mrs. Ferrers asked, coldly.

"No; she will look higher. It's the pretty one, not the beauty, who regards our Philip as a demi-god." And then there was a little talk about "poor Arthur Felden," and a little laughter about the erratic existence the family had led, and then the subject was dismissed from the minds of the majority of those present.

Once on the voyage out to America Mrs. Ferrers referred to it. "Why have you never spoken to me about your friends the Feldens, Philip?" she said. "My husband and I feel piqued. We thought ourselves your nearest friends, and we suddenly hear from an outsider that there is a nearer one still, and a dearer one yet than all others. How is this?"

"You heard a little more than the truth," he answered. "The Feldens are dear friends of mine, but that is all."

"Is that really all?" she said, in a low voice. She was a great enchantress, and she held the notion that a man is to a great degree lost to his lady friends as soon as he is married. Additionally she wanted, should this American scheme prove a success, to organize a tour on the continent of Europe, and, together, establish a firm of fame that should glorify their union of talent very greatly. Accordingly it had vexed her that he should be contemplating a marriage with any body. "Make your art your wife for a long time yet, Philip," she said, in her most flatteringly persuasive tones. "Marriage is a mistake for an artist." This was all that was said on the subject then; but they recurred to it many times afterward, and Philip gradually came to feel that he had been premature in proposing to that "loving child, Mina Felden." To himself, even, he called the bond that existed between them a half-and-half engagement only, "one that would surely come to nothing; for Mina ought to do better than to marry a poor wandering artist." Besides, if he was going to be a faithful soldier to her under whose banner he was fighting at present, a wife would be a sad hinderance. Under the influence of these feelings correspondence with Mina became a laborious thing to him; and though he loved Mina still, he found himself wishing that it had been his fate to have found Mrs. Ferrers free.

They staid in the United States a year, and then Mr. Ferrers wearied of traveling, and sighed for a return to those business habits that custom had made dearer to him than the *dolce far niente* of the life he was at present leading; and so, with something that closely resembled pangs of regret, Mrs. Ferrers and Philip Bray found themselves steaming back to England again.

Meanwhile Mina had lived through twelve months of such passionate pain that only the hard work to which she condemned herself had saved her heart from breaking. Rumors had reached her—rumors always do reach girls in such cases—that her betrothed was very openly at the feet of the married woman, of the bewitching authoress, Mrs. Ferrers. It was nearly death to her to doubt him; but when more and more weeks elapsed between the receipt of his letters, she had a mighty struggle to retain her faith in him. And while this agony of suspense was going on, Bertha married a wealthy country gentleman, and Mina was left alone with her father.

Her course of hard work has been spoken of. She chalked it out herself, and followed it assiduously. She worked like a loving slave at the school of art at the Kensington Museum in the mornings, and in the afternoons gave drawing-lessons to the daughters of rich parents, who paid her liberally. "I will never be an encumbrance to him," she determined. "When I'm his wife he shall find that, like dear mamma, I can help to maintain my children." Then she would flutter with delight at the thought of the pride her hero would feel in such a helpmeet as she would be to him, and the thought would give her fresh strength to struggle on to excellence.

The year had elapsed, and Bertha was away in Italy on her wedding tour still; and Mina was going her rounds with a gayer heart than usual, for his last letter had told her that her hero would be due in England a fortnight after her receipt of it. That letter had been lying in her bosom for fifteen days, so he might appear before her now any hour—her love, her future husband, her hero! No wonder that her hand trembled a little that day; no wonder that she curtailed her pupils' lessons by five minutes, in a way that was quite contrary to her usual conscientious practice; no wonder that, when she bounded into her own room when her day's labor was over, the little maid-servant who waited upon her thought "Miss Mina looked years younger than she did a month ago."

There was a foreign letter lying on the table—a letter from the bride, her sister Bertha. "We shall be home now in a month," the happy beauty wrote. "John has given up the partridges this year for my sake; but a dozen wives wouldn't keep him from the first 'meet' of the season, I believe. You must go straight home with us, my dear Mina, and marry a duplicate of John, if you can find one." "Was Bertha mad," Mina wondered, "that she could speak to Philip Bray's betrothed of marriage with another man?" Then she read on: "I was thunder-struck, a few days ago, by meeting Philip Bray in the gallery of the Louvre. Mr. Ferrers died on the voyage home from America, and that handsome wife of his is in Paris too. I never believed in him as you did, my darling Mina; but even I am shocked to hear that they are going to be married, if they are not married already. We did not speak to him, and he looked moody and miserable, as well he might." There was a little more sisterly sympathy in the letter, and Mina read it

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to the end without flinching. When she had finished it she locked her door, and did battle with herself alone until the evening. Then she came out and faced her father, and told the tale of her own agony and her Philip's downfall without faltering.

"Miss Mina do vary so," the small abigail observed to a friend that night. "She looked like a child in the face this morning, and now she looks like a middle-aged woman."

Mrs. Ferrers continued to write sparkling novels under the name by which the public had learned to like her. But Mina Felden never heard of her hero again.

DOMINIC AND THE INQUISITION.

OF Dominic of Guzman we are told, upon the unerring authority of infallibility, that his life was surrounded by a cloud of miracles: that at the sound of his inspired voice the dead arose and walked, the sick were healed, the heretics converted; that often in his moments of ecstasy he floated in the air before the eyes of his disciples; that the fiercest flames refused to consume the parchment upon which were written his divine meditations;[1] and that, in the midst of the carnage his eloquence excited, the saint ever remained the gentlest and meekest of his race. Once, as Dominic stood in the midst of a pious throng in the convent of St. Sixtus, conversing with the Cardinal Stephen, a messenger, bathed in tears, came in to announce that the Lord Napoleon, the nephew of Stephen, had been thrown from his horse, and lay dead at the convent gate. The cardinal, weighed down by grief, fell weeping upon the breast of the saint. Dominic, full of compassion, ordered the body of the young man to be brought in, and prepared to exercise his miraculous powers. He directed the altar to be arranged for celebrating mass; he fell into a sudden ecstasy, and, as his hands touched the sacred elements, he rose in the air and hung, kneeling, in empty space above the astonished worshipers. Descending, he made the sign of the cross upon the dead; he commanded the young man to arise, and at once the Lord Napoleon sprang up alive and in perfect health, in the presence of a throng of witnesses.[2]

Such are the wonders gravely related of Dominic, the founder of the inquisition; yet, if we may trust the tradition, the real achievements of his seared and clouded intellect far excel in their magnificent atrocity even the wildest legends of the saints. He invented or he enlarged that grand machinery by which the conscience of mankind was held in bondage for centuries; whose relentless grasp was firmly fastened upon the decaying races of Southern Europe, the converts of Hindostan, and the conquerors of Mexico and Peru; whose gloomy palaces and dungeons sprang up in almost every catholic city of the South, and formed for ages the chief bulwarks of the aggressive career of Rome. The Holy Office, from the time of Dominic, became the favorite instrument for the propagation of the faith; it followed swiftly the path of the missionary, and was established wherever the worship of Mary extended, whether in Lima, Goa, or Japan; it devoured the Netherlands, silenced Italy or Spain, and its hallowed labors and its happy influences are still celebrated and lamented by all those pious but diseased intellects who advocate the use of force in creating unity of religious belief. Its memory is still dear to every adherent of infallibility; nor can any one of that grave assembly of bishops who so lately sat in St. Peter's venture to avow, without danger of heresy, that he doubts the divine origin of the institutions of Dominic.

Nothing, indeed, can be more impressive than that tender regret with which the Italian prelates lament over the fall of the venerable tribunal. Modern civilization has inflicted no deeper wound; modern governments have never more grossly invaded the rights of the infallible church.[1] One of the means, the bishops exclaim, which the church employs for the eternal safety of those who have the good fortune to belong to her is the Holy Inquisition; it cuts off the heretic, it preserves the faithful from the contagion of error; its charitable solicitude, its exhortations and its teachings, its venerable procedure, its necessary and remedial punishments, have won the admiration of generations of devoted Catholics. It has been hallowed by the approval of a series of infallible popes; it is consecrated by the voice of Heaven. For a time it may be suppressed by the action of hostile governments, by the corrupt influence of modern civilization. But the church has never for a moment abandoned its most effective instrument; and in some happier hour, when the claims of St. Peter are acknowledged in every land, his infallible successor will establish anew the charitable solicitude and the remedial pains of the Holy Office in Europe and America, and the civilized world shall sit once more, humbled and repentant, at the feet of Dominic and his holy inquisitors.[2]

[1] Vaulx-Cernay, cap. vii. A contemporary account of the Albigensian war relates the famous miracle.

[2] Bu'le', Lives of the Saints, viii. 62.

[1] Laurent, Le Catholicisme et de l'Avenir, gives the lament of the Italian bishops. Un des moyens que l'Église emploie pour procurer le salut éternel de ceux qui ont le bonheur de lui appartenir est le tribunal de la *sainte inquisition*, p. 575.

[2] Laurent, 577. Ils (the church) répondraient d'une *voix unanime*, que les *charitables sollicitudes et toutes les procédures* du tribunal de la sainte *inquisition* ne tendent par elles-mémes qu'au plus grand bien, etc. Les avertissements, les peines medicinales, are highly extolled by the bishops.

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The saint was born of a noble family in the kingdom of Castile, and from early youth practiced a rigorous asceticism that prepared him for his supernatural mission. He slept on the bare floor instead of a bed; his frame was emaciated by abstinence; he passed days and nights praying before the altar, and the holy place was often wet with his tears.[1] Yet Dominic had been a diligent student of rhetoric and philosophy at the university of Salamanca, and soon his fervid eloquence, set off by his wasted figure, his haggard countenance, and flashing eyes, awoke the attention of his age. A dreadful heresy had sprung up in Italy and France; and while Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus were fighting the battles of the church on the burning sands of Syria, the joyous Provençals sang their pagan melodies at the courts of love, and Toulouse and Montpellier rang with sharp diatribes on the vices of the priests or the cruel ambition of the court of Rome. In the year 1200 heresy threatened the downfall of the church.[2] The people seemed resolved to throw off the yoke of the Italian antichrist. In many cities the priests were driven from the altars, the churches abandoned by the worshiper, and a simple ritual, borrowed from the Vaudois valleys, was swiftly supplanting the pompous ceremonial of Rome.

To the gay and thoughtless heretics of the south of France Dominic opposed his fervid oratory, his sordid poverty and austere penances, his fanatical violence, and the iron hand of persecution. He believed himself destined to revive the decaying fortunes of the church; and he founded a new order of preaching friars, that multiplied under his care with singular rapidity, and spread into every land. Clad in black cape and cloak, austere and fanatic, yet often possessed of rare eloquence and attainments, the Dominican missionaries wandered over Europe, and preached anew the supremacy of the pope. The aspirations of the saint seemed miraculously fulfilled. Heresy, discomfited and overborne, hid from the light of day. It seemed forever dissipated. The church ruled triumphant over Europe, and the popes trod on the necks of haughty kings and rebellious nations. But the success of the Dominicans was not due alone to their eloquence or their austerity; to their care had been committed that wonderful agent of conversion, the Holy Inquisition.

It is claimed by his disciples that Dominic was the first inquisitor-general, and that he was sent forth by the pope himself to repress heresy by medicinal pain.[3] The Dominicans account it the highest glory of their order that its founder gave rise also to the Holy Office. He at least laid the foundation of the wonderful structure. The inquisition was the inheritance of the Dominicans; their priests presided at the solemn sacrifices; their assistants were the familiars, who moved like shadows around the suspected; and the Dominican inquisitors often lived in unbounded luxury and license in the magnificent "holy houses" of Lima or Seville.[1] They clung to their privileges with rare tenacity; the holy houses grew rich from the spoliation of Jews and wealthy heretics. The inquisitor wielded a power before which the great and noble trembled; and of all ecclesiastical prizes none was more coveted by rising churchmen and ambitious monks than a seat at the holy tribunal. The vices of Dominic had been a brutal cruelty, a savage intolerance; his successors enlarged the catalogue, until it embraced every infamy and every crime.

In the sunny fields of Languedoc, where nature laughs in tropical luxuriance, where the soft waves of the Mediterranean meet upon its tranquil shores, where the skies are ever bright, and a brilliant landscape, sown with stately castles and generous cities, with villages the homes of contented labor, and farms glowing with unbounded fertility, tenanted by a people the most refined and gentle of their age, arose, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, the most fearful instrument of human malignity.[2] It was in the home of the troubadours and of early European civilization. The southern provinces of France, in that dark and troubled age, shone with a cultivated lustre amidst a world of barbarism and cruelty. Some traits of Grecian and Roman refinement had survived and borne fruit in the classic province of Aquitain. Marseilles had been the seat of a busy Greek population, and the worship of the Ephesian Artemis and the gay festivals of the Ionian faith were not wholly forgotten by the descendants of the tasteful Greeks. They delighted in music and the dance, in processions and cheerful sports, and it was noticed with horror by the rigid monks that the Provençals even enlivened the gloom of the cemetery by chanting gay songs around the grave. Toulouse had preserved the classic form of government, and its chief officers were still called consuls, and its people still retained the memory of their civic freedom.

England, Germany, and France lingered in barbarous indolence, while the gifted Provençals had filled their happy land with the fruits of industry, and had cultivated a literature of song and romance that was destined to give rise to the genius of Dante and Petrarch, and was perhaps imitated in the sagas of the Northern skalds.[3] But the most remarkable trait of this

[1] Butler, Lives of the Saints, a narrative accepted by infallibility.

[2] Raynouard, Monumens, etc., vol. ii. p. 51.

[3] See Llorente, Inquisition, i. p. 48.

[1] Schmidt, Mönch- u. Nonnen-Orden, Die Inquisition. Schon seit Dominicus verwaltete der jedesmalige General des Ordens als besondres Vorrecht, etc. Master of the papal palace, p. 186.

[2] Fauriel, Provençal Lit., and Raynouard, Monumens de la Lit. Romane, paint the manners of Provence. See Lavallée, Hist. des Inquisit. Relig., i. 1.

[3] Fauriel, p. 20, notices the wide influence of Provençal literature and opinions. Careful research will probably show that the people were every where rebels against Rome.

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gifted people was their vigorous Protestantism.[1] In the twelfth century the Albigenses ruled in Provence. A pure religion, the result, perhaps, of the teachings of the Vaudois missionaries, and of the example of Waldo of Lyons, grew up in Montpellier and Toulouse. It taught that Rome was antichrist, forbade the worship of Mary and the saints, scoffed at the doctrine of transubstantiation, and proclaimed a universal toleration. Even the hated Jews, persecuted in all other lands, were received with signal favor in the industrious cities of the South. A swarm of heretics of every shade of faith lived peacefully together under the mild rule of the counts of Toulouse. The doctrines of the Albigenses spread rapidly over Europe. Germany, England, France, and Spain are said to have abounded with similar heretics, who scoffed at the corrupt priesthood and defied the tyranny of Rome. The Bible was read in every land; and now began the first of those great struggles for freedom of conscience which were continued by the labors of Wycliffe, of Huss, of Luther and Calvin, of the Huguenots of France and the Puritans of England, and which, after a contest of seven centuries, have ended in the final overthrow of the usurping church of Dominic and Innocent III.

But miserable was the doom of the first of the European reformers. In 1208 Innocent preached a crusade against the Albigenses, and a savage horde of bishops, princes, dukes, and nobles, at the head of their feudal followers, swept over the fair fields of Provence.[2] The gay and wealthy cities were plundered and laid waste by the papal persecutors; a large part of the population perished by famine or the sword; the traces of classic civilization sank before the barbarians of the North; the troubadours vanished from the earth; and a dreadful gloom of barbarism and decay settled upon the south of France. Toulouse, the home of the first reformation, became renowned for its intolerant bigotry; the industry and the energy of the people of Provence died with their freedom; and amidst the blood-stained ruins of the classic land, Dominic, or his successors, invented and built up the Holy Inquisition.[3] It was designed to pursue the Albigenses into their most secret retreats; to penetrate into the family circle; to plant spies in their daily path; to catch the incautious utterance, detect the hidden discontent; to throw so complete and careful a chain around the intellect that even the idea of heresy should be banished from every mind. The fierce Dominicans patrolled the ruined cities, eager for their prey.

[1] Les prêtres se sont faits les inquisiteurs de nos actions, sang an Albigensian bard; but he complained only of their caprice. Raynouard, ii. 52. O Rome! telle est la grandeur de votre crime que vous méprisez et Dieu et les saints, they cried, p. 63.

[2] Vaulx-Cernay, cap. vii. p. 37. Sus donc soldats du Christ, sus donc novices intrépides! cried the pope.

[3] See Chronique de Guillaume de Puy-Laurens. In Guizot, vol. xv. p. 293, l'inquisition commença peu à peu à atteindre, etc.

Wherever they appeared they were received with disgust and horror; wherever they passed they left behind them a track of desolation. The gentle Albigenses, unacquainted with religious persecution, accustomed only to deeds of tenderness and mercy, saw with amazement and terror the pious and the good racked by fatal tortures, and burned alive in their native cities, the victims of the Moloch of Rome.[1] At Albi, from whence the reformers had probably received their name, as the white-robed inquisitors passed through its streets, every door was closed and barred, the affrighted people hid, with their trembling families, from the face of day; a solemn gloom settled upon the once happy town. But no sentiment of remorse, no thought of the popular detestation, delayed the fierce Dominicans. They dragged the heretics from their secret retreats; they called upon friend to betray friend, neighbor to denounce neighbor; and a universal suspicion destroyed the peace of the innocent community. At length a fearful act of sacrilege aroused the towns-people to resistance. In the horrible code of persecution which the followers of Dominic had invented, it was the custom to inflict the vengeance of the church even upon the dead. They exhumed the bodies of persons suspected of heresy and burned their ashes. One night the inquisitors, with a train of their familiars, aroused the magistrates of Albi from their slumber, and commanded them to follow them. The officials did not dare to ask whither they were to go, but obeyed in silence. The strange procession traversed the streets, lighted by torches, and came to the public cemetery. The town was aroused, and a throng of people had gathered around the sacred scene, scarcely conscious of the design of their persecutors. At the grave of a woman suspected of heresy the Dominicans paused, and commanded the magistrates to disinter the body, in the name of the church. They hesitated; the people murmured; a fierce rage began to arouse the multitude to resistance. But when the officials refused to obey, the Dominicans took up the spades and began to remove the earth from the coffin. The solemn shades of night, the flickering light of the torches, the fatal act of sacrilege about to be perpetrated, awoke anew the fury of the people, who now drove the inquisitors before them from the cemetery with violence and blows, and soon afterward expelled every monk and priest from the limits of Albi. Their revolt was avenged by the Dominicans with unsparing cruelty; the city was excommunicated, and a swarm of robbers let loose upon it by the exasperated church nearly blotted it from existence.

The Albigenses sank before the vindictive rigor of Rome, and the inquisition pursued a career of triumph throughout all the districts

[1] Vaulx-Cernay throws the guilt of the war on the harmless reformers. Guillaume de Puy-Laurens, p. 226, laments that the church should be exposed to the horrible insults of the heretics.

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infected by the early elements of reform.[1] In every city of Languedoc and Provence two Dominican inquisitors presided; the civil power enforced their decrees, and every trace of heresy disappeared from sight. A reward of a mark of silver was offered to any one who would denounce a heretic; every house that had sheltered the Albigenses was razed to the ground; whoever lent aid or kindly offices to the persecuted reformers was deprived of his property, and perhaps shared their fate; every cottage or lonely cave in which the exiles might find a refuge was carefully sought for and destroyed; and the teachings of Dominic and the zeal of his disciples produced a system of rigid repression that seemed to secure the perfect supremacy of the church.[2]

Gregory IX., from the papal throne, speaking the language of infallibility, declared it the duty of every honest Catholic to denounce and destroy the heretics, and ingrafted upon the creed of his usurping sect the doctrine of universal persecution. The heretic was henceforth held unfit to live. He was the enemy of the only infallible church, and must therefore be treated as the Jews treated the Amalekites, as Diocletian had persecuted the Christians of Syria and Rome. His crime involved the ruin of his family. His home was broken up; his children were driven out naked and penniless; his goods enriched the holy inquisitors and the treacherous informer; and in every part of Europe the papal injunctions were obeyed, at least by kings and nobles, and countless throngs of heretics suffered the extreme penalties imposed by the relentless popes.

When the new civilization of Southern Europe in the thirteenth century had been so perfectly effaced by the inquisitors, when the Albigenses no longer ventured to defend liberty of conscience and mental reform, when the song of the troubadour was hushed in its early home, and a cloud of barbarous superstition had once more settled over Montpellier or Toulouse, the popes and the Dominicans, encouraged by their first success, prepared to apply the vigorous remedy of the inquisition to the dawning heresies of every land.[3] It was introduced in a modified form into Northern France. Saint Louis, the purest of his regal race, was one of the bitterest and most inhuman of persecutors. He had encouraged the massacres of the harmless Albigenses; he would have rejoiced to have made Paris the chief seat of the Dominican tribunal.[4] But his successors were more merciful; the Gallican church grew jealous of the power of the inquisitors, and no holy houses, provided with dungeons, racks, and scourges, were permitted to be erected in the cities of France. The French kings preferred to burn their own heretics in their own way. The royal prisons were often filled with reformers; and when the Bastile, the emblem of medieval tyranny, was built in the fourteenth century, its first inmate was Aubriot, provost of merchants, suspected of heresy. He was afterward released from his horrible confinement by an insurrection of the Parisians, and escaped from France. In Germany the Dominicans exercised their inquisitorial privileges to some extent, but were held in check by the independent spirit of the princes and the people. Italy was less fortunate, and her rising intellect was constantly subjected to the scrutiny of the inquisition. Yet the principle, if not the institution, of the rancorous saint was applied in every land; and England, Germany, and France met every tendency toward reform by the whip and the stake. He who strove to amend his age, to teach freedom of conscience, to introduce a modern civilization, was destroyed by the united bigotry of church and state.

In Spain the savage genius of Dominic gained its highest triumph. The Spanish inquisition for more than six centuries has awakened the wonder and the horror of mankind. From Provence it was early transferred to Aragon and Castile; but its beginnings were modest, its influence comparatively slight, and it was not until the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella that its fatal tyranny began to sap the energy and destroy the foundations of Spanish civilization. Never, indeed, was there a land more filled with the elements of progress, more capable of a generous and honorable career, than was Spain in the thirteenth century. As the Moors slowly receded before the vigorous revival of the Gothic race, the Spanish cities retained much of the refinement and grace of the gifted Saracens; the countrymen of the Cid had never forgotten the generosity, the honesty, the purity inculcated in their national epic, and an industrious and liberal people swarmed over the banks of the Ebro and lined the fair valleys of the Guadalquivir or the Tagus. They were bold, free, and full of self-respect. The brave soldiers, the accomplished artisans, the wealthy merchants of Aragon and Castile defended their privileges of free thought and free speech against every encroachment of the church or the crown. Seville and Barcelona, Valencia and Cordova, were almost republican in their sentiment and their institutions; the rights of labor and of the intellect were respected; heretics, Jews, and Moriscoes lived unharmed together in many of the cities, and liberty of conscience was in part secured by the familiarity of the people with various creeds. No cloud seemed to rest upon the fair promise of Spain, when the teachings of the popes and the rancor of Dominic fell suddenly like a thunder-bolt upon the sources of its prosperity.

The Jews were the wealthiest, the most active, and perhaps the most deserving of its pop-

[1] The chronicle of William is full of the malice of the heretics and the success of the church, p. 228. Satan, he cries, possédait en repos la majeure partie de ce pays comme un sien domicile.

[2] Milman, Lat. Christ., iv. 168.

[3] Llorente, Inquisition, i. 55. Gregory IX. would treat all heretics as unfit to live.

[4] Llorente, Inquisition, i. 61. See Rule, Hist. of Inq., a useful work.

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ulation. Tempted by the soft climate, the productive soil, and the comparative liberality of the Spanish government, the olive-colored children of the East had settled in great numbers in the prosperous cities of Spain.[1] They had grown rich by honest toil. The shops of the Hebrew lined the narrow streets of Cordova or Seville; and while Moors and Christians wasted their energy in useless wars, the capital and the industry of the nation fell into the hands of the followers of Moses. The synagogue grew up almost unmolested by the side of the church, and learned rabbis celebrated their ancient rites in the devout cities of Spain. Acute and versatile Hebrews were often raised to high offices in the state, gained the favor of their sovereign, and were intrusted with the most important affairs. The highest social position was sometimes attained by the Jewish families.[2] Their daughters, gifted with the rare charms of an Eastern clime, richly dowered, and educated in refinement and ease, often intermarried with the sons of proud grandees who traced their descent from the companions of the Cid; and the immense wealth of many of the Castilian nobles was due to the successful industry of their Hebrew ancestors. Jewish money-lenders held half the nation their debtors; the Christian nobles and officials, careless and luxurious, often found themselves fallen into a servile dependence on the Hebrew; the debt was no doubt sometimes enforced with rigor; the rich land, the ancient estates of Aragon and Castile, were transferred to the Jewish usurer; the wealth of Spain seemed about to centre in the hands of an alien race. A throng of prosperous Jews in every city deserved, by their industry and frugal lives, their cultivation and taste, the general favor of their fellow-subjects.

But their success awakened envy; their debtors resolved upon their ruin.[3] The fierce flame of religious hatred was aroused by the teachings of the popes and the example of Dominic. The avarice or the dishonesty of the Christians was excited by the convenient doctrine that the spoil of the unbeliever belonged of right to his persecutors. A general persecution of the Jews began; and the unhappy people, terrified by torture and the stake, hastened to seek for safety by becoming reconciled to the church. Every city was filled with these new converts who had abjured the errors of Moses and received the rite of baptism. The synagogues were abandoned; the Sabbaths no longer observed; the abject race conformed with dangerous readiness to the requirements of their new faith. Yet the malice of their enemies would not be satisfied with their speedy conversion, and the persecutors soon discovered with secret joy that many of the new Christians, as the recanting Jews were called, were still in private attached to the Mosaic rites, were in the habit of abstaining from the meats forbidden by the law, of observing forbidden festivals, and celebrating within the seclusion of their homes the worship of Jehovah. A new persecution broke out more bitter than the first; the relapsed were punished with cruel pains; informers were enriched by the plunder of the wealthy criminals, and the Dominican inquisitors wandered over Spain, crushing with austere severity the most industrious and deserving portion of its people. Merchants, mechanics, artisans, men of intellect and eminent statesmen, the chief authors of the national progress, were confined in horrible dungeons, tried by the code of Eymeric, and burned with novel tortures.[1]

To complete the extirpation of the Jews, the Spanish inquisition was established in its later form. It was a more methodical system than that of Dominic. A single inquisitor-general presided over the inferior tribunals established in the chief cities of the realm; a throng of familiars acted as the spies of the Dominicans; a series of holy houses was built for the use of the tribunal and its victims; a rigid watch was kept over every household; and a fearful gloom of doubt and terror settled upon the land. The pope approved the new machinery of torture; Queen Isabella, after some show of reluctance, lent it her especial favor. Torquemada became the chief inquisitor of Castile, and his dreaded name has ever been associated with a relentless reign of terror.

Torquemada, the Cæsar of the inquisition, ruled over the church of Spain like the genius of slaughter. It is difficult to compare the degrees of human woe, yet it is probable that no pestilence was ever more hurtful, no conqueror ever more dangerous to the human race, than this chief of the holy tribunal in the boasted reign of Isabella. He is said to have burned ten thousand persons—his own countrymen—at the stake; to have punished a hundred thousand more with imprisonment in his dungeons, with confiscation and ruin; to have destroyed an equal number of happy homes. But in this computation is not included his countless victims among the Jews. And these frightful enormities were perpetrated in a nation whose population can not have numbered many millions. The tyrant, conscious of general hatred, lived in constant terror. He wore a close coat of mail; a mounted body-guard of fifty familiars of the inquisition, and two hundred on foot, surrounded him wherever he went: shielded by the favor of his sovereign, he swept through the provinces of Spain, carrying desolation to the peaceful scenes of industry, and enforcing the exterminating principles of Dominic.[2]

At the instigation of Torquemada, an edict was issued, March 30, 1492, banishing every Jew and Jewess from Spain who refused to become Christians. Their crimes were enumerated in a careful preamble; the wild accusa-

[1] Llorente, i. 141. Prescott, Ferdinand and Isabella.
[2] Llorente, i. 141. [3] Id., i. 142-146.

[1] Llorente, i. 149. Rule, Hist. of the Inquisition.
[2] Llorente, i. 235. Rule, Hist. Inq., p. 113.

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tions of their enemies had been eagerly received by the court, and it was believed that the Hebrews had intended to sacrifice a Christian infant in a secret rite, to steal a consecrated host, and poison the inquisitors with a magic compound; they were charged with perverting Christians, and indulging in impossible crimes. The last day of July, 1492, was fixed as the limit of their stay in their native land, and whoever lingered beyond that period was to be punished with death. The dreadful decree, scarcely paralleled in cruelty by those of Louis XIV. or Ahasuerus, of Philip II., and of Alva, was received with wailing and lamentation on the banks of the Gaudalquivir and the Tagus, and a hundred thousand mourning families, often among the wisest and most innocent of its people, prepared to part forever from their beloved land.

Full of tender impulses, strongly ruled by the ties of home, of relationship, and of early association, often connected with the most eminent Christian families by marriage and a common descent, the Hebrew population employed the few weeks that yet remained in supplicating their inhuman masters to recall the fatal decree. They cried aloud for mercy; they promised to submit to any law, however oppressive, rather than be exiled from the fair landscapes of their childhood, and the cities and villages adorned and enriched by their toil. An aged rabbi, the most eminent of his race, who was well known to the king and queen, knelt weeping at their feet, offering an immense ransom of six hundred thousand pieces of gold for mercy to his people. Again and again he returned, seeking to move them. Thrice on his knees he importuned the hard-hearted Ferdinand. "I wearied myself," he relates, "to madness in striving to win their compassion; I besought all the councilors and princes." But Isabella interposed, ruled by the priests, and Torquemada forbade the reversal of the order. Ferdinand, tempted by the rich offering of the Jews, might have yielded to their prayers; Isabella was inclined to the side of mercy; Torquemada rushed into the room where they were deliberating, and cried out, "Judas sold his master for thirty pieces of silver; your Highnesses are about to sell him a second time for thirty thousand." He flung a crucifix upon the table before them; "Sell Him if you will," he exclaimed, and fled from their presence.[1] His fanatical appeal was successful; the prayer of the Jews was denied, and they were ordered to leave the country. They were permitted to take with them no gold nor silver, and were cast out, impoverished, among strangers.

Torquemada offered them baptism and reconciliation to the church, but few submitted. He then forbade all Christians from having any intercourse with them, or affording them food or shelter. In July the mournful emigration began, and eight hundred thousand persons, in long and sad processions, made their way to the sea-ports and frontiers of Spain. The Jews had exchanged their fine houses, their rich vineyards and fair estates, for articles of little value; had abandoned their synagogues to the Christians, and traveled on foot, on horseback, or in wagons, on their melancholy journey. Some had concealed small quantities of gold in their baggage; some even swallowed their golden ducats to escape the rigorous search. The rich defrayed the expenses of the poor with unstinted generosity; the strong helped the weak; women walked through the weary journey bearing their infants at their breast; and the sick and aged often died upon the way. Even the Christians wept as they watched the fainting travelers, and besought them to be converted; but very few consented. The rabbis strove to encourage them with cheerful words, and made the youths and the women sing or play on pipes and tabors to soothe their sorrow; the sweet songs of Israel floated with touching melody over the pathway of the departing exiles.[1]

How fair and graceful women, reared in luxurious ease, and learned and accomplished men, the best scholars of their age, perished in the crowded ships, or died starving in the burning heats of Africa and Syria—how fevers, famine, storm, and quicksands preyed upon the disheartened host—how mothers sold their children for bread—how faithful Israelites often preferred death to the violation of their ancient law—what infinite woes oppressed the victims of Torquemada, is told by contemporary writers with simple and startling accuracy; and we can well believe that in the last years of his life the inquisitor's conscience was oppressed by no visionary terrors; that he lived in constant fear of assassination; and that the horrors he had inflicted were in some measure avenged. Hated and contemned by his countrymen, he might well fear their rage. The people of Spain abhorred the inquisitor and the inquisition. They felt its impolicy, and saw that it aimed its most deadly blows against the purest and best of their contemporaries; but their opposition was overwhelmed by the feudal and priestly caste, and the labor and intellect of Spain began swiftly to decline.

Yet the inquisition had its birth at a moment of singular national prosperity. Granada had fallen when Torquemada issued his edict; Spain was united from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar; a grave and thoughtful mariner was soon to sail from Palos, on an expedition that was to bring immortal renown to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The New World was added to their dominions; while the voyage of Gama, not long after, opened to the sister kingdom of Portugal the boundless commerce of the Indies. Soon the wealth of the world began to flow into the fortunate peninsula—the gold of Mexico and Peru, the gems and spices

[1] Rule, Hist. Inq., 112.

[1] Contemporary narrative. Lindo, Hist. Jews in Spain and Portugal.

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of the East, were distributed over Europe from the ports of Lisbon and Cadiz; the Spaniards and the Portuguese seemed to stand in the front rank of the advancing civilization of the age. But in their onward path stood the genius of Dominic, turning them back with the flaming sword of persecution. The holy houses and the familiars, the stringent rule that repressed liberty of conscience, the silent terror that rested constantly upon the minds of men, planted the elements of decay in the heart of their wonderful prosperity. There is no more remarkable spectacle in history than that of the swift and unprecedented decline of Spain and Portugal. The inquisition penetrated to every part of the peninsula; followed in the track of Gama and Columbus; destroyed the vigor of the most magnificent colonies the world had ever seen; was as fatal to India as to South America; and England and Holland snatched from the enfeebled South all the fruits of its renowned achievements.

Torquemada died, and was succeeded by Deza, the second of the great inquisitors. He was no unworthy governor of the powerful tribunal. His victims are said to have numbered nearly forty thousand, of whom twenty-five hundred suffered the extreme penalty of fire. Deza supplied the Holy Office with new laws, improved its organization, and carefully enjoined that no town or hamlet, however humble, should be left unvisited by the inquisitor.[1] Under his successful rule the secret tribunal grew into a vast engine of state, whose incessant blows fell heavily upon the great as well as the low. Bishops and archbishops, grandees and princes, were made to feel the power of the fearless tyrant; the church trembled before the inquisition; the people murmured, often rose in revolt, and were crushed into obedience. Deza died in the midst of a storm of discord in church and state; his successor was "the learned, the liberal, the munificent" Cardinal Ximenes. To the liberal cardinal Llorente attributes over fifty thousand victims; under this learned inquisitor the holy houses sprang up in great numbers, and within their secret cells were perpetrated unexampled enormities; they were filled with accomplished scholars, rising poets, pure and high-born women, the artisan, and the serf; and to the magnificent Ximenes is due the gradual extinction of the last traces of the Moorish civilization of Spain.

The Moors had filled the lower provinces of the peninsula with countless evidences of their industry and their taste.[2] Gardens of rare beauty, blooming with the flowers of the tropics; farms cultivated and watered into perennial fertility; factories where the finest tissues of linen or silk were woven by workmen of unrivaled skill; palaces and mosques, whose rich and lavish decorations surpassed the fairest creations of the Gothic architects; schools and colleges, whose accomplished professors had taught to barbarous Europe the first elements of the sciences—were swept into ruin by the ruthless inquisitors, and faded away with the wonderful race that gave them birth. A few shattered fragments, a few modern imitations, alone attest the taste of the Moorish builders. At Seville, the Alcazar displays the wild yet chastened splendor, the myriad of original decorations, the lavish use of color and mosaic that marked the palaces of the Saracenic rulers; at Granada, the delicate outline and stately courts of the Alhambra have delighted and instructed generations of observers; and the imagination may faintly conceive what was the pride and glory of the land when its busy cities, clad in orange groves and hid in verdure, were filled with a dusky people cultivated to the highest refinement, and were profusely adorned with a native architecture of which the Alcazar and the Alhambra are almost the last surviving examples.[1]

Avarice and fanaticism soon destroyed the feeble Moors. They were ordered by the inquisitors to be baptized; they yielded. They were still dragged to the dungeons of the holy houses on suspicion of a relapse; on the faintest evidence of having abstained from wine or forbidden meats, they were sent to the torture. They rose in fierce but vain revolts; they fled to the wild mountains, and hid in dismal forests. Their factories were closed; their colleges disbanded; their wealth, once the wonder of their contemporaries, melted away; and at length a few impoverished and dejected Moors, the remnants of a mighty race, scared by the fires of the inquisition, were banished from Spain (1609), amidst the savage joy of the devout court and the haughty Dominicans. It is not possible to estimate accurately the loss of their native land in the expulsion, or the destruction, of the Moors and the Jews; several millions of the population perished; cities and villages sank into ruin; the most industrious of its people were extirpated; and neither the genius of Columbus nor the valor of Cortéz, could make amends for that fatal check which the prosperity of Spain received at the hands of its inquisition.

Since the time when the Dominicans had wandered by night through the streets of Albi, dragging its affrighted heretics to their secret tribunal, the Holy Inquisition had constantly advanced, until it became a well-ordered and methodical institution, governed by a code of laws that seemed to its admirers the perfection of wisdom and humanity. The copious rules of Eymeric, laid down in the fourteenth century, formed the basis of its proceedings.[2] They were extended and improved by the experience of Deza and Torquemada. The first principle of its conduct was a solemn secrecy. Its fa-

[1] Llorente, i. 333. [2] Id., i. 325.

[1] Wells, Antiquities of Spain, p. 327, describes the Alcazar at Seville; its court and orange groves. And Lady Louisa Tennison laments over the fall of the Moors amidst their rare creations, p. 386. Cordova, too, has fine remains of Moorish architecture.

[2] Llorente, i. 85. Eymeric composed his "Guide" about 1356.

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miliars and informers mingled in all societies, watching silently for their prey. The heretic was seized without any warning. He was ordered to appear at the holy house.[1] Here he was required to state whether he was conscious of any heretical act or thought. He was shut up alone in a cell in order to give him leisure for reflection. From his dreadful solitude, in darkness and despair, he was brought out to frequent examinations before the awful tribunal; and if he still refused to confess his crime, he was shown the instruments of torture. If he still remained obstinate, the torture was applied in the presence of the holy inquisitors: it was renewed as often as his strength allowed. Often months and years rolled over the obdurate reformer, alternating between the silent gloom of his narrow dungeon and the unsparing application of the dreadful rack. Men and women grew crazed with suffering, and the strongest intellects sank into idiocy. At last the impenitent reformer was declared condemned and convicted, was given over to the civil tribunal, and graced the final festival of the triumphant church.

The holy houses of Castile and Aragon had also been improved. At first a castle in the Triana of Seville was used as a prison for the suspected; but as the inquisition grew in power its residence was called a palace; its holy house was usually a vast and sombre building strongly built, and placed in a conspicuous street of the city it was designed to overawe. Within, it possessed spacious, and often splendid apartments, where the high officials lived in luxurious ease, and whose walls often resounded with the sound of revels and feasts, of witty conversation and licentious mirth. But beneath were the dungeons and the cells. A long corridor or hall was lined on each side with chambers ten feet deep, lighted by a small aperture with a faint gloom, and shut in by double doors of immense strength. A single prisoner was usually inclosed in each cell; he saw no one but the jailer, and was fed upon scanty and coarse food. No friend was permitted to visit or to cheer him, or even knew of his abode; he met only the averted glance of familiars who abhorred him as a heretic, or of the inquisitors who condemned him to the rack. He was forbidden to cry out, to lament, or even to implore the mercy of his tormentors; the watchful officers enjoined a perfect silence through the dim corridor, and its crowded population were early taught the danger of disobedience. A maniac laugh, a feeble wail, alone was heard at intervals in the abode of despair.[2] Yet far down below, beneath the surface of the earth, were the deepest dungeons of the inquisition, the prisons of the most advanced of the reformers. Here no ray of light penetrated, no genial warmth from heaven reached the chill and mouldy cells.[1] Here Lutherans and Calvinists, the impenitent Jew, the relapsed Morisco, the English missionary, and the Vaudois teacher were held close in the grasp of the inquisition. A throng of the gentle and the good wasted away in perpetual torture. For them no hope remained until, at the caprice of some royal Catholic or ambitious inquisitor, they were summoned from their living grave to ascend amidst the flames to heaven.

Such were the remedial pains of the holy tribunal, whose memory is still held dear by the advocates of papal infallibility. We shall not pause to dwell upon the variety and the curious originality of the implements of torture. The ingenuity of meditative monks and fanciful inquisitors seems to have been employed through laborious days and years of vigils in the wonderful inventions: the machines for twisting joints and stretching sinews; the ponderous weights that pressed upon the body; the stream of water whose intermittent flow was designed to produce a temporary suffocation; or the thumb-screw and the various improvements upon the rack.[2] Yet it may be safely asserted that each machine was well fitted for its appropriate aim, and must convey a high idea of the inventive genius of the disciples of Loyola and Dominic.

So vigorous, so successful had been the assault of the inquisitors upon the new civilization of the fifteenth century, that, like the Albigenses of the thirteenth, the reformers of Europe seemed every where disheartened or destroyed. An apparent unity reigned throughout the West. Huss had perished at Constance; the ashes of Wycliffe had been scattered to the winds; the Paterini concealed themselves in the cities of Italy; the people of Europe, never reconciled to the tyranny of Rome, were yet terrified into silence; an infallible pope, a Borgia, or a Medici, ruled unchecked from the bleak Grampian Hills to the torrid coasts of Sicily; and the fires of the inquisition were soon to be lighted in the city of Montezuma and the capitals of Hindostan. A halcyon day had come to Christendom, and the church was never more outwardly prosperous than when Alexander VI., the chief of criminals, sat on the papal throne, or when his son, Cæsar Borgia, preyed upon the people of Rome. The awful prodigy of a man eminent in crime presiding over the congregation of Christians, and proclaiming his own infallibility, awakened no resistance and no doubt in the minds of priests or inquisitors, and the voice of the people was hushed in the general terror of the Dominicans.

[1] Almost the first step was plunder; see Montanus, Inquisition. Bonorum sequestratio. The accused was asked an habeat secum aut pecuniam, anulumne, aut monile aliquod pretiosum. His goods were sequestrated.

[2] Montanus, in Reformistas Antiquos Españoles, vol. xiii. p. 24.

[1] Montanus. Angustia, pedore et si inferne est, humiditate, sepulcrum quam vivorum carcerem rectius dixeris, p. 105.

[2] The plates in such books as the "Inquisition Unmasked," etc., give a trust-worthy conception of the various tortures.

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One illustrious victim alone had ventured to denounce the crimes of Alexander, and to herald the era of reform. Savonarola had fled from his father's house in early youth to become a Dominican monk, and had given his life to austere devotion.[1] His first attempts in preaching had failed—he stammered, he faltered; but his fervid genius and his boundless faith soon threw off the restraints of timidity, and his commanding intellect gathered around him a throng of followers. From the magnificent Cathedral of St. Mark, at Florence, in the classical and skeptical age of Lorenzo de Medici, he assailed, with unexampled eloquence, the corruptions of the church, the vices of the pope, and even the elegant licentiousness of the great Lorenzo. Immense congregations heard with delight his inspired voice, and it is not difficult to conceive with what extraordinary power such sermons as those on the vanity of human glory and the chief end of man must have touched the consciences of the impassioned people.[2] Florence was swept by a storm of religious frenzy. At the command of the new reformer nobles abandoned their luxurious indolence, and the people cast aside their light amusements, to join in the austere observances of the congregation of St. Mark. The world was forgotten and despised, and every eye was fixed on a life in the city of God. Savonarola lived in a monkish cell; but he had early been touched by the sorrows of the poor, and his aspiring genius seems to have meditated a political, a moral, and a religious reform; he resolved to make Florence once more a republic, to curb the tyranny of the great, to destroy the papacy, to arouse in the heart of decaying and licentious Italy the higher impulses of an uncorrupted faith.

When Lorenzo the Magnificent was dying, he perhaps remembered the sermon on the heavenly city, and sent for the monk to hear his last confession; the preacher came to the bedside of his enemy, full of charity and forgiveness. He heard his promises of amendment, bade him submit to the will of God, but required him to declare that, if he survived, he would restore its ancient liberty to Florence. Lorenzo hesitated; Savonarola left the room without giving him his absolution. The legend may not be authentic, but it indicates the vigorous love of freedom that was attributed by his contemporaries to the eloquent monk. Soon after Lorenzo had died a republic sprung up at Florence, of which Savonarola became the spiritual chief; he labored for the elevation of the working-classes, and strove to blend together the whole population in the enjoyment of liberty, equality, and religious freedom.[1] Yet it is possible that his various and endless excitements disturbed his reason, and that in his last years he believed himself capable of prophesying and working miracles as well as of amending mankind. His generous life came to a disastrous close. One of his followers promised to work a miracle, but failed; his enemies seized Savonarola, and dragged him, with two of his friends, to prison; the guilty pope, Alexander VI., prepared a commission to try him for heresy; he was put to the torture, was condemned, and, with his two associates, was burned in the city he had labored to set free. His ashes were thrown into the Arno, and the fair river of Florence is ever eloquent with the fate of the great genius that, perhaps, laid the foundations of European reform.

Savonarola had taught that civil and religious freedom are inseparable, and his austere lessons perhaps affected the opinions of the chief of sculptors, Michael Angelo,[2] and the tasteful Vittoria Colonna. But with his death the inquisition ruled once more unrestrained, and the zeal of the Dominicans was only baffled by the difficulty of finding a heretic in all the wide dominion of the church. The holy houses were empty except for a few sorcerers or magicians, and the abundant machinery of the secret chambers decayed in idle disuse. Alexander, Julius, or Leo X. had no disobedient children, and the people of Europe slumbered in peaceful submission.

As if to provide sufficient employment for the disciples of Dominic, for priests and kings, another monk renewed the contest between the people and the church, and at the command of Luther, a greater Savonarola, the next important struggle began between Europe and the pope. There was now no more rest for the inquisitors. The Reformation made its way even to Spain, and the holy houses of Valladolid and Seville were once more filled to excess with the learned, the progressive, and the wise.[3] Even Italy itself was found to be swarming with gentle and cultivated reformers; whole states and kingdoms in the North separated from the infallible church, and were only to be regained by fire and the sword: the ashes of Savonarola, that had been flung into the Arno—the ashes of Huss and Jerome, that had consecrated the Rhine, had germinated into countless throngs of heretics, who revived the faith and the rites

[1] Tiraboschi, vi. p. 1125. He was born 1452. He became a Dominican. He began some years after to ascend the pulpit—a saliré sul pergamo in Firenze—but with little success.

[2] Sermoni e Prediche di F. G. Savonarola, 1846. Della pace superna citta. Del verbo della vita, etc. Lasciate ormai i pensieri del secolo, e ricordatevi del vostro creatore, he cried, p. 34. See Del fine dell' uomo, p. 189.

[1] To some, says Tiraboschi, with caution, he seemed inspired; to some, an impostor. The learned Jesuit can not admit that Savonarola was a saint, for had he not been condemned, vi. p. 1126. Roscoe (Life of Lorenzo), ii. 370, 325, sneers at the ardor and hopes of the victim. But Comines, c. xxvi., bears witness to the sanctity of his life; says he did not attempt the miracle, and was destroyed by a faction.

[2] Prediche, Preface.

[3] Reformistas Antiquos Españoles, vol. ii. Perez, Epistola. Bibles and tracts were brought into Spain hidden in casks of wine, p. 10. Seville and Valladolid were full of Lutherans.

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of the Albigenses and the Vaudois, and who proclaimed the revival of apostolic truth.

Surrounded by the advancing tide of modern civilization, assailed by the printing-press and the free-school, the keen literature of progress, the discoveries of science, and the mighty intellects of the reformers of the North, the inquisitors of the sixteenth century showed no want of barbarous zeal in their defense of the infallible church. In Italy and Spain their victory was complete.[1] The Spanish inquisition sprang up into fresh vigor; new Torquemadas and Dezas applied the code of Eymeric to every city and village, and banished every trace of heresy from the decaying land; a long line of illustrious victims perished almost unrecorded at the hands of the secret tribunal;[2] monks were snatched from their cells, bishops from their thrones, professors from their colleges, and grave citizens from their families and homes, to pine in hideous dungeons, and die at last amidst the flames. The literature of the age reflected the spirit of persecution, and great poets and historians encouraged the barbarous instincts of their countrymen. The descendants of the generous Cid, the contemporaries of Camoens and Cervantes, became noted throughout Europe for their savage cruelty; the inquisition had instructed the Spanish and Portuguese in lessons of barbarism such as no civilized race had ever learned, and had planted its holy houses and celebrated its fearful sacrifices throughout all the vast region that had been won by the genius of Columbus and Da Gama.

The favorite spectacle of the Spaniards was an auto da fé. As the holy day approached on which the enemies of the church were to perish, a sacred joy sat on every countenance. Seville or Valladolid resounded with the note of preparation; the great square was filled with workmen raising a series of seats for immense throngs of spectators, and the halls of the palace of the inquisition echoed with religious festivity.[3] The most glorious sacrifice of the universal church was about to be celebrated; its safety and honor were once more to be assured; priests and citizens exulted that the city of their birth was to be purged from the chief of criminals, and that heresy was to find no shelter in the streets still enlivened by the orange gardens and the graceful courts of the exiled Moors, and adorned by the palaces and cathedrals reared from the plunder of the industrious Jew. A lavish expense was wasted on the national festival. No Roman triumph or imperial show could equal in magnificence the great acts of faith of Valladolid and Seville;[1] no gladiatorial combat within the Coliseum was ever witnessed with deeper enthusiasm; no Roman throng was ever more eager to cast Ignatius to the lions than were the assembled host of priests and people to conduct the feeble heretic to the flames.

On the day before the festival the gates of the palace of the inquisition were thrown open. From its secret halls a band of its servants descended into the public square, amidst a throng of spectators, bearing banners on which the rules of the proceedings were inscribed. For two days the inquisitors took possession of the city, and gave notice that no one, however high his rank, should wear arms during the festival, and that no private carriages would be allowed on the streets through which the procession was to pass. Meantime every household was filled with a singular interest—a feigned or fanatical joy. The little children who were at school were being trained to the part they were to take in the gay procession; young men and women were eager to secure seats on the grand gallery, where they could observe the splendors of the royal court and the magnificence of the procession; the prudent parents prepared to join the eager crowd, lest their absence might provoke some jealous priest. At night the interest deepened. The procession of the Green Cross, composed of all the monks and friars of the city, and of all the secret tribunal, assembled at the holy house, and, bearing long white torches, passed through the public streets to the place of execution. An altar had been raised on a scaffold in its midst, and a large green cross, covered with a black veil, rose high over the scene. Around it blazed twelve white tapers of enormous size. A low, sad chant was raised by the monks as they moved along; the veil was taken from the cross; a band of instrumental music filled the air with barbarous melody; a guard of lancers and a few Dominicans were left to watch the green cross throughout the night, and the monks and friars dispersed until the morning.[2]

The first gay beams of sunlight of the festal day were welcomed by the incessant tolling of the great bell of the cathedral. The people sprang up at the summons, and all the city was full of expectation. The King of Spain, the royal family, and all the beauty and chivalry of the realm, were to prove their piety by attending at the act of faith; the most holy bishops and archbishops, and all the inferior clergy, were to assist at the destruction of the traducers of Mary. Meanwhile at the holy house a banquet was prepared for the throng of officials;[3] next the chief inquisitor, standing at the door of the palace, read the roll of the condemned. They came forth at his summons, fainting, from noisome dungeons, starvation, disease, or tor-

[1] Llorente or Rule may be consulted. Montanus; and Perez, Epistola.

[2] Reformistas Antiquos Espanoles, vol. ii. Perez, Epistola, Int., p. xviii. Two hundred reformers were arrested on one day at Seville; in all eight hundred. Perez wrote his consolatory letter to the persecuted congregation.

[3] Schmidt, Monch- u. Nonnen-Orden, p. 159. Die autos da fé waren Feierlichkeiten.

[1] Montes, Inquisition, in Ref. Ant. Espanoles, vol. v. p. 146. El aparato i pompa con que en el aquel triunfo se prozede, que ni Persica pompa, ni Romano triunfo—pueda compararse. [2] Rule, Hist. Inq.

[3] Montanus, p. 132. Splendescente mane, ministri ac familiares, etc.

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ture; some with a smile of triumph, some weeping in idiotic woe. Those who were to be burned wore a yellow sack over their feeble bodies—a tall paper cap upon their heads, painted with the figures of horrible demons; those less guilty wore coarse black cloaks; some were gagged; and by the side of each victim walked two guards, or sponsors, to support him to the place of death.[1]

It was usually a Lord's day, the hours hallowed by the joyous memory of the resurrection, when the procession began to move through the orange groves and beneath the sunny skies of Seville. At its head came the Dominicans, bearing a black banner inscribed with a green cross. Full of pomp and pride, the chief inquisitor and his servants, surrounded by a mounted company of familiars, led the way to the scene of their final triumph. A troop of little children from the city schools came next, the emblems of innocence. The victims followed, in yellow robes and towering caps, walking two by two. In front of them was borne a banner, on which was painted the severe but august likeness of Dominic, founder of the inquisition. Images or effigies of heretics who had escaped the rage of the persecutor came next, destined to be thrown into the flames. All the authorities of the city, high officials and dignified citizens, followed; then a long train of regular and secular clergy, and a throng of the rabble of the town. To the chant of a solemn litany, the various members of the procession, led by the inquisitors, entered the vast amphitheatre provided for the spectacle, and slowly ascended to their appropriate seats in the spacious galleries.[2]

Never scene more imposing opened upon human eyes than one of these palaces of persecution raised by skillful architects in the stately square of Valladolid—a limitless range of platforms and galleries, encircling a broad arena, covered with rich carpets and costly hangings, bright with ornaments of gems and gold, splendid with thrones and chairs of state, and so arranged that from every seat the spectator might embrace at a glance the whole scene of the dying heretic and the countless throng of his persecutors. On Sunday, October 8, 1559, Philip the Second, to prove his gratitude to Heaven for preserving him in a violent storm off Laredo, celebrated an act of faith at Valladolid. The splendor of the pageant was unexampled. The wealth of the Indies was lavished in decorating the pandemonium, and providing robes and banquets for the ecclesiastical concourse. The grand square of Valladolid was encircled by magnificent ranges of galleries radiant with gilding, and hung with cloth of the rarest texture. In one sat the King of Spain and of the Indies, with his son, the Prince of Asturias, who was believed to be tainted with the heresies of the Netherlands, and who was himself destined to die at a later period by the hands of the inquisitors.[1] His sister and his cousin, the Prince of Parma, were also there. Three embassadors from France looked on at the splendid scene. The Archbishop of Seville, with a throng of bishops, nobles, and dignitaries of state, assisted at the festival of the inquisition, and the fairest and noblest women of Spain filled the seats around the royal gallery. The chief officers of the city occupied conspicuous places, and range over range of curious citizens, dressed in their richest attire, looked on, an uncounted multitude, and filled every seat in the immense amphitheatre.

But in a plainer gallery, placed so as to be easily seen by all that devout throng, were gathered a pallid and feeble company of the elect. Their yellow robes, their sordid dress, their grotesque and terrible decorations, marked them as the enemies of the church, and the victims of the proud and great. One was the Lutheran pastor of Valladolid, who had ministered in secret to his humble flock, who had pined for a year in the dungeons of the inquisition, but whose constancy had never wavered, and who now came forth with holy joy to endure the pains of martyrdom. May the name of Don Carlo di Sesso forever live in the memory of the just, when the splendid host of his royal and priestly persecutors have sunk beneath the abhorrence of posterity! With a gag in his mouth, he sat unterrified before his destroyers. Some had wavered, but had not been forgiven. Fourteen in the fatal gallery were destined to the stake. One was a nun, a woman gentle, high-born, and pure. She had adopted the opinions of Luther, had been shut up in fearful dungeons, and stretched upon the rack. She had confessed her errors, and her powerful relatives strove to save her life; but she was a nun, and the inquisitors asserted that her guilt could only be expiated by fire; and the fair and gentle woman perished with the rest.

A bishop ascended the pulpit and preached a sermon full of bitter denunciations of the helpless heretics; the sentences were read, a solemn *miserere* swelled over the vast assembly, and the king, with his guards, followed the condemned as they were led away to the place of burning. Here Philip, the Nero of his age, his vices notorious, his crimes unpardonable, looked on with cruel joy and untiring zeal until the last of the martyrs had been burned, and nothing remained of the holy pastor or the gentle nun, and all their sad society, but a heap of ashes.

Italy, soon after the advent of Luther, was threatened, in the sixteenth century, by the fearful spectre of modern civilization.[2] The pope

[1] Rule, Hist. Inq., 152. The form of the procession seems to have varied at times, but the inquisitors were always most conspicuous.

[2] Montes, p. 146. Los canziones son las Letanias de los santos, etc. I have sometimes used the Latin text.

[1] Llorente, ii. p. 284.

[2] M'Crie, Reformation in Italy, p. 372. A letter from Rome shows that a large part of the Romans sympathized with Luther. For the reformers of Naples, see Life of Juan Valdés, Betta, p. 106-109; and the Alfabeto Christiano, Reformistas Ant. Esp., tome xv.

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trembled on his throne. The German Reformation seemed about to swell in disastrous inundations over the Alps. Academies of science and letters had grown up at Modena or Turin, whose gifted members were known to hold opinions not far removed from those of Calvin or St. Paul. Literature and science stood on the side of reformation; the new books of the day were often unsound in doctrine, and eloquent for progress. The Lutheran theories had penetrated the cloister, and an Augustine monk preached heresies at Rome. The papacy must have fallen had not Ignatius Loyola stood at the side of the trembling Paul, inspired him with a stern audacity, and painted to his fancy a magnificent vision of the renewed church ruling over the East and the West, proclaiming its own infallibility, and crushing heresy by fire and sword.

Loyola, the Dominic of the sixteenth century, had revolved in his dull and clouded intellect, but ever fearless and adventurous, a project for assailing the central defenses of modern civilization, and crushing it by its own arts. Why, he meditated, might not the discoveries of science and the genius of letters be condemned to labor for the propagation of the church and the defense of infallibility? Why could not learning, wit, philosophy, progress, be concentrated in his own society, while all the outer world lay eclipsed in darkness? Why might not the intellect of the Jesuits rule mankind, and heap contempt upon all those inferior spirits who were too faintly educated to discover the divine power of the infallible church? He would seize upon education and the free-school, as Dominic had seized upon the pulpit, and make his company a society of teachers. But to the free-school he would also join the inquisition. The example of Spain, where heresy had swiftly decayed under the rigid rule of Torquemada, showed how admirable was the remedy of Dominic, how speedy its operation. The Spanish inquisition must be enlarged to embrace all mankind. Its centre should be Rome, the pope the chief inquisitor. The society of the Jesuits should go forth on their missionary labors holding in one hand the sword of St. Peter, and in the other the sceptre of mental supremacy; and, by an incongruous union of education and the auto da fé, must modern civilization be reduced to subjection, and made the firm ally of the Moloch he would erect at Rome.

From the suggestions of Loyola grew up, in 1542, the Roman inquisition.[1] It was controlled by six cardinals, the most active of the sacred college, who were empowered to destroy the heretic wherever he could be found. No mercy was to be shown to the enemy of the church and of Heaven. The punishments were to be speedy, the sentences without reprieve. A doubtful word, a hesitating assent, were held to be sufficient proofs of guilt; and it was made the duty of every devout Catholic to inform against his relatives, his neighbors, and his friend. A house was at once hired at Rome for the meetings of the tribunal, instruments of torture were provided, and a modest beginning was made by the burning of several heretics before the graceful church of Santa Maria.[1] The pope and the college of cardinals often attended the executions, and watched with approving countenances the final doom of the impenitent. But, as the labors of the inquisitors increased with the rigor of their search, a larger building was demanded, and new implements for their dreadful trade. The people of Rome, in a wild tempest of rage, broke down the gates of the first prisons and set them on fire. At length, to defy their malice, in 1569, was completed that grand and sombre palace of the inquisition, within whose dreadful cells a long line of illustrious Italians have suffered or died; whose massive walls and Cyclopean architecture have, for three centuries, filled the minds of the helpless Romans with awe or hate; and whose dungeons, pitfalls, and secret machinery have but recently been exposed, by a happy revolution, to the light of modern civilization.[2] The pope, Pius V., now assumed the title of Supreme Inquisitor. The successors of St. Peter have never ceased to hold that eminent position; and it is the duty, the right, and perhaps the desire of Pius IX., as it was once of Pius V., to inflict upon every heretic the remedial pains of the holy tribunal.

Consternation filled all Italy as the ministers of the new tribunal penetrated into every city and village, and struck down their victims with relentless speed.[3] Every day at Rome, in 1568, a heretic died; the jails were filled with the suspected; in the rural districts throngs of Protestants were seen making their way toward the Alps; the inquisitors hunted their flying victim with unequaled success; men of science, of letters, and of elegant cultivation, fled from Italy to the shelter of the North. The academies of Modena and Turin were silenced or dissolved, and Venice wept in silence over the death of a throng of heretics and the ruin of its prosperity. It is quite impossible, indeed, to estimate too highly the woes inflicted upon Italy and upon mankind, upon letters, science, and the industrial arts, by the series of popes who, as supreme inquisitors, struck down the most eminent men of their age, and aroused throughout Europe the flames of religious strife; who burned a Bruno, persecuted a Galileo; and who taught the half-savage Europeans to extirpate the Huguenots in France, and chase the Hollanders to the walls of Leyden. As su-

[1] Ranke, Popes, i. 157, is inclined to lessen Loyola's share in the honor of erecting the new tribunal, but the Jesuits claim for him the chief part.

[1] For various executions, see M'Crie, p. 278–284.

[2] The building was destroyed 1808, and another built 1825.

[3] Ranke, Popes, Inquisition, gives some of the details. See Reformistas Antiquos Españoles, tome xv., Int., p. xxxv. et seq. Carnesechi, the friend of Valdés, was one of the victims.

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preme inquisitors the popes have never ceased to inculcate the destruction of the heretic, and the high privilege is still openly claimed by the last pope and the last council of suppressing heresy by force.

Generations have lamented with vain regret and useless indignation the dark cloud of sorrow and shame that fell upon the illustrious old age of him, the glory of modern science, who first unfolded the machinery of the heavens; who opened to mankind the magnificent scenery of the skies; who pierced the spacious firmament, and revealed the most wonderful of the works of God. The greatest, and perhaps the wisest, of all the victims of the Holy Office was Galileo Galilei.[1] He was born at Pisa, in 1564, when the rigor of the inquisition was just beginning to crush the intellectual energy of Italy. He gave himself to scientific studies, and was early renowned over Europe as the most active of discoverers. He was made professor at Pisa, Padua, and Florence; his lectures were attended by archdukes and princes, and by a yet more noble band of ardent disciples; his generosity to his mother, his sisters, and his friends kept him poor; yet he was constantly covered with honors and emoluments, and his incessant labors were ever rewarded by discoveries in almost every branch of science.

To crown his prosperity and complete the splendor of his renown, Galileo, in 1609, chanced upon one of those inventions that in all the annals of science have most struck the imaginations of men. He had invented the telescope. The wonderful instrument, even in its infancy, delighted and astonished his age. Europe lavished its honors and its applause upon the Tuscan artist, who had given to his race new fields of knowledge and a boundless realm of speculation. The senators and nobles of Venice climbed their highest campaniles, and saw through Galileo's telescope distant islands and shores, that had never been visible before, approach and grow distinct, and watched their galleys, laden with the wealth of commerce, advance and recede far down the Adriatic.[2] The merchants of the City of the Sea felt at once the priceless value of the invention. But when Galileo turned his telescope to the heavens, a new series of discoveries broke suddenly upon his fancy, so unlooked for and so entrancing as have fallen to the lot of no other man. The moon revealed the rivers and mountains on her spotty globe—her caverns and volcanoes, her arid plains and dusky hollows; planets were seen for the first time encircled by their attendant moons;[3] the Milky-Way dissolved into countless stars; the tangled threads of the Pleiades were swiftly unraveled; and the huge orb of Saturn, the giant of the planets, appeared belted by its luminous rings, and covered with exterior veils of glory. The majestic depths of the heavens, never before pierced by mortal eye, were found swarming with hosts of stars and radiant with islands of light; and the magnificent vision, which had filled the fancy of the Hebrew poet with a sense of his own insignificance and of the omnipotence of his Creator, was adorned with a thousand novel beauties and surpassing wonders at the touch of Galileo.

The philosopher could little have foreseen the dangers that surrounded him in the moment of his unprecedented success. He heard calmly the applauses of Europe, and modestly received the honors heaped upon him; animated by the favor of his age, he pursued his researches with ceaseless ardor, and added each year to the sum of human knowledge. He strove to penetrate the secret of the heavens; to separate into accurate divisions its grand machinery, and fix the place, the orbit, and the aim of suns and planets. At length the theory, which had been suggested by Copernicus, but which was proved alone by his own discoveries, and made intelligible by his clear argument, was announced to the world, and Galileo declared that the solid earth was ever in motion, circling round the sun.[1] "It moves," he cried, with boundless ardor; and men listened to him with astonishment, awe, and doubt.

Few, indeed, in the dawn of the seventeenth century, were willing to receive the revelation of the Tuscan artist, or to accept that principle which was to form the elementary faith of modern science, which was to become as familiar to civilized man as his alphabet, by which suns were to be measured, planets weighed, and comets tracked in their wild flight through unbounded space; which was to fire the genius of a Newton and a Herschel, and conduct the minds of men to a familiar acquaintance with the skies. Who could believe that the solid globe, with its mountains and seas, its mighty empires, and its busy tenants, was ever rushing swiftly around its immovable sun? Every sense seemed to contradict the announcement of science. Sight taught that the heavens moved around the earth; none felt the tremor of incessant motion; no ear could catch the music of the spheres. Ignorance derided the new theory; philosophers of the Ptolemaic school opposed it with vigorous arguments; and truth seemed about to die out in the clamor of the multitude and the hostility of rival sects.

Galileo might have despised or pitied the violence of his scientific foes, but he soon found himself drawn within the toils of that secret tribunal which aspired to hold in check the progressive thought of Italy. In his scientific enthusiasm the philosopher had uttered heresy. A fierce Dominican, in a labored essay, detected the unpardonable error. It was heresy to say that the earth moves. The infallible church

[1] Nelli, Vita del Galileo. Tiraboschi, 8.

[2] Nelli, Vita del Galileo, i. 165. The invention is claimed for the Dutch and the Jesuits. Sparsasi la fama nella Veneta metropoli di essere stata construita questa macchina, etc., i. 165, 166.

[3] Nelli, i. p. 199.

[1] Tiraboschi, viii. 190.

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had declared that it stood still.[1] How could a vain philosopher presume to know more than popes, councils, fathers, who had all strictly maintained the Ptolemaic theory? Such presumption could not be borne, and Galileo was summoned by the inquisitors before the tribunal of Rome. It is possible that some trace of shame, some fear of perpetual infamy, the aid of his royal friends, and the compassion of the pope, may have led the congregation of cardinals to soften the pains inflicted upon their illustrious prisoner, and they only demanded that he should abandon forever the fearful heresy of Copernicus. He consented, abjured his scientific errors, and was admitted once more to the bosom of the church. Yet he must have felt his degradation keenly; and his firm and manly intellect, buoyant and ever joyous, could only have recovered slowly from its subjection and dishonor.

Fourteen years rolled away in ceaseless study. The prosperous manhood of Galileo declined into feeble old age. His hair and beard were white as snow; his eyes, that had first pierced the depths of the heavens, were growing dim; his health decayed, and he was often prostrated by disease.[2] Poverty, too, had come upon him in his old age, and his salary was taken away. His generosity, that had never failed, had left him little for his own support. Yet his cheerful and active intellect was still fertile in resources, and he had amused the decline of life by enlarging and perfecting his theory of the skies; truth ever grew more dear to him; the prospect of immortal renown blinded him to his danger, and he resolved to proclaim once more, in defiance of the pope, the church, and the inquisition, the unchangeable law of the solar system.[3] He composed those graceful and witty dialogues in which the acute Salviati and Sagredo rally the dull Simplicio on his belief in the antiquated errors of Ptolemy, and gave them (1632), with wide applause, to the Italian public.

Horror and indignation awoke in the breasts of the holy inquisitors when they discovered the design of the popular book; and Pope Urban VIII., who was thought to be intended in the character of Simplicio, was filled with senile rage. The Jesuits, who had envied the scientific glory of Galileo, pressed for his destruction; the Dominicans pursued him with unsparing denunciations; he was summoned to Rome to undergo the penalty of heresy. Faint and feeble, Galileo left his favorite home at Florence, the scene of his joys and his triumphs, and, weighed down by sickness and misfortune, became the prisoner of the Roman inquisition. His confinement was not severe, yet he grew weary and sad. He was brought before the holy tribunal and condemned, after a vain defense; his sentence was read to him on a memorable day, when the assembled inquisitors sat in their high tribunal, full of empty pride, and the great philosopher, clothed in a penitential garb, knelt humbly at their feet. It was the triumph of ignorance and folly over the humiliation of one of the most eminent of his race.

His sentence was still to be fulfilled. A series of ridiculous and degrading punishments was imposed upon Galileo by the silly and ignorant priests. He was to abjure his heresy in the presence of the cardinals; to retract all that was said in his book; to promise that he would never more assert that the earth moved around the sun; to be imprisoned in the cells of the holy house; to recite weekly the seven penitential psalms; and to remain for the rest of his life under the watchful care of the inquisition. Once more the dull and malicious cardinals sat on their thrones of state, while Galileo, clothed in sackcloth, was led in a prisoner, his illustrious head bowed in penitence, his mighty spirit touched by remorse and shame. He knelt, and, placing his hand on a copy of the Evangelists, declared that he would never more assert the motion of the earth. Thus was Science dishonored by popes and priests in the person of her immortal son. Yet tradition relates that, as the venerable philosopher rose from his knees, he was heard to murmur, "But it moves, nevertheless." He was imprisoned for a few days in the inquisition, and was then carried to Arcetri, near Florence, where he was held a prisoner for five years. He became totally blind in 1687, his health having declined in his captivity; and at length he died, in 1642, at the age of seventy-seven. The malice of the holy tribunal pursued him even after his death, and his remains were scarcely suffered to be interred in consecrated ground. They were hidden, at last, in an obscure corner of the church of Santa Croce, at Florence, and were left without a monument to indicate the place where slept the greatest genius of his age.

Amidst the storm of ridicule and reproach with which posterity has overwhelmed the infallible church for denying that the earth moves, and for inflicting its rigorous pains upon the aged and illustrious Galileo, Tiraboschi, the Jesuit, with the ingenuity of his order, suggests a casuistical defense.[1] It was the inquisition, he says, that denied the axiom of science; but the inquisition is not infallible, and the church does not consent to be bound by its decisions. Yet, if the pope, as Supreme Inquisitor, may enforce opinions in science or morals that are untrue, how can we be sure that he is infallible when he acts in any other capacity? If he asserts it to be the doctrine of the church that the earth does not move around the sun, either he fails in interpreting the opinion of his predecessors, or he declares the church to believe what observation has shown to be false. In

[1] Nelli, i. p. 96.
[2] Nelli's portrait of Galileo shows the effect of age.
[3] Nelli, ii. p. 512.

[1] Tiraboschi, viii. 177. Ma rifletterò solamente che il Galileo non fu condennato nè dalla chiesa universale, nè dalla Romana, ma solo dal tribunale della inquisizione. The ex-Jesuit had not forgotten his casuistry.

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either case infallibility sinks before the light of science. Galileo's doctrine survived his abjuration and his death, and the name of the martyr of the inquisition is written among the stars.

In another branch of science the holy tribunal was scarcely more successful. A learned Jesuit in the seventeenth century first suggested the method of ascending the air in balloons; another, Bartolomeo Gusmão, toward the close of the century, seems nearly to have succeeded in the design. He had seen in Brazil light vegetable substances of a spherical shape float in the air, and imitated them in paper balloons filled with gas. At length he formed a larger one, and, having come to Lisbon, proposed to ascend himself in the presence of the people. Amidst a wondering throng he sent up one of his balloons, the first, perhaps, that had ever been seen, and assured his friends that there was no danger nor difficulty in navigating the air.[1] He even offered to carry the Grand Inquisitor and all the holy tribunal with him on his adventurous journey; but the clergy shuddered at the impious attempt to defy the laws of nature; the Holy Office resolved to interfere. The inquisitors were convinced that the ingenious Jesuit was possessed by an evil spirit; that Satan alone could have invented the strange machine. Gusmão was seized and thrown into one of the deepest cells of the holy house, and vainly strove to persuade his persecutors that his invention was opposed to none of the doctrines of the church. His arguments were rejected as frivolous. The church condemned the balloon; and the ambitious aeronaut, after lingering some time in confinement, was set free at the solicitation of his fellow-Jesuits, fled to Spain about the year 1700, and seems never to have again attempted to navigate the air.

Between the magicians and sorcerers of the Middle Ages and the acute inquisitors a long contest raged, and all the gentle solicitude and the medicinal pains of the Holy Office were employed in vain in extirpating the ever-increasing host of the servants of Satan.[2] The magician of the inquisition was a being sufficiently portentous. He was invested with all the learning of the time. He had studied alchemy, geometry, and mathematics in the schools of the Arabs. He could raise the spirits of the lower world, and call the dead from the grave, the demon from the abyss. In some dark and subterranean vault, hung with black, in a lonely wood or torrid desert, or amidst the ruins of an abbey or a castle, the magician stood at midnight, clothed in an ephod of white linen, and an exterior robe of black bombazine sweeping the ground. His faithful assistant was at his side. A storm of thunder and sharp lightning raged above as he traced around him his magic circle, inscribing it with triangles and crosses, and marking it with hallowed names. The circle was his only safeguard against the raging throng of demons. He stepped within the safe precinct, and, holding a Hebrew Bible in his hand, began to mutter his most powerful incantations. Wild howling and fearful noises soon arose; flashes of fire and tremblings of the earth announced the approach of the satanic throng.[1] The magic circle was surrounded by spirits in the shapes of savage lions and tigers, vomiting flames, and struggling to devour their impassive master. He must remain calm and without a tremor, or he would fall a victim to the malicious beings he had summoned; he must awe them into obedience. When they found that they could not alarm him, the spirits assumed graceful and enticing forms, and strove to deceive him into confidence. But the skillful magician knew that they were as false and malicious as they were cruel, and looked upon them with stern and self-respecting eyes. He laid on them his commands; bade them fly over land and sea, mountains and deserts, to do his bidding, and only ventured to step beyond his magic circle when the last shriek of the demon host had died on the midnight air. But the harmless pretender often found himself in the hands of the familiars of the inquisition, no less treacherous and cruel than the spirits they imagined and described. For centuries the dungeons of the Holy Office were filled with sorcerers and witches. And when the belief in the occult arts had long ceased in other lands, an unlucky sorceress was burned, in 1780, by the inquisition of Spain.

Thus in the sixteenth century was the tide of modern civilization rolled back from Italy and Spain, and every trace of resistance to the papal power had disappeared before the iron rule of the disciples of Dominic and Loyola. A new ambition inspired the Supreme Inquisitor, the Jesuits, and Philip of Spain; encouraged by their unquestioned triumph, they now proposed to extirpate the heretics of Germany and France, and bring back rebellious England to a modest submission to the ancient faith.

How nearly this design had succeeded, how almost resistless was the progress of the inquisition and of the papal armies in the close of the sixteenth century, can scarcely be reviewed without a shudder by the historical inquirer who remembers the fate of all Southern Europe under the remorseless rule of its oppressors. That England, Germany, and the Scandinavian kingdoms escaped the doom of Italy and Spain, is one of the marvels of history. The popes deposed Elizabeth, absolved her subjects from their allegiance, and aimed the assassin's dagger at the heart of the courageous queen. Had she fallen, Mary of Scotland might have ascended the vacant throne, and the armies of Philip have swept over the divided land. England, already half Catholic, and torn by civil discord, must have made a bold but useless resistance to

[1] Crétineau-Joly, Compagnie de Jesus, iv. p. 818.
[2] Llorente, ii. p. 40–61.

[1] Del Rio, Disquisitiones Magical. The learned Jesuit gives ample details of the magic art.

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the superior skill of the Prince of Parma and his well-trained troops. France, in this ominous period, was striving to destroy the Huguenots; and the Holy League and the Catholic princes were eager to enforce the principles of Dominic and Loyola throughout all their bleeding country. Supine and enfeebled, the German Protestants awaited that storm of ruin which the vigor of Wallenstein was soon to let loose upon the whole region, from the Danube to the Baltic coast. The war in the Netherlands was raging with unexampled horrors; the inquisition was triumphant over the deserted ruins of Antwerp, and the silent streets of Brussels and Ghent; and Holland, the last fortress of European civilization, had Elizabeth died or the League been successful, must have sunk forever in despotism and oblivion.

Of all the disastrous wars of this unhappy age, clouded with human calamity, the lessons of Dominic and the zeal of the inquisitors were the primal cause. To plant the inquisition in the cities of the Netherlands, Philip II. employed all the resources of his immense empire, and all the remorseless arts he had learned in the schools of the holy tribunal. He was eager to celebrate an act of faith in Amsterdam or London, and to renew the favorite spectacle of Valladolid or Seville in lands teeming with heretics, and filled with the elements of reform. His fanatical passion was very nearly gratified. He assassinated William of Orange, and the Prince of Parma pressed successfully upon the last defenses of Holland. More than once he had nearly assassinated Elizabeth of England. His ships and his armies threatened to bear the rack and the scourge to the home of Shakspeare, Bacon, and Spenser. Often it seemed in doubt whether England might not be crushed, like Andalusia, beneath a new Torquemada, and its Protestant population perish, like the Moors and the Jews, in the final triumph of the inquisition.[1]

It is a curious, perhaps an instructive, question to examine the results that must have flowed from the success of the devout hopes of the popes and the inquisitors—an inquiry now as practically needless as the question of the Roman historians as to what would have followed had Alexander invaded Italy. But the complete subjection of Holland and England to the Supreme Inquisitor at Rome must have been attended by a change so vast in the condition of mankind as can scarcely fail to arrest curiosity; nor can it be doubted that it would have been succeeded by a limitless period of decay. The English kings must have followed the example of those of France. In 1600, Henry IV. enforced a general toleration, and France grew in industry and power. In 1700, his descendant, Louis XIV., had become his own supreme inquisitor, and expelled the working-classes from his kingdom. Indolence, chivalry, and a barbarous passion for military glory, made France the terror and the shame of Europe. An inquisition ruling in London, and a line of Catholic kings on the English throne, must have crushed the industry of the nation, and have planted the elements of moral and mental decay wherever the fleets and colonies of England penetrated. Holy houses would have sprung up along the coasts of North America, and an act of faith might still have formed the favorite amusement of the people from Labrador to Patagonia. The chief employment of governments would have been to crush heresy; of the mechanic, to invent a new rack or a more effectual thumb-screw; of the author, to celebrate the victories of infallibility; and of the man of science, to defend the miracles and the doctrines of Dominic. To such a destiny were the people of Spain and Italy condemned in the prosperous period of the holy tribunal.

But England and Holland repelled the armies of the inquisitors, and preserved their narrow territories to be the birth-place of a new civilization. It was the terror of the inquisition that aroused the people of both countries to their desperate resistance. In England, the Puritans, children of industry and of honest thought, gathered around their queen, and kept the wavering Elizabeth in the front of the Protestant movement of the age. A war with Spain was always popular; a raid on Lisbon or Cadiz enlisted the sympathy of men of intellect and men of toil. But in Holland the dread of the inquisitors and the horrors of the Spanish rule awoke to a still grander heroism a people singularly calm and phlegmatic. "Better to die together," they exclaimed, "than to submit to the slow ruin entailed by the holy tribunal." Industry and intellect rose in the contest. The laboring classes and the men of thought flocked to the free cities of the beleaguered land; and, amidst the perils of an inexpiable war, factories and work-shops were never idle, great fleets thronged the ports of Amsterdam and Zeeland, universities were founded, churches flourished, and the dismal fens and wastes of Holland became the centre of the highest progress of the age, because they had driven back the inquisition.

Discomfited in all their plans of conquest, the inquisitors retreated to Italy and Spain, and here, throughout the seventeenth century, exercised an unparalleled severity. The passion for autos da fé grew in strength with the kings and the people, and each Spanish monarch celebrated his accession to the throne by the popular spectacle. At the great act of faith in 1680, the famous, the noble, and the gay attended. An immense concourse of people assembled in the galleries.[1] The king looked on from eight in the morning, with devout interest, until the last rites were performed; and it was observed, as an example to all future ages, that his majesty neither withdrew to take any refreshment

[1] It is shown by the accurate pictures of Motley and Froude how feeble were the defenses of England, how superior the resources of Spain.

[1] Bourgoanne, Travels in Spain, c. xlii.

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nor showed any signs of weariness, but was ever cheerful and composed. A work was published describing the ceremony, with all its horrible details. The names of the eminent spectators are recorded, the pious zeal of the king celebrated; and the author's production is commended by the censors of the press as worthy to be read, not only in Spain, but throughout the world. So glorious a triumph of the faith ought never to be forgotten.

From the year 1700 the vigor of the inquisition began to decline. Literature aimed its sharpest blows at the institutions of Dominic. The free press, which it had striven to destroy, covered the secret tribunal with ignominy, and denounced its most glorious triumphs as more savage than the wild orgies of the Carib. Even Spain and Italy felt the abhorrence of mankind; the acts of faith no longer drew applauding throngs at Valladolid and Seville; the bull-fight and the blood-stained matadore supplied the excitement that had once followed the inquisitor and his victim; and liberal priests began to lament the fanatical rage that had covered their church and their native land with infamy. Yet the Holy Office still defied the indignation of the reformers, and as late as 1763 heretics were burned in the midst of Spanish civilization; the inquisition still ruled with a mysterious terror over the minds of men; literature, science, and invention still withered beneath its frown. The French Revolution and Napoleon swept away the inquisitors and the holy houses; they were restored by the arms of Wellington and the return of the old dynasty; in 1823 a Tribunal of Faith punished heretics; and in 1856 English and American missionaries were imprisoned or banished by the Spanish priests.[1]

Under the rule of its native inquisitors Spain sank into a complete decay. Aragon, in the last century, presented a dreary waste of deserted hamlets and villages, and of cities where a scanty and degraded population wandered amidst the ruins of former opulence and grandeur.[2] In every province the same spectacle of ruin met the traveler's eye. Cordova, the centre of Moorish industry and taste, once teeming with throngs of artisans and scholars, had become an insignificant town, abandoned by almost every trace of its ancient renown; but its wonderful cathedral, the mosque of Abderrahman, glorious in its wilderness of jasper and marble columns, the fair creations of the Moorish architects, its ruined courts filled with groves of orange-trees, shading with tangled shrubbery their sparkling fountains, its immense and tarnished exterior, still revived the memory of the gifted people who had perished by myriads under the bitter tyranny of the inquisition. The rich province of Granada was still more desolate. Its thin and impoverished population starved amidst the opulence of nature—amidst the gentle climate and prolific soil that had once nourished the countless subjects of Boabdil, and where the tall mountains covered with eternal snow, the rich valleys never reached by the torrid heat, the torrents of limpid water leaping from the precipices and fertilizing the happy plains, the boundless productiveness of fruit and flower, seemed to invite the hand of industry, and promise perpetual ease to man. Above the fair but solitary scene arose the palace of the Alhambra, almost as perfect as when the victorious Spaniards first entered its graceful courts, and drove into exile the Moorish host.[1] Seville, from whose gates four hundred thousand Moors marched out at the entry of Ferdinand, was now languishing in a feeble decline—its countless industries slowly passing away. Such was the Spain of the inquisition in the last century, and such it had almost been to-day.

It was the people against whom the Holy Office had aimed its sharpest pains; it is the people who have at length swept it from their path of progress. Since the flight of its queen and the fall of the ancient dynasty, no trace of the Spanish inquisition lingers in the land of its birth; the Bible, for the first time, is freely read in Valladolid and Seville; the Lutheran, the Hebrew, and the Morisco may wander at will over the scenes where the great acts of faith were celebrated, and the Protestant missionaries preach to attentive audiences on the squares where their spiritual ancestors, clad in yellow robes, perished amidst the clamor of rejoicing priests. The change is startling; it is full of promise for the people of Spain; and we may trust that freedom, civilization, and progress are once more to visit the peninsula; that with the death of the Spanish inquisition the factory and the work-shop, free-schools and colleges, will spring up amidst the ruins of Granada and Cordova; and that Spain, under republican institutions, may enter anew on that path of progress from which it was turned back four centuries ago by the flaming sword of persecution.

We have no space to follow the desolating march of the Holy Office over the East and the West; to its grim and fearful dungeons, so often thronged with victims, in the torrid heats of Portuguese Goa; to the acts of faith of Mexico and the calamities of Peru. The story would be the same unvarying record of cruelty and crime. It would be easily shown that most of the misfortunes of Latin America may be traced to the inquisitor—the decay of the intellect, the barbarism of the people, the fall of a vigorous race. The revolutions excited by fanatical priests have never ceased to spread anarchy throughout Mexico and South America, and the popes at Rome have steadily endeavored to overthrow those free governments that have

[1] Rule, Hist. Inq. Llorente, iv. 143, saw the inquisition abolished by Napoleon.

[2] Bourgoanne, Travels in Spain, vol. iii. c. 5.

[1] Bourgoanne, iii. c. 5, describes the decline of Seville, and notices the waste wealth of Granada. Andersen has painted the modern aspect of Granada and Cordova. Travels in Spain, c. ix.

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sprung up in the rebellious colonies of Catholic Spain. The Supreme Inquisitor still professes to command in New Granada and Peru.[1]

But we may pause to sketch briefly the fate of the Roman congregation. The popes as supreme inquisitors proved worthy successors of Deza and Torquemada. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries heresy died out in the Papal States, and the Italians were carefully shielded from the growing blight of modern civilization.[2] The Vaudois, whose missionaries had stolen into the patrimony of St. Peter, were nearly lost in a storm of persecution; the Lutherans fled to the hospitable North; literature faded into dull submission; and science mourned over the fate of Bruno and Galileo. One of the most eminent scholars of his age, Giordano Bruno, had traveled over Europe, and had returned trusting to find a safe refuge in the territories of republican Venice. He was suspected of holding heretical opinions, was seized, and finally taken to Rome. He was shut up in the new prisons of Pius V., and defended his faith in various arguments with Bellarmin and the congregation of cardinals. Two years passed away. The cardinals grew weary of the vigorous controversy, and the poet, scholar, and philosopher was condemned to degradation and death. In February, 1600, the fagots and the flames concluded the argument with a signal victory for the church.

From 1600 until 1808, the prisons of the inquisition, surrounded by a terrible mystery, overshadowed the homes of the Romans. Their annals are lost, their records destroyed. No footsteps crossed their awful portals but those of the priests who administered their secret punishments, and the victims whose silence was successfully insured. The armies of the first Napoleon destroyed them, at least in part; they were renewed in 1825;[3] but when Pope Pius IX. fled from Rome before the revolution of 1848, the people broke into the mysterious cells and set free an aged bishop and a nun, the only occupants of the labyrinth of torment.[4] Gavazzi, who entered the deserted palace surrounded by the enraged citizens of Rome, describes the narrow corridors, the fearful cells, the pitfalls—the evidences of unpardonable crimes—the luxurious chambers and stately halls, in which the cardinal inquisitors had held their revels and condemned their guiltless victims. Yet, when the armies of the French republic had restored Pius IX. to his unstable throne, the inquisition was once more renewed; the pope ruled again as Supreme Inquisitor. Giacinto Achilli occupied for a time a cell in the ruined prisons, and was then removed to the safer shelter of St. Angelo. He was afterward suffered to escape by the directions of the Emperor of the French.

For more than twenty years Pope Pius IX. has ruled over the Roman inquisition, the last remnant of that mighty fabric which had once overshadowed great states and empires, and had embraced all Europe in its fatal chains. If we may trust the records of his officials, his reign has not been unworthy of his unsparing predecessors. The Holy Office, even in the midst of the nineteenth century, has proved no empty shadow to those who have deserved its attention; and Dominic might have recognized in its careful scrutiny of heresy, blasphemy, and sorcery the vigorous tribunal that swept the Albigenses from the earth.

Pius IX., when the French arms had destroyed the Roman republic, entered upon his new despotism with all the fierce resolution of an Innocent III. He felt himself to be infallible. No gem had been ravished from his triple crown that he was not prepared to reclaim—no prerogative that had been assumed by his predecessors but was still inherent to the chair of St. Peter. The press was laid under an interdict; the Bible in the vernacular was banished from Rome; Protestant assemblies were forbidden; and the thunders of the Vatican were launched against the surging waves of modern reform.[1] An excommunication was hurled against Victor Emanuel and the Italians, and throngs of Jesuits and monks, of priests and cardinals, filled the Eternal City with the clamor of a new religious warfare. Strong in the protection of imperial France, the priestly rulers despised the united hostility of the Roman populace, shut up the Roman reformers in dismal dungeons, or mercilessly shot them down upon the Roman Campagna. Rome became the last refuge of religious persecution—the scene of enormities over which Dominic and Loyola might have exulted with fond congratulations.

The inquisition was at once revived. In March, 1850, a convention of cardinals, bishops, and archbishops met at Loretto, the most sacred shrine of Mary, and issued an edict, which was afterward confirmed by the pope, to enforce the devotion of the rebellious people.[2] Whoever committed the crime of blasphemy by offering insults to the blessed Mary or the saints, might be punished with from ten to thirty days' imprisonment; and upon a second offense, the extreme penalties of the canon law might be imposed.[3] Heresy was to be punished still more severely; and whoever should omit to inform against a heretic might share his doom. Whoever refused to kneel in the

[1] Laurent, Le Catholicisme, etc., p. 581. Mais il abrogé en Amérique les principes et les maximes qui forment la base de notre droit public. Pius IX. annulled the laws of Mexico and New Granada, see p. 549.

[2] M'Crie.

[3] Jules Janin, Voyage en Italie, 1838, describes the ruin of Bologna. From cette ruine savante vous passez dans une autre ruine, Ferrare, p. 246. It reflected that of Rome.

[4] Rule, Hist. Inq., p. 430, gives Gavazzi's letter. Id., p. 433.

[1] I need scarcely confirm facts so notorious by any authorities; yet the reader will do well to look over the Syllabus and the canons, and the decrees of the Council.

[2] Italy in Transition, Appendix, gives the edict.

[3] Article VI., cap. 1.

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public way as the host passed by, neglected a feast-day, violated a fast, or profaned a church by any act of irreverence, was exposed to the penalties of the law. An earlier edict, which is still retained, enjoined all good Catholics to inform against any one who was a sorcerer, who had made a compact with Satan, or who prayed or made libations to the Prince of Evil.[1]

These regulations seem to have been enforced with all the bitterness of spiritual tyranny. Informers sprang up in every district, and priests and monks hunted the heretic in his most secret retreats. At Fermo, a citizen died under torture; at Bertinoro, in 1855, five years' imprisonment was imposed for insulting a priest.[2] The prisons of Pius IX. were filled with unhappy captives who had offended against the spiritual or the temporal authority of the church.

Thus, in the midst of the glories of modern civilization, in the heart of the nineteenth century, the reign of Pius IX. passed on before the eyes of Europe, a living picture of the barbarism and degradation of the days of Pius V. or Innocent III. Rome was a fortress, a prison, and a convent. The streets of the Eternal City swarmed with a ceaseless throng of indolent monks and begging friars.[3] The pompous festivals of the medieval church drew crowds of curious pilgrims from Europe and America, who wondered or smiled at the magnificence of its pagan rites, and too often forgot the woes of the murmuring people who trembled before their priestly rulers. The Romans wept in secret over their untold oppression; the stranger alone swelled the throng that assisted at the ceremonies of St. Peter's. Few cared to remember, beneath the glitter of the illuminations and the magnificence of the stately show, that a garrison half brigand, half convict, gleaming in rich uniform, and armed with the most effective rifle, was required to suppress the indignation of every Roman patriot and maintain the barbarous government on its throne; few suspected that in almost every dwelling of the decayed and fallen city were impoverished families lamenting for their exiles or their dead, and men and women shuddering at the enormities of the papal guard.[4] Rome sat separate from the civilized world, surrounded by the waste of her desolate Campagna, a heap of venerable ruins; and the last Supreme Inquisitor—the successor of Deza and Torquemada—enforced for a moment the discipline of Dominic, and, supported by a host of bishops and cardinals, launched his final anathema against the progress of the age.

Chanting the hymns of Luther, and patriotic songs that recall the wild strains of the Teutonic hosts that flung themselves upon the armies of Julian, the Germans crossed the Rhine, and marched victorious to the walls of Paris. With the fall of his imperial ally the pope was left without a friend. Italy in a moment sprang to arms, to deliver the hapless Romans and expel the robber garrison from the Eternal City. Fifty thousand ardent soldiers, beneath the burning heats of September, encamped around Rome upon the desolate Campagna, and awaited patiently on that deadly plain, scorched by the autumnal sun and tenanted by poisonous vipers, until the holy father, after a mischievous delay, consented to resign his temporal crown.[1] A brief assault and a needless waste of life enforced his submission; the Italian troops and a throng of exiled patriots swept into the rejoicing city. The Romans met their deliverers with grateful acclamations, and, clinging to their side, exclaimed, "Save us from the pope and his brigand soldiers." A boundless joy, a guiltless triumph swelled over Italy, and every patriot exulted in the thought that for the first time since the fall of the Roman empire his country was united—was free.

The German march across the Rhine was the signal for another change. The Holy Office was no more. The Supreme Inquisitor had been driven from his temporal rule; the prisons were opened; the persecuting edicts were of no further significance; the Bible was read beneath the shadow of St. Peter's; and Vaudois missionaries from the valleys were already planning a seminary and a church at Rome. For the first time since the destruction of the Albigenses, it may be safely affirmed that the inquisition of Dominic has ceased to exist.

Yet the sacred duty will ever remain for us and for posterity to celebrate, with gratitude and admiration, the memory of the countless throngs who perished by the fires of persecution; of those generous martyrs who fell in the front ranks of human advance. The gentle Albigenses, gifted children of the South; the Spanish Hebrew, teacher of industry and thrift; the Moors, adorned by scholarship and taste; the Lutheran and the Calvinist; the men of science, philosophy, and thought—the honored list of the victims of Dominic and the inquisition—must shine forever with a softened lustre amidst the gloom of the Middle Ages; and it is possible that some historian from the declivities of the Rocky Mountains or the shores of the Pacific, when, six hundred years from now, according to the limitation of Cicero, he studies the annals of European barbarism, will neglect the useless strife of savage kings and persecuting priests to record the fate of the inventors and artisans, the laborers and the thinkers, who laid in suffering and toil the foundations of modern freedom.

[1] Italy in Transition, Appendix E., p. 460.

[2] Italy in Transition, p. 215. The act of faith was not renewed.

[3] Seymour, Pilgrimage to Rome (1848), p. 187.

[4] Some earlier travelers—Lady Morgan, Mrs. Trollope, and others—see only the splendid rites. Simond, Tour in Italy (1817), p. 297, is more discriminating.

[1] London *Times*, September 24; *Daily News*, September 27. In consequence of the delay, great suffering was occasioned in the Italian army; soldiers died of malarious fevers; food and water were scarce. The ground was covered with poisonous vipers.

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THE MUMMY'S FOOT.

ONE idle day I lounged in to amuse myself examining the curiosities of one of those shops styled, in true Parisian dialect, *maisons de bric-à-brac.*

The passion for possessing antique furniture has increased wonderfully within a few years, and no elegant mansion is considered perfect without its *chambre moyen âge;* consequently these little shops have sprung up in all odd corners of Paris. Possessing, at the same time, all the characteristics of the painter's studio, the laboratory of the alchemist, the upholsterer's cabinet, and the shop of the old iron dealer, these little dimly lighted caves, where the dust and cobwebs are more ancient and authentic than the guipures, are full of fascination for the lover of the curious and antique.

The *maison de bric-à-brac* which was my favorite resort was a true Capernaum; all past centuries and all nationalities appeared to have made it a general rendezvous. There was an Etruscan lamp of red clay, standing upon an antique *armoire*, whose ebony panels were curiously inlaid with copper. There a cabinet of the time of Louis XV., with its delicate feet like a roe's, stood by the side of a massive table from the reign of Louis XIII., whose heavy spiral legs of oak were richly adorned with carving of fabulous monsters, half hidden by vine leaves. In one corner stood an embossed suit of armor from Milan, its breast-plate glistening with jewels; pottery cupids and nymphs, grotesque figures of porcelain, vases of Saxony ware and old Sèvres, covered the *étagéres*. There were ancient dressing-tables, with inlaid panels of Japanese work, covered with designs in red and blue, where gold filigree was intermixed with Bernard Palissy enamel, representing forms of serpents, frogs, and lizards in relief. Half falling from the shelves of open *armoires* were draperies of rich brocades, their patterns of gold and crimson shining brilliant through all the dust and duskiness of the place.

The old merchant followed me with close attention as I walked about examining the curious old furniture and other antique rubbish, now and then springing forward to guard some cherished bit of antiquity from too close contact with my coat, and watching my elbows with the anxiety of the antiquary and the usurer.

He was a singular specimen of humanity, this old *bric-à-brac* dealer; an immense bald head, surrounded by thin white hair, which contrasted strangely with the yellow color of his skin, gave him a fictitious air of patriarchal good-nature, which was forcibly contradicted by the sharp little yellow eyes, which trembled in their sockets like two Louis d'ors upon quicksilver. His nose had an aquiline outline, recalling the Oriental or Jewish type. His hands, lean, lank, covered with protruding veins, and with nails like the claws terminating the membranous wings of a bat, were constantly moving about in an uneasy, feeble way; but those nervous, trembling hands became firm as steel pincers when they grasped any precious object—an onyx cup, a vase from Venice, or a plate of Bohemian glass.

The curious old man appeared so profoundly cabalistic and full of all manner of mysterious knowledge that, three centuries ago, he would have been burned as a magician.

"Will you not buy something to-day, monsieur?" he said. "Just look at this Malay dagger; the blade sparkles like a ray of light. See how skillfully these indentations are made to cut the flesh of the victim on drawing out the poniard. It is a magnificent specimen of a ferocious weapon, and should be placed at once in your collection. This sword is very beautiful. It belonged to Joseph of Hera. Look at the silver handle inlaid with brilliants. What superb workmanship!"

"No, no," I replied; "I have enough of these savage instruments. I wish to find a little figure, something which I can use for a paper-weight. These bronzes sold by every stationer do not please me. One finds them invariably on all writing-tables."

The old gnome, after searching among his antiquities, placed before me old bronzes, or what he designated as such—pieces of malachite, little Hindoo and Chinese idols, bits of precious stones, and some small images of Brahma and Vishnu, characters eminently suitable for a position on a table among books and papers.

I was hesitating between a porcelain dragon, warty and hideous, his jaws bristling with teeth and beard, and an ugly little Mexican fetich representing the god Wilziliputzili, when I noticed a charming foot, which I took at first for a fragment of some antique Venus. It possessed that delicate fawn-colored tint which gives such warm, living character to the Florentine bronzes, so preferable to the greenish aspect of ordinary bronzes, which impress one as statues in process of decay. Its surface glistened like satin, and its outlines were rendered exquisitely delicate by the loving kisses of twenty centuries; for I supposed it a Corinthian bronze, a work of the Middle Ages, perhaps a casting by Lysippe himself.

"This foot will answer my purpose," I said to the dealer, who handed me the desired object with an expression of singular irony and cunning.

I was startled by its lightness. It was not a foot of bronze, but a foot of flesh, a foot embalmed—the foot of a mummy! On examining it with care, I could see the delicate grains of the skin, and the almost imperceptible imprint left by the cloth bandage. The toes were small, delicately shaped, with nails perfect, and purely transparent, as agates. The great toe, slightly separated from the others in the antique fashion, gave the foot a singular grace, like that of a bird. The sole, exquisitely and delicately moulded, showed plainly that it had never touched the earth, and come in contact

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only with the finest matting woven from Nile grass and downy carpets of panther-skin.

"Ha, ha! You wish to purchase the foot of the Princess Hermonthis?" said the dealer, with a strange sneer, fixing upon me eyes like an owl. "Ha, ha, ha! For a paper-weight! An original idea—an artistic idea! Old Pharaoh would have been very unpleasantly surprised had he been told that the foot of his beloved daughter would serve as a paper-weight, after he had taken the pains to hollow out a mountain of granite for her tomb, and to cover her massive coffin with hieroglyphics and beautiful paintings," added the old merchant, softly, as if speaking with himself.

"For how much will you sell me this fragment of a mummy?"

"Ah, I shall ask as much as possible, for it is a superb thing. If you paid half that it is worth, you would not have it for less than five hundred francs. The daughter of Pharaoh! Nothing could be more rare."

"Surely it is nothing common; but what will you take for it? First, I must tell you a little fact; I have only five Louis; I will buy any thing which does not cost more than that."

"You may search through all the pockets of my coat, and in all the cases of my shop, and you will find nothing for that but a miserable tiger with five claws. Five Louis for the foot of the Princess Hermonthis—the authentic foot! It is absurd; in truth, it is nothing," said the old dealer, shaking his head, and rolling his eyeballs with well-feigned horror.

I turned away.

"Come, take it," he shrieked, seizing hold of me. "I will give you the wrapper for nothing," he added, rolling the delicate treasure in a fragment of old damask. "Beautiful, genuine old damask, damask of the Indies, which has never been redyed; how fine and soft," he muttered, passing his fingers gently over the tattered fragment, with a greediness which led him to place a certain value upon an object so poor that even he was willing to give it away.

He carefully placed the gold pieces in an old-fashioned money-bag hanging from his belt, repeating over and over to himself:

"The foot of the Princess Hermonthis for a paper-weight!"

Then fixing upon me his glistening eyes, he said, in a voice harsh as the miauling of a cat who has just swallowed a fish-bone:

"Old Pharaoh will not be contented with this. He loved his daughter, that old man!"

"You speak as if you were an intimate friend of the old Egyptian. Although you are old, you have not learned the mysteries of the Pyramids," I replied, laughing, as I left the shop.

I came home delighted with my acquisition.

On my table was a bundle of papers, rough drafts of verses, rendered nearly undecipherable by mosaic-work of erasures, articles commenced, letters written, forgotten, and left lying with other literary rubbish, instead of being put in the mail, an error often committed by absent-minded people; on these scraps of a *littérateur's* life I placed the foot of the divine Princess Hermonthis; the effect was charming, *bizarre*, romantic.

Very well satisfied with my new ornament, I went out for a walk, passing along the street with the dignity and pride of a man who holds the advantage over all his fellow-creatures of possessing a piece of the Princess Hermonthis, daughter of Pharaoh.

I considered all those unfortunate people worthy of much sympathy who did not possess a paper-weight of such genuine antiquity; and the true ambition of every man, it appeared to me, should be to have a mummy's foot on his writing-table.

Fortunately, I met some friends who diverted my thoughts from my new treasure. I went to dine with them, for it would have been impossible to dine by myself.

When I returned home in the evening, my brain slightly excited with wine, a delicate sense of Oriental perfume pervaded the apartment. The warmth of the chamber had melted the natron, bitumen, and myrrh with which the embalmers had bathed the body of the princess. It was a perfume sweet and penetrating—a perfume which three thousand years had been powerless to evaporate.

The dream of Egypt was eternity. Its odors have the steadfastness of granite, and endure forever.

I drank with full draughts from the dark goblets of sleep. For several hours I remained unconscious—forgetfulness and nothingness held me fast in their sombre embrace.

By degrees my intellectual perceptions grew clear, and dreams began to take their silent flight.

The eyes of my soul were opened, and I saw my chamber so distinctly that I would have believed myself awake had not a strange sensation assured me that I was asleep, and that something full of wonder and mystery was about to take place.

The odor of the myrrh had increased in intensity, and I felt a slight headache, which I naturally attributed to several glasses of Champagne which we had drunk at supper to the unknown gods and our future success.

I looked about my chamber with an expectant attention which nothing justified. The furniture was standing as usual, the lamp burned upon the table, its light softened by the milky whiteness of the ground-glass shade; the water-colors showed distinctly under their glasses, the curtains hung languidly; every thing wore a sleepy and tranquil appearance.

Nevertheless, after several moments that calm interior appeared disturbed by some strange influence; the wood-work creaked stealthily; the embers, covered over with ashes, sent forth at intervals little jets of blue gas, and the gilt curtain fastenings appeared like metallic eyes, attentive, like myself, to the mysterious influence which seemed to fill the room.

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By chance my looks were directed toward the table upon which I had placed the foot of the Princess Hermonthis.

In place of remaining quiet, as would have been natural for a foot embalmed for three thousand years, it was moving, contracting and slipping about on the paper like a frightened frog; it appeared as if it was in contact with an electrical battery. I distinctly heard the scratching noise made by its little heel—hard and dry as the hoof of a gazelle.

I felt suddenly very much discontented with my new possession. Liking quietness in a paper-weight, and finding it very unnatural for feet to walk about without legs to carry, I began to experience a feeling very much resembling terror.

All at once I noticed a movement of the folds of my curtain, and could distinctly hear a noise like that made by a person hopping on one foot. I felt a shudder pass through me, a strange chill ran down my back, and my hair stood on end.

The curtains parted, and I saw a sweet, wondrous figure come forward into my chamber. It was a young girl, of a rich brown complexion, like the Bayadere Amani, and of exquisite beauty, of the pure Egyptian type. Her delicate almond-shaped eyes were slightly raised at the corners, and her finely-arched eyebrows were a rich blue-black. Her nose was almost Greek in the fineness of its outline, and she might have been taken for a statue of Corinthian bronze, had not the prominence of her cheek-bones and the rich fullness of her lips shown her to belong without doubt to the ancient race which inhabited the shores of the Nile.

Her arms, slender as those of a very young girl, were ornamented with metallic and crystal bracelets; her hair hung in long braids, and was confined across her forehead by a band of glistening gold; faint traces of rose-colored paint were visible on her rich brown cheeks, and suspended on her breast was a small figure of green plaster, which, by the emblems it carried, I recognized at once as Isis, the goddess of immortality.

Her costume was very remarkable, being simply a pair of loose trowsers and tunic, embroidered with red and black hieroglyphics, and stiff with bitumen, such as may be seen on a mummy freshly unrolled.

By one of those strange freaks of thought so frequent in dreams, I seemed to hear the harsh, croaking voice of the old *bric-à-brac* merchant, repeating over and over as a monotonous refrain those words which he had addressed to me in his shop with such mysterious intonation, "Old Pharaoh will not be contented with this. He loved his daughter, that old man!" A singular peculiarity, and one which made me feel very uncomfortable, was that the apparition had only one foot, the other leg being broken at the ankle.

The girl moved slowly toward the table, upon which the mummy's foot was slipping about with violent nervous contortion. She supported herself with one delicate hand resting on my *fauteuil*, which stood by the table, and gazed on the foot, and I saw a tear rise and glisten in her eye. Although she did not speak, I could clearly discern her thoughts. She looked at her foot—for it was indeed hers—with an expression of infinite sadness. The little foot slid rapidly about over the table, as if it was full of electric life. Several times she stretched out her hand to seize it, but it always sprang away from her grasp.

Now between the Princess Hermonthis and her foot, which appeared to be endowed with a life of its own, began a very singular dialogue in ancient Coptic, the language spoken thirty centuries ago in the country of the Pyramids. Fortunately that night, in my dream, I understood Coptic perfectly.

The Princess Hermonthis spoke in a tone sweet and vibrating as a crystal bell:

"Alas! my dear little foot, you never allow me to catch you, notwithstanding that in times long gone by I took the best of care of you. I bathed you with perfumed water in a basin of pure alabaster; I rubbed your heel with pumice-stone soaked in palm-oil; your nails were cut with golden scissors and polished with the tooth of a hippopotamus; I chose for you the neatest embroidered slippers with turned-up toes, which were the envy of all the Egyptian maidens; you had rings for your great toe, representing the sacred scarabœus; and you carried a body as light and dainty as any lazy foot could desire."

The foot replied, with a sulky and fretful air:

"You know very well that I do not belong to myself any longer; I have been bought and paid for. The old merchant knew very well what he was doing. He intends you shall remember your refusal to marry him. This is a trick he has played you.

"The Arab who broke open your royal coffin in the subterranean vaults of the necropolis of Thebes was sent by him. He wished to prevent you from going to join the grand reunion of shadows in the cities of the underworld. Have you five pieces of gold with which to purchase me back?"

"Alas! no. My jewels, my rings, my purses of gold and silver—all were stolen from me," replied the Princess Hermonthis, with a sigh.

"Princess," I cried, "I have never retained the foot of any person. You can not give me the five Louis I paid for your foot? *Bien*; I will gladly return it to you for nothing. I should be very unhappy to render the charming Princess Hermonthis a cripple forever."

I delivered this speech with a fervor and gallantry which appeared to startle the beautiful Egyptian.

She turned suddenly toward me with an expression of deepest gratitude, and her eyes sent forth blue gleams of light.

She took her foot, which this time did not try to escape her, with the same grace as a

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beautiful woman might take up her slipper, and skillfully adjusted it in its place; this operation finished, she walked up and down the chamber several times, as if to assure herself that she was no longer a cripple.

"Ah," she said, "how happy this will make my father, he who was so distressed at my mutilation, after having, from the day of my birth, put a whole nation at work to build me a tomb, so deep that I could rest there in peace and perfection until that supreme day when all souls shall be weighed in the balances of Amenthi.

"Come with me to my father; he will receive you with much pleasure, you who have given me back my foot."

I found this proposal very natural, and put on my flowered *robe de chambre*, which gave me a very *Pharaonesque* appearance. Then, drawing on my Turkish slippers, I said to the princess that I was ready to follow her.

Hermonthis, before leaving, detached from her chain the little green plaster-figure, and placed it upon the scattered papers which covered the table.

"It is only right," said she, smiling, "for me to replace your paper-weight."

She reached me her hand, which was soft and cold as a snake, and we started upon our strange journey.

For a long time we shot with the rapidity of an arrow through a damp, grayish atmosphere, all objects appearing only as indistinct silhouettes. Then we saw only sea and sky. Soon pointed obelisks began to shoot up, and on the horizon appeared the forms of the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

We had arrived.

The princess led me to a mountain of red granite, and stopped before a narrow, low opening, which it would have been difficult to distinguish from the fissures in the rock had it not been marked by a sculptured head on each side.

Hermonthis lighted a torch and entered the passage-way, motioning me to follow.

It was a gallery cut in the solid rock; the walls were covered with hieroglyphics and allegorical pictures of processions, the execution of which must have required the labor of a thousand pairs of hands during a thousand years. These galleries, of interminable length, ended in a series of square chambers, in the centre of which were caverns which we descended by spiral steps cut in the rock. These vaulted caverns led into other chambers, from which ran galleries equally covered with all manner of Egyptian sculpture—sacred plants, serpents curled in circles, ibises, cats, and processions of kings and warriors, everlasting legends cut in granite, which only the dead have leisure to read in eternity.

At last we reached a hall so vast, so immense in its proportions, that the long lines of gigantic columns stretching on all sides were lost in the distance. Livid rays of yellow light trembled through the space, half revealing the outlines of figures of which the place was full.

The Princess Hermonthis retained my hand in hers, while she gracefully saluted the mummies of her acquaintance.

My eyes gradually accustomed themselves to the dim light, and I began to distinguish the objects about me.

I saw, seated upon great thrones, the kings of the ancient races. They were tall, lean old men, wrinkled, with skin like parchment, and black with naphtha and bitumen. Their heads were crowned with bands of gold, and they wore breast-plates ornamented with precious stones. Their eyes had the fixedness of the Sphinx, and their long beards were white with the snows of ages. Behind them were their embalmed subjects, sitting upright, in the stiff, constrained Egyptian fashion, retaining eternally the attitude prescribed by the hierarchical law. Behind the people stood miauling cats, ibises beating the air with their wings, and crocodiles grinning frightfully, apparitions made hideous by their blacker swathing-clothes and bandages.

All the Pharaohs were there—Cheops, Chephnenes, Psammetichus, Sesostris, Amenoteph—all the dusky rulers of the Pyramids and the Nile. Upon a plain more elevated than the others were seated the kings Chromo and Xixonthros, who lived at the time of the Deluge, and Tubal Cain, who was before it.

The beard of the king Xixonthros had grown so long that it wound seven times around the granite table on which he leaned, sleepy and dreamy.

Still farther away, in a dusty vapor, I faintly distinguished the seventy-two pre-Adamite kings. Their subjects had disappeared in the mists of eternities.

After having left me for several moments to enjoy this strange spectacle, the Princess Hermonthis presented me to Pharaoh, her father, who very majestically bowed his head.

"I have found my foot! I have found my foot!" cried the Princess, clapping her little hands together in childish delight. "This is the kind friend who gave it back to me."

The tribes of Reme, the tribes of Nahasi, all the black, bronze, and copper-colored natives, repeated in grand chorus:

"The Princess Hermonthis has found her foot!"

Xixonthros himself was moved. He raised his heavy eyelids, passed his fingers through his mustache, and looked at me with the solidity of centuries in his eyes.

"By Orms, watch-dog of hell, and by Tmei, daughter of the Sun and Truth, thou art a brave and worthy fellow," said Pharaoh, reaching toward me his sceptre tipped with a lotus-flower.

"What wilt have for thy reward?"

With the daring which comes with dreams, when nothing appears impossible, I asked for the hand of the fair Hermonthis, saying that the hand was no less than a just reward for the foot.

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Pharaoh opened his large, glassy eyes, astonished at the audacity of my request.

"From what country art thou, and what is thy age?" he asked.

"I come from France, and am twenty-seven years old, venerable Pharaoh."

"Twenty-seven years! And he wishes to marry the Princess Hermonthis, who was born thirty centuries ago!" cried with one voice all the kings and all the assemblage of nations.

Hermonthis was the only one who did not appear to find my request unsuitable.

"If you were only two thousand years old," said the old king, "I would gladly give you the hand of my daughter; but now the difference is too great; and those who marry our daughters must last forever, and you no longer understand the art. Those who were brought here but five centuries ago are already only a pinch of dust. Look! my flesh is hard as basalt, my bones like bars of steel. I shall stand at the grand judgment-day with the same body and same face I had while living. My daughter Hermonthis will outlast a bronze statue. Then the winds will have scattered the last grain of thy dust; and Isis herself, whose skill could recover the last fragments of Osiris, would find it impossible to bring thy form together once more. Look, how vigorous I am, and how strong my arms are!" said he, seizing my hands and squeezing them so that my rings cut into my fingers.

He shook me so violently that I waked, and found my friend Alfred pulling me by the arms, and shouting to rouse me.

"Ah, ciel! crazy sleeper, must I drag you into the middle of the street, and fire a cannon in your ears?

"It is afternoon. Have you forgotten that you promised to take me to see the Spanish pictures by M. Aguado?"

"Mon Dieu!" I replied, springing up to dress myself; "I forgot all about it. We will go now. I have the invitation here upon my writing-table."

I went to the table to look for it among my papers. Imagine my astonishment when I saw, in place of the mummy's foot I had purchased the evening before, the little green plaster figure left by the Princess Hermonthis!

OUR FRENCH ALLIES.

IN an epigrammatic review of the career of the late Emperor of the French, Edmond About said: "The great American republic was, from the beginning, the friend and ally of France. You constrained it to forget that it owes its existence to France."

This was only the echo, after the lapse of three-fourths of a century, of the impertinence of Genet, who said to Jefferson, "But for France, Americans would now be vassals of England." Père Hyacinthe, more modest and truthful, wrote to an American clergyman a year or so ago, "I am proud of my France; but I deem it as one of its most solid glories to have contributed to the independence of this noble country."

From the time when the king of France publicly recognized the nationality of the united American colonies struggling for independence, and sent troops to help them, until our government, a few months ago—the first among the nations—recognized the republic of France as it suddenly arose out of the ruins of Cæsarism, our French friends have not ceased to remind Americans that they owe their being, as a nation, to the generosity of a French monarch and the gallantry of French warriors. So Frenchmen believe, and so many Americans believe. Like most other superstitions, there are many grains of truth in this. To winnow those grains from the chaff is the object of this paper.

Democracy in America and democracy in France—the former free and organized, the latter restrained and crude—were ripe for fraternization at the same moment. Three days before British troops entered Boston, for the avowed purpose of suppressing democracy in America, the death of a most depraved monarch, and the accession of a young and virtuous one, gave promise of freedom to democracy in France, and saved the nation from immediate ruin. The crimes of the old monarch against morality and good government had brought France to the verge of a fearful precipice. The atmosphere of the court stifled every thing that was noble. In crossing the threshold of the palace the men laid aside their dignity, the women their virtue. The fatal breath issuing from Versailles passed throughout France over all good sentiments, as the storm passes over the flowers and the harvest. Heroism, greatness, virtue, religion, all corrupted, died, and were almost blotted out. Society was a glittering bubble, hollow, heartless, unsubstantial. Song took the place of reason. Gayety was the presiding deity of the nation. Every thing was laughed at. Nothing was taken seriously, not even death. Like Fontenelle, who opened a dance at ninety-eight, men said, "It may cause a grimace." "What the devil are you singing to me, there, curé?" cried Rameau on his death-bed. "You are out of tune."

The church and state were equally corrupt. The people, taught by the shams around them, doubted every thing, and lost all faith in God and man. They tired of the singing, and yearned for something real. The encyclopedists like Voltaire, Rousseau, Helvetius, Diderot, D'Alembert, and Cordillac, took advantage of the general infidelity and unrest, and with the weapons of their cold philosophy, which knew no spiritual warmth—which said, "Beyond the visible path there is nothing"—they boldly attacked, ridiculed, and even reviled every object of men's reverence—monarchy, priesthood, religion. In this they only gave voice to the blind and shivering democracy of France groping for light and heat; while the democracy

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of America, glowing with spiritual emotions, was struggling, with clear and open vision, for justice and the rights of man. The former represented only a glittering sentiment—a spark struck by the attrition of hard necessities; the latter presented the incarnation of great principles. The encyclopedists comprehended both; but neglecting to nourish the spirituality of human nature, they prepared the democracy of France for its diabolism in the reign of the new monarch, crowned on the very Sabbath-day whose stillness in Boston was broken by drum-beats and the tread of enslaving soldiery. The seminal principle of democracy in America and France was identical.

The new French king detested democracy as a principle. He was a bigoted dynast, but a just and honest man. His able cabinet ministers were a unit with him in sentiment concerning democracy. The nobles, who had been exempted from taxes and pampered with privileges, were generally in accord with the court. Only the middle classes, who bore the heavy burdens laid upon them by the farmers-general, felt a real sympathy for the *cause* of the struggling Americans; but they were denied opportunity for a practical expression of it.

But the government of France *did* aid the Americans. State policy, simulating friendship for them, overruled the opposition of the weak king, who was usually passive in the hands of his ministers, but who could never hear Franklin, the embodiment of democracy, praised without petulance, nor of help being given to the Americans without breaking out into a fit of passion.

Let us see what were the exigencies of state policy which constrained the ministers of a Bourbon king to give material aid to a democracy warring against monarchy in the interest of republicanism.

In the Seven Years' War, which ended with the treaty of Paris in 1763, France had been thoroughly humbled by England. Her pride had been wounded. She had been shorn of vast possessions in America and Asia. She had been compelled, by the terms of the treaty, to cast down the fortifications at Dunkirk, and to submit forever to the presence of an English commissioner, without whose consent not a single paving-stone might be moved on the quays or in the harbor of a French maritime city. This was an insult too grievous to be borne with equanimity. Its keenness was maintained by the tone of English diplomacy, which was that of a conqueror—harsh, arrogant, and often uncivil. A desire for relief from the shame became a vital principle in French policy, and the most sleepless vigilance was maintained for the discovery of an opportunity to avenge the injury and efface the mortification.

The quarrel between Great Britain and her colonists, which rapidly assumed the phase of contest after the port of Boston was closed, early in the summer of 1774, attracted the notice and stimulated the hopes of the French government. But it seemed hardly possible for a few colonists to hold a successful or even effective contest with powerful England—the "mistress of the seas;" and it was not until the proceedings of the First Continental Congress had been read in Europe, the skirmish at Lexington and the capture of Ticonderoga had occurred, and the Second Congress had met, thrown down the gauntlet of defiance at the feet of the British ministry, and been proclaimed to be "rebels," that the French cabinet saw gleams of sure promise that England's present trouble would be sufficiently serious to give France the coveted opportunity to strike her a damaging blow.

At the head of the French ministry in ability and influence was the Count De Vergennes, then almost sixty years of age. For a long time he was a power behind the throne of the young monarch greater than the throne itself. He saw with lively interest the evidences of the strength of the revolted American colonists, and whispers of his hopes that the contest might weaken England fell almost unconsciously from his lips. They reached the ever-vigilant ears of Caron de Beaumarchais, the author of "Figaro" and "The Barber of Seville," which yet hold a conspicuous place in living French literature. That writer was one of the most remarkable men of his time—mechanic, courtier, tutor in the royal household, publicist, dramatic author, publisher, secret diplomatist, manufacturer, contractor, financier, merchant, and one of the most eloquent of advocates at the French bar. In all of these vocations he was an actor of large ambition and great performances.

Beaumarchais had lately been engaged successfully on a secret mission for the court, in London, where France was represented by an inefficient embassador. It was important for the French court to be well informed concerning the relations of the British government and the insurgents. Beaumarchais put himself forward, as usual, and offered his services as a voluntary spy. They were accepted. No man was better qualified than he for the mission. He had been a favorite with Lord Rochford (then Minister for Foreign Affairs in Lord North's cabinet) when that nobleman was embassador at Madrid ten years before. There he sang duets with his lordship, and charmed him with his wit; and the acûte Frenchman well knew the minister's failing as a diplomatist in his lack of reticence. He assured Vergennes that it would not be difficult to make Lord Rochford say more than he intended to.

Beaumarchais repaired to England in the summer of 1775. Rochford received him cordially as a friend. He was also a favorite at the house of John Wilkes, the able demagogue, and then Lord Mayor of London, where all Americans of note then in England might be met, and public affairs were freely discussed. Politics ran high with ever-increasing warmth

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and vehemence. The mercantile and shipping interests of the realm, whose business had been seriously impaired by the long quarrel, were in favor of the Americans, and London was regarded as in full sympathy with the insurgents and the opposition.

The ardent Beaumarchais, impressed by the scenes and conversations around him, in which he was a daily participant or close listener, was satisfied that civil war in England and the success of the Americans were events not far hidden in the future. Rochford had said to him, "I am much afraid, Sir, that the winter will not pass without some heads being brought down, either among the king's party or the opposition." And Wilkes publicly said to Beaumarchais, at the end of a splendid dinner: "The king of England has long done me the honor of hating me. For my part, I have always done him the justice of despising him. The time has come for deciding which of us has formed the best opinion of the other, and on which side the wind will cause heads to fall."

These bold words, spoken by a man who then swayed the masses of London in almost perfect obedience to his will, were well calculated to impress Beaumarchais with a belief that a terrible crisis in England was at hand, and that a golden opportunity for France was about to be offered. From Americans then in London he had assurances that the colonists had counted the cost of rebellion and revolution, that they had resolved to obtain a redress of grievances, or else independence, and that they were able to maintain a vigorous war for an indefinite time. He was convinced that the first reverse experienced by British arms in America would be the signal for a revolution in London.

With these impressions Beaumarchais stealthily left England, hastened to Paris, and wrote directly to the king. In his letter he gave a full statement of affairs in America, received from one who had just come from Philadelphia, including the battle of Bunker Hill; also of the condition of affairs in England, learned by his own observations there. He confidently predicted the success of the Americans, and a revolution in London. "If the king finds himself forced to yield—I say it with a shudder," wrote Beaumarchais—"I do not think his crown more secure on his head than the heads of his ministers upon their shoulders." He summed up his views in a *résumé*, saying: "America escapes the English in spite of their efforts; war is kindled with more strength in London than in Boston. The end of this crisis will bring about war with the French if the opposition triumphs, whether Chatham or Rockingham replace Lord North. The opposition, to increase the trouble, intrigue in Portugal to prevent the settlement with Spain. Our ministry, which is badly informed, appear stagnant and passive over all these events, which affect us most nearly. It is indispensable to have a superior and vigilant man in London at present." And Beaumarchais was willing to take the place of the gay Count De Guines at the court of St. James.

While the sagacious Frenchman endeavored to fill the mind of his king with apprehensions of danger to the peace of France, or hopes for its opportunity to efface the shame of its humiliation, he wisely abstained from even hinting that aid for the Americans might secure that opportunity, and save France from war. The king would have been offended. But this policy Beaumarchais urged upon Vergennes, saying: "The Americans will triumph, but they must be assisted in their struggle; for if they succumb they would join the English, turn round against us, and put our colonies in jeopardy. We are not yet in a fit state to make war. We must prepare ourselves, *keep up the struggle*, and with that view send secret assistance, in a prudent manner, to the Americans." Vergennes, who appears to have repelled this suggestion at first, finally adopted the views of Beaumarchais, and cautiously proceeded to act upon them.

At this time there was an ardent young Virginian in England named Arthur Lee, who had studied law in London, took a warm interest in politics, corresponded much on the subject of the disputes between the colonies and the mother country with his brothers, and especially with Richard Henry, who was conspicuous in the Continental Congress; and when Franklin left England, in the spring of 1775, he was appointed the agent for Massachusetts Bay in Franklin's stead. He was serving in that capacity when Beaumarchais was on his secret mission in London. Young Lee made himself familiar with the able Frenchman's views, and communicated them to his brother from time to time during the early autumn of 1775.

These revelations, made privately to the Congress, inspired that body with a conviction that aid might be obtained from some or all of the leading governments of Europe, who detested England for her arrogance, and would gladly see her humbled.

This conviction found expression at the close of November, when Congress appointed a "Committee of Secret Correspondence." The resolution for appointing the committee was carefully drawn, in which it was said that it was created for "the sole purpose of corresponding with our friends in Great Britain, Ireland, and *other parts of the world*." A fortnight after its appointment that committee wrote confidentially to Lee, requesting him to act as its secret agent, and saying: "It would be agreeable to Congress *to know the disposition of foreign powers toward us*, and we hope this object will engage your attention. We need not hint that *great circumspection and impenetrable secrecy* are necessary." The italics were the committee's, and conveyed a meaning which Lee well understood. The committee at the same time said, "We can now only add, that we continue firm in our resolutions to defend ourselves,

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notwithstanding the *big threats* of the ministry."

Lee endeavored, through Beanmarchais, to procure material aid for the colonists from France in the shape of a supply, secretly, of gunpowder and other munitions of war. But France, unprepared for a conflict with England, dreaded it; and the ministry were unwilling to run the risk of provoking war by an act so hostile. And yet the aspect of affairs seemed to prophesy most clearly that war could not long be avoided.

Meanwhile Beaumarchais did not cease to urge his favorite scheme for weakening the power of England; and, finally, at the close of February (1776), he addressed a long letter to the king, in which he boldly said, "At present, when a violent crisis is approaching, I am obliged to warn your Majesty that the preservation of our possessions in America, and the peace which your Majesty appears to desire so much, depend solely upon this one proposition—*the Americans must be assisted.*" He then presented his reasons in sententious paragraphs, giving an array of facts and inferences calculated to make a deep impression. He assured the king that the secret agent of Congress in London had said: "For the last time, is France absolutely decided to refuse to us all assistance, and to become the victim of England and the fable of Europe through this incredible apathy? Obliged to give a positive answer, I wait for reply in order to give my own. We offer France, in return for her assistance, a secret treaty of commerce, which will transfer to her, for a certain number of years after the peace, all the advantages by which we have, for more than a century, enriched England, besides guaranteeing her possessions according to the forces at our disposal. Do you accept this? I only ask from Lord Shelburne the time a vessel would take to go and return to inform the Congress of the propositions of England, and I can tell you at present what resolution the Congress will take on the subject. They will immediately make a public proclamation, by which they will offer to all nations in the world, in order to obtain their assistance, the conditions I now offer to you in secret. And in order to take vengeance on France, and force her publicly to make a declaration with respect to them, if we commit her beyond recall, they will send into your ports the first prizes they take from the English; then, on whatever side you may turn, this war, which you avoid and fear so much, becomes inevitable; for either you will receive our prizes in your ports, or you will send them back; if you receive them, the rupture with England is certain; if you send them back, instantly the Congress accepts peace on the condition proposed by the mother country; the Americans, indignant, unite all their forces to those of England to fall on your islands, and prove to you that the fine precautions you had taken for preserving your possessions were just those which were to deprive you of them forever. Go, Sir; go to France; set before them this picture of affairs. I will shut myself up in the country until you return, so as not to be forced to give an answer before receiving yours. Tell your ministers that I am ready to follow you there, if necessary, in order to confirm these declarations; tell them *that I hear the Congress has sent two deputies to the court of Madrid with the same object, and I may add that they have received a very satisfactory answer.* Could the French council possess now the glorious prerogative of being the only one to be blinded as to the glory of the king and the interests of his kingdom!"

Such was the picture of impending evil for France which Beaumarchais set before the king in his usually glowing sentences, saying, "Sire, in the name of God, deign to examine the matter with me!" It was a picture essentially untrue. Arthur Lee, whose ambition usually outran his discretion, had no authority to offer a secret treaty or any thing else as a bonus from the Congress for material aid. He had no business to compromise the Congress by foolish threats or assertions as to what that body would or would not do under certain conditions. And his absurd story about the mission to Madrid was without a shadow of truth. On the contrary, the Congress, already satisfied of Lee's unfitness to carry on any kind of negotiations, had, at the very time when he was filling the mind of Beaumarchais with alarm by his fables, authorized its Committee of Secret Correspondence to appoint Silas Deane, of Connecticut, who had been a member of that body, its political and commercial agent, to proceed to Europe and do what he might in procuring moral and material aid for the colonies.

The French court seems to have been unmoved by Lee's declarations and Beaumarchais's interpretations of them; and the king knew that the alleged mission to Madrid had never occurred, because his uncle, the Spanish monarch, who was his warm friend, would have instantly informed him of the fact. And while the king, in consonance with Beaumarchais's advice, recalled the inefficient Count De Guines, he did not accept the offer of the dramatist to serve as embassador himself, even on his assurance that he would effect a secret treaty with the Americans "without any one being compromised." The king sent to London a simple chargé d'affaires, in the person of M. Garnier.

Mr. Deane sailed from Philadelphia for Bordeaux, in France, on the 5th of March, but owing to marine accidents and other delays he did not reach that city until the 6th of June following. The instructions of the Committee of Secret Correspondence, drawn by Dr. Franklin, its chairman, charged him to appear only as a merchant in France for the purchase of goods for the Indian trade. He was directed to go to Paris in the character of a visitor wishing to gratify his curiosity, and there to present a letter from Dr. Franklin to Dr. Dubourg,

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an eminent and popular physician, who was a friend to the Americans. Dubourg, he was assured, would put him in personal communication with the Count De Vergennes, when Deane, presenting his letter of credence, should inform the minister that it was not practicable, through ordinary channels of commerce, for the colonists to procure the quantity of arms sufficient for their defense, and that he was authorized by the Congress to apply to some European court for a supply. He was to say that he first applied to France because, in the probable event of a total separation of the colonies from Great Britain, it was the power whose friendship it would be fittest to obtain and cultivate, and that it might secure all of the commercial advantages which had enriched England. He was to apply for clothing and arms sufficient for twenty-five thousand men, a suitable quantity of ammunition, and one hundred field-pieces, all of which should be paid for by remittances of the products of the soil through some approved channel. He was to say that the colonies would need a large supply of linen and woolen goods, and other articles for the Indian trade, which he was then purchasing for cash; and that such goods, with the military supplies asked for, if granted, would make a full cargo for a vessel, which should be convoyed by two or three ships of war.

If the minister should seem free to talk on the subject Deane was to ask him whether, in case the colonies should form an independent nation, France would recognize it as such, receive its embassador, and make a treaty of commerce, or alliance, or both with it. He was also to put himself in communication with the agent of the colonies in Holland; also with Mr. Lee, in London, and M. Garnier, the French chargé, who was very friendly to the colonies. He was especially directed to confer with Dr. Bancroft, an American by birth, and a most zealous and able friend of their cause in England. He had been intimate with Franklin, and the latter had the most implicit confidence in the doctor's zeal, judgment, and fidelity, and counted largely upon Deane's receiving from Bancroft all necessary information concerning public affairs in Great Britain.

With such authority Deane, in the character of a merchant from Bermuda, arrived in Paris early in July, a stranger to the language and customs of the people. Dr. Bancroft, to whom he had written asking him to join him there, had arrived a day sooner, and a day later he was waited upon by a speculating Frenchman who was trying to furnish the Congress with supplies on his private account. He asked Deane to become responsible for what had already been procured; Deane only certified the merchants that Congress would pay for all they would credit them for. This ended the speculation.

Deane found himself unexpectedly embarrassed at the outset. He took with him very little ready money, and bills drawn by the Congress on London, and placed by Deane in the hands of a Paris banker, were nearly all returned protested. Political affairs wore a discouraging aspect. Dr. Bancroft assured him that the American war was not so unpopular in England as had been represented, that the seats of the ministers were firm, that the credit of the British government never stood higher, and that commerce seemed to be flourishing, and the shipping interest was more contented. The British embassador in Paris, pointing to the really discouraging appearance of affairs in America, and especially in the Northern department, assured the French court that the rebellion would easily be crushed during the campaign then in progress. On the continent of Europe there was peace, and no indications of a rupture excepting between Portugal and Spain concerning their American possessions. In that dispute England was the partisan of Portugal, and France took sides with Spain. The danger of hostilities, which then seemed imminent, made France unusually circumspect, and on the very day when Deane reached Paris the Count De Vergennes read an advisory paper to the king in council, saying, "The Catholic king must not act precipitately; for a war by land would make us lose sight of the great object of weakening the only enemy whom France can and ought to distrust. The spirit and the letter of the alliance with Austria promise her influence to hold back Russia from falling upon the king of Sweden, or listening to English overtures. In Holland it will be proper to reanimate the ashes of the too much neglected republican party, and to propitiate favor for neutrality as a source of gain. The Americans must be notified of the consequences which the actual state of things presages, if they will but await its development. As the English are armed in North America, we can not leave our colonies destitute of all means for resistance. The Isles of France and Bourbon demand the same foresight. The English, under pretense of relieving their squadron in the Indies, will double its force; and such is their strength in the peninsula of Hindostan, they might easily drive us from Pondicherry and our colonies, if we do not prepare for defense. Time is precious; every moment must be turned to account."

It was at that crisis that Deane, accompanied by Dr. Dubourg, went to Versailles, and had an interview with the French minister. His reception was kindly, and he received promises of protection. Vergennes advised him to continue his disguise as a merchant, and to be very discreet, for he would be closely watched by British emissaries, who swarmed in France. At the same time he frankly told Deane that the court could not afford any assistance, because of existing treaties with England, which his king would not violate; but that commerce was free, and he might purchase and ship whatever he pleased which was not prohibited by his Majesty. He declined to talk upon the subject

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of a recognition of the independence of the colonies as premature; and then dismissed Deane with a request that he might thereafter make all ordinary communications upon the subject of his mission to M. Gerard, his chief secretary, who spoke English.

Deane now turned his attention to the mercantile part of his mission, when Beaumarchais again appeared on the scene of action. He had not ceased his declaration to Vergennes that giving aid to the Americans would be wise state policy. And when the British cruisers searched French vessels for contraband goods, chased American cruisers into French ports, and insisted upon the punishment of French merchants who trafficked with the Americans, he more vehemently urged the policy upon the consideration of the French minister. Vergennes, satisfied that Beaumarchais was right, cautiously proceeded to act upon his suggestions. He was unwilling to allow the hand of his government to appear in the matter in the eyes of either the English or the Americans. It must have the form and reality of an individual speculation—a purely mercantile operation. He offered to lend to Beaumarchais, secretly, one million livres ($185,000), and try to induce the Spanish court to do the same, to enable him to found a large commercial house, which, at its own risk, must furnish the Americans with arms and other supplies to enable them to continue the war, and keep England employed while France might prepare to attack her. He offered to supply arms and ammunition from the French arsenals on condition that they should be replaced or paid for. It was understood that the operation, after being secretly supported by the government at the beginning, should be self-sustaining, Beaumarchais receiving as pay for all supplies products of the American soil, for the profitable sale of which, in France, the government agreed to give him every facility. As to fresh assistance, in the event of Beaumarchais's cargoes falling into the hands of British cruisers, that was to be left to the discretion of the French government.

Beaumarchais, satisfied that it would be a profitable operation for himself and beneficial for his country, assumed the risk. On the 10th of June, 1776, he received the million livres from the French government; and, under its directions, he wrote to Arthur Lee, in London, two days afterward, in cipher, saying:

"The difficulties I have met with in my negotiations with the ministry have made me decide to *form a company*, which will send the ammunition and powder to *your friend* as soon as possible, in consideration of tobacco being sent, in return, to the French cape."

Beaumarchais instantly assumed a new character. He hired an immense building, known as the Hôtel de Hollande, in the Faubourg du Peuple, and there, with his clerks, he was recognized as the head of the Spanish mercantile house of Roderigue Hortalez and Co. Two months later he received another million livres from the Spanish court through the treasury of France, and in November following he had gathered at various French ports, for shipment to America, almost the entire invoice furnished by Deane.

Meanwhile, as we have seen, Deane had arrived in Paris, clothed with ample powers as the sole agent of the Congress. With diplomatic art Vergennes had informed him that the French government could not aid the Americans, but that he should be protected in any commercial undertakings. He also kindly referred him to one Beaumarchais, a merchant, who might, perhaps, assist him on reasonable terms. But Deane was not deceived, for Dr. Dubourg had already told him that Vergennes intended to assist the Americans in the manner above mentioned, and that he believed that himself (Dubourg) and some friends would be chosen to direct that special commercial enterprise.

Beaumarchais and Deane met. Dr. Bancroft acted as interpreter. There was no concealment as to the nature of the connection of the French government with the matter from the beginning; and Deane at once furnished "Roderigue Hortalez and Co." with an invoice of arms, ammunition, tents, clothing, and every necessary for thirty thousand men, and also two hundred pieces of cannon and eight mortars. Being short of funds for the purchase of goods for the Indian trade, he also put in the invoice an order for a certain quantity of such goods. These supplies were to be furnished upon a credit not to exceed one year, for the payment of which tobacco, in ample quantity, was to be remitted.

Every thing now seemed auspicious, when personal interest and ambition came in as a marplot. Dr. Dubourg was angry because Vergennes had preferred Beaumarchais to himself, as a mercantile agent, in secretly helping the Americans, and he vainly tried to disparage the character of his rival in the opinion of the minister. That affair was of no consequence as compared with the conduct of Arthur Lee, which seriously injured his country. From the beginning that ambitious Virginian had sought to impress the Congress and every body else with a high opinion of his pre-eminent abilities and importance. We have seen how he deceived Beaumarchais with his fables. We find him, when that ardent Frenchman freely told him of his efforts and hopes, and expressed his full belief that his government would soon give secret aid to the Americans, writing to the Committee of Secret Correspondence, saying that "in consequence of his *active endeavors with the embassador of France at London, M. De Vergennes had sent to him* [Mr. Lee] *a secret agent to inform* him that the court of France could not think of making war against England, but was ready to send arms and ammunition to the value of five million to Cape Français, to be forwarded to the United States."

There was not a word of truth in the statement. It was mischievous in the extreme, for

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it excited hopes in Congress which led to embarrassments afterward. But Lee succeeded in making himself regarded, for a short time, as the most zealous and efficient friend of the cause of the colonists in Europe. He was elated with the idea that he should play the principal part in negotiations for which Deane had been sent, as he assumed, to act as his assistant. When he heard that the New Englander was alone authorized to act for the Congress he hurried to Paris, and met Deane at the house of Beaumarchais. They had frequent and friendly interviews until the matter was fully discussed, when Lee suddenly assumed the air of injured dignity, accused Deane of interfering in his affairs, tried to cause a quarrel between his rival and Beaumarchais, and returned to London full of wrath, and breathing vengeance against both. He wrote to the Committee of Secret Correspondence that the two had agreed to deceive both the French government and the Congress for their own benefit, by changing what the ministry meant to be a gratuitous gift into a commercial transaction; and he even went so far, at a later period, as to inform the Congress, through his brothers, that Vergennes had repeatedly assured him that *no return was expected for the cargoes sent by Beaumarchais.* "This gentleman," he added, "is not a merchant, but is known as a *political agent* employed by the French court. Remittances, therefore, to him, so far from covering the business, would create suspicions—or, rather, satisfy the British court these suspicions were just. At the same time his circumstances and situation forbid one to hope that your property, being once in his hands, could be recovered; and, as an attempt to force him to account would hazard *a discovery of the whole transaction*, this government would, of course, *discountenance* and forbid it."

The Congress, unfortunately, listened to and acted upon these malicious and untrue statements; and those grave men, not comprehending the enthusiastic nature of Beaumarchais, as expressed in his bombastic and egotistical letters, readily believed that he was not to be trusted. There was so much of the dramatist and so little of the merchant displayed when he wrote, "Gentlemen, consider my house as the head of all operations useful to your cause in Europe, and myself as the most zealous partisan of your nation, *the soul* of your successes, and a man most profoundly filled with the respectful esteem with which I have the honor to be," etc., that they almost believed him to be a myth. So they withheld promised remittances and vessels for the transportation of the gathered supplies, so much needed for the approaching campaign. They also partially withdrew their confidence from their agent in Paris at a time when it was most needed and deserved, and sent Dr. Franklin as a commissioner of the United States to the court of Versailles, with Deane and Lee as associates.

Lee's untruth concerning the nature of the financial arrangement with the French court led to a lawsuit of fifty years' duration, in which our government, put decidedly in the wrong, was defendant. The French government had not offered a gratuity to the Americans, as the secret arrangement between Vergennes and Beaumarchais, the explicit statements of the former made in a letter to M. Gerard, the French embassador in Philadelphia, in September, 1778, and to Earl Grenville in 1782, and a formal resolution of the Congress in January, 1779, clearly show. The commissioners in Paris inquired of Vergennes what articles had been furnished by the king, and what by Beaumarchais. "I have just answered them," the minister wrote, "that the king has furnished nothing; that he simply permitted M. Beaumarchais to be provided with articles from his arsenals upon condition of replacing them." And to Grenville, who charged that the encouragement given by the French to the Americans had caused the latter to revolt, he said that "the breach was made and independence declared by them *long before* the latter received any encouragement from France, and I defy the world to prove to the contrary." Thomas Paine, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, inspired by the letters of Arthur Lee, made a newspaper attack upon Silas Deane, in which he said that what Beaumarchais had sent was a gift to the Americans from the French monarch. Congress at once declared, by resolution, on the 7th of January, 1779, that they "never received any species of military stores as a present from the court of France, or from any other court or person in Europe," and dismissed Paine from office. And the receipts given by Beaumarchais, in 1775, for the moneys received from both France and Spain, and which were kept secret under the monarchy, but brought to light under the republic, bear evidence on their face that the money was not a gift to the Americans, but a loan to a French citizen anxious to furnish aid to the Americans, so as to benefit himself and his country.

And so it appears by the official declarations of both governments, that at the beginning of the fourth year of the war the Americans had not received any aid from the court of France or the French people, excepting from Lafayette and his friends. Other French officers, like knights-errant, had come to win profit or personal renown; and by the quarrels of some of them, like Du Coudray, whose ambition had been disappointed, and the machinations of others, like Conway, against Washington, they did more injury than good to the American cause.

Deane and Beaumarchais were untiring in efforts to send forward the needed supplies to America. They were met by difficulties at every turn, caused chiefly by Lee, who appears to have allowed his anger and suspicions to overrule his judgment and patriotism. He was the recipient, through his brothers, of state secrets from the Congress, and he had full knowledge of the arrangements in Paris; for Deane, before Lee's burst of passion, had kept nothing

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from him. He permitted himself to think aloud, and his secrets found their way to his lips so freely and incautiously that the British ministry appear to have had early and accurate knowledge of the hopes of Congress, and the nature of Deane's mission. The latter found himself closely watched by British emissaries; and so frequent were remonstrances of the English embassador addressed to the French court that Vergennes was compelled to keep up a show of vigilance and good faith in preventing French munitions of war being sent to America. When, at length, suspicion pointed directly toward Lee as the revealer of secrets, that gentleman, ever ready to suspect and accuse others of wrong-doing, seems to have shifted the burden of odium from his own shoulders to those of Dr. Bancroft so adroitly that he saved his own character from harm. With no other proof, apparently, than Lee's unsupported statements, an eminent historian of our time has cruelly recorded of the zealous Dr. Bancroft, that "he accepted the post of a paid American spy, to prepare himself for the more lucrative office of a double spy for the British government."

Owing to a letter from Arthur Lee, Deane requested an engagement to be made with some artillery and engineer officers to accompany the munitions of war to America, and receive promised employment in the Continental army. This Beaumarchais effected; and forty or fifty officers so engaged made their way singly to Havre to embark for America, under the general command of a superior officer of artillery named Du Coudray. The indiscretions and misconduct of that officer caused Beaumarchais to dismiss him. But he came to America, and, in revenge, wrote a pamphlet against Beaumarchais, which deepened the distrust of the Congress. Other officers, whose merits were not equal to their pretensions, and who did not obtain as high positions as they desired, joined Du Coudray in his clamors against Beaumarchais and Deane; and Lee actually condemned as a crime in the latter what he had recommended him to do, in the matter of sending officers with the supplies.

In spite of all hinderances, Beaumarchais succeeded in getting off three ships laden with supplies, which reached the Americans in time to be used at the opening of the campaign of 1777. "I should never have succeeded in fulfilling my mission," Deane wrote to the Committee of Secret Correspondence, at the close of November, "without the indefatigable, generous, and intelligent efforts of M. De Beaumarchais, to whom the United States owe more, in every respect, than to any other person on this side of the ocean." And Beaumarchais had reason to expect immediate thanks and equivalents in tobacco from the Congress. But he received neither.

Meanwhile Dr. Franklin had arrived in Paris as commissioner of the United States. There, at the close of December, he and Deane were joined by Lee. Franklin's ears had already been so filled with disparaging remarks concerning Beaumarchais by the sage's old friend, Dr. Dubourg, that he shared in the distrust of Congress, but remained silent. That silence confirmed what Lee had said, and the man most deserving of the confidence and gratitude of the Americans was allowed to send supplies to them to the amount of almost a million dollars without acknowledgment, and without answers to his letters. His own resources and those of his friends, as well as another million livres advanced by the French government in the summer of 1777, were exhausted in the autumn, and he sent an agent to America to seek justice from the Congress for the past, and protection for his interests in the future. Then it was that Lee's secret correspondence was discovered, and the cause of all the distrust of Congress was exposed. "Your excessive zeal for the Americans," the agent of Beaumarchais wrote, "has been the basis of the lies of Lee, and of all the misgivings in regard to you."

When, by the capture of the army under Burgoyne, and other successful operations, the Americans, late in 1777, gave assurances of their ability to help themselves without aid, the French court perceived that they might be made powerful active allies in their impending war with the English, provided their separation from the mother country might be maintained. To the accomplishment of that end the energies of France were directed. In December the American commissioners in Paris were notified that the French king was ready to acknowledge the independence of the United States, and make a treaty of alliance and commerce with the new nation. That was effected secretly. Early in February, 1778, M. Gerard was sent as embassador to the United States, and Dr. Franklin, then seventy-one years of age, was appointed American minister at the French court. Offended England now declared war against France, and at once appointed commissioners to treat for peace with the Americans, so as to dissolve the unnatural nuptials between them and England's enemy across the channel. Had the British ministers acted wisely and generously, their object might have been effected.

France was alarmed. Peace then would have been fatal to her plans. The predictions of Beaumarchais concerning her American possessions might be fulfilled. The war in America must be fostered. The breach must not be closed. So the Count D'Estaing was sent with a powerful French fleet as the open champion of the Americans, bearing the French minister to the Congress. The commander was charged with the threefold duty for France of shutting up the British fleet in the Delaware, promoting a revolt in Lower Canada and the return of its people to their allegiance to France, and protecting the French islands and other American possessions. Spain and Austria were asked to co-operate. Both refused. Spain refused because it would encourage and sanction revolutions that might endanger her own outlying possessions. Joseph the Second, more honest

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than his cousins of France and Spain, plainly said, "My trade is to reign; I shall not endanger the craft by encouraging democracy."

The Americans were elated by the prospect of aid from a powerful nation, or the ending of the war by negotiations; and the tattered and half-starved army at Valley Forge made the country resonant with shouts and songs and cannon peals. But D'Estaing did not catch the British fleet in the Delaware; yet the alarmed British army, acting under ministerial instructions, fled from Philadelphia toward New York, whither their fleet had gone, and were beaten in their flight, at Monmouth, by the men at Valley Forge whom they had affected to despise. And so, by the moral force of a threat alone, France first helped the Americans. It proved to be a disastrous reliance. The patriots were tempted by it into an undue dependence upon their allies, which caused the relaxation of their own energies in a degree. They felt certain of success and speedy peace. They rejected the overtures for peace unless upon the basis of their political independence; and the war went on. For more than two weary years after D'Estaing came the Americans struggled on, really unaided by the French, who made just sufficient show of help to prolong the conflict, while their powerful forces were operating in the West Indies and their vicinity for the purposes of conquest and the protection of their American possessions.

After the battle of Monmouth Washington and D'Estaing agreed upon a plan for driving the British from Rhode Island. General Sullivan was to invade the island from the north, while D'Estaing should land four thousand armed Frenchmen near Newport, and co-operate with his fleet. At a critical moment, when the Americans had advanced almost to Newport, and victory for them seemed sure, D'Estaing, whose ships had been injured in a storm, not only refused to land his men, but with them and the fleet sailed for Boston, with the plea that his ships must be repaired. He abandoned the Americans when victory was just within their grasp. It was lost, and the war was prolonged. The American people were indignant. The American officers bitterly complained, and the American Congress would have resented the usage had they not been restrained by policy.

For more than a year afterward the war went on. The French, thus aided, were successful in the West Indies and their vicinity. The Americans, meanwhile, had suffered reverses, especially in the Southern States, where the Tory element was powerful; and in the summer of 1779 it seemed as if they would be compelled to abandon the conflict there. But the war must go on; and in September D'Estaing appeared on the coast of Georgia, with his squadron, to assist General Lincoln in a siege of the British in Savannah. That operation was going on early in October, with a promise of speedy success, when D'Estaing, impatient because of his dread of autumn storms, demanded that an assault should be made. Lincoln reluctantly consented. It was made with heavy loss to the assailants. But the post was so weakened that another and much less powerful assault would carry it. D'Estaing would not remain a day longer. Recalling his men from before the enemy, he sailed away with them and his ships for the West Indies, leaving Lincoln and his shattered troops to be repulsed.

This second abandonment of the Americans by the French, at the moment when victory seemed certain, depressed and irritated the patriots. They bore the injury in silence, because France was their ally, and had promised to send another squadron, with an army, to put an end to the war. This arrangement had been effected chiefly through the energies and influence of Lafayette, who had devoted his person and fortune to the *cause* of the Americans for its own sake, because of the principles of human liberty involved in it. He was an exception to a rule.

Nine weary months after D'Estaing sailed away from Savannah the struggling Americans waited for the long-promised French army and navy. They finally arrived at Newport, Rhode Island, early in July, 1780, the sixth year of the war. It appears in evidence that up to that time the Americans had been injured rather than benefited by the French.

The Gallic fleet was commanded by Admiral Ternay; the six thousand land-forces by the Count De Rochambeau. Although it was only midsummer when they came, the French made no movements excepting to go early into winter-quarters in New England. Their presence in the country was a sufficient guarantee that the war would be prolonged for the benefit of France, until the British should make peace on the basis of the independence of the Americans, which also would be a benefit to France.

Rochambeau remained in New England until almost midsummer the following year, for the French fleet under the Count De Grasse, which had been ordered to co-operate in an attack upon the city of New York and other seaport towns occupied by the British, was too busy in work for France in the West Indies to afford that co-operation. It was not until early in July, 1781, that the French army joined that of Washington on the Hudson River, in Westchester County. Six weeks longer they vainly waited for De Grasse. Meanwhile the golden opportunity for driving the British from New York had passed, for they had been reinforced. Then the combined armies marched into Virginia, and on the 19th of October, after jointly besieging Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown, they jointly received the surrender of himself, his army, and his ships. In this France gave the Americans real aid. Peace soon followed, and the next year the French returned home.

Here it must be mentioned, on the credit side of France, that between the period of the treaty of alliance in 1778, and the year 1783,

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when the United States obtained a loan of little more than one million dollars from the French king, that monarch *lent* to the Americans nearly three and a half million dollars, and guaranteed the payment of a loan of about seventeen hundred and fifty thousand dollars from Holland, on which he paid the interest. The whole sum thus furnished by him to the United States, *after* the treaty, and when France was bound by that treaty to help the Americans, was about six and a quarter million dollars. Of this sum the king made a present of nearly a million dollars to the Americans at the time of making the last loan. The balance was afterward paid by our government in installments.

It was soon after that treaty when the Congress became satisfied that in Beaumarchais they had not only a real benefactor, but a creditor to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars. This was revealed on the arrival of Deane, whom the Congress had recalled in consequence of the misrepresentations of Lee. He came in the same vessel with M. Gerard, the French embassador. They were fellow-lodgers in Philadelphia. Deane brought such honorable testimonials of good character as a man and public servant that his statements commanded the respect of all but partisans against him. Gerard and others at the same time exposed the conduct of Lee, who, ever since he joined Franklin and Deane as associate commissioner at Paris, had labored to effect the removal of both, that he might bear the honor of being sole commissioner at the court of Versailles. He made the most outrageous charges against his associates—charges which had no foundation in truth. It was no fault of his that the world was not made to believe that Dr. Franklin was a speculating hypocrite, knave, and thief, with Silas Deane as a supple accomplice. He made himself so obnoxious wherever he went that men in official station refused to confer with him upon public matters. At length, in spite of the efforts of his brothers and the faction in Congress with whom they acted, Lee, too, was recalled, and Dr. Franklin was left the sole representative of the inchoate nation at the French court.

The Congress now broke the silence they had so long maintained toward Beaumarchais, and sent a most complimentary official letter to him, saying:

"The generous sentiments and the exalted views which alone could dictate a conduct such as yours are your greatest eulogium, and are an honor to your character. While by your great talents you have rendered yourself useful to your prince, you have gained the esteem of this rising republic, and merited the deserved applause of the New World."

The assertion of Vergennes, already cited, that the French had *given* nothing to the Americans, satisfied the Congress that the claim pressed by the agent of Beaumarchais was just; and bills of exchange at three years, to the amount of about $400,000 of the $750,000 demanded, were drawn on Franklin in favor of Beaumarchais, in October, 1779. These were negotiated and subsequently paid by our government.

In 1780 Deane returned to France for the purpose of adjusting the accounts which he left unsettled, when he fixed the sum due Beaumarchais, including the bills of exchange, at about $650,000. The balance due him Beaumarchais demanded of the Congress, when it again became dumb. For two years he received no answer, when a new investigation of his accounts was demanded as a condition for settlement. He resisted the demand for a year, when he yielded. In the new revision the sum was somewhat reduced. The Congress still neglected to pay, and finally, in 1787, strange as it may appear, the account was submitted to Arthur Lee, Beaumarchais's old enemy and traducer, for another revision. The result might have been foreseen. Lee declared Beaumarchais to be a *debtor* to the United States to the amount of almost $3,000,000. Four years later, when the national government was established, honest Alexander Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, made a careful revision of the account, and declared the indebtedness of the government to Beaumarchais, principal and interest, yet to be the sum of about $400,000.

The debt remained unliquidated; and in 1795 Beaumarchais, then in exile and poverty in Germany, on account of the distractions of his native land, looked, with the hope of desperation, to the United States for the means of future sustenance for his family. He appealed to the President, the Congress, and the people. To the latter he said: "I have served you with unwearied zeal; I have received during my life nothing but bitterness for my recompense, and I die your creditor. Suffer me, then, in dying, to bequeath to you my daughter to endow with a portion of what you owe me. Perhaps, after me, through the injustice of other persons, from which I shall no longer be able to defend myself, there will remain nothing in the world for her; and perhaps Providence has wished to procure for her, through your delay in paying me, a resource after my death against complete misfortune. Adopt her as a worthy child of the state."

His appeals had no effect. When he died, in May, 1799, his claim was yet unsatisfied. His heirs inherited a suit which he had commenced against the United States (already alluded to), and which during a space of forty years was a subject for correspondence between the two governments. Finally, in the year 1835, when President Jackson peremptorily demanded the payment by France of $25,000,000 claimed by citizens of the United States for spoliations in Napoleon's time, the claim of Beaumarchais's heirs was put in and allowed, after deducting the one million livres ($185,000) lent by Vergennes, in June, 1776, and which our government insisted upon con-

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sidering as a *gift* which their creditor had no right to include in his account.

Such, in brief outline, is a history of the aid received by the Americans from the French during the old war for independence. It presents the prominent points for consideration:

That *all* assistance was afforded, primarily, as a part of state policy for the benefit of France;

That the French *people*, as such, at no time assisted the Americans; for the French democracy did not comprehend the nature of the struggle, and had no opportunity for expression, and the aristocracy, like the government, had no sympathy with their cause;

That the first and most needed assistance was from a French citizen, favored by his government for state purposes, who hoped to help himself and his country;

That, with the exception of the services of Lafayette and a few other Frenchmen, at all times, and of those of the army under Rochambeau, and the navy under De Grasse, for a few weeks, in the seventh year of the struggle, the Americans derived no material aid from the French;

That the moral support offered by the alliance was injurious, because it was more than counterpoised by the relaxation of effort and vigilance which a reliance upon others is calculated to inspire, and the creation of hopes which were followed by disappointment;

That the advantages gained by the French over the English, because of their co-operation with the Americans, were equivalent to any which the Americans acquired by the alliance;

That neither party then rendered assistance to the other because of any special good-will mutually existing, but as a means for securing mutual benefits; and

That the Americans would doubtless have secured their independence and peace sooner without their entanglement with the French than with it.

A candid consideration of these facts, in the light of present knowledge on the subject, compels us to conclude that there is no debt of gratitude due from the Americans to France for services in securing their independence of Great Britain which is not canceled by the services done by the Americans at the same time in securing for France important advantages over Great Britain. And when we consider these facts, and the conduct of the French toward us during a large portion of the final decade of the last century, and of the decade of this just closed—the hostile attitude, in our national infancy, of the inflated Directory, sustained by the French people, and the equally hostile attitude, in the hour of our greatest national distress, of the imperial cabinet, also sustained by the French people, Americans can not be expected to endure with absolute complacency the egotism which untruthfully asserts that they owe their existence as a nation to the generosity and valor of the French.

"EH! WHAT IS IT?"

SUCH dreamy peace and silence only are in the long, hot afternoons of June, when languid nature from the summer flowers a voiceless incantation breathes, of sweetest perfumes, charming to blissful rest. The myriad utterances of the forest and the field are hushed. The very ripples of the brook are softer, slower, as if the elves and kelpies only murmured in their tranquil sleep. Far in the pale azure sky one little cloud of snowy white floats lazily from sight, and to the fancy seems freighted with all the sorrows and the cares of past and future. Happy he who, stretched upon the sward beneath a kindly shade, looks thus upon that distant cloud, and for the moment, in his bliss of mere existence, the joy of sensuous present life, rivals the calm, indifferent gods, to whom, about the untroubled throne of Jove, a thousand years are but as such a day. Alas! that naught is perfect or enduring—even heavenly bliss. The nodding majesty of Jove himself is troubled by mischievous Cupid, poets say; and here on earth that restless archer revels in a hot June afternoon.

Cupid had been with pretty Clara Murchso on such an afternoon. She sat before the wide old window in the parlor of her father's house, and the faint breeze, stealing in beneath the overhanging vines, lifted her golden curls, and softly fanned her flushed cheeks. Embroidery, reading, music, sleep, had all been tried in vain; and as now she sat with quivering lip and moisture-gathering eyes, plucking a rose to pieces, or occasionally biting it, she thought: "I do not know what I want, only I am sure it is nothing I have, or can get. I am sick of this imprisonment, sick of constantly hoping and constantly being disappointed. I wonder if my father has the notion that I shall be an old maid! That patriarch who came so near cooking his son seems to me now to have been a gentle old soul. What was his sacrifice to that which is being made of me—on the altar of my father's deafness? Before he ceased to hear he did not object to my going into company, and gentlemen calling to see me; he did not rob me of every thing except life. But now! And when a young man writes and proposes to him for me—for, of course, a young man of any delicacy of feeling could never shout about such a matter—he calmly tears up the letter, and shakes his head, and says to himself, monotonously, 'No, no; that is not the one whom I have imagined.' If he only would not think aloud, it would not be so bad; but when I hear that, I feel as if I should scream with rage. What creature can he have imagined? What new horror for my sacrifice has he evolved from his cogitations? Ah! here he comes. I should not blame him altogether, for he used to be a good papa; but—there are some things he forgets, or does not know, about young women."

An elderly gentleman entered. The top of his head was bald, but there was hair enough at the

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sides to stick out like a fringe, from a habit it had got of being shoved up when its wearer clapped his hand to his ear and said, "Eh! what is it?" He wore a dressing-gown of bright colors, with prodigious tassels at the ends of the blue waistcord. In his right hand he carried a large book; with the forefinger of his left he followed the lines as he read; and he, quite unconsciously, read aloud: "'Deafness is one of the most insupportable of afflictions.' Ah, yes"—he interrupted himself by the reflection, which, like most of his thoughts, he uttered aloud—"it is, indeed;" and he read on—"'cutting off its victim from all the sweet enjoyments of society and love.' That admits of a modification," he again stopped to reflect. "The author of this book appreciates deafness, but does not possess a realizing sense of matrimony. The fact that her storms never caused my tympanum to vibrate, and so did not annoy me, killed my poor wife—and prolonged my existence."

Before he had thus far conversed with himself, his daughter, whom he had not once observed, heard a whistle at some little distance off, and seemed to recognize in it a signal; for her eye brightened up with pleasurable anticipation, and she quickly rose to leave the room. At the threshold she stopped and looked back at the old gentleman. Then, as if such experiments were rather matters of habit than of hope, lifted a chair near her, and threw it violently on the floor. He gave no sign of hearing it, but, as she rushed out, read on, placidly—"'of society and love. Happily, unless there is a radical injury to the organism of the ear, there are but few cases of quite incurable deafness.' Now that is where I am troubled. I do not think my organism is radically injured;" and he poked his fingers into his ears as he read on: "'Obstruction of the auricular cavities is a frequent cause.'" For greater convenience in his explorations he laid his book upon the table, and stood, with the forefinger of each hand groping in his ears, while he arrived at the conclusion: "No; I do not find any radical injury to my organism, or any obstruction of my cavities." While he stood in this attitude another person appeared upon the scene.

This new arrival, who came gliding in with a quiet air of impudent ease, was a man of fully middle age, tall, thin, and "seedy." His black coat, smooth at the elbows, rusty at the collar, and inked at the seams, was evidently a companion relic for the pantaloons, faded at the knees and frayed at the heels. His shoes were thickly covered with the dust of the road, and, though the day was so oppressively hot that even the bees had ceased to hum and the crickets to chirp, his coat was buttoned closely across his breast, as if to hide possible deficiencies of raiment underneath. The only incongruity in the costume of this otherwise seedy gentleman was a silk hat of irreproachable lustre, so glossy and so fine that all else he wore seemed doubly mean by contrast with its resplendent glories. All who looked at it and the genteel scarecrow beneath it felt, "It is charitable to suppose that he has found it."

"Ahem!" coughed this human remnant, flourishing his gaudy edge. There was no sign that he was heard.

"I beg your pardon;" after a moment's pause he continued, "Mr. Murchso, I believe I have the honor of addressing?"

"Ah! what a terrible infliction—a curse, this is, to come thus upon one," sighed the person addressed, without looking round.

The visitor started. That remark seemed to have a personal application. But he was not easily discouraged, and began again, "I hope I do not intrude, Sir; I have been recommended to you by a friend."

"And to think that I can learn nothing of that famous doctor to whom I have written! Perhaps he is sick, or has left the city, or is dead," continued the old gentleman, who had seated himself during his auricular explorations, and now reached to take again his book from the table.

The seedy man regarded him for a moment, and then said, with an air of confidence, "This old buffer is certainly deaf."

Instead of the book, the party thus disrespectfully alluded to took up a letter which his servant had placed there for him, opened it, and, in accordance with his habit of reading aloud, proceeded to give his visitor the benefit of the confidential communication.

"My dear Murchso," he read, "I take the liberty, as an old friend, of telling you that I interest myself a great deal in your pretty daughter, and I think I have found an excellent husband for her—a young man who is handsome, rich, accomplished—" At that point, as his daughter had described, he placidly tore the letter into fragments, shaking his head, and saying, monotonously, "No, no; that is not the one whom I have imagined."

The seedy gentleman in the back-ground was one whose wits had been sharpened by the reverses of fortune and the exigencies of a vagabond life. He was used to plot to obtain dinners, and employ deep diplomatic stratagems to gain a bed. He did not regard an eccentric character simply as an oddity, or an unusual incident merely as a remarkable occurrence, but straightway said to himself, "How can I make any thing out of this?" With this thought he now perked his head on one side, fixed his sharp eyes upon the old gentleman, listened, and waited.

"He will come in good time. But these young men whom they propose to me— Bah! I am not in the market for husbands; it is a deaf man whom I seek. I want a deaf man—a very deaf man. I would make his fortune if I had him."

"I will be his deaf man," promptly resolved the versatile lier-in-wait. He would have been blind, too, and submitted to the guidance of a poodle, if it had seemed advantageous, and he had had the poodle. Advancing with his most

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engaging bow, and making conspicuous the superb hat—his patent of respectability—he touched the old man's shoulder.

Mr. Murchso looked up, and seeing a stranger before him, arose.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Murchso?"

"A little louder, if you please," said that gentleman.

"Excuse me, Sir, but you will have to speak very distinctly or I can not hear you," added the stranger, with his hand to his ear.

A look of anxious joy lightened the old man's face as he saw the movement. "Are you deaf?" he yelled, raising his hand also to his ear to catch the reply.

"I see you move your lips, so I know that you are speaking, but I do not hear you," responded the stranger, in a voice of thunder.

"Ah, Heaven, what happiness!" ejaculated the old man; "he is more deaf than I." In the tone one hails a ship at sea he demanded, "Who are you?"

With a voice which came "as the winds come when forests are rended," the visitor answered, "My name is Major Joseph Vanqueleur—a gentleman of means and leisure—making a pedestrian tour for my health. I lost my hearing by the wind of a cannon-ball in battle."

The old man thought, aloud, "Ah! happiness supreme. His organism is damaged; he is incurable. Decidedly, Heaven sends me this man.—Listen to me," he shouted.

"I will try," howled the major; adding to himself, "if I do not find you blasting out the drums of my ears at that rate."

"Are you a bachelor?"

"Yes."

"I think he said 'yes.' Oh, he must have said 'yes.' It would be too cruel in Fortune to send me so deaf a man who already had a wife," soliloquized Mr. Murchso; and he again raised his voice to tempest pitch with the query, "I think you said you were unmarried?"

The major contented himself this time with nodding in reply.

"Good! good! good again!" chuckled the old man; "excellent!" And he thundered once more, "Now listen to me."

"As if I could help it," thought the major, who already began to wish for a change of company.

"I propose to offer to you the hand of my daughter. I do not know if you will please her. When I look at you I rather think that you will not; but you please me; that is the main thing. Why, do you suppose?"

The major only shrugged his shoulders. He had self-appreciation, but here conjecture failed him.

"You might be young, rich, handsome, and still you should not have my daughter. But without being either you shall. Why, then?"

"Give it up," murmured the major, as if the question were a conundrum.

"Because you are deaf. You wonder at that? I will tell you why. You may not have noticed it, but I am a little hard of hearing myself. Suppose my daughter marries a man who hears perfectly, what will be my position? The tone of family conversation will be such as never will reach my ears. I will either be shut out completely from all domestic intercourse, or shall be compelled every minute to say, 'Eh! what is it?' That would be tiresome. On the other hand, if my daughter marries a man whose hearing is as defective as mine, and yours is even worse, the family conversation will be carried on in a tone which will reach my ears naturally, and, without an effort, I shall be quite at home. Do you see?"

"The sublime egotism of this old assassin makes him superb," thought the major; but he nodded, and tried to look gratified.

"You shall dine with me, and at dinner I will introduce you to your future wife."

The major was courageous; but without the temptation of a dinner, and the comforting reflection that marriage was not compulsory, he would have taken to his heels. Such a father-in-law seemed dreadful.

"Before dinner you will wish to remedy the disorder of travel in your toilet," continued the vociferous Mr. Murchso. "You can do so in my room. Afterward, if you choose to stroll round the grounds for half an hour or so, I will beg you to excuse me, as I have a letter or two to write. I will have you called when dinner is ready."

The major bowed assent, and allowed himself to be conducted from the room by the old gentleman, who awoke the echoes as they went with a continuous volley of expressions of his especial gratification with the extreme deafness of his guest.

In the shrubbery at the edge of the park near by—a favorite trysting-place—pretty Clara found the whistler whose signal she had heard and recognized—her lover, Charles Ford, a sufficiently good-looking young fellow, who represented her ideal of absolute perfection. After one kiss of greeting they wandered slowly along, arm in arm, in the shade, farther and farther from the house, talking over the sweet nothings of love, which always seem so strangely new and interesting, even when one has spoken and heard them a score of times. It was deemed good policy to keep beyond musket range from old Mr. Murchso if a young man went there to see his daughter.

Tending a rare and delicate plant has its pleasures, but they lack full fruition until the flower appears. Even if it is only a poor flower, one cherishes it and exults in it, triumphing in the mere joy of effecting its being. On the same principle a young woman who has a lover, in the guileless innocence of her heart is not satisfied with mere hope. Love is good enough in its way as an excitement if it has a matrimonial purpose—not otherwise, from the feminine point of view. Clara and Charles walked on for some time, murmuring to each other of

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constancy and devotion. Then silence ensued, which she was first to break. "Charles," she said, "I don't know what my father means by going on in this way."

"Eh! how is that?" replied he, blankly, startled from his mighty castle-building in the air.

"Oh, for goodness sake," she exclaimed, petulantly, "don't say, 'Eh!' Any thing in the world but that;" and she stopped her ears. "I would rather you'd shoot at me than do that."

"Well, my dear Clara, I will not do it again; but I was thinking of our future, and my mind did not come back readily from the golden land of hope and love."

"Hope! what hope have we got? You know it will soon be winter, and we can't keep on meeting this way forever, even if it should always be summer. It is not proper."

Charley shook his head. The masculine mind fails to grasp the immense importance which the feminine attaches to that phrase, "It is not proper."

"Now, Charley, listen to me.—Oh dear, there is another of pa's sayings. They drive me crazy, yet I find myself using them. He is ruining me every way.—But, Charley, see here now. I have a notion of trying to get you into the house, where we can, at least, see each other oftener, and some good may come of it."

"Then in one of two ways I die. Either your father sacrifices me, or I kill myself trying to talk to him."

"Now, Charley, be serious. Talking to him has not killed me. Several times recently I have heard him say—for you know, as I have told you, he has the most aggravating way of thinking aloud—'If I only had a deaf man, a very deaf one—if fortune would only send me such a one!' I don't know what he wants with one, but I propose to find out. You shall be his deaf man."

"But I am not deaf, and you see it is a deaf one whom he wants."

"But can you not pretend to be?"

"I might; but would it be fair?"

"Oh, Charley, are you going to make me try to persuade you to be near me?"

"No, no; I am convinced already," replied Charley, gaining a kiss by his surrender.

The deceit determined upon, a few minutes sufficed to arrange the details of their plot. Then ensued a tender parting, and they separated—she to regain the house by way of the garden; he to approach it, as a stranger, from the road.

As they disappeared the sharp nose of Major Joseph Vanqueleur appeared from behind a tree near where the lovers parted. That worthy, on being left alone in Mr. Murchso's private room, had gone through an elaborate toilet. From the breast pocket of his coat he took a small package, which on being opened revealed a "folding paper bosom," of snowy purity, and a stout piece of white paper. A few minutes' work with the scissors upon the latter converted it into a very respectable collar. Polishing his shoes he discovered a couple of places where the leather was broken. A bottle of ink, which he found upon the table, tinted the skin of one foot and the stocking upon the other, so as to conceal those breaks. Donning the bosom and collar of paper, he felt himself completely dressed, excepting gloves. A protracted search in his pockets brought forth two, of different sizes, and both for the left hand. Selecting the best fitting, he put it on, and carried the other with jaunty ease, conspicuously, without putting it on. Several times during this metamorphose of the grub into the butterfly there had been knocks at the door, but he remembered too well the part he was playing to hear them.

As he stepped forth, resplendent in what an actor would term his "faked up" costume, a ghost in gentility, and went toward the door opening upon the garden, he heard the voice of Mr. Murchso behind him, saying, "Ah! I was just coming for you. I wanted to see you." He walked on without turning his head, and for his constancy was rewarded by hearing the old man rub his hands together and chuckle, "Good! good! There is no doubt. He is really as deaf as a post." He strolled on through the garden into the beautiful park, and still on, until voices attracted his attention. No vulgar curiosity moved him, and no man cared less for mere lovers than he did, but as an adventurer he was prudent. All about this place interested him at present. He felt himself on the enemy's ground, his wits his weapons, and could not afford to throw away a possible advantage in the battle. So he watched earnestly the interview between Clara and Charley. Although too far off to hear a word of their conversation, he saw enough to prompt the reflection, "If that were to be my future wife, I should need to be blind as well as deaf." He walked on, untroubled, not knowing who they were, and not caring. With a wife who had brought him a good dower he would have been a model husband. After a little time he seated himself to review the situation calmly, to consider what Fortune possibly had in store for him.

Meanwhile Charley, obeying his instructions, presented himself at the door of Mr. Murchso's residence, and was formally ushered by Clara into the parlor where her father sat writing a letter. Touching the old gentleman upon the shoulder to call his attention, his daughter informed him, by means of the mute alphabet of the fingers, which she found less exhaustive than conversation, "Here is a gentleman to see you."

Mr. Murchso lifted his eyes, expecting to see the major returned from his walk. Instead of him he beheld Charles, bowing gravely. "Do you wish to see me?" he demanded, suspiciously; for he believed that he remembered that face.

Charles made no answer beyond an interrogatory stare.

Clara continued wagging her nimble little dimpled digits—a charming alphabet—until she had spelled out, "He says he is deaf."

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"Eh? What? No, no!" ejaculated papa. "I have seen that face before. He came here sometimes to see you, and he is not deaf at all."

Clara screamed at the top of her voice in the young man's ear, "Father says he does not believe that you are deaf."

Never before did he have any idea of the strength of her lungs. "Oh yes—oh yes, unfortunately," he answered. "The kick of a horse has injured my hearing beyond recovery."

"Eh! what is it?" inquired the old man.

Charles repeated his fiction in stentorian tones, and seemed to himself more guilty for his loudness.

"If it were really so," thought the good father, in a conversational tone, "he would do as well as the other, and, I have no doubt, would please my daughter better. I might as well humor her a little if I can. But it can not be. A cannon would, of course, destroy one's hearing more effectually than a horse could. This fellow would get well. That would never do. Still, I must not send him off too abruptly. Clara might retaliate by being obstinate about the other."

"Who is 'the other?'" Clara and Charles simultaneously asked each other. They looked at that model parent too intently in their anxiety to observe that "the other" had just arrived at the door, and, withdrawing a little to one side, stood listening.

"I am very sorry, Sir, to learn of your misfortune," said the old gentleman, in an ordinary tone, to Charles, who was not to be caught so easily.

"A little louder, if you please. I am quite deaf," he responded, with an air of intense attention.

The major, at the door, had already recognized the parties whom he had seen in the park; and this announcement surprised him so that for an instant he thrust his nose beyond cover in getting another look at the young man. "Ha!" thought he; "a nice little trick, I believe, they are playing on papa. Lucky that I know my ground."

The father repeated his remark of sympathy more distinctly, and had the satisfaction of hearing the stentorian reply, "It is, indeed, a very warm day."

Again, in a still louder voice, he offered his condolence; and Charles responded, with cordiality, "Thank you. I accept your invitation with pleasure."

Mr. Murchso grew purple with yelling, "How long have you been deaf?" despairing of ever making his regrets known.

Charles heard this time, and answered, "Only about two months."

"Confound the fellow!" soliloquized Mr. Murchso. "He thinks I asked him to dinner. Well, I rather like that idea. He and the other are both more deaf than I, so I shall be in an excellent position. I will hear every thing naturally, without any trouble. Yes; decidedly he shall dine with me."

The major began to find this rival dangerous, and deemed it time to enter upon the scene. With a charming air of unconscious innocence he walked in. Mr. Murchso happened to be looking toward the door as he entered, so saw him, and greeted him with a shout: "I am glad you have got back in good time for an introduction to my daughter before dinner. Clara, my child," turning toward her, "I present to you your future husband, Major—" And he hesitated at the name. The major was too wise to assist his memory, and merely bowed with extreme politeness.

"Confound his name! I have forgotten it," the old gentleman went on. "Never mind. He has, to some extent, the same affliction as myself; but you are so used to it that you will not mind that."

"I don't know about that arrangement," thought the major. "My price will be high if I sell out to this firm."

The old man turned to introduce Charles, and looked to Clara for his name.

"Ford," her fingers told him.

"Mr. Ford, Major— I don't remember his confounded name!" was Mr. Murchso's formal introduction—the first part of it very loud, the last much lower.

The two gentlemen bowed stiffly to each other.

"So this Robert-Macaire-looking fellow is 'the other,'" spoke Charley to Clara in an under-tone, concealing the motion of his lips.

"A wretch who says 'eh!' also. Heaven forbid!" she answered, with the same precaution. "What a rascally looking 'other' he is! Oh, it can not be! It is only a test of your hearing. The idea of such a scarecrow!"

Not a line in the placid "made-up" countenance of the major betrayed his consciousness of their compliments.

Meantime the old gentleman rang the large stand-bell on his table, holding his ear down near it as if to hear, and then looking with an unsatisfied expression at the hammer. The prompt entrance of a servant dissipated his doubt. He had rung. "Have the table laid for four instead of three," he ordered.

The man nodded, and went out.

"That fellow, who is only a servant, can hear every thing," grumbled the old man.

Charles walked away to the window, and stood there, looking out.

The major approached Clara. "I have had the pleasure of seeing you once before, Miss Murchso," he said.

"I am sorry you do again, you villainous-looking old fellow," replied that impulsive little lady, in a tone which she was confident he could not hear.

"A little louder, if you please," was the bland response of the imperturbable major.

The servant at this point re-entered, touched Mr. Murchso on the sleeve, and shouted in his

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ear, "A gentleman in the drawing-room wishes to see you."

The old man arose, and saying, in a voice which would have almost startled the Sphinx, "Excuse me a moment," went out, followed by the servant.

Charles rejoined the major and Clara. She took up from the table a little piece of tatting, over which she might bend her head, and conceal the motion of speaking to her lover.

The practiced eye of "the other" detected the feint, and he determined to "counter" by conducting the conversation if possible. He knew that he would not hear compliments if they spoke. "I have never," said he, "so deeply regretted my affliction as at this moment, since it robs me of the pleasure of hearing your natural voice, which, I am sure, must be all of melody."

She looked at him, but did not answer.

He went on:

"Happily, nature seeks to make amends to the victim of so great a misfortune by rendering more acute other senses to take the place of the one of which he has been deprived. I can not hear your sweet voice; but I feel that, from the motion of your lips, my heart would read and understand the words you uttered. Try, my dear young lady—try if the magic of your speech will not cause the poor deaf man to hear."

"Do you really think so?" she asked, looking at him with doubt.

"There; you said, 'Do you really think so,' did you not?"

"Yes," she answered, amazed.

"There; and again you said, 'Yes.' Ah! I can not hear others, but I can hear you. They speak to my ears, but you to my heart."

"And I shall punctuate by punching your head pretty soon!" exclaimed, in an under-tone, Charles, who viewed with rage this courtship directly under his nose—this audacious infringement, as he deemed it, of his personal rights.

"No, no; not for the world, Charley dear!" pleaded Clara, turning the back of her head toward the major's keen eyes, while she pretended to seek for something on the table. "You would betray that you can hear, and then all would be lost. But I begin to fear that my father was in earnest, or this horrible creature would not talk so to me."

"Then your father is crazy as well as deaf!" proclaimed the excited Charles. "The idea of his marrying you to this thing, robbed, body and raiment, from a dozen graves. Who is he? Where did he come from? I've a notion to—"

The major calmly interrupted his frenzied speech, as if quite unconscious of its being made. "As I told you once before, I have had the pleasure of seeing you. I did not then know the happiness in store for me; yet it was but a short time since—less than an hour ago—in the park."

She looked up at him quickly, with reddened cheeks, and echoed, "In the park!"

"There; you said again, 'In the park.' You see, I understand the motion of your lips. Yes, when you were tenderly parting with this young person who is here now."

She gazed at him aghast, and Charles ejaculated, "The devil!" Clearly an *exposé* was to be dreaded.

The major proceeded, innocently: "It shows me that you have a kind heart to take such an interest in one who suffers from my own great affliction, and gives me much hope for our future happiness together. You possibly even think that you love this young person now; but you are inexperienced—it is only sympathy which you feel for him. A woman of the world would see that he is gawky, self-conceited, and stupid; but you do not. I admire all the more the innocent freshness of your heart."

Clara could not say a word. She puzzled her little head with wondering whether this terrible stranger had divined their secret, and what desperate deed her father would do if he discovered it.

"Oh, great Heavens! I shall have to brain this fellow," groaned Charles.

"Hush, hush!" she murmured.

"I thought you said 'Hush,' but was not sure," said the major, with a look of guileless pleasure. "Yes, you are right. I was thoughtless to speak so plainly, and am only consoled by the reflection that his feelings could not have been wounded by hearing me. Poor young man!" and he gazed upon Charles with exquisite sympathy; "you are, indeed, to be pitied. Fortune was cruelly unkind in robbing you of one of your senses. You so much needed them all to get through life."

Bitter as it was, Charley felt that, with those piercing eyes upon him, he must maintain his disguise, and made a superhuman effort to do so.

Clara relieved him by quickly and loudly addressing the major. "Allow me, gentlemen, to show you my garden while waiting for dinner;" and placing herself between them, she led them out into the open air.

They had been gone but a few moments when Mr. Murchso returned, his eyes sparkling, his step light, and his manner joyous. "Ah! joy, joy!" he exclaimed; "I can hear, I can hear! That great doctor, that good doctor! He has saved me! Justly is he celebrated! When I had given up hope, and thought he was never coming, he came, like an angel, and in five minutes caused me to hear. My cavities were obstructed, after all; but the organism was right, and now—now I can hear, natural voices, music, birds, every thing. I can hear, I can hear; and it seems to me doubly terrible to have been deaf. Deaf—ah! that reminds me I have two deaf men to dinner to-day. If that good doctor could only have remained I might have talked with him; but to sit and howl for an hour into the obstructed cavities of two deaf wretches—oh! it is abominable. And to think that I was on the point of giving my daughter to one of those monsters! I shudder when I think that in one week more I would have had

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a deaf son-in-law; a fellow who would be eternally ejaculating, 'Eh! what is it?' Oh! that would be infernal. Well, but how am I to get rid of him? Yes, and of that other one, for whom I believe my daughter has a ridiculous fancy, in spite of his diabolical defect?"

He sat down to reflect. Just then two persons entered the room behind him. He did not turn his head, for as they came in he heard the voice of his daughter, and he sat still for the mere pleasure of listening to her speaking. She was saying, "Oh, Charley dear, do control yourself. I know he is an aggravating wretch; but you must not betray that you hear him, or he will surely tell pa, and pa would be furious if he knew how we have tricked him."

Pa was furious already, but he waited for further developments.

"If that fellow knew," rejoined Charley, "that I am not deaf at all, and were trying to drive me wild, he could not say more than he does."

"And this is my fine fellow who suffered by a horse!" thought the old man.

Charley called Clara's attention to her father, sitting at the table.

"No matter; he can not hear us," said she.

"What a soulless old ruffian your father must be, to think of marrying you to such a beastly fellow!" remarked the exasperated lover.

It was an unpleasant thing to do, but the old man winced and kept silent.

"Be quiet a little while, Charley," urged Clara. "I will manage it. You must fool papa, and I will find some way of sending off that protégé of his with a flea in his ear. Him for a husband, indeed! I'd run away with you first, Charley."

"The idea of your going through life," said he, commiseratingly, "with a speaking-trumpet in each hand, and a surrounding chorus of 'Eh! what is it?'"

"Oh, Charley dear, I'd die first. One is bad enough, even if he is my father; but two! Oh no."

"My poor little darling," said her lover, kissing her for consolation.

Mr. Murchso even heard the smack of that kiss, but still was silent, determined to unmask fully this perfidious plot against his plans and peace.

"There comes that wretch now," exclaimed Clara, looking out of the window. "I am afraid to have you stay here, Charley. Go and sit down in the arbor until you are called for dinner. That will be soon. Do not come when the bell rings, for pa may be watching to see if you hear it. I will come for you."

"How horribly cunning this little minx has become!" thought papa.

Charles growled, "I'd like to knock their heads together," and went out.

Scarcely had he stepped from the door when the major entered, holding in his hands a beautiful big butterfly, and saying:

"I caught it, Miss Clara; but you have no idea what a chase the little beast led me. If he could have known that your beautiful hands were the prison to which he was destined, I do not think he would have fluttered so."

"Poor little fellow!" said Clara, in a kindly tone, taking the fragile thing tenderly, and at once, as if by accident, letting it escape. "Ah! there he goes again. Well, let him fly. Liberty is sweet, and moments are precious in his short life."

"Is it not strange," exclaimed the major, "that I understand almost every word you utter?"

Clara eyed him sharply, and then looked toward her father.

"Oh no," he answered to her look; "I hear him no more than he hears me. By-the-way—pardon my abrupt question—but are you very much attached to that guileless youth who has just gone to air himself?"

"Sir!" said Clara, indignantly.

"Do you fancy yourself very much in love with him?"

"You have no right to ask me such a question, Sir. It is impertinent from you."

"Not at all. I have the right of your prospective husband."

"You never will be my husband. I'd kill myself—or, rather, I'd kill you first."

"Would you? Indeed! You are getting violent. That is bad. Do not excite yourself. I think your father would regard his promise to me as more binding than your little love passages in the park with somebody else."

"Why do you persecute me? I do not love you, and never could. I hate you!"

"That is very probable. But you ask me why. I will tell you frankly. For a poor deaf man, a comfortable home; the companionship of a beautiful woman, whose voice his heart understands; the joys of a family surrounding him in his declining years, and the means to gratify tastes for little luxuries, for which he may have had the misery of a keen appreciation without the ability for previous enjoyment—all these things are of very great importance."

"But I tell you, then, I love another man."

"That is very probable—in fact, I know it. Well, I am philosophic. With roses thorns always grow. You love another. That is not singular. A great many men's wives do. The barbaric vice of jealousy is dying out."

"Clearly you only wish to marry me for what papa will give you with me?"

"That is not an unimportant consideration when one marries a woman who is already in love with another man, and a father-in-law who is such a terrible nuisance, and a selfish old dunderhead to boot."

"Do not abuse my father, Sir. I think we can arrange this matter without that. How much money will you take, and go away and never come back, or let us see your ugly face again?"

"In a pecuniary estimate please to remem-

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ber that great charm which you possess for me, that my heart understands you, and you alone; and that is a great deal to a poor deaf man. I know almost all you say."

"I think sometimes that you understand all; that your heart, as you call it, hears every thing you choose from every body."

"A while ago, my dear young lady, I said that you were inexperienced, unsophisticated. I retract that injurious expression. Your perceptive faculties do you honor."

"Then you admit that you do hear every thing?"

"I believe that we all hear alike well, except your unfortunate parent, my prospective father-in-law."

"And I hear too, you infernal scoundrel, and I'll see you hanged first!" shouted the infuriated old gentleman, springing up and advancing, as if for the demolition of the astonished major, who nimbly retreated to the opposite side of the table.

"Oh, pa! you hear?" gasped the affrighted girl, sinking into the nearest chair.

"Yes, I hear. You'd run away, would you?" and striding to the door, he yelled at Charles, who sat in the arbor a few yards away, "Here, you young rascal, come here."

Charles sat calmly gazing upon the earth, the air, and the sky, but never once looked toward his caller.

This pertinacious maintenance of the fraud maddened the old man, who, snatching up a book, hurled it at him, and struck him.

The young man turned, obeyed the angry parent's imperative gesture, and came in, with an innocent, "Eh! what is it?"

That overflowed the cup. Catching him by the collar, the old man shook him violently, ejaculating, with frenzy, "If you ever say that again I'll murder you!"

"Oh, papa, papa, don't hurt him!" shrieked Clara, alarmed for her lover, and rushing to his rescue.

"What the deuce does he mean by shaking me up as if I were a cocktail?" inquired the almost breathless victim.

The major would have fled if the door had been on his side of the table; but it was not, and he groaned in spirit.

"It means that I have regained my hearing, in order to learn that I am a 'soulless old ruffian,' and you would 'like to knock my head' against somebody else's," proclaimed the outraged one.

Freeing himself by a vigorous effort, Charley straightened up, and spoke out courageously, like a man. "Yes," said he; "if you have the idea of marrying this good and lovely young girl to that rascally old adventurer over there, for the gratification of some insane whim of yours, I don't hesitate to say again, what I think, that you are a soulless old ruffian, and deserve to have your head knocked to all eternity; and I'd like to do it."

"Spoken like a man, and I respect you the more for saying it, for I begin to believe you're about right," replied the old man, who was not so bad a fellow as he had seemed while deafness warped and perverted his disposition. "As for him"—and he looked savagely at the major—"I forgot him for a moment, I was so mad with you;" and he started for him.

"Excuse me, but I think there is a mistake somewhere," pleaded the major, dodging round the table to avoid the avenger.

"Oh! there is a mistake, is there?" shouted his irate pursuer. "Do you know who I am? I'm a 'selfish old dunderhead,' and I'm going to prove 'a terrible nuisance' to you. Do you hear?" And he made a vicious clutch after the major, who was only saved by the agility of his thin legs.

"Hold on a moment; let's reason this thing calmly," besought the titled one, still "on the keen jump" round the table. "We can't talk at this rate, you know."

"Well, what have you got to say?" demanded Mr. Murchso, almost breathless, and quite willing for a rest.

"Just this," replied the major, panting. "Were not my expressions correct? Now that you can hear again, I see that you don't like a man to say to you, 'Eh! what is it?'" Mr. Murchso here made another dive at him, which he eluded, and went on: "You can imagine what a nuisance you were; and then just think of your notion of bringing another such creature into your family, to make your daughter miserable, merely to humor your fancies; and of picking up an adventurer like me, of whom you know nothing, as your chosen man."

The angry look faded away from the old man's face as he extended his hand, and said, "Major, I forgive you; I did deserve it all."

The major cordially grasped the offered hand, for he loved peace better than war.

"Yes. I forgive you both," continued Mr. Murchso, giving his other hand to Charles.

"But see here, major," demanded Charley; "you and I have a little account to settle yet."

"Who began between us?" retorted the major. "Is it my misfortune or my fault, do you think, that I look like 'a thing robbed, body and raiment, from a dozen graves?' Would I not be fat, and go clad in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day if I could, do you think?"

"Let's shake hands and cry quits," proposed Charley, who was a good-hearted young fellow, and blushed as he remembered his ungenerous insult to the man's poverty.

"And now," said the major, as he shook hands, "that my rôle is ended, permit me to doff my borrowed plumes as Major Joseph Vanqueleur, and introduce myself to you as plain Gus Wight, who 'has seen better days,' and is better known as Clarence Fitzherbert Booth Macready, dramatic reader and teacher of elocution. I propose giving an entertainment next week in the main hall of the adjacent town, and shall feel highly honored if you will give me

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your attendance and countenance on that occasion."

"You may depend upon us," Mr. Murchso assured him. "After dinner we will—"

At this instant a terribly loud dinner-bell was heard violently clanging just outside the door.

"Heavens! what an infernal uproar!" exclaimed the old man, who, for the first time at this hour, failed to curse the faint summons of this self-same bell. "Stop that bell—stop it!"

"Silence that dreadful bell!" shouted Clarence Fitzherbert Booth Macready, dramatically.

The servant, deafened for the moment by his own din, poked his head in at the open door, with his left hand to his ear, inquiring, "Eh! what is it?"

Mr. Murchso charged fiercely out upon that domestic, and the others followed laughingly to dinner.

Editor's Easy Chair.

OFTEN as the traveler, seated in the railroad car, rushes along the edge of a river or abyss, or dashes through the dark tunnel under a mountain, or around an abrupt curve, or passes another train so near that he starts, appalled, or thunders over a bridge, or crawls along a trestleway, he is conscious of a fearful force, and of a constant, remediless peril. Yet as he reflects upon the innumerable trains darting through every part of the continent at every hour of the day and night, carrying hundreds of thousands of persons continually, and then thinks of the small number of lives that are lost, and of the many and many days that often pass without the record of an accident, he feels that the risk of railway travel is not disproportioned to the other necessary risks of life. But none the less startling and awful is the story of the great catastrophe when it comes, and for a moment the whole system of railway travel seems to be barbarous and crude, or as what is sometimes solemnly and abruptly called "a willful tempting of Providence," as if Providence were a horrible monster, within range of whose talons no wise man ventures.

Certainly, however, all grave accidents remind us of the slow progress made in preventing disaster, because they are all of the same general character. The train is thrown from the track because the frost splits the axle, or the wheel, or the rail; or a switchman neglects a switch, and there is a collision; or there is negligence of the signal; or the train breaks through a bridge, or rolls down a bank, and takes fire. These have been the accidents from the beginning, and the last tragedy is of the same kind. Many years ago, when the terrible Norwalk disaster occurred, every body said, What a lesson this is, and how much will be gained by it! The train left New York in the morning, and ran smoothly along until it reached a bridge at Norwalk, in Connecticut. There was some confusion about the signal, and the train at full speed crashed into the open draw. The loss of life was enormous; the horror and indignation were universal; and the Legislature of the State instantly passed a law compelling every train to stop entirely before crossing a bridge with a draw, if not every bridge. The feeling was so intense that there was general confidence that that especial danger would be avoided hereafter. It was nearly twenty years ago. But this very winter a train upon the New Jersey Central Railroad ran off the track upon a draw over Newark Bay, and the locomotive fell through, and lives were lost. And upon the Hudson River Railroad one of the most shocking disasters of the kind upon record occurred at a bridge over Wappingers Creek.

Undoubtedly there is a feeling of fate when we first read the horrible story of such an event. Frost breaks an axle; a car loaded with petroleum is thrown over another track: it is upon a bridge, and an express train is due. It is moonlight, and every thing is dim; and simultaneously with the wresting of the car from its track the express train dashes into it. There is an explosion, and an instantaneous, deadly deluge of fire. Frost will split iron, and that is the end of it, muses the fatalist. All the rest is circumstance that could not be avoided. But there is nothing so unmanly as fatalism. It is the surrender of human power to mere material conditions. It is easier to avoid accidents upon railroads than it was to build them; and the incessant recurrence of the same mishaps is the severest criticism both upon passengers and managers.

On the morning after the catastrophe at Wappingers Creek the Easy Chair came to the station at Thirtieth Street, in New York, to take the train. Arriving early, it remarked nothing but a pleasant tranquillity, and that a few still earlier passengers were busily buying life and accident insurance tickets. As it contemplated them it reflected how small occasion there had happily been upon so important a road for the kind of security offered at the insurance office. When the ticket-seller opened his window the Easy Chair promptly bought a ticket, and awaited the opening of the door to the platform. Passengers were meanwhile gathering, and there was the bustle of an expectant crowd increasing every moment about the door. There were judges and senators and good citizens patiently waiting; and as the hour for opening the door approached one casually asked the Easy Chair if it had heard of the terrible accident up the road. Instantly every body was quietly talking about it; but nobody knew any thing more than that there had been a collision of a passenger train with an oil train, a fire, a broken bridge, and an awful fate for more than a score of men and women. The authorities of the road were very silent. Some of the passengers instantly telegraphed to families who would be anxious; but, as they said afterward, with a vague feeling that it was telegraphing at the pleasure of the company. Then it was announced that the train would be united with another, and leave at a later hour. At last

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the doors were opened, and the passengers scrambled into the cars, and found in their papers only a vague rumor of disaster somewhere upon the road. But as the train rolled slowly out of the city the officers became more communicative, and it was possible to form some picture of the woeful event. Indeed, the substantial facts were soon known. The train moved slowly, as if with conscious caution; and although the sun shone in a cloudless winter sky, there was a gloom in the air. The passengers read and mused and talked and looked from the windows; but in every mind there was one feeling—a vague horror that we were all moving along a road which just before had been the path of sudden death to travelers as full of life and hope as we.

This same feeling was in the faces of the groups at the stations, which watched us with a curious interest, although they saw nothing which they had not seen hourly for many years. But they saw with the vague horror at their hearts. A few hours before some of them had seen a similar train, and it had been suddenly destroyed. Still slowly, cautiously, the train moved on. A grave gentleman near the Easy Chair remarked that he had come on the previous evening to take the fatal train, but had arrived just too late, and was obliged to turn back. Then every body who had any sad tale of disaster or foreboding gravely told it, as in stormy nights at sea men gather and tell of shipwrecks and dire disaster. At Fishkill, not far from the scene of the catastrophe, there was a large crowd, which looked at the train as if it were somehow connected with the other and fatal train, or was, at least, about to reach the place where the other had been destroyed. Away we sped again, gloomily. Gradually the attention of the passengers became concentrated upon the expected stopping of the train. "Nearly there!" "Can't be a mile." "Oh yes! I know Wappingers Creek very well." And while every body looked and waited the train slackened its speed, and the passengers all arose.

We stepped out into the bright, cool day. The river is not wide at New Hamburg, and the opposite bluffs were powdered with snow. We silently walked along the track, every body picturing the scene of a few hours before, seeing nothing in front but a gap in the road, and a great crowd of people staring at it. Descending from the road-bed to the ice of the stream, a few steps brought us all to the spot. The bridge-way was about two hundred feet long. Some of the rafters were still smoking; and upon the ice, and massed among its broken pieces, was a huge heap of charred wood, twisted iron, wheels, half sunken, and choking the gap. Under that confused mass lay the engine somewhere, and the workmen, with tackle and poles, were still lifting out whatever they could reach in the wreck and bring to the surface. Few of the passengers tarried long. They could do nothing, and they did not care merely to see a harrowing spectacle. We were delayed for more than an hour at the station; and we all talked with those of the neighborhood, who said that they had arrived upon the spot sooner or later after the event, but they could give very little information.

While we were still talking an English gentleman came from the bridge, and said to the Easy Chair that it was very extraordinary that there was no one to take authoritative charge of the various things that were raised from the water. "I have been there for some time," he said, "and I have seen bags and traveling-cases brought to the surface, and every body helped himself. It is very extraordinary." But perhaps, as an Englishman, he can hardly be admitted as a credible witness of events in America. The prejudices of the English against us are as well known as our freedom from prejudice against them. But as the same facts were attested by undoubted Americans, it is, perhaps, not unfair to suppose that there was reason for the comments of the press upon conduct which was that of the most ruthless wreckers upon the most savage coast. And it is certainly the duty of every great railroad company to hold in reserve a guard, to be instantly dispatched to the scenes of such disasters to act as a police, and to protect every thing that is found until it can be restored to the rightful claimant.

It is easy to charge willful and wanton negligence upon a company and its officers. But there are some catastrophes which no care can avert; and even when there are the wisest regulations, some forgetfulness of them or violation of them by subordinates will produce the saddest results. It may be justly urged that, although the Hudson River Railroad is peculiarly dangerous, it has been remarkably free from accidents—a security which is, of course, due to sagacity and vigilance. But it is the duty of that company, as of every other, to be taught by such a tragedy as that at New Hamburg. A similar event should never occur again. Yet it is essentially what happened at Norwalk. The train was not warned of danger in time. There should be upon every road the most constant inspection by a numerous guard of faithful and intelligent men, and a simple system of signals so arranged that a train, by day or by night, could always know of danger in time to stop. If that is impracticable because of sudden curves upon some roads, then sudden curves must be prohibited. The people of New York, represented in the Senate and Assembly, must refuse to allow any body or any corporation to establish an extreme and unavoidable peril to travelers. If the company bribes them to permit it, there is nothing more to be said. Those who, by themselves or by their representatives, sell themselves to masters, are, of course, at the mercy of those masters.

This incessant supervision of the track, and immediate and sufficient signaling, are the first conditions of secure travel. There must be also the most stringent special examination of all bridges and trestles, and a perpetual guard at every draw. Nor can there be much doubt that there should be wider road-beds for double-track roads. All these precautions would undoubtedly increase the expense of building and working railroads. But the insistance upon them would show us whether the people are still independent of the great corporations, or whether they have been wholly subdued. It was remarkable in the case of the New Hamburg tragedy that, although it was all over by eleven o'clock at night, and occurred but three hours from New York, there was only a vague telegraphic rumor in some of the morning papers. Some of the company's servants urge that they were so busy telegraphing about the other trains, and for help, that there was no

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time to inform the press. But a calm and authentic statement of the character and probable extent of the catastrophe from the officers of the company would have been of the greatest service, and would have taken very little time. To leave it to vague rumor, and then to sensational report, was to suffer it to be cruelly magnified.

Certainly it will be shameful for all of us if a tragedy so terrible as that at New Hamburg passes without some radical improvement in the means of preventing accidents upon railroads. The companies themselves probably understand that nothing would so surely persuade the people of the country to take the management of railroads into their own hands, through the government, as a general conviction of the insecurity of life upon them. Passengers endure much upon railroads, and the mere details of convenience in travel can yet be greatly improved. That inconvenience will, of course, be tolerated by a public which without the feeblest murmur of dissent permits every omnibus and every car to be absurdly overloaded. But when it sees how little is actually done to prevent catastrophes which are avoidable—and such, by a proper system of signals, that at New Hamburg would have been—the small proportion of lives lost to the number of passengers traveling will not satisfy the public mind. The great point to insist upon is that railroads and their managers shall be the servants, and not the masters, of the people.

THERE is a great deal constantly and proudly said of the power of the press; but might not a short sermon be profitably preached upon editorial responsibility? The one is certainly measured by the other. If the press is so great a power, how imperative is the duty of him who controls it to wield it wisely and truthfully! If a magic horn hung in the cupola of the City Hall, whose strains reverberated audibly over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific shore, what should we think of a man who raised it to his lips, and blew a resounding lie, or slander, or cruel jest through it? If a passenger in the cars, or a man at the club or by the hearth, is justly condemned when he repeats a scandal or tells an ill tale of a neighbor, what is to be said of him who freights all the winds with falsehood—who sends it by telegraph and steam express into every lonely nook in the land, poisoning the happiness of a thousand homes and a generous faith in human nature? How easily the editorial profession is assumed, but with what difficulty is it faithfully followed!

For a long time, for instance, the fate of the steamer *Tennessee*, carrying the San Domingo commission, was uncertain. She had been gone nearly a month, but nothing had yet been heard from her. It was a subject of public, but also, and more acutely, of private interest. What, then, was the first duty of an editor in regard to it? It was to prevent its becoming "a sensation." It was *not* to pander to that eager thirst for horror which exists in the public mind, and to remember those whose hearts had sailed with the *Tennessee*. But any one who read the papers at that moment saw that the uncertainty and the apprehension were used as texts to be "written up," and to be used in every way. Thus somebody reported that he, representing, as he implied, a sorrowful and fearful public, called upon the Secretary of the Navy, as the official source of information, and asked his opinion of the probabilities in the case; and he stated that the Secretary, who was evidently very desirous of going to a dinner-party to which he was engaged, hardly staid to give a civil answer.

The effect and the intention of such a representation were to present the Secretary of the Navy as an inhuman, unfeeling man. The utmost prejudice might have been excited against him; and had the sad doubt ended in a sorrowful certainty, the feeling toward a man who seemed so mindful of his dinner at such a time would have been very hard. Now here is an illustration of the want of constant consciousness of the immense power of the press, and equally of forgetfulness of responsibility. The Secretary of the Navy is a gentleman not unmindful of the proprieties of his position. Properly questioned by those who have the right to question him, there is no doubt that his answer would be entirely courteous. Accosted improperly and impertinently—and even gentlemen of the press are capable of impertinence—the Secretary would probably decline conversation. How easy, then, for Peeping Tom to seize the resounding horn in the cupola, and blow to the Pacific that a high officer of the government can not bestow a thought upon the agony of many of his fellow-citizens personally interested in the *Tennessee*, nor upon the possible fate of distinguished agents of the government, because he is so eager for his dinner!

Moreover, if the gentleman of the press who makes such a statement is for some reason inimical to the Secretary—if he wishes, for his own purposes, to hold him up to public ridicule or contumely—what defense has the Secretary? What defense would any man have in his situation? It is not something which can be denied, for it is a mere inference, although stated as the observation of a fact. Whoever does not know the Secretary—and, of course, that must be the great multitude of his fellow-citizens—must, therefore, either receive a disagreeable impression about him, or he must discredit the correspondent. But if a correspondent may, without challenge, record his own views of persons and things at his pleasure, would not a just sense of editorial responsibility lead the chief controller of the paper to turn aside a blow which must necessarily be so injurious, and which he could not believe to be justified? During the impeachment trial of President Johnson the papers which were opposed to him and those which were friendly constantly illustrated this total want of a high sense of editorial responsibility. Public men of the most spotless character and great ability were fiercely insulted and defamed, as if they had been villains taken in the act of crime. That there should have been radical differences of opinion warmly expressed was but natural; but that honest opponents should have been maligned as the sorriest knaves in the world would have been impossible if those who had the power of giants had been self-admonished not to use it like bullies.

So now with the *Tennessee*, whose safe arrival was announced in due season. A true editorial feeling would have led to a simple effort to ascertain the probable facts by consulting those who were most familiar with the subject, instead of using even such information to inflame anxiety. There were profuse accounts published

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every day, in the most dramatic form, of reported conversations with builders, engineers, and persons in official positions, whose opinions might be valuable. But to the bread of information what an intolerable wash of the sack of irrelevant talk! Instead of giving us the nut, which was all that was wanted, the purveyors dragged in the whole tree—dirty roots, gnarled bark, withered leaves, and dead wood. Nowhere are prejudices stronger than in the public departments; and in nine-tenths of what is furnished to us as information it is easy to see the fatal discoloration of personal feeling. The only valuable information which was given was contained in a brief note from an old commercial house having large dealings with San Domingo, and which stated that their own vessels frequently bring the news of their own arrival out, and that there was no occasion whatever for anxiety, because there was no reason why tidings should come from the *Tennessee* for several days. If a shrewd editor had sent to such a source of information immediately, how much poignant sorrow might have been spared! Meanwhile, if we had been doomed to hear of a catastrophe which would have been one of the saddest in our history, how the pang would have been prolonged by the method in which it was treated, and which sprang from the lack of a just feeling of responsibility!

There is another illustration of the same want in the manner in which private persons are often mentioned by newspapers. There could be no sharper or more contemptuous criticism made upon any profession than that conveyed in the advice, "Don't quarrel with him; he is an editor!" or, "Take care! you are speaking before an editor." It implies that the man who holds the magic horn will not hesitate to blow lies or sneers through it to overwhelm an adversary who can not blow back; or that the giant who has the great power will use it like a bully. A gentleman at his friend's house is accosted by a person who asks extraordinary questions about the other guests—their names, their dresses, and whatever may occur. He remarks the semi-insolent air of the questioner, and he says, quietly, "You are very curious, Sir." "I am the representative of a newspaper, Sir." The gentleman hastens to the host and asks him if he knows that a gentleman of the press is in the house. "Certainly; he came and told me who he was, and I had to choose between treating him decently or having my family served up."

The gentleman of the press, in this instance, is like a Uhlan, a bummer. He must be tenderly entreated, or he will smash the crockery, and put his sword through the pictures, and wipe his feet upon the satin damask sofa. Perhaps a more generally cultivated high sense of editorial responsibility would relieve this difficulty.

In another way the same power is abused when a newspaper unfairly pursues a private person with ridicule. He can never hit back again. Even if he can get in a word somewhere, the assault upon him will be renewed every morning, and repeated every evening. And hence the further advice, "Don't get into the papers," not because of publicity, but of unfairness. A clever man will blow upon that magic horn such grotesque variations of a lie that it is impossible to help laughing. An ingenious hand in a newspaper can make any body ridiculous. It is well to disdain what the newspapers say, if you can; but even the bishop, walking down street with the profoundest dignity, is dignified no longer—he is ineffably ludicrous—when the rude boy has pinned a rag to the tip of his coat-skirt. Frowning when he discovers it, and caning the jeering malefactor, does not restore dignity nor extinguish laughter.

It is for the brethren themselves, for the gentlemen of the press, to consider how the sense of their professional responsibility can be raised, and for the reader or hearer to reflect whether he will encourage the grotesque lying upon the magic horn. There would be greater confidence, and therefore greater influence, if there were more respect. If there should come a time, of which there appear to be signs, when statements would be doubted because they appeared in newspapers, it would be a good opportunity to consider whether a higher sense of editorial responsibility was not indispensable to restore or to save the power of the press.

Mr. Jenkins has long been a familiar and amusing figure; but when he deserts the rosy paths of description of head-dresses and trains, or the august spectacle of high fashion, he makes a mistake. He is a *farceur*, not a historian. Yet there is now scarcely an eminent person in Europe or America who is not occasionally visited by Mr. Jenkins, pencil in hand, and solicited to impart his views upon some subject with which he is especially identified, or to state the result of his cogitations upon things in general. The report is duly printed, and usually with a flourish, and with a fine improvement upon the enormous power of the press and the towering enterprise of the particular paper for which Mr. Jenkins was commissioned to collect the sentiments of the famous. The result is very comical. There is, first, a profound doubt whether it was the hero or his valet who was seen. Then nobody believes that whoever was seen said what he is reported to have said precisely as reported. Then every body is conscious that if he did communicate his views, it was with a purpose of his own, and that he would be a very unwise reader who should suppose that he really knew the sentiments of the speaker.

Interviewing, therefore, which is now the technical term for this kind of proceeding, is of the least possible service, except in two ways: it gratifies the public curiosity about noted persons; and it pleases the desire of a paper to be considered enterprising. But to quote a gentleman or lady as holding certain opinions because of a reported conversation printed in a newspaper would be ludicrous; and to suppose that it is of any historical value is absurd. With all the power of the press—and the Easy Chair would be the last to question it—it is incontestably true that every sensible man always awaits the corroboration of personal statements and rumors in the newspapers. The purveyors of news have not yet impressed the public with any feeling of scrupulous care in sifting rumors. If the correspondent of the best journal telegraphs confidentially to the readers of the paper that the Secretary of State is well known to begin the day by quaffing a Champagne cocktail and trolling a comic song, it may be considered a very "spicy

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item," but it is not believed; and consequently every more plausible statement is a little less believed, and the "power of the press" is accordingly weakened.

It is not possible, indeed, for an editor to verify every statement that ticks from the telegraph into his office just as he is going to press; but that is not the question. It is always possible for him to exercise his common-sense, and to discriminate in what is offered for publication. What prodigious and palpable falsehoods have been published during the war in Europe! What accounts of interviews with men who apparently maundered like silly school-girls! If a man of importance in the world wishes to say something, is he likely to permit it to dribble through the report of a wholly irresponsible person unknown to him? Mr. Jenkins may present his credentials as the embassador of the Eatanswill *Gazette*, for instance, and the great Cham of Tartary may express his profound respect for that powerful organ of opinion, and invite Mr. Jenkins to take some refreshment. And we may be sure that Mr. Jenkins will make the most of the occasion. If the Cham dextrously avoids saying any thing, we may depend upon Mr. Jenkins to make him seem to say something. But it would be difficult to indicate any valuable information that has been derived from interviewing.

The method of reporting an interview is familiar. Mr. Sumner, for instance, makes a speech upon the *Alabama* claims, in which he says very distinctly what he thinks. Public attention is interested, and Mr. Jenkins instantly calls and finds Mr. Sumner—or his trunks—and proceeds to pump. Presently we read in a few columns that Mr. Sumner's house is under the shadow of the Capitol; and it is minutely described, great attention being given to the pattern of the wall-paper. Then the study is sketched for us; and then, the door opening, enter a short, stout, bald, bland gentleman, clad in full black, and Mr. Jenkins touches in the color with surprising agility. When we reach the conversation, it is an echo of the speech. The Senator is, of course, made to say nothing that he has not said in the speech, or which is not a logical deduction from the speech. In this part of his picture Mr. Jenkins is conscious that the public knows quite as much as he, and he therefore ventures no departure from the text. There is a great flourish at the head of the column, but nothing has been added to our knowledge. If, however, Mr. Jenkins had told Mr. Sumner's views of the *Alabama* question before he told them himself—and they had turned out to be correct—then, indeed, the subsequent writings of Jenkins would have been perused with lively interest and eager faith. But that has not yet happened.

There was a noble opportunity for Mr. Jenkins to do something of this kind at the surrender of Paris. He has repeated to the public several of his interviews with Count Bismarck, and has reported the confidences which his friend, the Count, imparted to him. But they all had a marvelous resemblance to what was already known of the Count's opinions. If, now, on the day after the surrender, Mr. Jenkins had happened in upon his friend, as minister plenipotentiary of the *Gazette*, and had presently emerged and told us precisely what Germany intended to demand of France, and his story proved to be true, Mr. Jenkins would have done something. But to write elaborately that he had been admitted to an audience of the great Prussian Premier, and found him in his military cap; and that, upon recognizing him, the arbiter of modern Europe had said to him, with a grim smile, and in the guttural German tongue, "Comrade!" and had then proceeded to say that he must have Alsace and Lorraine, the French fleet and forts, Pondicherry and Cherbourg and Brest, and forty milliards of francs;—that, Mr. Jenkins, was hardly worth while.

Any clever writer could have sat down and have written an account in the Jenkins strain of an interview with Gambetta. He would have "written up" the Corsican lawyer—although the Corsican birth is now said to be doubtful. He would have declared that he fixed me, Jenkins, with his glistening eye, in whose unearthly gleam I instantly recognized the deadly glare, the unwholesome splendor, of opium. Our fluent friend would have "done" a great deal of description of this kind, and then M. Gambetta would have exclaimed, with Gascon frenzy, yet with the depthless sadness of one to whom the woes of war were but too familiar: "War, Monsieur, war *à l'outrance!* The indomitable heart of France utters in its despair but one passionate cry of revenge. It salutes the heaven-born republic, one, invincible, and indivisible. We hold no parley with Paris, Monsieur. Paris has betrayed France! But this long night will yet break in day, Monsieur Jenkins, and France will yet declare to astounded Europe, 'Not a stone of a fortress, not an inch of territory.'" This is the way in which it is very easy to write interviews, and, carefully analyzed, they will generally suggest the presence of imagination rather than of personal observation.

When Mr. Jenkins writes from the dazzling halls of fashion we can all read with faith, because we know that he has propitiated some abigail, who has furnished the details. The story is at least fresh. For who knew, until Mr. Jenkins told us, that Mrs. Tuppenny wore a lapis lazuli skirt over a green and yellow drugget? or who could otherwise have known that Miss Capitol, the celebrated belle from Washington, wore a red bandana train of great magnificence, trimmed with plush shoulder-knots? These are truths which we could not know until a Jenkins revealed them to us; but we all know what Mr. Sumner thinks of the *Alabama* claims, and Count Bismarck of Alsace, and M. Gambetta of the republic; and when Mr. Jenkins pretends to instruct us upon those points he wastes his labor.

Charles Lamb, in his charming essay upon newspapers thirty-five years ago, speaks of the forerunner of Mr. Jenkins. "In those days," says Elia, "every morning paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a joke—and it was thought pretty high, too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases [in the *Morning Post*]. The chat of the day, scandal, but above all *dress*, furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant." Mr. Jenkins is luckier than his forerunner. He has fallen upon a golden age. He would scorn sixpences, and he is not obliged to be pointed.

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Lamb quotes an excellent piece of padding before the days of interviewing. His *quondam* school-fellow, Bob Allen, "was tapping his impracticable brains" for the oracle, and when invention and wit both ran low Bob ventured upon this sprightly paragraph: "Walking yesterday morning casually down Snow Hill, who should we meet but Mr. Deputy Humphreys. We rejoice to add that the worthy deputy appeared to enjoy a good state of health. We do not ever remember to have seen him look better." Poor Bob was presently informed that his paragraphs had latterly been deficient in point, and he went elsewhere. But Lamb says that he could always easily trace him, first in one paper, then in another. His unfailing resource in a time of great drought of material was this: "It is not generally known that the three blue balls at the pawnbrokers' shops are the ancient arms of Lombardy. The Lombards were the first money-brokers in Europe." Now these are, in many ways, superior efforts to those of Mr. Jenkins. Who had not rather hear of the health of Mr. Deputy Humphreys than to be told that Mrs. Vat and Miss Adelgisa Vat have returned to town for the season?—a fact which Mr. Jenkins incessantly publishes. And what well-regulated mind would not prefer to know that his uncle's sign is the ancient arms of Lombardy than to learn that Captain Mose, of Fire Company Eleven, gave "a Champagne supper," on Tuesday evening, to a circle of choice spirits?

But every talent to its own career. Every body can not have the airy touch and happy humor of Bob Allen. And we ask of Mr. Jenkins, not that he shall attempt to rival him, but only that he will stick to Captain Mose and his "Champagne suppers," to Mrs. Vat and her return for the season, and abandon "interviewing." The Court, he must remember, must be supposed to know *some* law. The public may be, as Elia quaintly suggests, "the craving dragon, like him in Bel's temple," which "must be fed;" but it is a dragon that discriminates in his food. There is no greater mistake, as many a man has found, than treating the public as if it were the ass which it is so often lightly called. Oh, Mr. Jenkins! do not make that fatal mistake! The dragon knows something, and if you bring him your lollipop for raw beef, your sloppy "interviewings" for hard facts, you and your masters will surely pay the penalty. Mr. Froude, in a recent essay in *Fraser*, says that in England there is no real progress—there is only change; and Mr. Jenkins, with his profuse platitudes of the most ponderous kind, suggests the inquiry whether the press has actually grown in the later days, or merely swelled!

Editor's Literary Record.

ALICE CARY, whose decease, on the 12th of February last, saddened many a household, was one of the most widely known and best beloved of American female poets. Her writings were imbued with a humanity so broad, a sympathy so large, a spirit so tender, that her readers were irresistibly attracted to her, and made to feel as if she were their personal friend; so that now there is hardly one of them who does not feel a keen sense of bereavement when he remembers that her earthly career is forever closed. Her father, Robert Cary, who died a few years ago at a ripe old age, was born in Lyme, New Hampshire, whence, at fourteen years of age, he went with his father—a Revolutionary soldier—to Hamilton County, Ohio, and settled upon a farm only a little way from Cincinnati, upon which his nine children—seven daughters and two sons—were afterward born. Alice began to write at an early age; and ere long many of her poems and prose sketches found their way into newspapers, where they attracted unusual attention, indicating as they did a high order of talent. When the *National Era* was established in Washington, in 1846, she and her sister Phœbe became regular contributors to its columns; and four years later a volume of "Poems, by Alice and Phœbe Cary," was published in Philadelphia. Simultaneously with the appearance of this volume the sisters came to New York, and here they lived together for twenty years in relations so intimate and tender that to their friends they seemed "one and inseparable." The death of Alice leaves Phœbe the sole survivor of seven sisters. The two brothers are both living.

During the last twenty years of her life Alice Cary's career as a writer was marked by a constantly increasing measure of success. Three volumes of poems, five or six of prose, including three novels, and numerous contributions to magazines and newspapers, attest her diligence in her calling. During all this time she was an invalid, but she worked with a constancy and a courage that were at once the wonder and admiration of her friends. Even in her last illness, in spite of severe suffering, she failed not regularly to fulfill her literary engagements. Beginning in comparative poverty, she found means at length to establish herself in a home which, during the later years of her life, was the centre of a hospitality so charming that it will live forever in the memory of those who were favored to enjoy it. Her Sunday evening reunions attracted, from time to time, many of the most distinguished men and women of the country, who found themselves forgetting in her presence all their sectarian and party differences, and remembering only their common humanity. In person she was tall and handsome, and her dark eyes beamed always with a friendly light. Her manners combined dignity with a fine womanly grace and thoughtful courtesy that won at once the admiration and confidence of all who came into her presence. Her own life having been a struggle with adverse circumstances, she had a generous sympathy with those less fortunate than herself, and especially with those of her own sex who were ambitious of literary distinction. How much of what she has written will live in the generations to come we will not venture to predict; but some of her poems can never die, for they have in them the very inspiration of heaven. She wrote on themes that moved the hearts of the

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common people, and her influence over them was alike powerful and beneficent. The crowd that gathered at her funeral in the face of a wintry storm, filling a large church, showed how strong was the hold she had not only upon her intimate friends, but upon multitudes who knew her only through the productions of her pen.

PLUTARCH'S MORALS.

LAST year Ralph Waldo Emerson lamented that *Plutarch's Morals* was so inaccessible to the English reader. Little, Brown, and Co., in their handsome edition of this work, edited by Professor GOODWIN, of Harvard University, have supplied the want of which Mr. Emerson complained. It should perhaps be explained that the term "Morals" is used traditionally to designate all of Plutarch's works except the "Lives;" and embraces not only essays on ethical subjects, but others also on such themes as "The Laws and Customs of the Lacedemonians," "Music"—*i. e.* Greek music—"The Preservation of Health," "The Stoics," "The Greek Oracles," and the like. His value to the scholar lies in the variety of the themes of which he treats, and in the catholicity both of his sympathy and his learning. "Plutarch," says Mr. Emerson, "occupies a unique place in literature as an encyclopedia of Greek and Roman antiquity. Whatever is eminent in fact or in fiction, in opinion, in character, in institutions, in science—natural, moral, or metaphysical—or in memorable sayings, drew his attention and came to his pen with more or less fullness of record. He is among prose writers what Chaucer is among English poets, a repertory for those who want the story without searching for it at first hand—a compend of all accepted traditions." There is probably no better, there is certainly no more fascinating way of becoming acquainted with the spirit of the Greek civilization than by reading "Plutarch's Morals." But this is not the only, it is hardly the chief value of the book. Plutarch, as a writer, belongs to all ages. In the first volume, to go no farther, there is an essay on the "Training of Children," which might be reproduced in any one of our religious papers with advantage, and might be read by most parents without the faintest suspicion that it was the product of a heathen pen. His essay on "Superstition," in the same volume, is more Christian than a great deal of so-called Christian writing, and sets forth the love in contrast with the fear of God with a clearness and a power which could only be excelled by one to whom the cross of Christ had revealed that God is love. The volume is an invaluable addition not only to the library of the scholar, but to the table of the common reader, and will prove especially serviceable as a fountain of thought to those who are themselves instructors. Of the merits of the translation, which is certainly clear, we do not think it necessary to speak; Mr. Emerson's indorsement is a sufficient guarantee of its accuracy.

POETRY.

A FEW months ago there went the rounds of the papers a poem which might have been, but was not, entitled, "That Heathen Chinee." It appeared just when the Chinese question was uppermost in the public mind. Some of its phrases passed into the newspaper literature of the day, where they still reappear with wearisome repetitiousness. BRET HARTE was already favorably known as the author of some very readable papers in the *Overland Monthly*, whose rising reputation was largely due to his pen. "That Heathen Chinee" made his literary fortune. It crowned him, for the time, the poet-laureate of America. California could no longer hold him. Its newspapers reluctantly submitted to fate, consoling themselves with the reflection that so brilliant a luminary could not be expected to forego the privilege of joining the literary aristocracy of the polite circles of the East. His journey thither was an ovation. The religious journals vied with the dailies and secular weeklies in giving circulation to his verses. Imitators sprang up to repeat the slang of "Truthful James" with a nauseating realism, unredeemed by the genuine humor and sentiment which had saved it, in his case, from vulgarity. And now, obedient to the public call, his thirty-six fugitive poems are gathered into a volume, and published as *Poems* by Bret Harte (James R. Osgood and Co.). To Bret Harte's poems we interpose no serious objection; but to Bret Harte literature we do. He has written some poems, apart from those "in dialect," which deserve to survive the unmerited oblivion which overtakes, every year, the productions of the anonymous poets of the periodical press. There is unmistakable genius in his portraiture of character. We have laughed with the rest of the world over "that Heathen Chinee," and the "Society upon the Stanislaus." We enjoy such an uproarious farce on occasion; but we protest against the admiration which identifies it with the Shakspearean drama. "Truthful James" is a great improvement on "Hans Breitmann." But neither one belongs to the higher order of poets. In literature such writings fill the place which in art is filled by the paintings of drunken carousals, for which a certain German school has obtained an unenviable reputation. The better the painting, the worse the picture. It is certainly true that Bret Harte "has reproduced familiar forms of life in phases which we have all seen, but which no one has ever before painted;" but he, to some extent, and still more his imitators, have done it by the introduction of profanity and slang. It is not the crowd that claps the loudest whose applause is most worth the having; and we trust that in coming East he will devote his abilities, which no one questions, to a literature worthy his endowments.

The fourth and concluding part of *The Earthly Paradise*, by WILLIAM MORRIS, is now published (Roberts Brothers). One who should sit down to read the "Earthly Paradise" through would be like one who should attempt to accomplish the whole of a week's slumber in one long sleep. But he who, weary of the wear and worry of life, wants absolute rest, will find it in the poetry of William Morris. And yet we can hardly hope for the "Earthly Paradise" any wide-spread popularity in America. There are no stanzas in it to be quoted; few, if any, stirring incidents to awaken in souls already wearied a new sensation. "Mr. Morris's work," says the *Spectator*, "is for seasons of rest, for such moods as, if they chance to find us on the water on a summer evening, bid us quit the oar and float a while." Alas! in America there are no seasons of rest; we must be always at the oar till it breaks—or we do.

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HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

PROFESSOR GEORGE RAWLINSON'S *Manual of Ancient History* (Harper and Brothers) gives in six hundred and thirty pages the result of historical researches from the earliest authentic records to the fall of the Roman empire, and places within the reach of the great body of scholars a treasure whose value can hardly be estimated. To give to the world all that is most worth knowing of what the wise men know concerning Chaldæa, Assyria, Media, Babylonia, Lydia, Phœnicia, Syria, Judæa, Egypt, Carthage, Persia, Greece, Macedonia, Parthia, and Rome, in a book containing no more matter than two numbers of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, is something in itself for which, first of all, the author deserves the gratitude of every student of history. But when such a man as Professor Rawlinson, whose name has become almost a synonym for geographical and ethnographical research, brings to such a work all his loving care and diligence, it is not strange that the result should be the completest manual of ancient history yet published. In this book we have the fruit of that remarkable experience that has already given us those most important contributions to our knowledge of the past history of the world, the completest translation of Herodotus, and the "Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World." There is scarcely an ancient or modern writer on the subject with whom Professor Rawlinson does not seem familiar; and he has amply availed himself of what light recent Oriental discoveries throw upon the past. He has ranged his authorities, given the result of modern investigations, and brought the "Manual" down to the present date in a minute, accurate, and concise manner, which renders the volume a very valuable work of reference, while its pure English style, graphic as well as concise, renders it equally interesting to the student as a volume for his reading.

The Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, by Dr. J. THOMAS (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), is at length finished. It is what its name indicates—a dictionary. The articles are very short, usually but a single paragraph, rarely overrunning a column. The editor's object seems to have been not to give us biographies of men, but rather to tell us in the fewest possible words who and what they are. He thus comprises many, if not much, in a little space. He aims to cover all history, and to include mythology, the Norse, Hindoo, and classic. We have looked in vain to discover any serious omission. With the briefest possible sketch he combines not only the correct English spelling of the name, but also, by a system of cross-references, other spellings for which there is a respectable authority. The proper pronunciation of every name is given, and no one is more competent to give it than Dr. Thomas. And with each article of importance, short as it is, there is given such a list of bibliographial references that the student who desires to prosecute the study further can not miss of the means to do so. Such brevity of treatment, combined with a field so extensive, occasions sometimes an error, and now and then an omission or partiality. The best scholarship identifies Ahasuerus with Xerxes, not, as Dr. Thomas tells us, with Artaxerxes Longimanus; and it is hardly fair to Mary Queen of Scots to assume that the casket letters were genuine, or to Elizabeth that she executed her rival without evidence, since both assertions cavalierly dispose of questions which history has never definitely determined. But these slips are rare; and generally even minor topics, like Valdo, or disputed ones, like Constantine the Great, are treated of with evident painstaking in study, and conscientiousness in statement. On the whole, a year's acquaintance with this dictionary, as in successive numbers it has been laid on our table, has confirmed our good opinion of a work which we do not hesitate to pronounce alike unique in design and nearly faultless in execution.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

THE most important contribution to the religious literature of the month is doubtless the *Recovery of Jerusalem* (D. Appleton and Co.). Many of our readers are perhaps aware of the existence in England of a society known by the somewhat singular title of the "Palestine Exploration Fund," under whose auspices Captain Warren has been prosecuting a series of excavations in and about Jerusalem for over three years past. Fragmentary reports of these explorations have reached us from time to time in paragraphs clipped from English exchanges, just enough to give the Christian public a certain appetite for fuller information. The present volume undertakes to satisfy that want; and yet, though it is a valuable, it is not a satisfying work. It comprises extracts from the official reports and private letters of Captain Warren, written to the directors, whom he had a right to presume were already acquainted with the results of previous investigations. Although nominally edited by the treasurer of the fund, they retain their original character, and require, before they can be properly understood, a degree of knowledge concerning the Holy City which few readers possess. What the public at large really wanted, and still wants, is an original volume composed of the materials here gathered, and of those previously obtained by Captain Warren's predecessors, the whole wrought by a skillful editor into a homogeneous narrative. Nevertheless, though certainly too crude in arrangement to meet a popular want, as an accurate and trust-worthy record of important explorations, the book is valuable to students; and to those who wish to know what is the latest and best information concerning the Holy City it is absolutely indispensable. The story of the recovery of Jerusalem occupies a little less than three-quarters of the volume, the other pages being occupied by papers on the Sea of Galilee, the Moabite stone, the Sinai peninsula, and other cognate themes. The illustrations aid materially in giving the reader a conception of discoveries which, owing to Moslem prejudice, had for the most part to be made by means of galleries from thirty to seventy feet underground.

If one would seek to know what that vague and incomprehensible system is which is called "materialism," which few men avow, but many charge upon their opponents, we commend to his attention Sir HENRY MAUDSLEY'S *Body and Mind* (D. Appleton and Co.). He does not, at all events, disavow materialism, nor seek to conceal the consequences of his doctrines. It is true that he is not quite willing to be called an atheist, but he thinks that there is an equal im-

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pertinence in "either affirming or denying the existence of a God." He does not profess exactly to be a materialist, but he wonders at the "unnecessary horror" which hangs over the word, and piously asks, "Is the Creator's arm shortened, so that he can not endow matter with sensation and idealism?" conveniently forgetting of how great an assumption he is guilty in assuming that there is any Creator. He does not positively deny that mind has an existence, but he explains that "emotion is the special sensibility of the vesicular neurine to ideas;" that "memory is the organic registration of the effects of impressions"—a physical alteration in the interior structure, like the marks of small-pox, or the scar of a cut on the outer tissue (the illustrations are his own); and that *the* will has no existence, will or volition being only a certain property of the nervous tissue to react upon nature, in consequence of actions produced upon it from without. If the principle of *similia similibus curantur* applies in morals, we know of no book we should sooner choose to cure scientific skepticism than Dr. Maudsley's tract. The man who could accept it and all it leads to would certainly be beyond the reach of all argument.

If ROBERT MIMPRISS'S *Gospel Treasury* (Dodd and Mead) had come to us without the indorsement of fifteen years of use we should have thought it too involved and intricate for popular use. The quarto edition contains certainly an immense amount of information condensed within a very small compass; and it has this decided advantage over some of the popular commentaries, that it does not do the student's thinking for him. If he uses "Mimpriss" he must think for himself. We suppose, for really thoughtful Sabbath-school classes, the Mimpriss graduated series to be the very best, and, for their teachers, the "Gospel Treasury" to be a really valuable treasury of biblical knowledge in the study of the four Gospels.—The same house sends us a new and unabbreviated edition of *Cruden's Concordance*. We are glad to hear that rivalry is likely to put this book within the reach of most Bible students; for the abridged editions hitherto offered to them are a delusion, which we shall be glad to see remorselessly crowded out of the market.—Dr. JAMES HAMILTON is, in our judgment, the best popular writer on religious subjects of the age. We are not unmindful of the names of Beecher, Spurgeon, and Robertson; but they are orators rather than writers, and their pens lack the magnetism of their personal presence. The only one who compares with him is Dr. Guthrie—a more imaginative and impassioned, but less thoughtful and cultured writer. *Moses, the Man of God* (Robert Carter and Brothers), is published from the manuscript lectures left by Dr. Hamilton at his death, and has all the excellences which characterize his other similar writings—a rare combination of culture, thoughtfulness, and spiritual power. They are popular in form, yet faultless in polish; religious in spirit, yet wholly free from cant in expression.—The *Memories of Patmos*, by J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. (Robert Carter and Brothers), is not to our thought altogether a satisfying work. It is neither a commentary nor a book of sermons, but a combination of the two, such as rarely attains the highest success. For exegesis it is too popular, for popular reading too exegetical. Yet it will probably help to open the Book of Revelation to a good many readers who would not have the patience to study a more critical interpretation. The style is graceful, the spirit tender and reverential.—A. D. F. Randolph sends us *Culture and the Gospel*, by Rev. S. M'CALL. Its object is to show "the sufficiency of the Gospel to meet the wants of an enlightened age." A casual reading discloses in the book no other fault than the somewhat serious one that it possesses no such rare literary merit or peculiar moral power as to compel the skeptical portion of "an enlightened age" to even give its arguments a hearing.—We were somewhat disappointed by Dr. HOWARD CROSBY'S *Jesus: His Life and Work* (University Publishing Co.). From his well-known Greek scholarship, and his peculiar and almost idiosyncratic mental independence, we had anticipated a fresh contribution to the scholarship of this subject. We have in a rather bulky volume, with very mediocre illustrations, and in a type apparently chosen to make a little matter go a great way, an exceedingly carefully prepared and well-written harmony of the four Gospels, written by one who read them in the original Greek, and in the light of considerable topographical but not much archæological study. Dr. Crosby, in fact, defines his book himself. "I have," he says, "prepared a paraphrase and harmony of the four Evangelists." He has done this work exceedingly well, but we had hoped for a work very different, and far more important.

FICTION.

The Cryptogram, by JAMES DE MILLE (Harper and Brothers), is a capitally wrought story, sensational, it is true, and somewhat strained in plot, but not overstrained probably for the average novel-reader. It is, we are inclined to think, the best product of his prolific pen, having something of the humor of "The Dodge Club," with something of the dramatic power of "Cord and Creese." It can hardly be termed a great novel, but it is sure to be a popular one.

Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite (Harper and Brothers) is the saddest story, and at the same time the simplest, that ANTHONY TROLLOPE has ever written; and it is from the very simplicity of the narrative that the pathos of the story becomes so effective. A less ingenious or less complicate plot is not conceivable. Sir Harry's only son dies. Who shall take his place as heir to Humblethwaite and Scarrowby? Naturally it would be the Baronet's cousin, George Hotspur. Thus the estates and title would descend together. But with these must also go the hand of Emily Hotspur, the Baronet's only daughter; and rumor reports George to be an unworthy suitor for that hand, and investigation only confirms rumor. Before, however, such a union is proved to be absolutely impossible—before this "black sheep" George is shown to the Baronet in all his blackness—he and Emily have met, and she has given him her heart. This girl's generous love, irrevocable when once given; her suitor's utter selfishness and unmanliness; and her father's loving protection, gently but firmly exercised—these are the elements out of which the story is evolved; and in connection with each of these elements a profound lesson is taught. George Hotspur's life shows how irreclaimable is the man who from long habit has

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come to deliberately prefer the lower to the higher good, and to resort to evasion when even worldly wisdom would dictate frankness. Emily proves the existence of an almost ideal love. George is not more fatally wedded to his vices than she is to her love for him in spite of them; and even when he has bartered her for an annuity of five hundred a year from Sir Harry, and money sufficent to pay his debts, and she is thus convinced that he never loved her, she does not get over it. "I don't know how a girl is to get over it when she has said that she has loved any one. If they are married, then she does not want to get over it; but if they are not—if he deserts her, or is unworthy, or both—what can she do then but just go on thinking of it till she dies?" And Sir Harry's conduct—in marked contrast with that of society as represented by Lady Allingham, who encourages the gambler and card-sharper in his weak and selfish career by her recognition and assistance, and by Lady Hotspur, who would have weakly consented to her daughter's degradation—teaches the much-needed lesson that rank is no gloss for vice, and that even a daughter's death is preferable to her disgrace. "She was as pure as snow, clear as a star, lovely as the opening rose-bud. As she was, let her go to her grave, if need be so.....Other fathers since Jephthah and Agamemnon have recognized it as true that Heaven has demanded from them their daughters."

The Story Lizzie Told (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) is a charming little story in two chapters, by Mrs. PRENTISS. It is not always natural—such piety and such ignorance are not often commingled; and we fail to see the necessity of giving to an original story so English a tone. But these defects are insignificant in comparison with the fascination of the tale itself, and the healthful moral which is wrought into it. All of Mrs. Prentiss's stories are parables, without the unnecessary appendage of dull, didactic teaching. This one is capital reading for Sunday afternoon; worth reading aloud, as we read it, to the whole family circle—children and grown folks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE same expedition which gave to the American public Professor Orton's "Andes and the Amazon" has now produced, we judge from the pens of two students of Williams College, *Life and Nature under the Tropics* (D. Appleton and Co.). The story, which is one of adventurous travel in a land little known, most of it in a part of the country not traversed by Professor Orton's portion of the party, is simply and, in places, graphically told. It is hard to tell what will be interesting to boys and girls of to-day, fed on the highly spiced nutriment of cheap-newspaper novels; but "Life and Nature under the Tropics" ought to be entertaining reading to any intelligent youth, and instructive as well as entertaining.

To many of our readers it will be enough to say of *Fair France* (Harper and Brothers) that it is by their old friend Miss MULOCK. She makes us see with her own bright eyes, and feel with her own unbounded love and charity. Her descriptions of places are graphic and beautiful; yet in her descriptions she traverses, of course, somewhat familiar ground. The peculiar merit of her book lies in the fact that she shows us people more than places, and makes us realize our kinship to those whose claim to our fraternal regard we are apt to forget or ignore. She is not content to show us the cathedral: she brings us into living sympathy with its worshiping throng, and impels us to kneel in their midst, feeling their heart-throbs.

Of all M. TAINE'S works, so far as we have read them, we like his *Rome and Naples* (Leypoldt and Holt) the best. It comes to us here bound in the same volume with his "Florence and Venice," of which we have spoken before. M. Taine has not a deeply sympathetic heart, and lacks that religious spirit which is really the first condition of the truest criticism on the religious art of Europe. But his keenness of insight pierces through the shows and shams of ecclesiastical Rome; and we hardly know which most to admire, his graphic picture of Roman art, or his ready appreciation of that common life of Rome which stands in such pre-eminent contrast with it. It is refreshing, moreover, to turn aside from the glowing ecstasies of tourists overfed on guide-books, and credulously accepting all the well-acted enthusiasm of their professional guides, to such a declaration as "Rome I regard as only a grand old curiosity-shop," and such an epitomized description of St. Peter's as "grand and theatrical," a revival of "ancient paganism," but a "second growth without the same value as the first!"—The same advanced philosophic method of treatment which characterized Professor G. F. COMFORT'S "German Course" is manifest in a marked degree in his *German Reader* (Harper and Brothers). The selections are carefully made, not only from the classical German literature of the earlier part of this century, but also from the best German of the present day; and are admirably calculated to impart to the student the spirit of the language by their large illustration of German history, biography, geography, mythology, and social life.—We have already had occasion to commend in the highest terms Mr. LUCAS'S series of "Ancient Classics for General Readers." We know of nothing that will give the English reader so clear and succinct an account of the great writers of the past—Homer, Herodotus, Cæsar, Virgil. The last volume, *Horace* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), only confirms the good opinion which previous volumes have given us of this series.—*Why and How* (Lee and Shepard) is written by a newspaper correspondent, RUSSELL H. CONWELL, in answer to the question, Why do the Chinese emigrate, and how do they get here? Mr. Conwell understands the "art of putting things," as newspaper correspondents are apt to do; and he understands his subject, as newspaper correspondents do not always. His book really contains more of valuable information on the Chinese question than many more pretentious volumes.—*Nature's Aristocracy* (Lee and Shepard), by Miss JENNIE COLLINS, is a volume of anecdotal papers on the noble traits developed, but unrecognized, among the poorer classes. When the authoress confines herself to telling stories of real life she is simple and felicitous, and does service by acquainting us, through her sympathies, with phases of life too little known, at least too little appreciated. But when she attempts to discuss such a theme as that of labor strikes, her

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ambition is too great for her capabilities.—RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S *Words and their Uses* (Sheldon and Co.), and Professor PORTER'S *Books and Reading* (C. Scribner and Co.), have both appeared in the form of magazine articles; and the former has elicited much critical discussion. Mr. White is suggestive, though often inaccurate, and still more frequently unphilosophical. Professor Porter gives very good advice for a man who has nothing to do but to read ten hours a day, but lacks an appreciation of the practical wants of busy men.—*Aspendale*, by HARRIET W. PRESTON (Roberts Brothers), is in form a fiction, but in fact a volume of essays. It is written by one who is evidently an admirer of Arthur Helps, and has imbibed his spirit, but has enough inherent originality to preserve her from being a mere imitator. It is a book not brilliant, but of quiet thoughts; dull reading to the devourer of fiction, but full of fascination to readers of a meditative mood.

We have three books on the temperance subject, which seems to be, happily for the country, reawakening attention, and which is demanding and receiving a calmer and more philosophical discussion than has hitherto been accorded to it. Dr. AINSLIE, in *The Uses of Wines in Health and Disease* (J. S. Redfield), assumes that "alcohol, as such, has its legitimate place in the sustentation both of the healthy and the diseased organism." Notwithstanding this statement, which, in the present state of science, is certainly quite too broad, we cordially commend his book as a temperance tract to the gouty old gentleman who imagines that there is no possible harm in a glass of good old port, and the young lady who, "being delicate," takes three or four glasses of port-wine daily, quite unconscious of the fact that she is imbibing an equivalent of five large tumblers of beer, or in three days half a bottle of brandy.—Perhaps to such unconscious topers Dr. Ainslie's book will be practically more useful than Dr. CRANE'S *Arts of Intoxication* (Carlton and Lanahan), which is almost too ardent to be effective with temperate drinkers; or than Dr. PATTON'S *Laws of Fermentation* (National Temperance Society), which, however, meets a want in the temperance literature in providing a clear and concise statement of a fact which no well-informed man ought ever to have denied, that in ancient times wines were of both kinds—fermented and unfermented—and that both kinds are referred to in the Bible. However, well-informed persons have denied it; and hence it is convenient to have in such a manual as this a clear and unanswerable showing of the facts.

Editor's Scientific Record.

PROGRESS OF NATURAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE IN 1870.

IN a summary of the progress of the natural and physical sciences in 1870 a writer in *Nature* states that the year has not been characterized by any very striking discoveries, nor by any very novel applications of science to practice; but that the work has been more a corroboration or testing of discoveries, and a confirming or disproving of experiments previously announced. It is in geology, he thinks, that the most important advance (hereafter to be referred to) was made. Taking up the different sciences in order, he finds that in astronomy research has been more particularly confined to the sun, and that much is to be hoped from the careful discussion of the observations of the eclipse of December 22, when they can all be properly brought together and compared. The labors of Mr. Lockyer, Mr. Huggins, and Professor Zöllner are especially mentioned, as also those of Professor Young in the United States.

In organic chemistry the most noteworthy discovery is the process for manufacturing indigo artificially, following closely on the discovery of a method for the preparation of alizarine.

In molecular physics Dr. Thomas Andrews has published an important paper on the continuity of the liquid and gaseous state of matter.

In biology Professor Tyndall's investigations on atmospheric germs and the germ theory of disease have contributed to a clearer knowledge of infections and contagions. In the same connection are mentioned the controversies between Professor Huxley on the one hand, and Dr. Bastian and Dr. Child on the other, on the subject of spontaneous generation. The Darwinian theory of natural selection has been attacked by Mr. A. W. Bennett and Mr. Andrews Murray, and defended by A. R. Wallace.

In geology our author thinks that the most striking advance has been made, this being found in the results of the deep-sea observations of 1869. The investigators of the expedition of the *Porcupine* found that on the same level at the bottom of the sea two different deposits are in the process of formation side by side, each characterized by different fauna, but determined by the fact of the great difference of the temperature of the two areas. They have shown also that chalk is now being deposited all over the bed of the Atlantic, and that it is probable that this deposit has gone on steadily ever since the date of the cretaceous rocks.

In botany the announcements of most note are those which show that plants do not absorb any appreciable amount of aqueous vapor through their leaves, and that the evaporation of water is due to sunlight rather than heat, and proceeds independently of the degree of saturation in the atmosphere.

Meteorology finds no advance to be chronicled. It is characterized as a science without a head—a chaotic mass of facts without any definite order of arrangement.

The author, in conclusion, thinks that a main cause of the comparatively slight amount of positive advance in the sciences referred to is to be found in the withdrawal of so large a number of workers in France and Germany in consequence of the war, and expresses the fear that science will have to deplore the untimely loss of many of the scientific combatants.

All the points referred to in this summary

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will be found detailed at greater or less length in the successive Numbers of the Scientific Record during the past year.

ELECTRO-PLATING OF NICKEL.

We have already referred to an important improvement in the electro-plating of metallic objects with nickel as patented by Mr. Adams, of Boston, and now worked in several of our cities with much success, the result being to give to a great variety of articles—such as knives, forks, surgical and dental instruments, stair-rods, andirons, students' lamps, plumbers' materials, etc.—a coating resembling polished steel, and quite as hard, and which is proof against ordinary oxidizing or other influences, retaining a high polish for a long period of time.

The special feature of Mr. Adams's invention, and that upon which the patent mainly rests, consists in the exclusion of the smallest quantity of potash, soda, or other alkaline earth from the bath containing the nickelizing preparation, pure double chloride of nickel and ammonium, or the perfectly pure sulphate of nickel and ammonia, and perfectly pure nickel being also required, as one of the electrodes, the nickel adhering regularly and strongly in consequence, and only needing polishing after the metal coated over is taken from the bath.

It seems, however, that this precaution, as indicated by Mr. Adams, is not necessary, and that the general process may be prosecuted by any one without infringement of the patent, as, according to M. Becquerel, potassa in no way affects injuriously the deposition of nickel, since the double sulphate of nickel and potassa can be applied as well as the double sulphate of nickel and ammonia; but if the positive electrode is not made of nickel, it is necessary to add free ammonia in order to saturate the sulphuric acid which is set free.

COMPOSITION OF THE BONES IN PARALYTICS.

During a recent investigation of the composition of the rib bones of general paralytics by Mr. Brown the conclusion was reached that the ratio of organic constituents to earthy matter is much greater, and the ratio of lime to phosphoric acid distinctly less, in them than in the ribs of healthy adults, these being the same differences that exist between the composition of adult large bones and those of the fetus. Whether this peculiarity in the ribs of paralytics is due to arrest of development or to a degeneration of the fully developed bone the author does not feel able to decide at present; but he is under the impression that both causes will be found to operate. The result of the experiments he considers rather as suggestive than conclusive, it being unsafe to generalize from so few examples. He therefore advises further research on the subject, with the hope of arriving at some definite and final conclusion.

HALFORD CURE FOR SNAKE-BITES.

We have already referred to the method adopted by Dr. Halford, of Melbourne, for curing the bite of poisonous serpents, by injecting under the skin about thirty drops of liquor ammoniæ, and to the fact that his peculiar method of injecting ammonia has not succeeded in experiments in India and some other parts of the world. In a recent communication Dr. Halford remarks that as the power of the ammonia injected is expended, fresh supplies must be used, and that the greatest care must be taken that none of the ammonia be spilled, or sloughing will follow. He has changed his views in regard to the physiological action of the poison and of the remedy, to the extent that whereas, formerly, he thought that, in consequence of the entrance of the poison into the blood, a rapid growth of new cells occurred, which choke and exhaust both the fibrin and the oxygen of the blood, and render it incapable of any longer ministering to the wants of the system, he now thinks that the new corpuscles are only the ordinary white corpuscles of the blood strangely altered and colored, the change in them being caused by an alteration of the medium in which they float; this alteration being, in fact, a disappearance of the fibrin under the action of the poison. The ammonia, of course, in Dr. Halford's view, counteracts this power of the poison.

ORIGIN OF CIVILIZATION.

Sir John Lubbock, in his recent work on "The Origin of Civilization, and the Primitive Condition of Man," comes to the following conclusions from his extensive researches: First, that existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors; second, "that the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism;" third, "that from this condition several races have independently raised themselves." His inference, therefore, is that the history of the human race has, on the whole, been one of progress. He does not mean to say that every race is necessarily advancing. On the contrary, most of the lower ones are almost stationary, and there are no doubt cases in which nations have fallen back; but it seems an almost invariable rule that such races are dying out, while those that are stationary in condition are stationary in numbers also. On the other hand, improving nations increase in numbers, so that they always encroach on those less progressive.

VACCINATION IN AFRICANS.

The London *Lancet* publishes a communication in regard to vaccination in Africans, which will be of interest if substantiated by further experiments—namely, that the vesicles take a longer time to develop than in the white man. This experiment was tried by Dr. Mortimer in several instances, all of which proved the correctness of the proposition as asserted. Whether the same condition of things applies to the negro in the New World is not stated by the writer.

SHELL HEAPS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Of late years many discoveries have been made in regard to the habits and characteristics of the aborigines inhabiting the coasts of North America prior to the time of Columbus by careful examination of the artificial heaps of refuse shells, bones, etc., accumulated in the vicinity of their villages. The published researches of Professor Wyman and others have proved full of interest; and as the subject continues to excite the attention of American archæologists, we doubt not that much now hidden will yet be brought to light. As these deposits are usually on or very near the sea, they are

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much exposed to the wearing of the waves; indeed, their discovery is usually due to exposure of a section by this influence. For this reason it is of importance that the examinations in question should be prosecuted before the heaps have entirely disappeared, as a large proportion will probably not outlive the next half century. We learn that a careful search on the shores of Kent and Northumberland counties, on the eastern coast of New Brunswick, has shown that, in consequence of the wearing away of the soft sandstone shale of the coast for many rods, all traces of the shell deposits, believed to have once existed in abundance, have now entirely vanished.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF THE OSTRICH.

The ostrich has usually been considered as peculiar to the continent of Africa, where two species have been recognized—one belonging to the northern portions, the other to the regions nearer the Cape of Good Hope. Curiously enough, these species were for a long time considered to be the same, and their distinctness was first suggested by the marked difference in the texture of the egg. In a recent work by Hartlaub and Finsch on the birds of Eastern Africa it is shown that, contrary to the general assumption, the ostrich, probably that of Northern Africa, if not, indeed, a third species, was known at a very remote period in Central Asia, and perhaps even in India; and that at the present time it occurs wild in Syria, Arabia, and Mesopotamia, where, in fact, it was mentioned by the earliest writers, among them Herodotus, Aristotle, Diodorus, etc.

FORMATION OF PLUMBAGO.

The presence of plumbago in gneiss, mica slate, clay slate, granular limestone, etc., according to Dr. R. Wagner, is dependent upon the chemical reaction of the decomposition of cyanogen and its combinations. This is illustrated, and in a measure proved, in Dr. Wagner's opinion, by the formation of graphite, as has been seen to take place in Le Blanc's soda manufactory. At a certain stage of the transformation of the soda into caustic soda cyanogen undergoes a decomposition, and graphite, or plumbago, is developed in abundance upon the surface of the lye. The amount produced is so great as to have suggested a source for graphite in the manufacture of lead-pencils, should the mines of the natural material ever fail. Quite large masses of this graphite are obtained as a secondary product of the soda-works in a chemical establishment at Aussig, in Bohemia.

DIFFERENCE IN THE BLOOD OF THE EUROPEAN AND THE BENGALEE.

According to Dr. Bird the blood of the Bengalee contains far fewer red corpuscles than that of the European; and it is to a deficiency in these corpuscles that the doctor ascribes the apathy of the Bengalee, and his consequent subjection to the more sanguine European. The difference in question is believed to be due chiefly, if not wholly, to the circumstances in which the lot of each has been cast, since the inhabitants of swamps and jungles are supposed to be necessarily of lower organization than those of breezy and well-cultivated uplands. In further comment upon this statement it is remarked that throughout the animal kingdom generally, the presence of these globules in greater or less proportions indicates a higher or lower organization, as they are absent from the blood of mollusks, but appear in increasing numbers at every upward stage in the scale of vitality; and in this way making one of the physical distinctions between man and woman. The moral elevation, therefore, of the Bengalee, as well as of woman, according to this theory, must depend largely upon some treatment which may tend to increase the amount of red corpuscles; and this is a problem which ought not to be difficult of solution in this day of extended physiological discovery.

TAME CODFISH.

Mr. Buckland, in a recent number of *Land and Water*, gives an interesting account of a visit paid by him to a pond containing tame codfish at Port Logan, Wigtonshire. The property in question belongs to a gentleman by the name of M'Dougall, and consists of an amphitheatre about one hundred feet in diameter hollowed out of the solid rock by the sea. All egress from this is prevented by a barrier of loose stones, through which water passes freely. On approaching the shore of the pond many codfish of great size were seen; and when a servant-woman who had charge of the fish approached with some mussels the surface of the water was perfectly alive with the struggling fish. They came close to the edge, and after a little while permitted Mr. Buckland to take hold of them, scratch them on the back, and play with them in various ways. Among other experiments tried by him was that of holding a mussel in his hand, and allowing the fish to swallow his hand in the effort to obtain the mussel. These fish furnish to the proprietor an ample supply of excellent food, the flavor being considered much superior to that of the cod taken in the open sea. Whenever needed for the table a selection can readily be made from the most promising of those at hand, and the fish secured without any difficulty.

A correspondent of *Land and Water*, referring to this account of the codfish at Port Logan, remarks that when he visited the pond, fifty years ago, there was a blind codfish in the pool, which the woman who had the pond in charge used to feed with limpets taken from the rock. When this fish came to the surface with the others she caught it in her fingers, sat down with it upon a stool, having a pail of the limpets, shelled, in her lap, with which she fed it out of an iron spoon, the fish seeming to enjoy it very much. After feeding she returned it to the pond. The writer avers this to be a fact, although he evidently scarcely expects it to be believed.

FORMATION OF CLOUDS.

An English writer, while criticising somewhat unfavorably Professor Poey's new classification of clouds, remarks that in his opinion there are but three ways in which it is possible for clouds to be formed. These are, first, the cooling of a mass of air *in situ* by radiation; this forms *stratus*. Second, the cooling of a mass of air by diminished pressure when it flows in an ascending column; this forms *cumulus*. A modification

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of the process is when sudden expansion takes place above, so as to diminish the pressure through the entire height of the column of air, and, in consequence of the cold due to the diminution of pressure, produces condensation of vapor throughout the column. This is Espy's explanation of water-spouts. Third, the cooling of the mass of air by coming into contact with a cooler mass of air than itself; this forms *cirrus*.

FROGS IN NEW ZEALAND.

The adaptation of certain animals to conditions of existence apparently different from those considered necessary to the preservation of life has frequently been noted; and a curious instance of this has come to light in regard to a kind of frog found in New Zealand. We can hardly imagine a frog surviving and maintaining its existence in a country habitually parched with drought, involving the disappearance of every drop of surface moisture; but it is said to be really the fact that in districts often over five thousand square miles in extent in the interior of New Zealand, where there is no surface water for months, and in some instances for years, whenever rain falls in sufficient quantities to fill the water-holes they immediately swarm with frogs; this, too, when previously one may dig for ten or twelve feet without finding the slightest moisture, much less any water, the whole ground being baked dry, and without any apparent signs of animal life. The problem, however, has been solved by a late writer, who states that on one occasion, while making a two days' journey on horseback without finding water, he became very much alarmed at the prospect, and called to his counsels a young native not more than ten years old, who, on learning the difficulty, proceeded to examine the dry surface of the water-holes, and finally detected and followed up an indistinct and crooked mark on what had once been mud to where it ceased in the shade of a small salt-bush. He then began to dig with a sharp stick, and in a short time turned out a ball of clay about eight inches in diameter, quite dry outside, which, when broken, disclosed a frog shut up in a cavity, containing, besides, more than half a pint of clear, cool water. With this hint the writer afterward proceeded to dig out many other balls of a similar character, drinking the water and eating the frogs. It is thought not improbable that, in many cases, frogs may remain under such circumstances for several years.

GLACIERS IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Professor Agassiz, in an interesting communication, at the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, upon the former existence of local glaciers in the White Mountains, states that, whatever may have been the number of the higher peaks of the White Mountains that at any given time during the glacial period rose above the great ice sheet which then covered the country, this mountain range offered no obstacle to the southward movement and progress of the northern ice-fields, the drift, so called, having the same general characteristics on the northern and southern sides of the White Mountains. In addition to this great sea of ice, however, he finds material evidence to prove the existence of many local glaciers at different points, and he infers that they are of more recent date. He expects hereafter to show that the action of local glaciers of the White Mountains began to be circumscribed within the areas they covered after the typical drift had, in consequence of the melting of the northern ice sheet, been laid bare in the Middle States, in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and even after the southern portion of Vermont and New Hampshire had been uncovered, and when the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, and Katahdin were the only ice-clad peaks in that part of the country.

TORPEDOES AS MEANS OF DEFENSE.

Experiments with torpedoes as a means of defense of harbors and coasts continue to be made; and it is now rendered extremely probable that in future they are destined to play a most important part in this connection. Elaborate investigations have lately been prosecuted by the military authorities of Great Britain, and the operators have succeeded in determining with great precision the distances at which the explosion of one torpedo is likely to disturb others set in the vicinity; and they have been able to arrange torpedoes so as to permit of their being exploded at the instant of time that an approaching vessel reaches a given spot, as shown by sighting it through two telescopes at a certain distance apart.

ORIGIN OF THE PHOSPHATE BEDS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Professor Kerr, in a communication before the American Association upon the origin of the South Carolina phosphates, is inclined to refer them to accumulations of a species of *Lingula*, a mollusk (or a worm, according to Mr. Morse), which has recently been discovered in abundance along the sounds of North and South Carolina. The shell of this animal, he states, consists of phosphate instead of carbonate of lime, and its habitat is at the precise level of the Ashley River phosphates. As the shells are very fragile and easily comminuted, he thinks that this solid material, accumulating, has been agglomerated by some force into the nodular masses which are so peculiar to the formation in question.

DEVELOPMENT OF OZONE BY THE BATTERY.

Professor Boettger informs us that if a solution of nitrate of bismuth be decomposed by the galvanic current, an uncommonly large amount of ozone is developed at the pole connected with the platinum element, while the platinum itself becomes coated with a layer of superoxide of bismuth at the same time. By a similar treatment of a silver or lead salt there is a like deposit of superoxide of these metals, but without any special development of ozone.

IMPROVED METHOD OF TAKING PLASTER CASTS.

As some of our readers may be interested to know a method by which plaster casts of objects in natural history can be taken most conveniently, we present some instructions lately published by Mr. Boyd Dawkins, an English naturalist of much eminence.

The best material for the mould in which casts are to be taken is said to be artists' modeling

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wax, a substance similar to that used by dentists. When softened and applied to any object it takes the most delicate markings with perfect exactness. The object whose figure is to be taken is first coated with a thin powder of steatite, or French chalk, which prevents the adhesion of the wax. After the wax has become softened, either by immersion in warm water, or from exposure to the direct heat of the fire, it is to be applied to the original, and carefully pressed into all the little cavities. The edges of the wax are then to be carefully trimmed all around, if the form of the object be such as to require the mould to be in one or more additional pieces in order to complete its contour. Powdered steatite is again to be used to prevent the several portions of the mould from adhering to each other, and the original is to be taken out of the mould before the latter becomes perfectly cold and rigid. After wetting the moulds to prevent bubbles of air lurking in the small interstices from appearing in the object, plaster is to be poured in; or, if the mould is in two pieces, it is generally better to fill each with the plaster separately, and then put them together. In this way the weight of the material will be reduced, and the cast itself will form a shell of a greater or less thickness.

The plaster casts are next to be dried, wholly or partially, and may be then painted of any desired color; or the color may be mixed with the plaster before it is introduced into the mould. After the cast is thoroughly dried it is to be steeped in paraffine, the ordinary candles answering this purpose very well. When the cast is cold it may be polished by hand with steatite, and the result will be found to be much superior to that ordinarily attained by the old-fashioned methods. It is stated that flint implements, fossils, bones, and teeth can be imitated in this way so that they can scarcely be distinguished from the originals.

POISONOUS QUALITIES OF BROMIDE OF POTASSIUM.

Bromide of potassium has of late years been a great favorite with the medical profession on account of the many virtues it is said to possess in cases of nervous diseases and cerebral affection. We are, however, in a recent medical thesis, solemnly warned of various ills that have attended its use, such as a decrease of strength, muscular weakness, trembling of the hands, emaciation, loss of appetite, and many other evils. These, however, are said, on the other hand, to depend probably on the excessive use of this substance, or on its application in cases where the general symptoms would properly forbid its employment.

RAPID METHOD OF TINNING.

A valuable recipe for tinning copper, brass, and iron in the cold, and without complicated apparatus, has recently been published by Professor Stolba, of Prague, which we present for the consideration of our readers. A prerequisite is that the article to be tinned be perfectly free from oxide or grease of any kind, it being necessary that the surface be cleaned in the most careful manner, although it is immaterial whether this be done by mechanical or chemical means.

The substances used in the process are, first, powdered zinc, which may be the ordinary zinc dust, called sometimes zinc gray; but that which is prepared expressly for the purpose will be best. For this it is only necessary to melt some pure zinc, and pour it into a previously warmed iron mortar. As soon as it has become hardened it can be readily pulverized, and should then be freed from its coarser grains by sifting. The proper fineness is that of ordinary writing sand.

The next ingredient is a five to ten per cent. solution of the salt of tin (simple chloride of tin), to which is to be added as much powdered cream of tartar as can be taken up on the point of a knife. Next is required a piece of sponge, or a pad of some kind. The process of tinning is extremely simple. The pad is first to be dipped in the solution of salt of tin, and applied to the object to be tinned, so as to moisten it thoroughly. A small quantity of the zinc powder having been spread out on a glass plate, a portion of this powder is then to be taken up by the pad, and quickly and firmly rubbed upon the article in hand. The tinning makes its appearance almost immediately; and in order that the surface may be coated uniformly, it is only necessary to dip the pad alternately into the solution of tin (which is to be kept in a little dish) and into the zinc powder, and then to apply it. After the operation is completed, which, for small objects requires only one or two minutes, the article is to be washed off in water, and then cleaned with Tripoli, or polishing powder. The effect of this application upon polished brass or copper is extremely beautiful, the surface resembling silver, and keeping its lustre for a long time. The author of the process has applied it to great advantage in his laboratory, for the purpose of coating articles of iron, steel, and copper, thereby protecting them against rust. One difficulty in the process results from the fact that only a very thin layer of tin can be applied. Should it become practicable to impart a thicker coating, it will probably acquire great importance. Experiments upon nickelizing metallic substances in a similar manner are in course of progress by the author, although thus far without satisfactory result.

WEAVING AMONG LAKE-DWELLERS.

An interesting communication was presented by Dr. Weigert, before an Industrial Society in Prussia, upon the products of spinning and weaving discovered in the pile dwellings of Switzerland, in which he showed that even in the stone period flax was cultivated in large quantity, and worked up in the most varied fabrics, including the making of thread, ropes, etc. Remains of spinning-wheels of stone and clay are very abundant, as also the relics of the manufactured articles themselves. Plaited fabrics, which served as mats, coverlets, and walls, showed the extended use of this branch of manufacture. The remains of spindles proved conclusively that the art of weaving was known to these people, and that they used a loom with the chain standing vertically, instead of horizontally. An important conclusion was derived from this fact by the author, in regard to the development of civilization on the part of these people; since of the two methods—namely, whether the chain is horizontal or vertical—the former has been

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peculiar to India and Egypt from the earliest period, while the latter was used among the Greco-Italian nations—a proof that the European culture was not influenced by Africa and Asia until it had itself made considerable progress.

FAUNAL PROVINCES OF THE WEST COAST OF AMERICA.

In the course of a critical comparison of the marine faunæ of the east and west coasts of America Professor Verrill takes occasion to mark out what he considers to be the principal zoological provinces of Western America. Taken in the order of his enumeration, he commences with what he calls the *Sitchian* Province, corresponding with the Syrtensian Province of the Atlantic coast, and extending from the termination of the arctic or circumpolar fauna to the coast of Oregon. The second, or *Oregonian* Province, includes the Puget Sound coast, and that of Oregon to Cape Mendocino, and represents the Acadian fauna on the east coast of America. The third, or the *Californian* Province, reaches from Cape Mendocino to Santa Barbara, and perhaps further southward, and apparently corresponds to the Virginian fauna on the Atlantic. The precise southern extension of this fauna is not entirely worked out, there being possibly two other provinces, the *Diegoan* and *Sonoran*, as indicated by Professor Dana, filling up the gap reaching to the *Panaman* Province. This includes the Gulf of California, and extends from Margarita Bay, California, to Cape Blanco, Peru, and has three subdivisions, or districts; the *Mexican*, covering the Gulf of California, Cape St. Lucas, and the Mexican coast to Acapulco; the *Panaman*, including the coast of Central America and the Bay of Panama; and the *Ecuadoran*, extending southward from Panama Bay to Cape Blanco, Peru. The *Galapagos* Province, according to Professor Verrill, may possibly be a district of the preceding, but additional collections are necessary to establish this point. The *Peruvian* Province, extending from Cape Blanco to Northern Chili, is apparently well marked; and the *Chilian* Province, embracing the middle coast of Chili, also has its peculiar fauna. The *Araucanian* Province extends from Valdivia to the southwestern coast of Patagonia; while the last, or the *Fuegian* Province, includes Southern Patagonia and the adjacent islands.

SCARCITY OF POISONOUS SERPENTS IN TROPICAL AMERICA.

We are in the habit of supposing that tropical lands are necessarily infested with poisonous serpents of varied species and in great numbers, and are led to consider this supposed condition as one of the chief drawbacks to residence or travel in those regions. This may be the case as it regards Asia, and also in a few of the West India Islands; but it certainly does not apply to Central America, where, with an immense multiplicity of species, those of a venomous nature are comparatively rare; in fact, much scarcer than in the Southern United States. A naturalist, relating his recent experiences in Guatemala, which is a fair type of the region generally in this respect, remarks that one may be in the country a long time without seeing a snake of any kind, and much less frequently a poisonous one. The latter indeed are, perhaps, not actually rare on the coast; but they avoid the presence of man, and at any rate move about but little in the daytime. A species of rattlesnake is the most abundant. The writer also remarks that the poison of the rattlesnake appears to be much less deadly than it is farther north, as quite a number of cases of bites came under his notice, but he never heard of one resulting in death.

PEGGING LOBSTERS' CLAWS.

In a paragraph in the January number of our Scientific Record reference is made to the subject of pegging lobsters' claws, so as to prevent them from injuring their captors, and to the belief in England that this practice tends to produce a morbid condition of the system, by which they are rendered unwholesome. In further reference to this subject we are informed that in the city of Boston lobsters are never brought to market alive, but are always boiled on the shore almost immediately after being caught, and in that state offered for sale. The practice, however, is very different in New York, where they are brought in alive with the claws pegged. Careful inquiry has, it it said, revealed the fact that cases of disease from eating lobsters in Boston are extremely rare, and, indeed, are almost unheard of, while the contrary is the case in New York, many instances being known of sickness resulting from the use of lobsters as food.

PETREL OIL.

Ornithologists are well aware that certain kinds of sea-fowl belonging to the petrel family are in the habit of disgorging a quantity of oil when captured, and that this furnishes in large part the food with which they supply their young. Many of these species excavate a burrow in the earth, in which their single egg is laid, and the young bird, when hatched, is left for a long time while the parents are abroad occupied in the business of procuring food. The oil in question, according to some, is obtained from dead and floating cetaceans or fish; according to others it is a regular secretion. In either case the amount is so great that the inhabitants of the island of St. Kilda are in the habit of hunting the Fulmar petrel for the purpose of catching it and causing it to disgorge this oil, which is done by dipping the bill of the bird into a small leather bag suspended to the waist. The amount obtained in this way is sufficiently great to furnish an article of export, and it is suggested that it may probably possess virtues corresponding to those of the cod-liver oil. A recent investigation shows that it is soluble in ether, and much less so in alcohol, and has other reactions which place it side by side with the cod-liver oil.

TRANSVERSELY STRIATED MUSCULAR FIBRE IN MOLLUSCA.

Transversely striated fibre is universal in the voluntary muscles of vertebrates, insects, and crustaceans. In the other departments of invertebrates it is very rare, and seems usually associated with muscles performing rapid voluntary motions. Among the mollusks it has been known in a few species of the classes of *Tunicata*, *Brachiopoda*, *Polyzoa* and *Conchifera*, respectively. Mr. W. H. Dall has recently discovered transversely striated muscle in the genus *acmæa*,

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belonging to the class *Gasteropoda*, so that there remains but one class among the mollusca, the *Cephalopoda*, in which it is yet unknown. This is, strangely enough, the most highly organized of any of the groups of the sub-kingdom mollusca. Similar muscles are found in a few worms, and in a species of sea-anemone, or *actinia*.

FOSSIL WHALE IN CANADA.

At a recent meeting of the Natural History Society of Montreal the discovery was announced, by Mr. Billings, of the nearly complete skeleton of a fossil whale at Cornwall, Ontario County, at about sixty feet above the level of the St. Lawrence. It is believed by Mr. Billings that this fossil is identical with one obtained in Vermont by Professor Thompson, in a railway cutting about twelve miles south of Burlington, and called *Beluga vermontana*. This is closely allied to the white whale of the St. Lawrence, though differing in some special points.

VALUE OF VARIOUS ANTISEPTICS.

Dr. Crace Calvert, in a recent paper, gives the result of investigations into the antiseptic power of various substances. One series of experiments consisted in placing in uncorked bottles solutions of albumen and of flour-paste, and then adding various portions (from two to five per cent.) of the different antiseptics in question. The result of the experiments proved that the only real antiseptics known at the present time are carbolic and cresylic acids, all other mixtures acquiring an unpleasant odor in from five to sixteen days.

The second series of observations consisted in placing a known quantity of the antiseptic in the bottom of a wide-mouthed pint bottle, and suspending over it by a thread a piece of sound meat. In this case, again, the meat became putrid in from four to twenty-five days, excepting in the case of the acids just mentioned, over which the flesh remained untainted, but dried up quite hard. Chloralum, which has been much praised lately as an antiseptic, was found to be below the average as a preservative.

NON-AMALGAMABLE GOLD.

The attention of Mr. Skey, of the Geological Survey of New Zealand, was called to a reported loss of gold during the process of extraction by mercury, and he found, on careful examination, that numerous samples of bright, clean-looking gold of two degrees of fineness refused to amalgamate on any part of their natural surfaces, and he ascertained by experiment that on such surfaces sulphur is always present. He also found that native pure gold will readily absorb sulphur from moist sulphuret of hydrogen or sulphide of ammonium, and that surfaces so treated refuse to amalgamate, although exhibiting no apparent change in their surfaces. He shows, however, that by roasting in an open fire, or by bringing it in contact with cyanide of potassium, chromic and nitric acid, and chloride of lime acidified, gold so affected is rendered amalgamable, unless copper be present to the extent of seven per cent., or perhaps less.

CHLORAL IN SEA-SICKNESS.

The *British Medical Journal* refers to the use of the hydrate of chloral as a means of producing sleep for a definite number of hours with certainty, and thus enabling one to escape the discomforts of a short sea passage, and perhaps even to cause the more prolonged manifestations of sea-sickness to be mitigated. In several cases where the experiment was tried this substance was said to have been of much value, even in lengthened voyages, giving a good night's rest, overcoming a violent sickness when it had set in, and stopping the tendency to its recurrence.

BED OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

Captain Sherrard Osborne, well known as an arctic explorer, has lately presented a communication to the Royal Geographical Society of London in reference to the Atlantic sea bed. In this paper he states that the bottom of the North Atlantic is occupied by two valleys, the eastern extending from ten to thirty degrees west longitude, and traceable as far as the equator, with an extreme depth of less than 13,000 feet. The western valley reaches from the thirtieth to the fiftieth degree of west longitude; and the two are separated by a ridge in thirty degrees west longitude, along which the average depth is only 1600 fathoms, and which can be traced northward to Iceland, and southward to the Azores, so that it is volcanic in character at both extremities. Its extreme breadth is somewhat less than 500 miles, and the depth of the water increases on both sides of it according to the distance from the axis.

From Captain Osborne's researches in regard to deep-sea beds generally he is inclined to believe that there are no rough ridges, abrupt chasms, nor bare rock, and that the sea bottom at great depths is not affected by currents or streams, even by those of the magnitude of the Gulf Stream, and that it rather resembles the American prairies in general appearance, and is every where covered by a kind of mud.

SPAWNING OF HERRING.

According to a writer in *Land and Water* the female herring discharges her spawn in mid-water simultaneously with the emission of milt by the males, and the fertilized eggs sink immediately to the bottom, where they adhere closely to any object with which they come in contact, in consequence of a mucus which envelopes each globule. Fishermen maintain that when a large school of herring are engaged in this operation the water of the sea becomes whitened by the milt, sometimes recognizable over a large area; and it is said to be necessary to wash the nets thoroughly and with great care to prevent them from becoming heated and rotten in consequence of having been soaked in this animal matter.

LIEBREICH'S PEPSIN.

A recent German writer, in referring to some new chemical preparations, speaks of the formula for preparing pepsin as published by Dr. Liebreich, and remarks that until lately this substance, once so frequently prescribed, has gone almost entirely out of use, in consequence of the readiness with which it undergoes decomposition. He adds, however, that the experience of a year with the article as prepared by the new process has shown that this is perfectly unchangeable, and when compared with pepsin made freshly by the other formula is far superior to it in its efficiency. One somewhat unexpected application of the new pepsin is based upon its tendency to

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destroy fungus growths, on which account it has lately been used in diphtheria by painting the inner surface of the mouth with it. Some most extraordinary cures have already resulted from this application, and it is commended earnestly by the writer in question to further experiment. It is also said to exercise a beneficial effect, when mixed with foul drinking water, in destroying those fungus germs which are so productive of mischief in causing diarrhea and cholera.

DESTROYING THE TASTE OF COD-LIVER OIL.

An Italian physician, referring to the objectionable taste of cod-liver oil, and the many methods adopted to render it less obnoxious to sick persons, states that its peculiar smell and taste can be completely removed by digesting it with roasted coffee and ivory-black. For this purpose one part of good roasted coffee and one and a half parts of ivory-black are to be mixed with twenty parts of cod-liver oil, and the whole placed for a quarter of an hour in a retort heated by steam to a temperature of 120° to 140° Fahr.; after which the liquid is allowed to settle, and is then filtered. The oil, it is said, then tastes and smells precisely like coffee.

As iodine is said to lose not only its taste and odor, but also some of its chemical and physiological properties, after being mixed with an infusion of coffee, it may be necessary to add a certain quantity of free iodine to the mixture thus prepared in order to restore that element to the oil.

MIXTURE OF ALKALINE SALTS WITH PLASTER OF PARIS.

Persons occupied in making plaster casts have been for a long time aware that unburned gypsum can be made to harden by the use of an alkaline solution, and that if this be employed in connection with the burned gypsum, or the regular calcined plaster, a much firmer mass is produced. Some detailed experiments have lately been made by Mr. Schott, in Brunswick, which may furnish some important hints in regard to the use of sulphate of lime with potash. Thus, if equal parts of powdered crystallized sulphate of lime and of a neutral sulphate of potassa be mixed together, and then reduced to a paste with water, the mass hardens perfectly, and more quickly than gypsum in the ordinary treatment. If equal parts of common calcined plaster of Paris and of sulphate of potassa be mixed together, they will harden in a moment with less than an equivalent weight of water; so much so, indeed, that the mixture can not be poured out of the vessel. If, however, one part of each of the salts and two of water be used, they form a mass which can be poured out, and the surface of which will be found coated with a crust of sulphate of potash. The rapidity of hardening, therefore, can be made to vary with the percentage of water, the mass solidifying even if six parts of water be used.

BRONZING OBJECTS OF WOOD, ETC.

Objects of wood, stone-ware, and porcelain, picture-frames, etc., may, it is stated, be made to receive a beautiful bronze by applying, by means of a brush, a thin layer of a water-glass solution, and then dusting this over with fine bronze powder. The excess of the powder is to be removed by gentle tapping, and the article, if of porcelain or stone-ware, slightly heated. The bronzing may be polished by means of an agate stone, and thereby made to assume a beautiful effect.

DUST AS A FERMENT.

The lectures during the past year by Professor Tyndall upon atmospheric dust have stimulated much research on that and kindred subjects, and they have been very productive of good in the attention that has been drawn to the relationships of dust to the conditions of health and disease. In a late paper Mr. Tichborne furnishes some suggestions in regard to dust and ferment, and gives the result of numerous experiments with atmospheric dust taken from the bed of the streetway in Dublin, the gallery and upper seats of certain theatres, the top of Nelson's Pillar, at a height of 134 feet, and other localities. He found that from one-third to one-half of such dust consisted of organic matter—this being the case from whatever places it was taken. He details the result of experiments in regard to the power of this dust as a ferment, the process being based upon the reduction of the nitrate of any base to a nitrite, in the presence of substances undergoing fermentation. Due precautions were taken against error in every instance, and it was found that dust possessed the power of an active ferment; and, furthermore, that the dust taken from a great height, as that from Nelson's Pillar, appeared to have as great or greater activity than that from a building quite crowded to suffocation, this being due, probably, to the extreme lightness of the spores, almost approaching to volatility.

DETECTION OF SILK IN FABRICS.

According to Mr. Spiller, silk can always be identified in a mixture with any other animal or vegetable fibre by means of concentrated hydrochloric acid, which dissolves it completely and immediately, without appreciably affecting any woolen or woody fibre with which the silk may have been interwoven. Strong sulphuric acid has also a powerful solvent effect upon silk, and is likewise much more destructive in its action upon cotton than the other acid. Should it be desired to determine the nature of any fibres remaining after the solution of the silk, it is first necessary to wash and collect them, when they will usually be found destitute of color. To decide whether wool is present or absent, a solution of picric acid may be employed, which instantly imparts a full yellow tint to the wool, but does not in the least affect cotton, linen, or China grass; so that it is only necessary to immerse the fabric in the dye, wring it out, and wash well with water. Should any portion remain of a yellow color the presence of wool is indicated. Other methods can be employed similar in principle, but the picric acid is believed to be best. Discrimination between the different kinds of woody fibre can best be prosecuted by means of the microscope.

REMOVAL OF INK BLOTCHES FROM WRITING.

When ink blotches have been formed over writing which it is desired to decipher, we are advised to brush off the spot carefully with a weak solution of oxalic acid by means of a camel's-hair pencil. In this way layer after layer of the superincumbent ink will be re-

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moved, and finally the writing itself will, in most cases, come to view. This is especially possible where some considerable interval has elapsed between the two applications of ink. As soon as the letters are visible the brushing should be continued for a time with clean water, so as to arrest the tendency of the acid solution to make a further change in the ink.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 23d of February. The proceedings of Congress included in our summary present no topic of marked interest. The sixth member of the Georgia delegation to the House was admitted to his seat January 24. Mr. Joshua Hill, Senator from that State, was admitted February 1, and Frank P. Blair as Senator from Missouri January 25.

On January 23 a bill was passed by the Senate giving to all military and naval pensioners, including widows and orphans, an increase of twenty per cent. on the amounts now paid to them for five years from March 4, 1871. As the annual amount of our present pension-roll is thirty millions of dollars, this bill would add, for the five years, thirty millions to the expenditures of the government.

A bill was passed January 23 by the House for the appointment of a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries to inquire into the causes of the diminution of the supply of food fish in the waters of the sea-coast and lakes, and to report remedies therefor. This bill has become a law, and Mr. Spencer F. Baird has received the appointment.

On the 24th authority was given by the House to a sub-committee of the Committee on Military Affairs to proceed to West Point, and there conduct the investigation respecting the kidnapping outrage, and the subsequent compulsory resignation of three of the West Point cadets. The subcommittee reported February 7, severely censuring the officers at West Point, and recommending the readmission of the expelled cadets of the fourth class, and the dismissal of the ringleaders in the affair. The reported resolutions were adopted by the House February 16.

A bill for the abolition of the income tax was passed by the Senate January 26 by a vote of 26 to 25, the repeal to take effect from December 31, 1869. On the same day a communication was received in the House from Commissioner Pleasonton, in which the latter expressed his belief that the evils incident to the retention of the income tax more than counterbalanced the benefits derived from it, and recommended its unconditional repeal. The next day the House returned the Senate bill, with the information that the Senate had exceeded its prerogative in originating a revenue bill. The Western members are disposed to retain the tax, as it falls lightly on their section. The strength of this sentiment in the West is illustrated by the vote of the Wisconsin Assembly—73 to 9 in favor of the continuance of the tax. The House, February 7, referred a bill for the repeal of the tax to the Committee of the Whole, where it would stand No. 18 on the calendar. On the 9th a motion was made to go into committee for the purpose of reaching the bill, and was lost, 103 to 106.

In the House, January 31, a bill was passed, 184 to 2, to enable those who served in the army and navy during the late war to procure a homestead on the public lands. It so modifies the homestead laws as to allow such persons twelve months, after locating their homesteads, within which to commence settlement and improvement; deducts from the five years' settlement required from other settlers the time spent in the service, and allows them to receive land warrants, which they can assign, with all the advantages secured by the bill. In the case of pensioners it does not require any settlement, but gives them the land warrants without it, which are also assignable. Its advantages extend also to the widows and orphans of soldiers.

The Senate bill to abolish the test oath as applicable to those who are not disqualified from holding office under the Fourteenth Amendment was passed by the House, February 1, by a vote of 118 to 89. It provides that such persons shall take the oath prescribed for those whose disabilities have been removed. The President allowed the bill to become a law without his signature, explaining afterward his conduct in a special message, dated February 15, wherein he objects to the partial application of the law.

Those opposed to the policy of the government in granting immense tracts of the public domain for the benefit of railroad companies obtained a victory in the House, February 2, in the defeat of the Senate bill of the last session reviving a land grant to a railroad in Wisconsin (from St. Croix to Lake Superior), by extending the time for the construction of the road. The bill was recommitted to the Committee on Public Lands by a vote of 103 to 84.

The Senate, February 3, passed a bill granting pensions to all the surviving soldiers of the war of 1812 who served three months, and to such widows of soldiers as were married at the time of that war. It had been proposed to extend the benefits of the bill to widows, whether married at the time or subsequently; but Mr. Sherman estimated the number of such widows at fifty thousand, and the sum necessary to pay them at five millions a year. It was therefore restricted to the comparatively small number surviving of those who were married sixty years ago. This is the bill passed by the House last session, but the Senate attached amendments, in which the House refused concurrence, February 4. A conference committee was appointed, which reported a bill, which was passed by the House February 10, and by the Senate on the 11th. Under the bill, in its present form, a monthly pension of eight dollars is to be given to all surviving officers and enlisted and drafted men and volunteers who served for sixty days, in the land or naval forces of the United States, during the Revolutionary war or the war of 1812, or to their surviving widows.

In the House, February 3, the Senate resolu-

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tion for aid to the European sufferers by the European war was concurred in. On the 4th the Senate passed a joint resolution, afterward concurred in by the House, authorizing the President to station at the port of New York one or more national vessels for the purpose of conveying breadstuffs and supplies, to be contributed by the people, in aid of the destitute and suffering people of France and Germany.

A bill to organize Alaska into a county, with the county seat at Sitka, and with the public laws and the jurisdiction of Washington Territory extended to it, was passed by the House February 4.

In the House, February 8, a bill was reported from the Committee on Naval Affairs for the removal of the Brooklyn Navy-yard. A substitute was offered, providing that the Secretary of the Navy, General William T. Sherman, Admiral D. D. Porter, Brigadier-General A. A. Humphreys, Chief Engineer of the Army, and Captain C. P. Patterson, of the Coast Survey, be constituted a board to inquire whether it is desirable, and for the best interests of the government, to sell the yard; and if in their judgment such sale shall be advisable, the board shall recommend a suitable place in the State, and near the city of New York, to which the works in the Brooklyn Navy-yard shall be transferred, the board to report the results of their investigation to Congress on or before the 15th of December, 1872.

The Senate, February 14, passed by a vote of 24 to 20 a bill for the establishment of a semi-monthly mail steamship service between New Orleans, Galveston, and the ports of Mexico. By the terms of the bill the Postmaster-General is authorized to make a contract for the carrying of the mails on that route. The company is to supply within eighteen months three first-class iron steamships of not less than fifteen hundred tons burden, built so as to be easily convertible into ships for war purposes. The contract is to be limited to ten years, and the annual compensation to the company is to be limited to one hundred thousand dollars, besides a reasonable allowance for any pioneer vessels that may be placed on the line during the next eighteen months, or until the contract really commences.

In connection with the discussion of the Legislative Appropriation bill in the Senate, February 16, the question was settled relative to judicial salaries, which were fixed as follows: Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, $8500; Associate Justices, $8000; Circuit Judges, $6000; District Judges, $5000; Chief Justice of the Court of Claims and of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, $6000; and Associate Justices of those courts, $5500.

A bill to create a Territorial government for the District of Columbia was reported in the House, February 17, by the Conference Committee, and passed. It became a law, receiving the President's signature February 21. Under the new system the District of Columbia will have a Governor and Council, appointed by the President, a House of Delegates, and a delegate in Congress, elected by the people. The legislative power is lodged in the Council and House of Delegates, with the veto power in the Governor.

The House Committee on Appropriations agreed, February 20, to insert in the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill the amount of $1,384,897 to continue work on the Post-office building at New York, and $942,574 for the Boston Post-office and Custom-house building. The amount inserted for the completion of public buildings in other parts of the country is about $1,750,000.

The House, by a vote of nearly two to one, passed the Southern Pacific Railroad bill, February 21, as reported from the Committee on the Pacific Railroad. As it stands the bill provides for a trunk road from Marshall, Texas, to San Diego, California. All the branch roads are cut off, together with the land grants they conveyed.

The President's message to Congress, January 30, on the confederation of Indian tribes, while approving the scheme, advised against the reception of the new Territory with its present constitution. "So long as a Territorial form of government is preserved Congress should hold the power of approving or disapproving of all legislative action of the Territory; and the Executive should, 'with the advice and consent of the Senate,' have the power to appoint the Governor and judicial officers, and possibly some others of the Territory."

The statistics of commercial credit for 1870 show an increase of twenty-five per cent. in the number of failures, and of nearly twenty per cent. in the amount of liabilities, compared with 1869. The largest proportionate increase is in California. New York and New England show an improved state of credit as compared with the South and West. The exhibit for Ohio and Pennsylvania is especially unfavorable.

General Schenck's departure for England has been postponed on account of the meeting, soon to be held in Washington, of a Joint High Commission for the adjustment of questions materially affecting the relations between this country and the territories and people of British North America. This commission was suggested to the President by the Queen, the latter agreeing to the proposal of the former that it should also be authorized to resume the consideration of American claims growing out of the circumstances of our civil war. The arrangement thus, by common consent, includes all claims for compensation which have been or may be made by each government, or by its citizens, on the other. The immediate and pressing occasion for the commission is the necessity for an early settlement of the questions concerning the fisheries. The Commissioners appointed by the British government are the Right Honorable Earl De Grey and Ripon, Lord President of her Majesty's Council; Professor Montagu Bernard; Sir Edward Thornton; Sir Stafford Northcote; and Sir John A. Macdonald, the present Premier of Canada. On February 9 President Grant sent a special message to the Senate announcing the arrangement which had been proposed, and nominating as Commissioners for the United States, Mr. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State; General Schenck; Justice Nelson; ex-Attorney-General E. R. Hoar; and Senator Williams, of Oregon. These nominations were confirmed by the Senate in executive session on February 10. In the British House of Commons, February 21, Mr. Gladstone, while refusing to announce the instructions given to the British Commissioners, indicated that they would consider the improvement of maritime law.

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The acting Governor of North Carolina (Caldwell) has refused to proclaim an election for delegates for a convention to amend and revise the Constitution in reference to taxation, government expenses, and the adjustment of the public debt, on the ground that the act calling upon him to do so was not passed by the requisite two-thirds majority, as provided for in the Constitution. His refusal occasioned great indignation in the Legislature.

The Lower House of the Arkansas Legislature has, in impeaching Governor Clayton, followed the example furnished by North Carolina. The articles of impeachment were presented in the House February 16, and were adopted by a vote of 42 to 16. Similar articles were adopted against Chief Justice M'Clure. But the articles could not be received in the Senate, a session of the latter body being rendered impossible for want of a quorum. Meanwhile Governor Clayton insisted upon his authority, while Lieutenant-Governor Johnson claimed to act in his place. Both officers called upon the militia. On the 14th an order had been issued by Adjutant-General Thomas, in view of the troubles likely to arise in the State, instructing the officer commanding at Little Rock to keep troops on hand to suppress and quiet the factions in case of disturbance, the troops to be used only for the preservation of order, and not in the interest of either party. Governor Clayton is the United States Senator elect from Arkansas, and was to take his seat on the 4th of March.

Alexander Caldwell was elected United States Senator by the Kansas Legislature January 26.

The Connecticut Republican State Convention met at New Haven January 25, and nominated Marshall Jewell for Governor.

A grand ball came off in Washington on the evening of February 20 in aid of the Washington Monument Fund. The President was present, and the most fashionable element of Washington society was well represented. In this connection it is proper to state the condition of the monument. The obelisk is now about 175 feet high, and has cost $230,000, derived from voluntary contributions. A Congressional investigation some time since showed that this money had all been accounted for faithfully. It is proposed to raise the obelisk to the height of 500 feet; and a bill has been reported in the New York State Senate for a contribution from that State to aid in the completion of the monument, so that its dedication may form a prominent feature in the centennial celebration of Independence-day in 1876. The sum of $350,000 is required for this purpose. The real difficulty in the matter is the opposition which prevails against the design of the monument—an opposition which is certainly not unfounded.

The great event of the season at Washington was the grand carnival on February 20 and 21, to celebrate the completion of the wooden pavement on Pennsylvania Avenue. The multitude of strangers in Washington outnumbered its population. There were races and sports of every character. The masquerade procession on the 21st was the prominent feature of the carnival, which terminated in the evening in a grand masquerade ball and a magnificent pyrotechnic display. A similar carnival was at the same time held in New Orleans.

DISASTERS.

On the 26th of January a vessel was seen by the British brigantine *G. Troop* off St. Vincent. Proceeding to her assistance she was found burned to the water's edge. None of her crew was discovered, and it was impossible to learn her name.

The British bark *Kate Smith* was beaten to pieces on the coast of New Jersey as she was nearing the end of her voyage from Les Passages, Spain, on the 26th of January. The captain, five seamen, the steward and his wife, and a New York pilot, were lost. The survivors, four in number, reached New York.

The steamer *H. R. Arthur* left Louisville for New Orleans January 27, and when about fourteen miles above Memphis, on the next morning, her boilers exploded, tearing away the forward part of the cabin and texas. The boat took fire, and 87 lives were reported to have been lost.

The steamship *Kensington* and the bark *Templar* collided at sea on the evening of January 27, sixty miles north-northeast from Cape Hatteras. Both of the vessels were completely wrecked, and the *Templar* sank with her crew.

A fire broke out in the Halliday House, Kinosha, Wisconsin, on the morning of January 31. Two men were fatally injured, and a mother and four children perished in the flames.

On the night of February 6 the eight o'clock P.M. Hudson River express train ran into an oil train at New Hamburg, sixty-five miles above New York. A car of the oil train had been, through the breaking of an axle, thrown upon the track of the express train. The collision occasioned an explosion, and the foremost sleeping-car took fire. Before any assistance could be rendered its inmates, the draw-bridge, on which the collision took place, broke down, and the locomotive and sleeping-car fell through into Wappingers Creek. The fireman had saved his life by jumping from the locomotive. The engineer stuck to his post, and was killed. The number of bodies that have been recovered from the river is twenty-two. One of the passengers killed was Mr. George Benedict, editor of the Cleveland *Herald*. The verdict of the coroner's jury attributed the disaster mainly to the fact that the patent brakes were not effectively applied.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Thomas Garrett, a prominent Abolitionist, died in Wilmington, Delaware, January 25, aged eighty-two years.

George Ticknor, the author of the "History of Spanish Literature," died in Boston January 26, in his eightieth year. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College. From 1820 to 1835 he occupied the chair of the French and Spanish languages and literatures at Harvard College—a chair since filled by Longfellow and Lowell. His great work, above named, appeared in 1849. He contributed much to the dignity of Boston literature.

Alice Cary, the well-known poetess, died at her residence in New York February 12, aged fifty years. For a more extended notice we refer our readers to our Literary Record in this Number.

John Bankhead Magruder, the well-known Confederate general, of Big Bethel fame, died at Houston, Texas, February 19, aged sixty-one years.

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SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

The Havana *Diario* states that the damage caused by the Cuban insurrection will amount to over $2,000,000. On January 19 General Cornelio Porro and other insurgents came into Puerto Principe and surrendered themselves. Great importance was justly attached to this event, owing to General Porro's prominence as a rebel leader. Shortly afterward—January 30—General Valmaseda received a letter from Edwardo Machado, Secretary of the Cuban House of Representatives, beseeching clemency. Machado wrote that the House to which he belonged had dissolved, and that the members thereof were looking after their personal safety. According to this document, Don Miguel G. Gutierrez, Vice-President of the Cuban republic, was, with his son, wandering about in the woods. Other important surrenders have been reported.

A dispatch from Havana, February 5, reported the defeat of the insurgents at Najasa, with a loss of fifty killed and many prisoners. Between January 24 and February 10 there had surrendered in the district of Colon 660 rebels, 2000 in the Cinco Villas district, 200 in the Eastern department, and in the Central 1300. Ignacio Agramonte has displaced General Cespedes, assuming dictatorship. About the middle of February General Valmaseda started on a tour of inspection to Santa Clara, Cienfuegos, and Trinidad. The humanity characterizing the new Captain-General has proved very effectual in assisting to subdue the insurrection.

Captain Selfridge, of the Darien Expedition, is reported to have discovered a route for a canal, commencing near the mouth of the Atrato River, the highest point on the line being but three hundred feet above the ocean.

The *Tennessee*, about which such a panic was created by the press, arrived in Samana Bay, San Domingo, January 24. The Commissioners landed, dispatched scientific expeditions up the bay and into the interior; and on the 2d of February were received by President Baez, who assured them that they might count on the most ample liberty in the exercise of their functions. The President notified the Commissioners that Cabral was near Azua, with two regiments of Haytiens, and was waiting for three more regiments and some artillery to make an extensive demonstration. The Commissioners requested of the President to furnish a safe-conduct to Cabral, or whoever else they may desire to have brought there, for the purpose of questioning them relative to annexation, to which Baez gave his consent.

EUROPE.

Shortly after the defeat of the French armies about Paris, of which we gave an account in our last Record, that city, nearly reduced to starvation, and threatened with intestine commotion, was surrendered to the enemy after an investment of nearly five months. The strength of the French armies then in the field was estimated as over 350,000 men. General Chanzy had 120,000; the Army of the South numbered 135,000; Faidherbe's army, 70,000; and at Cherbourg and Havre were about 40,000. The fortress of Longwy, called by Louis XIV. the "Iron Gate of France," and the only one of the chain of fortresses guarding the Belgian and Luxembourg frontier that remained in the possession of the French, had been surrendered January 25. Three thousand prisoners and 200 guns thus fell into the hands of the Germans. On the evening of the 21st a Belleville mob had attacked the prison of Mazas, where Flourens, Millieres, and other political prisoners were incarcerated. The prisoners were released, and, mingling with the crowd, now led by Flourens, made a descent upon the turbulent quarters of Belleville, St. Targeau, Père la Chaise, and Charonne, intending there to establish the headquarters of a revolutionary movement. But beyond the seizure of 2000 rations of bread the mob seems to have effected nothing. The victims of disease in Paris for the week ending January 20 had numbered about 4500.

The capitulation of Paris, therefore, on January 28, did not take place too soon. Already, as was reported, 66,000 horses had been killed for food; and, after the surrender, it was found impossible for the Germans to rely upon railroad conveyance for a sufficiently prompt supply of provisions, and the Emperor found it necessary to order 3,000,000 of rations to be sent from his army to the famishing citizens. The scarcity of fuel was as great as that of food, though not so immediately disastrous. During a little more than a fortnight from February 3, 14,352 oxen, 15,352 sheep, 1776 cows, 3768 pigs, 20,000,991 kilogrammes of grain, 29,327,580 kilogrammes of flour, and 9,190,029 kilogrammes of biscuits were received in Paris.

The articles of the armistice agreed upon between Count Bismarck and Jules Favre provided for its continuance until the noon of February 19, and for its extension over the entire field of operations, including the sea, the Department of the East only being excepted, and to remain for future determination. The object of the armistice was stated to be "to permit the Government of National Defense of France to convoke an Assembly, freely elected, which will pronounce on the question whether the war shall be continued, or what terms of peace shall be made." All the forts forming the perimeter exterior defenses of Paris, with their war material, were to be occupied by the German troops; the ground between these and the fortified *enceinte* of the city to be interdicted to both armies. During the armistice the German army was not to enter Paris.

The garrisons of Paris, comprising the Army of the Line, the Garde Mobile, and the marines of the forts, were to be held prisoners of war, excepting twelve thousand men, which the military authority in Paris shall preserve for service inside the city. These prisoners were to lay down their arms, which would be collected by the German commissioners at places designated for that purpose; the officers to retain their arms. The National Guard was to remain armed, and be charged with the protection of Paris. The francs-tireurs were to be disbanded by ordinance of the French government. Every facility for the revictualing of Paris was provided for. A contribution of 200,000,000 of francs was levied upon the city, to be paid before the fifteenth day of the armistice.

The war contribution levied upon Paris was assumed by the Bank of France, the bank accepting city bonds in payment. Heavy contri-

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butions were levied in other parts of France; but Count Bismarck is said to have stated that the amount thus levied will be deducted from the general war indemnity.

With Paris were surrendered 1900 pieces of artillery and 180,000 prisoners.

In the East, military operations were continued for a time, resulting in the utter defeat of Bourbaki's and Garibaldi's forces. Belfort was surrendered February 15.

On January 29, before noon, the forts around Paris were occupied by forty-six German regiments. The delivery of arms to the Germans was completed February 12.

The South of France showed indications of defiance upon hearing of the armistice, but soon took a cooler view of the situation. M. Gambetta, on receiving the first dispatch from Favre announcing the armistice, telegraphed to Paris that he "could not order the elections for the National Assembly without further explanations." When he did order them his decree disqualified as candidates all members of the Bourbon, Orleans, and Bonaparte families, and all persons who acted under the second empire as ministers or councilors of state, senators, prefects, or official candidates. These disqualifications were ignored by the French people, especially in the North, and by the decree issued by Jules Favre in Paris, and were annulled by all the other members of the government.

The elections were held February 8, and resulted in a victory for the liberal monarchists and moderate republicans—the imperialists, radical republicans, and the clerical party being but feebly represented in the Assembly, which met at Bordeaux February 15. Alsace and Lorraine were represented. On the 16th M. Grévy was elected President of the Assembly, only 19 out of 538 members dissenting. M. Grévy was Vice-President of the Constituent Assembly of 1848. He was a firm and consistent opponent of the empire. On the 17th M. Adolphe Thiers, who had been elected to the Assembly from eighteen departments, was almost unanimously elected Chief Executive of the French Republic, with power to appoint his cabinet. He appointed Jules Favre Minister of Foreign Affairs, Louis Joseph Buffet Minister of Finance, General Le Flo Minister of War, Felix Lambrecht Minister of Commerce, Jules Simon Minister of Public Instruction, Louis Joseph Picard Minister of the Interior, Jules Armand Dufaure Minister of Justice, Admiral Pothuau Minister of the Navy, and M. De Larcy Minister of Public Works. None of the members appointed are under fifty years of age, and all of them have, in one way or another, been distinguished as opponents of the empire. On the 19th M. Thiers addressed the Assembly. He urged the necessity of peace, but promised to discuss courageously the terms of peace with the Prussians, and to insist upon such as were consistent with the honor of France. A commission of fifteen delegates was appointed to visit Paris, to act as intermediary between the Assembly and the peace negotiators. During the negotiations the sittings of the Assembly were to be suspended.

The late Emperor Napoleon, from his palace prison at Wilhelmshöhe, issued a proclamation, dated February 8, addressed to the electors of France. Breaking the "profound silence" which he has maintained, and which he calls "misfortune's mourning," he attributes all the evils suffered by France since the capture of Sedan to the establishment of a republic by an unauthorized government. He concludes with the suggestive statement that "there is only one government, in which resides the national sovereignty, able to heal the wounds, to bring hope to the firesides, to reopen the profaned churches, for progress, and to restore industry, concord, and peace."

The British Parliament was opened on the 9th of February by a speech from the Queen, delivered in person. The portion of this speech most interesting to our readers is that relative to the appointment of a joint commission to settle the difficulties between Great Britain and America. The Queen called especial attention to the necessity of a more effective system of defensive military preparations. In connection with the debate on a reply to the Queen's speech, Mr. Disraeli blamed the government for its weakness in permitting France to enter upon a war. He also deprecated the impunity with which the United States was allowed to assume an insolent bearing toward England. On the 16th Mr. Cardwell, Secretary of War, introduced a bill in the House of Commons for the reorganization of the army. He thought it was established now that the colonies must pay for their own defense. His recommendations included the abolition of the purchase system; the subjection of the army to one system of administration, the form of service to be interchangeable; an examination preliminary to commission, subject to the approval of the Secretary of State; and the power of the government to appropriate railways in times of emergency. He recommended a standing army of 431,000 men.

The defensive works proposed by the Secretary of War are estimated to cost £50,000,000, and the new artillery required £10,000,000 more.

The London Conference seems to have taken an important step toward the settlement of the Black Sea question. A telegram from London, dated February 20, reports that the Conference had agreed to open the Black Sea to foreign men-of-war, and to authorize the Porte to admit the passage through the Dardanelles of all armed vessels, Russian and Roumanian alone excepted. Russia is represented as not opposed to this arrangement, and Turkey as hesitating to agree to it.

The Paris *Gaulois* states that the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg undertakes to pay to Prussia the sum of 2,000,000 francs as indemnity for breach of neutrality during the war. It also agrees to permit Prussian troops to garrison the fortress of Luxembourg.

The Italian government has voted a fund for the support of the Pope, and has granted him regal honors and a body-guard. But it has denied him the right of enlistment, and the libraries and galleries of the Vatican have been declared public property. This arrangement will hardly satisfy the Pope, who not long since declared that he wished no guarantees from the great governments other than those which would complete a pure and simple restitution on the part of Italy of the territories which had been despoiled from the Church on the Neapolitan frontier and the line of the River Po.

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Editor's Drawer.

IN regard to the sports and fooleries that from immemorial time have been practiced on All-Fools' Day, in all countries, it has been pretty well settled that the festival originated among the Hindoos, and that their "Huli Festival," equivalent to our "April Fool," arose from the ancient practice of celebrating with festival rites the period of the vernal equinox, or the day when the new year of Persia anciently began.

IN the *Looker-On* for April 10, 1792, is a chapter on the "Wit of an April Fool Day," in which allusion is made to "the offerings which Folly's votaries continue to heap before her altar on this her high festival; and though the heathen system of theology is long since exploded, this deity finds her power over the world by no means on the decline. And while Venus is no longer invoked by our bells, while pickpockets forget their obligations to Mercury, and Neptune is neglected even on his own element, Folly has splendid temples in every city, priests in every family, and whole hecatombs of human victims, if you allow the expression, swell the honors of her red-letter day."

The *Looker-On* called upon an odd little shopman, whose heart was in April-foolery, and who kept a little journal of his more remarkable successes and defeats on that festival. Thus:

"10 o'clock.—Invited all our club to dine at Deputy Drippings's, and invited him to dine with Alderman Grub at Hampstead.—N.B. The alderman is on a visit to his son-in-law in Kent.

"12 o'clock.—Received an order in the name of a customer, in Essex, for six pounds of snuff to be sent by the coach. Smoked the bite, and kicked the messenger out of the shop.—N.B. Not catch old birds, etc.

"1 o'clock.—Afraid Sally would play some trick on me in dressing my dinner; so went to get a steak at a coffee-house. Chalked the waiter's back as he gave me my change.—N.B. Two bad shillings.

"3 o'clock.—Sent Sally to the Tower to see a Democrat; carried the key of the cellar with her, and spent me half a crown in coach-hire.

"Gave Giles, my shopman, a glass of brandy, which he took for a glass of wine. Giles unable to attend shop the next day."

AMONG the many notable things that have occurred on April 1 may be mentioned the marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa, on which occasion some of the waggish Parisians called him "*un poisson d'Avril*," a term which answers to our *April fool*. On the occasion of his nuptials Napoleon struck a medal, with Love bearing a thunder-bolt for its device.

MANY stories illustrative of the peculiarities and humor of the late Colonel Isaac O. Barnes, of Boston, have been published in the Drawer; but not this one:

He was in attendance at a funeral, the services of which were delayed considerably beyond the time of their appointment. Being tired of waiting, the Colonel commenced a conversation upon the character of the deceased with the person who sat next him.

"Mr. —— was a very nice man, wasn't he?" asked the Colonel.

"Yes, Sir."

"He was a man of energy and of good executive power, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I really believe," continued the Colonel, "if Mr. —— had been here he would have *put through* these ceremonies before this time."

As a general proposition, Colonel B. was in favor of rushing things.

THE Drawer is indebted to a legal gentleman at New Castle, Indiana, for the pleasantries that follow. But before quoting them we can not forbear quoting from his letter a paragraph showing the comical facility with which the nuptial knot is untied in that State. He says:

"Many interesting incidents occur under our divorce laws. For instance, a woman called on a lawyer here at one o'clock P.M. on last Saturday week. He drew her petition for divorce, and filed it at two o'clock. At three o'clock her husband appeared, and filed a cross bill. At four o'clock a divorce was granted; and at eight o'clock the woman married another man. The husband has a wife picked out, and would have married her the same evening, but she wasn't quite ready!"

IN the course of the recent trial of an Indiana murderer (the same who was acquitted on the ground of "impulsive insanity"), Judge ——, who presided at the trial, gave the following charge: "Gentlemen of the jury, you will be permitted to separate until to-morrow morning at half past eight o'clock. In the mean time you will so demean yourselves that the world, looking on, may be constrained to exclaim, in the language of the *Roman Mattress* of old, when asked, 'Where are your jurors?' She pointed to her two dead sons, and said, 'These are my jurors.'"

AT the same court an important suit upon a promissory note was pending, when the following colloquy took place:

LAWYER R. "I appear for the defendant."

LAWYER M. (*for plaintiff*). "We ask a rule for an answer."

SHERIFF. "There has been no service of summons on this defendant."

LAWYER R. "Then I withdraw my appearance."

LAWYER M. "Then I desire a default."

LAWYER R. "How can you take a default against a defendant who has not been served with a summons?"

LAWYER M. "Defendant has filed a waiver of summons."

LAWYER R. "Then, if your Honor please, I'll appear for the defendant."

LAWYER M. "I desire a rule against the gentleman to answer."

SHERIFF. "The waiver seems to have been filed, but was never signed."

LAWYER R. "If your Honor please, I withdraw my appearance."

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LAWYER M. "Would your Honor please give us a rule against the gentleman to appear or *disappear, we don't care which*, and that instanter?"

AT the same court a boy was on the witness-stand who had considerable difficulty in explaining what relation he bore to the defendant. He finally made it appear that he was the son of defendant's wife, but not his son.

"Then you are his son by another father?" interposed the counsel for the plaintiff.

"*Jes' so!*" said the boy, with the utmost composure.

IN the spring of '64, when General N. B. Forrest had his command near Memphis, a couple of soldiers from the Union army were taken prisoners; and on account of the shortness of rations, and the difficulty of making exchanges, orders had been issued to take no prisoners, but execute them on the spot. The captors had brought the prisoners, however, to General Forrest, who ordered them to be confined until the next morning, when they were to be shot. The captives were of Teutonic origin, and belonged to a Wisconsin regiment. They were led into a field near by the log barn in which they had been confined, and a file of Confederate soldiers were facing them with loaded rifles. The brave Germans lighted their pipes, and stood conversing with each other. The General himself assumed command, and gave the word, "Ready! Aim!" The captives blanched not nor quailed, but kept on smoking, when suddenly the General shouted, "Ground arms! Shoulder arms! Ready! Aim! Shoulder arms! Right-about face!" Then, turning to the prisoners, he shouted, "*Git up and git!*" To the by-standers he remarked, "Brave men are too scarce to be shot down like dogs."

IN a singularly uninteresting autobiographical work recently published in London, giving the Recollections of George Pryme, Esq., "Sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge, and M.P. for the Borough," we find the following rhymes by the aforesaid on the derivation of the word "chancellor:"

> The Chancellor, so says Lord Coke,
> His *title* from Cancello took;
> And every cause before him tried
> It was his duty to *decide*.
> Lord Eldon, hesitating ever,
> Takes it from Chanceler, to *waver;*
> And thinks, as this may bear him out,
> His bounden duty is to *doubt*.

SAMUEL G. HATHAWAY, one of the ablest and most successful lawyers and politicians of his time, in the sixth judicial district—the James T. Brady of that region—like all sensible men, had an aversion to all far-fetched phraseology. While engaged in trying a case of malpractice, a very pretentious M.D. was introduced as a witness against his client. In giving his testimony the doctor removed his glasses, and assuming a very pompous manner, said:

"Mr. Hathaway, I see, Sir, that you do not understand the agglutination in cases of chronic peritonitis."

The counsel made no reply at the time; but in the course of his remarks to the jury he said:

"Gentlemen, Doctor S—— has very frankly informed me that I am entirely ignorant of what he calls 'agglutination in a case of chronic peritonitis.' I really think the doctor is in the same condition himself. He reminds me of another learned member of his profession, who, more frank than our doctor here, said to a lawyer, one day, 'Squire, I can not comprehend what you meant yesterday when you talked about *docking an entail*.' 'My dear doctor,' replied the lawyer, 'I don't wonder at that. I will explain the meaning; it is, doctor, doing what you never can do—*it is effecting a recovery*.'"

SAYS a city correspondent: Your anecdote of Bishop Polk and Pat Cleburne reminds me of something similar related to me at Nantucket of one Captain B——, a member of the Society of Friends. He commanded a coasting vessel which plied between Nantucket and New York, and his first mate was Peter Chase, a man conspicuously rough and inelegant in his conversation. Once, while attempting to haul into dock on the East River, his way was obstructed by an obstinate river boatman, who made no effort to get his vessel out of the way. The old Quaker talked his plain language to him in vain, and finally losing patience, called out loudly to his mate, "Come up out of the hold, Cousin Peter, and *use some of thy vile language to this man*. I can't stand it any longer."

The malediction by proxy had the desired effect, and his vessel was soon made fast in her berth.

THE two following from a clerical friend in Illinois:

The "institution de boot-black" moves Westward with the march of civilization and piety. He long ago reached Kankakee, Illinois. The Methodist Conference held at that place had adjourned. The good bishop had pronounced the benediction, and the whole regiment of black coats and tall hats gracefully moved down to the dépôt in good time for the cars. The boys were not very fortunate in securing jobs, for some reason or other. The head of the column was finally confronted at the dépôt with: "Shine your boots? Shine 'em up? Give 'em a *Methodist shine!*" The point was gained, and the boys began to fresco.

THE Rev. Dr. G——, of Chicago, was quietly conversing a moment with his brother, also a clergyman, when the usual "shine" was offered by a very inferior-looking member of the brush fraternity. "Yes; shine them up," said the doctor. When the manœuvre was completed the reverend said: "My boy, I have no small money but this torn half dollar. Will you change it?"

Taking the damaged scrip, and looking up into the honest face, he said, "*Look here, old hoss, do you shove many of them?*"

A DECENT regard for truth compels us to admit that reverence for exalted position is not characteristic of the political society of Washington. And if ever there was a man who regarded with entire indifference the mere formal conventionalities of society, it is the late acting Vice-President, ex-Senator Wade, of Ohio. During the impeachment trial, the following is reported to have occurred between himself and

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Chief Justice Chase, who presided. The session was to open at twelve o'clock M., and it was within twenty minutes of that time, and the Chief Justice had not made his appearance in the Vice-President's room, which, for the time, was used by Mr. Chase as a robing-room. The hands of the clock crept slowly but surely nearer the figure "XII.," when suddenly the door was thrown open, and in stalked the Chief Justice. He walked hurriedly to the wardrobe; but his robe of office was not upon its accustomed peg, nor on any peg. What was to be done? Pages were summoned; this, that, and the other room, desk, and drawer were examined, but no robe was discovered. In the midst of this excitement the grim, honest old hero, Ben Wade, made his appearance, with a nod and a grunt to the flurried occupants of the room. He walked to the hat-rack, and after depositing his hat went to a sofa on the other side of the room to leave his umbrella in a safe place. The excitement was still going on when Wade, after learning the cause of the trouble, without entering into the flurry of the hunt, leaned over the sofa and with his umbrella hooked up an uncertain-looking black bundle. Seeing it was the long-looked-for robe, he held it toward Mr. Chase with, "*Here, Chase—here's yer darned old frock you've been making such a confounded fuss about.*" The pages smiled a smile. The Chief Justice was too overjoyed to do any thing but speedily get inside of his robe; and if on that morning the heated, crowded audience saw the Chief Justice look redder than usual they now know the cause of it. It was all about that "frock."

We have always been willing to concede that the educational system of Boston, especially in its higher grammar-schools, has been carried to *about* the exaltedest height of excellence; in proof of which may be cited the following composition of a Boston boy on that noble animal, the "Hoss."

"The horse is the most useful animal in the world. So is the cow. I once had thirteen ducks and two drakes, and Skunk killed one. I know a boy which had 7 chickens, but His father would not let him rais them and so he got mad and so he bored a Hole in mother's Wash tub. I wish I had a horse—a horse weighs 1000 pounds."

We have seen nothing more entirely matter of fact and free from sentiment than the following, copied from the obituary column of a journal published in a neighboring city: "The friends and relatives of Mr. Alec M'Govern are invited to attend his funeral, which will take place at his restaurant on Kearney Street. The best ecclesiastical talent has been engaged, and the services will be of a varied and entertaining character."

A capital story is current in which occurs the name of ex-Attorney-General Speed. It is told by the Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which, by-the-way, maintains with spirit and ability the reputation it acquired under Prentice.

This distinguished gentleman (Speed) is here on professional business, and meets with the usual cordial reception by his political friends. I imagine his connection with politics has robbed him of that amiability which was once so charming. But his views on political policy have changed — very much changed, indeed — since April, 1861, when he was one of that committee who resolved in the Louisville meeting that it was the duty of Kentucky "to repel the hostile foe, come from what quarter he may," and all that sort of thing. Apropos of those resolutions, there is a pretty good story told, in which an ex-Confederate officer of our city and the Hon. J. Speed were the actors. This Confederate is a capital fellow, and a humorist of the first water. At the close of the war he visited Washington, and Mr. Speed not only received him with great kindness, but promptly secured his pardon. When it was announced, the officer, overflowing with joy and Champagne, called on the Attorney-General to thank him. This the public functionary received in becoming spirit, suggesting, however, that the young friend must never again attempt to break up the best government the world ever saw. "Why, Sir," he responded, "the fact is, I didn't intend to go South. But when I read your resolutions they fired my Southern heart. I packed up and left on the first train, for fear you would get there before me."

We are indebted to a gentleman in the Executive Department of the State of Missouri for the following document, addressed to the Governor of that State. The writer evidently labors under the pleasing hallucination that the State has stored in the purlieus of the Capitol reams of blank forms of divorce, which may at any time be made available for people in that State who have made some absurd blunder in reference to their "affinity:"

August the 12*d* 1868.

My dear sir,

I address you for this reson my wife has left me With out any cause and I wish to be releast from the bonds of matrymony and if you will grant me a devourse I will send you $25 dollars if you will grant it you can *send me a blank* and the clerk of the court can fill it out I was Maryed in oregon county the 29 of aprile 1866 and seperated January January the 16 1867 address— Greenwood Valley, Wayne county, Mo.

respectfullyours,

As inconsecutive, though not so ardent, as Flora Finching!

Apropos of the Holland Memorial Benefit: There were no free tickets. Which reminds us of a question once asked by the actor Mathews:

"Who was the first man recorded in history who didn't pay?"

"Really," replied the person asked, "I can't say; I never gave it a thought."

"Why, Joseph, of course. Did not his brothers put him in the pit for nothing?"

When Hawthorne went to Brook Farm in 1841, to become one of the remarkable band of intellectual hay-makers, diggers, milkers, and cheese-makers, he had serious misgivings as to whether he should ever become a success as a persuader of milk from the cow. Indeed, he says in his "Note-Book," "I intend to convert myself into a milkmaid this evening; but I pray Heaven that Mr. Ripley" (now of the *Tribune*) "may be moved to assign me the kindliest cow in the herd; otherwise I shall perform my duty with fear and trembling." There are one or two more

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passages of Hawthorne, written at the outset of his Brook Farm career, so full of his delightful humor that we are sure the readers of the Drawer will be glad to see them reproduced:

"I like my *brethren in affliction* very well; and could you see us sitting round our table at meal-times, before the great kitchen fire, you would call it a cheerful sight. Mrs. B—— is a most comfortable woman to behold. She looks as if her ample person were *stuffed full of tenderness*—indeed, as if she were all one great, kind heart."

"*April* 14, 10 A.M.—I did not milk the cows last night, because Mr. Ripley was afraid to trust them to my hands, *or me to their horns*, I know not which. But this morning I have done wonders. Before breakfast I went out to the barn and began to chop hay for the cattle, and with such 'righteous vehemence,' as Mr. Ripley says, did I labor, that *in the space of ten minutes I broke the machine*. Then I brought wood, and replenished the fires; and finally went down to breakfast, and ate up a huge mound of buckwheat cakes. After breakfast Mr. Ripley put a four-pronged instrument into my hands, which he gave me to understand was called a pitchfork; and he and Mr. Farley being armed with similar weapons, we all three commenced a gallant attack on a heap of manure. This office being concluded, *and I having purified myself*, I sit down to finish this letter."

"Miss [Margaret] Fuller's cow hooks the other cows, and has made herself ruler of the herd, and behaves in a very tyrannical manner. .....I shall make an excellent husbandman—*I feel the original Adam reviving within me.*"

MR. THEODORE HOOK, when entertaining a large company by accompanying on the piano one of his free and easy poetical impromptus, on seeing a Mr. Winter enter the room, broke out involuntarily with—

Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,
To whom you must give whatever he axes;
And instantly too, without any flummery,
For though his name's *Winter*, his acts are all *summer-y*.

SINCE the death of Alexandre Dumas many pleasant anecdotes are coming into circulation about him. The following he used to tell himself: After his son's great success with the "Dame aux Camelias," Alexandre wrote to him as though from a stranger, congratulating him on the book, and expressing a desire to make the author's acquaintance. "I myself am a literary man," said he, in conclusion, "and you may have heard my name as the author of 'Monte Christo.'" Dumas, *fils*, was equal to the occasion. He wrote immediately in reply, expressing the great pleasure he would have in making his correspondent's acquaintance, principally on account of the high terms in which he had always heard his father speak of the author of "Monte Christo."

THE praiseworthy frankness and entire absence of self-pride that characterizes the "honest old farmer" of Maine is illustrated by another honest farmer of the same State, who, desiring to purchase a yoke of oxen, and being informed that a certain wealthy farmer in Cumberland County had superior cattle for sale, went down thither to purchase. Meeting a man driving an ox-team, he inquired:

"Can you inform me where Mr. West lives?"

"There's a number of Wests living around here. Which one do you wish to find?" returned the stranger, who was a stout-built, keen-eyed man, habited in homespun, but bearing in general appearance unmistakable tokens of ease and comfort, so far as finances were concerned.

"I don't know what his Christian name is," pursued our friend; "but he is the owner of some very fine oxen."

"Well," responded the stranger, "they all own pretty fair oxen."

"But the one I wish to find has oxen for sale."

"As for that, Sir, I guess they'd any of 'em sell if they could get their price."

"But," exclaimed the Oxford County man, "the Mr. West I wish to find is quite wealthy."

"Yes. Well, I reckon there ain't any of them very bad off," replied the other, with a nod.

"My Mr. West," continued our friend, hesitating, "has been represented to me as a very close-fisted man, and not scrupulously honest in all his transactions."

With a curious twinkle of the eye, and a gentle pat on the paunch of his near ox, he said:

"To tell the truth, Sir, I guess they are a close-fisted set all around, and I never heard that honesty run in the family. Isn't there something else?"

"Yes," replied the searcher for oxen, desperately; "they say he has been caught in the act of robbing his own brother's chicken-coop."

The stranger bowed and smiled.

"I guess I'm the man. Come with me, and I'll show you as fine a stock of cattle as you can find in the State; and, if you know what oxen are, there is no danger of being cheated."

THE last that we have from "the Pacific slope" speaks of a practice that prevailed some years since at the Sandwich Islands, when it was the custom of the American consuls to be present at the trials of American sailors for breaches of the peace. The consul, at a trial before that sturdy old magistrate and native, Governor Kekuanoa, objected to the testimony of an islander on the ground that it was false. The Governor replied, "Yes, I'm perfectly aware of that; but so was the sailor's. Let us hear *both* sides, and then decide the matter." A mere "question of veracity."

AT the December (1870) term of the District Court of Cedar County, Iowa, a slander case was on trial. An important point for the defense to prove was that a person who had died suddenly at the plaintiff's house had died from the effects of one poisonous dose of strychnine, while the plaintiff wished to prove that the deceased had died from the effects of repeated small doses of that poison. Dr. ——, a witness for the defense, who had attended deceased in his last illness, was on the stand, and had passed through a thorough direct examination. On the cross-examination the opposing counsel endeavored to prove by the doctor that the deceased had had too many convulsions to have died from only one dose of strychnine; and desiring to show this fact to the jury, and how many convulsions he had

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had, asked the witness, "Doctor, please state to the jury in which convulsion the patient died." The doctor answered without hesitation, and with a positiveness that indicated he understood himself, "The *last* one!" Probably.

A GENTLEMAN of New Bedford, Massachusetts, sends us the following, which he thinks might cheer the New Bedford mind if published in the Drawer: The other day a gentleman, in making change for an article purchased, left upon the counter a penny by mistake. The clerk, believing that every man should have what belongs to him, sent the penny to the individual, and the following lines were sent in acknowledgment of its receipt:

I have the cent that you sent me,
And now I've sent a scent to thee
Your cent was nickel, as was seen,
My scent is tonqua, that's a bean;
The cent you sent me's very well,
The scent I've sent you is to smell;
That cent was sent I know what for,
This scent is sent to scent your drawer.

And also the Editor's Drawer.

THE Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, at a late meeting of the Baptist Union at Cambridge, right under the very noses of the dons of the University, said some things to the people about their duty to pay the preacher a decent support, and to the preachers about some things that were *not* to be classed as among their duties, that hit the personal and pocket experience of every clergyman in every land, no matter what his creed. Says Spurgeon:

"I recommend every young minister to make preaching his first business. The pulpit is the Thermopylæ of Christendom. Your people may grumble that you don't go about and drink as many cups of tea at their houses as they would like. If you give them good food on the Sabbath they will put up with a good deal. If the Sabbath joint is only a grim scrag of mutton, with plenty of divisions, and nothing to divide [laughter], you will soon discover that your people will not be satisfied. In the next place, do not neglect visitation. It is true that I can not visit my 4350 members. But my visitation is done by the elders.

"Next let me say a word or two to the people. It is a remarkable fact that ministers of the Gospel are not able to live on much less than other people. [Laughter.] They can not make a shilling go as far as other people can make a sovereign. Some of them try very hard, but they do not succeed. A member once said to a minister who wanted a little more salary as his family increased, 'I did not know that you preached for money.' 'No, I don't,' said the minister. 'I thought you preached for souls.' 'So I do; but I could not live on souls' [laughter]; 'and if I could, it would take a good many the size of yours to make a meal.'" [Renewed laughter.]

SOME years ago, in Northeastern Ohio, there lived and loved a young couple named Charles Bowers and Sarah Blair. Who was in fault the narrator knoweth not; but when the cards were dealt for this game of life, the fair Sarah held no "Bowers." Time rolled on, and she gave her hand in marriage to a suitor named Button. In due time, also, Bowers married. Years passed pleasantly to them both, for both had been fortunate; but, sad to say, the beloved companion of Bowers died, and in a few months was followed by the husband of Sarah. It became necessary, in the latter case, to telegraph to the Rev. Mr. Bonner, of Ashtabula, to conduct the funeral services; and thus the whole matter might have ended but for the fortunate blunder of the operator, who received and sent to Bowers in great haste the dispatch which should have gone to Bonner. And great was the surprise of Bowers on reading the telegram: "*Button is dead—send Bowers down.*" Nevertheless, Bowers went; and after a season of conventional mourning, the pair who in youth were estranged were finally united and happy—and all that sort of thing.

MANY good things have been told of Young America in the Drawer, to which may now be added the request of little Dicky D——. Dicky's parents, together with one or two evening visitors, had been spending an hour or two at whist, during which amusement Dicky had heard several allusions to "the rubber." Young America, although usually wide-awake, in due time becomes sleepy, as did Dicky on the evening in question. His grandmother put him in bed, and, as was her custom, read to him a chapter in the Bible, remarking, "Now, Dicky, I have read you a whole chapter, and you must go to sleep."

"No, grandma, I ain't so sleepy now; read another."

The good old lady complied, and said, "Now you *must* go to sleep; I have read you two chapters."

"No, not yet—read one more; read *the rubber*, grandma!"

What else could the good woman do?

THE following, told by the victimized individual himself, will be appreciated by those who are familiar with the "bills of fare" of boarding establishments:

A clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and principal of a boys' boarding-school, in Connecticut, on the approach of the Lenten season, called together his pupils and reminded them of the practice of his Church in regard to self-denial and abstinence during that period. He desired them to fulfill, as was proper, their part of this churchly duty by denying themselves some luxury of the table. He would not influence their choice, but leave them to consult together, and decide what one article of food they would be willing to give up, and then announce to him their decision. The next morning a committee of the boys, with due formality, waited upon their principal, and informed him that, after serious deliberation, the school had unanimously agreed that throughout the whole of Lent they would *abstain from hash.*

WE are favored with the bill of an entertainment, quite popular in the very Western and mountainous regions where gold is dig-ged, given by "The Great Taylor Family," which consists of Mart Taylor, Mr. Taylor, Mr. M. Taylor, Professor M. Taylor, Signor Taylor, and enough other Taylors to make one man. The entertainment is of the ballad sort, embracing an original song—"The Way the Kale Seed Skedaddles;" "Things Painful to Behold;" "That's

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the Way to Talk it;" "Hifalutin Poem on the Ideal," etc., etc. That the press appreciates the great Taylors' artistic talent may be inferred from the following notices:

From the Chico Courant.

Mr. Taylor blends theatrical motion with his singing, which, combined with the strains from the violin, have a happy effect on the auditory nerves. Amusement is as necessary to the elasticity of the mind as exercise and pure atmosphere are to the health of the body; and when, as in this instance, it has the merit of originality and intellectuality, as well as entire chasteness, it can advance just claims to the patronage of the public. The fact that Mr. Taylor has laid aside the pen editorial, as well as Blackstone, to minister to this natural craving of the human mind, should be proof that he is no novice in his profession.

From the Walla Walla Tocsin.

Hias close Boston man polletash hiyou chickamen, wakee tickee muck-a-muck. Na witka, you bet, bar keep!

Which, being interpreted, says: Great Boston man is Mart Taylor. If you pungle down to see him you won't want any muck-a-muck for a week. He's heavy, you bet, bar keep.

From the Hong-Kong Gong.

Cuhs Gee yao sing no sabe John Melican man yih sorey tu nev see Mart Taylor yoc Sam.

Which means: If you want to see the funniest man that ever saw China, go and see Mart Taylor.

From the Hispaniol Burro.

Esta Carmina quartra reals much a grando me jel sosau mucho wano cubias thearo Signor Mart Taylor vamous adieux.

As every one understands Spanish, it is useless to interpret the above.

From the Jeu d'Esprit Napoleon.

Honi soit qui mal y pense, château Alexandra Dumas, beau monde Lafayette, per fran sous.

Which the public will at once see is highly complimentary to the Taylor family.

Of course there must be rules and regulations for an entertainment of this sort. Among them are: "Children in arms admitted; but no pinching to keep them still. No dead-heads except members of the profesh. Any individu having a bigger nose than the proprietor can go in free. Briggy-dear generals admitted. Landlor's must invariably *come out* on the arrival and departure of the troupe. Little bits of boys and girls, two shillin'. The hind wagon pays toll."

Once in a while a paragraph or an advertisement appears in some out-of-the-way newspaper that somehow or other seems to tickle the American journalist, who sets it a-going in such a way that it speedily travels all over the country. For example: Some little time since a "broken-hearted woman," as she calls herself, Mrs. Laura Hunt, of Broadalbin, Fulton County, New York, notified the public through the *Amsterdam Intelligencer* that her dear husband, Josiah Hunt, had left her bed and board, and strayed to parts unknown; and she forbid all girls, old maids, and widows to meddle with or marry him under penalty of the law. She earnestly entreated all editors "throughout the world" to lay this information before their readers.

"Mrs. Hunt will please to perceive that we have complied with her request."—*Courier.* "And we (two) too."—*Transcript.* "And we three."—*Cincinnati Mirror.* "And we four."—*Standard.* "And we five."—*Western Methodist.* "And we six."—*Zion's Herald.* "And we seven."—*Maine Free Press.* "And we eight."—*Mobile Free Press.* "And we nine."—*Woodstock Whig.* "Leave her bed and board, the villain! And we ten."—*National Eagle.* "And strayed to parts unknown, the vagabond! And we eleven."—*Daily Advertiser.* "He left her bed and board, the vagrum!"—*Statesman.* "And we start him again."—*Miner's Journal.* "Break a woman's heart, the fiend! Take that!"—*Telegraph.* "Go ahead, and hunt him, Laura."—*Sentinel.* "Pass him around, and start him again."—*Ever-so-many "ibids."*

In a small village in Western New York, several years ago, lived an individual whom we will call Amos Bragdon. He was large in stature, weighing some three hundred pounds. His skin was red, his head nearly bald, and the whole expression of his countenance forbidding in the extreme. He was a blacksmith, and always wore a red flannel shirt open at the throat. Notwithstanding his ill looks, however, none knew any evil of him.

His wife was as nearly his opposite as could be imagined. She was a tall, slim old lady, the incarnation of neatness, and exceedingly quiet in her manners. Her countenance, on which an expression of placid serenity dwelt, was seldom moved by a smile, and still more rarely ruffled by a frown. One day she was taking tea with a neighbor, a lady who liked to be regarded as possessed of extremely delicate sensibilities, and who was wont to go into an ecstasy of horror on the slightest provocation. Several other good dames were present also.

As they were all sitting at the table the lady of the house, happening to glance out of the window, saw Amos Bragdon (with whom she was unacquainted) coming up the street. Here was her opportunity. She dropped her tea-cup, with a shriek, and exclaimed:

"Oh, oh! mercy on us! Who *is* that coming up the street? Just look! What an *awful-looking man!* Oh, I'm so afraid he is coming here!"

The attention of all was, of course, directed toward the object of her exclamations, and nearly all saw the situation at once. The embarrassment was painful.

But Mrs. Bragdon was equal to the emergency. With a sedateness of demeanor and an equanimity of temper that nothing could disturb, she said, in a calm, measured, perfectly distinct tone:

"Why, that's my husband. He's an awful-looking man, but *God made him!*"

Not many years ago there resided in ——, Pennsylvania, Major N——, a jolly, kind-hearted man, who professed to be a devoted Universalist, and was disposed to advance his opinions when opportunity offered. He once came in contact with an unassuming old citizen, who never interfered with any body, or any one's religion, but yet was a firm believer in the "good old Book." A controversy arose between them, the Major insisting there was "no hell," the other as positively asserting there was, and that he could prove it by the Bible; for, says he, "Major, don't you know that the Bible says,

"When we die,
Our souls to heaven or hell will fly."

The Major demanded the chapter and verse. This troubled his opponent somewhat, for he was unable to give the chapter and verse. The Ma-

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jor came down on him with redoubled force. The little man stammered and hesitated a little, but finally recovered himself, and replied:

"Well, Major, I am not exactly positive that it is in the Bible; but if it isn't, it is in my wife Mary's magazine, and that is darned near the same thing."

The Major regarded the theology as defective, and walked off with the air of a superior person.

MR. PETTIGREW, of South Carolina, was as famed for repartee as for legal acumen. On one occasion he entered the Court of Common Pleas, Abbeville District, clad in a linen summer suit. He had to take a jury suit at once, and borrowing a black robe from a fellow-barrister, went at it.

Carolina has all the old English form and fuss, and the judge said, "Mr. Pettigrew, you have on a light coat. You can't speak."

Pettigrew replied, "May it please the bench, I conform strictly to the law. Let me illustrate: The law says that a barrister shall wear a black gown and coat, and your Honor thinks that means a black coat?"

"Yes," said the judge.

"Well, the law also says the sheriff shall wear a cocked-hat and sword. Does your Honor hold that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

He was permitted to go on.

HANS BREITMANN, after having balladed about his "Party," "About Town," and "In Church," has now cantered out before the communities as "A Uhlan," exhibiting in the German army the same character and style that he did as the American "bummer," who, during our unpleasantness, was known for the informal but ingenious manner in which he appropriated any sort of edible or potable that he could lay hands on. The old original "bummer," by-the-way, "was a man named Jost, belonging to a regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry, whose proficiency in 'bumming,' otherwise 'looting,' in swearing, fighting, and drinking lager-beer, raised him to a pitch of glory on the Federal side which excited at once the envy and the admiration of the boldest bushwhackers and the gauntest guerrillas in the Confederate host."

Among other exploits of Breitmann he made chase to a balloon, and his delight at the new sensation is thus chanted:

Oh, vot is hoontin foxen,
  Und vot ish yäger pliss,
Und vot ish shasin bison
  On de blains, to soosh ash dis?
I hafe dinked dat roonin rebels
  Vas de pest of eartly fun;
Boot id isn't half so sholly
  Ash to go a luft-ballon.

Und ash id shdill vent onwart,
  Shdill onwarts mit der wind,
Dere coom a real madness
  To catch it o'er his mind.
Und hadst dou seen him vlyin,
  Dat wild onfuriate brick,
Dou'st hafe schown dat Coptain Breitmann
  Vas pecome balloonatic.

We lack space to follow the warlike "bummer" on the war-path to Nancy, which city he captured individually, and demanded from the authorities 1000 gold watches, 3000 diamond rings, 1,000,000 cigars as "extra boons for not squeezin dem seferely." But we are sure our readers will haw-haw over

BREITMANN IN BIVOUAC.

He sits in bivouacke
  By fire peneat de drees;
A pottle of Champagner
  Held shently on his knees;
His lang Uhlan lanze
  Stuck py him in de sand;
Vhile a goot pease-poodin sausage
  Adorn his oder hand.

Und jungere Uhlanen
  Sit round mit oben mout
To hear der Breitmann shdories
  Of fitin in de Sout.
Und he gife dem moral lessons,
  How pefore de battel pops,
"Take a liddle brayer to Himmel,
  Und a goot long trink of schnapps."

Den his leutenant bemarket:
  "How voonder shdrange it peen
Dat so very many wild pigs
  Ish dis year in de Ardennes.
Ash I scout dere—donner'r'rwetter!—
  I sah dem coom heraus,
Shoost here und dere an Eber
  Mit a hoondert tousand saus.

"Shoost dink of all dese she-picks
  Vor flet to neutral land!"
Said Breitmann: "Fery easy
  Ish dis to oonderstand:
Dese schwein-picks mit de sauen
  Vot you saw a-roonin rond
Ish a crate medempsygosis
  Of de Fräntsché demi-monde.

"I hafe readet in de Bible
  How soosh a coterie
Vas ge-toornet indo swine-picks,
  Und roon down indo de see;
Boot since de see ain't handy,
  Or de picks vere all too dumm,
Dey hafe coot agross de porder
  Und vly to Belgium."

Now ash dey boorst oud laughin,
  Und got more liquor out,
Dey hearden from de sendry
  A shot und denn a shout.
Und Breitmann crasp his sabre
  Quick ash de bullet hiss,
Und leapin out, demantet,
  "Her'r'r'r Gott! vat row ish dish?"

Und bold der Schwabian answert:
  "Dis minute on de ground
Dere coomed a Fräntschman greepin
  On all-fours a-prowlin round.
I ask him vat he vanted;
  Werda! I gry; boot he
Say nodings to my shallenge,
  Und only answer '*Oui.*'

"So I shoot him like ter teufels,
  Und I rader dink our friend,
Dis sneakin Frank-tiroir,
  Ish a-drawin to his end."
So dey hoonted in de pushes,
  Und in avery corner dig;
Boot, mein Gott! how dey vas laughen
  Ven dey found a—mordered pig!

Next week dey hear from Paris,
  Und reat in de *Gaulois*
Of de most adrocious action
  Der vorlt vas efer saw.
How de Uhlan cannibalen,
  Dis vile und awful prood,
Hafe kilt a nople Fräntschman,
  Und cut him oop for food.

"Ja—shop him indo sausage,
  Und coot him indo ham;
Und schwear dey'll serfe all oders
  Exacdly so—py tam!
Sons of France, awake to glory,
  Let your anciend valor shine!
Und schweep dis Prussian vermin
  Het und dails indo de Rhine!"

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLII.—MAY, 1871.—Vol. XLII.

THE WESTOVER ESTATE.



THE OLD MANSION.

ON the left bank of the James River, about two hours' sail below the city of Richmond, the traveler will pass, on his way down that beautiful stream, one of those magnificent estates for which Virginia is so celebrated, and of which her citizens are so justly proud. The mansion is a vice-regal one, having been the residence of a family who for three successive generations were representatives of royalty in the colonial times; and it still bears evidence of the wealth, good taste, and high standing of its former occupants. The origin of the Westover estate, together with the interesting incidents which have occurred within its precincts, and its connection with names of historic renown, have rendered it memorable in the annals of the State as well as of the nation. Few among those who pass it are aware of the interest connected with it, and fewer still are acquainted with the details which entitle it to rank among the notable spots connected with the early history of our country. So rapid has been our growth as a nation, events of paramount importance have crowded so thick and fast upon each other's footsteps, and as a people our faces have been set so determinedly toward the full development of our natural resources, that many of those minor incidents which go so far toward cementing the record into one homogeneous whole, and which oftentimes serve to furnish a key to greater events, are apt to disappear and be forgotten. The Historic Muse, intent upon the major facts in the birth, development, and regeneration of a nation, has left to the literary *chiffonniers*—the "snappers-up of unconsidered trifles"—the task of gleaning and collating those lesser incidents which form the romance of history, and give it zest; and it is with such an object in view that I here present the reminiscences of a trip to Westover in the summer of 1869.

The object of my visit had more immediate connection with the present than with the past. It was to be a festal week at Westover. There was to be a trial of mowers and reapers on the grounds of the estate; and, under the auspices of the Virginia Agricultural Society, the men of the North and the West, who so recently had been engaged in ravaging with fire and sword the fields of the South, were to repair thither with the peaceful implements of husbandry.

When, therefore, the little steamer which conveyed us from Richmond landed its living freight at the dock belonging to the estate, the scene presented to the eye was that of a gala day; and the crowds upon the dock, the piles of gaudily painted machines—which were increased by the added piles from the steamer's deck—the firing of guns from a pleasure-yacht gayly decked with flags which lay in the stream,

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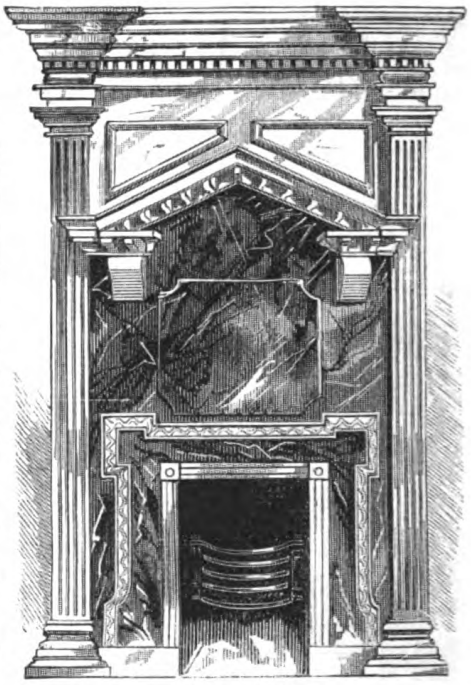
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the responsive scream from the steamer's whistle, all made up a collection of sights and sounds in striking contrast to that presented but a few years before, when the Federal army was taking its departure from the same spot, after seven days of the severest fighting ever known on this continent.

The guests were welcomed with true Virginian hospitality, and conducted up the winding road to the mansion, whence they scattered into groups, each to pursue its own object—some to find a resting-place, others to make arrangements for the morrow, and still others to view the natural beauties of the charming spot on which they had been landed. Strolling to the edge of the high bank which overlooked the river, the scene presented to the eye was one of surpassing beauty, and calculated to fill the mind with pleasurable emotions. The broad river lay calmly in the light of a fine summer's day, reflecting the bright blue of the zenith and the few fleecy clouds which, coming up from the southwest, sailed majestically overhead; while the distant shore, with its wooded heights dotted here and there with specks of houses, and crowned with more pretentious mansions, was mirrored so perfectly in the stream as to destroy the line of demarkation. An occasional fleck of white in the middle distance showed where some lazy craft was winning its way against the current; and the fore-ground was made up of the nearer shore, with the dock piled up with machines, painted mostly of a brilliant scarlet, and the departing steamer moving slowly away, leaving in her wake a series of brilliant wavelets, and a long line of brown smoke which stretched across the landscape, and gave just the graceful line needed to complete the picture. On the right lay the little yacht, with her lively parti-colored streamers, her tapering mast and rigging cutting the horizon line. Turning your back upon this charming scene, worthy the canvas of any artist, the eye beheld a spacious lawn leading up to a large, old-fashioned, three-story mansion, with a colonnade connecting it with the kitchen and other out-buildings on the left, and shaded by a magnificent oak, a giant among his fellows, whose branches had waved in the breezes of more than two centuries, and shaded the first white man who had trod that lovely shore. Right and left the landscape faded into scenes of pastoral beauty, and occasional glimpses of distant hills clothed in atmospheric purple gave a hint of the charms which they might display.

The mansion is situated at a distance of about one hundred yards back from the river; and the lawn, in the form of a parallelogram, is bounded on the right and left by a fence, with large and handsome gateways, which afford egress to the road on the one hand, and to the fields of the estate on the other.

Entering by the front-door I found myself in a fine, spacious hall, running through the house, about ten feet in width, with a grand old staircase leading to the upper floors, occupying at least one half that space, and having handsomely carved and turned newels and rails. Like all the rooms on this floor, the ceiling was twelve feet in height, the walls being wainscoted and paneled throughout, the cornices elaborately carved and ornamented, and every thing in keeping with the wealth and taste of the former owner. On the right of the hall was the parlor, and on the left the library. The former room is remarkable for its fine proportions and handsome chimney-piece. The back-ground of this piece is composed of rich black-veined marble, while the border around the modern grate and the pediment above the mirror are of white marble, all imported from Italy expressly for Colonel Byrd. The space between the border and pediment is vacant, the mirror which formerly occupied it having been stolen by some Vandal when the house was in the hands of the Federal army. It is most earnestly to be hoped that the thief may never be able to sleep quietly until his guilty conscience has urged him to return this historical article to its proper owner.

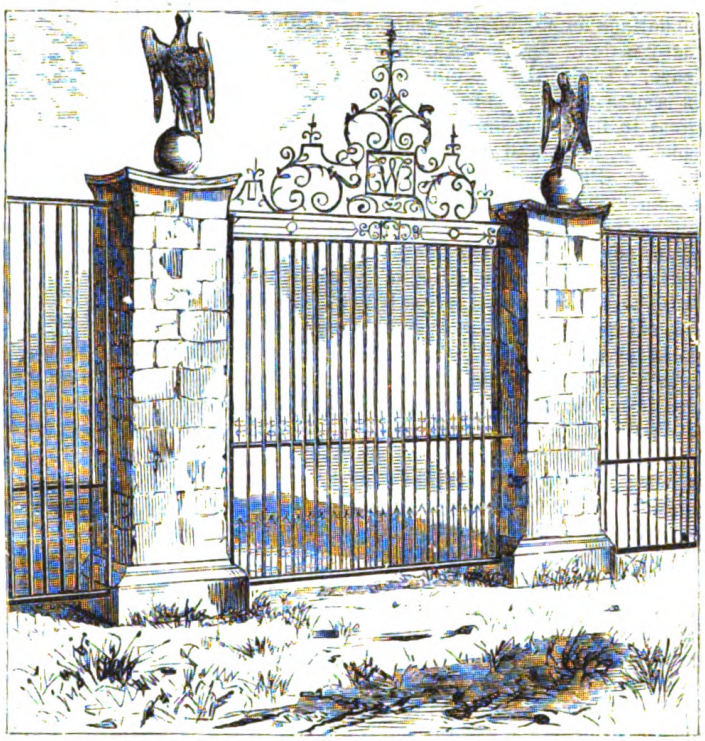


CHIMNEY-PIECE.

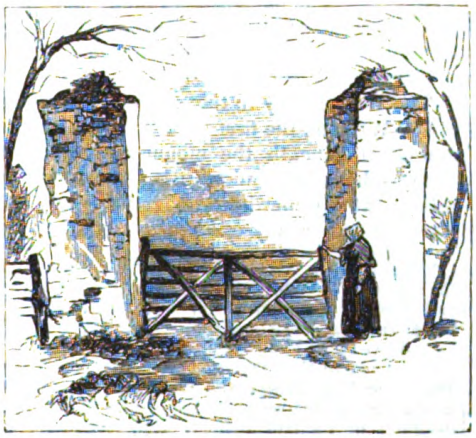
The library is somewhat more plainly paneled, yet is a very handsome room. The other two rooms on this floor were occupied by the family, and were presumably the dining and sitting room of the mansion. Passing through the back-door, we stepped out on to a broad platform, with marble steps leading to a yard about a dozen yards in depth, and running right and left behind the main building and offices. To the left, as one stood on this platform, were the laundry, kitchen, etc., beyond which was a fence with an entrance to the kitchen-garden. To the right were the ruins

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of other buildings of a similar character, which had been apparently taken down for the purpose of using their material for other purposes. Opposite the back-door stands a large gateway with ornate wrought-iron gates, which, like all the other material, were brought from the old country. The pillars are square, of brick, stuccoed, are about ten feet high, and are surmounted each by a martlet — the crest of the Byrd family. One of these was thrown down during the war, and the tail had been broken off. The latter have been replaced with wooden imitations. Over the gates is the monogram of William Byrd and his wife Elizabeth, EWB, as seen in the square in the accompanying illustration. Beyond these gates is the paddock, or home field, containing about two acres, for the pasturage and exercise of the saddle and carriage horses of the estate, whose stables are on the right. On the left of this field are several smaller buildings for poultry. Beyond the paddock, and separating it from immense fields of grain, now ripe for the reaper, the road from the dock ran on and away off through the various fields of the estate, passing, at a distance of a quarter of a mile perhaps from the house, through a gateway (represented in the subjoined illustration), the two large stone columns of which yet remain standing. This magnificent estate was laid out and the buildings erected by Colonel William Byrd, the first of the name, and remained in the hands of the family until long after the Revolution.



GATEWAY IN THE REAR.



GATEWAY.

The greater portion of the day was spent in preparation for the trial of the morrow; and as we were not interested in these technical details Mr. R—— and myself had leisure to look around the estate, to admire its beauties, and hunt up historical data. Our first excursion was to the grave-yard, situated in a grove about one-fourth of a mile north of the mansion, and near the bank of the river.

Passing along the front of the house, the domestic offices, and the boundary of the kitchen-garden, we came upon a massive gateway, very similar in character to the one in rear of the house, and the counterpart of one at the opposite extremity of the grounds. Entering upon an adjoining field, our interest was immediately centred upon a group of colored boys seated and reclining around a shallow pit about twelve feet long by four feet wide, across which were stretched poles supporting the carcasses of three sheep and three hogs, cooking over a fire of corn-cobs. The extent of the provision made for our creature comfort by our hospitable host tended to dispel any fears we may have had as to his ability to provide for his numerous guests. As it was not our intention, however, to play the spy upon his culinary arrangements, we hurried along a foot-path running by the high and wooded banks of the river, and, crossing a stile, entered the precincts of the negro quarters. These consisted of a row of new and very comfortable two-story

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frame buildings, each one containing accommodations for four families, and surrounded by many little accessories of comfort and convenience. Little sleek-skinned colored children in scores were playing in the dirt or in the grass in front, surrounded and mixed up with chickens, dogs, and other two and four footed beasts. Pigs grunted in the sties behind the tenements; some men at work upon their nets under the bank were singing one of those refrains so peculiar to the Southern negro—altogether making up a scene of careless, rural happiness very pleasant to behold. Within the same inclosure, but at some distance back from the river, were the immense barns of the estate, which were being put in order to receive the stores of grass and grain which were destined to fill them to repletion.

Pursuing our way, we came into the edge of a wood, and found ourselves in the "graveyard." Instead of the neat inclosure and well-kept grounds which we expected to see, we beheld only three or four square tombs, very much dilapidated, and a similar number of slabs even with the surface of the ground, all covered to the depth of an inch or more with the dust and mould of age. Prospecting still further, only to find that these were the entire contents of the yard, we set ourselves to work to clearing off from the surfaces of the tablets the sod, the débris, and dirt—the accumulations of perhaps a century. After half an hour's difficult labor with such means as we had at command, being no more than flat stones and newspapers, we were enabled to make out the following very interesting inscriptions:

A. Here lyes interred the body of
Mr Charles Anderson who was
minister of this parish 26 years
and died the 7th of April 1718
in the 49th year of his age.

B. Here in the sleep of Peace,
Reposes the Body;
of Miss Evilyn Byrd:
Daughter,
of the Honle William Byrd Esq:
The various and excellent endowments
of nature; improved and perfected,
by an accomplished Education;
formed her,
For the happiness of her friends:
For an ornament of her country.
Alas Reader!
We can detain nothing however valued
From unrelenting Death
Beauty, Fortune, or exalted Honour!
See here a Proof!
And be reminded by this awfull Tomb
That every earthly comfort fleets away
Excepting only what arises
from imitating the virtues of our Friends:
And the contemplation of their Happyness
To which
GOD was pleased to call this Lady
on the 13th Day of November 1737
In the 29th Year of Her Age.

C. Here Lyeth the Body of Mary Byrd late wife of William Byrd Esq and davghter of Warham Horsemander Esq who dyed the 9th Day of November 1699 In the 47th Year of her Age.

D. Hic reconduntur cineres Gvlielmi
Byrd Armegiri regii hujus
Provinciæ quæstoris qui hanc vitam
Cum Eternitate commutavit 4to Die
Decembris 1704 post quam vixiſset
52 Annes.*

E. Here lyeth intered the body of leftenant
Collonell Walter Aston who died the
6th of Aprill 1656. He was aged 49 years: And
He liued in this country 28 yeares.
Also here lyeth the Body of Walter Aston
the son of leftenant Collonell Walter Aston
who departed this life ye 29th of Ianuary 1656
Being Aged 27 yeares And 7 monthes.

F. The inscription on this slab is illegible; I could only make out a letter here and there, and what appeared to be a cross in the escutcheon, similar to that in the arms of Colonel Byrd over the left gateway.

G. [escutcheon.]
S M
Prudentis & Eruditi Theodoricii
Bland Armig. qui Obijt Aprilis
A D
23d 1675 Ætatus 41
cujus Vidua Mæstissima Anna
Filia Richardi Benner Armig.
hoc Marmor Posuit.†

H. Memoriæ Sacrum
Hic situs eſt In Spem Reſurrectionis
Beniaminus Harrison de Berkley
Beniamini Harrison de Surrey Filius Natus
Maximus: Uxorem Duxet Elizabetham Lodovici
Burwell Glocestriensis Filiam: E Qua Filium
Reliquit Unicum Beniaminum Et Unicum Filiam
Elizabetham Obijt Apr X Anno Dom MDCCX
Ætatis XXXVII
Plurimum Deſideratus
Prolocutor Domus Burgenſium
cauſidious Ingenio Doctrinâ Eloquentiâ Fides et
Αφιλαργυρια Insignis
Viduarum, Orphanorum Patronus Indefenſus.
Controverſarium et Litium Arbiter et Diremptor
Auſpicatus et Pacificus;
In Administratione Iustitiæ, Absque Tricis Et
Ambagibus Comitatus Hujus Vindex
Æquiſimus Ibidemque Impietatis; Et
Nequitiæ Vindex Accerrimus
Libertatis Patriæ Assertor Intrepidus; Et
Boni Publici Imprimis Studioſus
Hunc Merito Proprium Virginia lactat Alumnium
Tam propere Abreptum sed Queribunda Dolet
Publicus Hic Dolor, Et Nunquam Reparabile Damnum
Det Deus, ut Vitæ Sint Documenta Novæ.

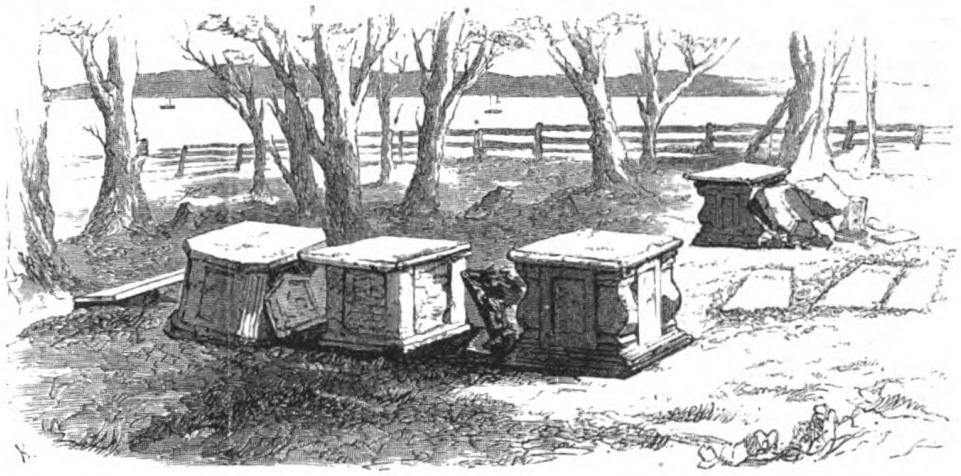
I. The demolished tomb.
Mrs Elizabeth Harrison
daughter of Lewis Burwell
died in 1734.

The Byrd family in this country had its origin in William, the first of that name, who lies entombed beneath the monument before us. He was born in London in 1653, and came to this country somewhere about the year 1674, when he was twenty-one years of age, bringing

* Which being translated reads: "Here are buried the ashes of William Byrd, armor-bearer of the king, and treasurer of this province, who exchanged this life for eternity on the 4th day of December, 1704, after he had lived fifty-two years."

† "Sacred to the memory of the wise and learned Theodoric Bland, Esq., who died April 23, A.D. 1675, aged forty-one, whose most disconsolate widow, Anna, daughter of Richard Benner, Esq., has placed this marble."

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THE GRAVE-YARD.

with him his young wife, Mary, the daughter of Warham Horsemander, Esq. He was descended from Hugo le Bird, of Charleton, in the palatinate of Chester, whose wife was daughter and only heir of Roger Denville, of the same palatinate. Colonel Byrd came from Broxton, in Cheshire, to inherit the estate of his uncle, Captain Stagg, who was an officer in the army of Charles I., and came over to America in those troublous times.

He must have located himself soon after his arrival at or near the falls of the James River, on the site of the present city of Richmond; for we find that the Grand Assembly of the Colony, having declared war against the Indians in 1675–76, ordered that "fifty-five men out of James City County should be garrisoned near the ffalls of James River, at Capt. Byrd's, or at one ffort or place of defense over against him at Newlett's [or Howlett's], of which ffort Lieut. Coll. Edward Ramsay should be captain or chief commander." In 1679 the Assembly passed an act in the terms following: "Forasmuch as Capt. William Byrd, of Henrico County, hath made offer to seate at or near the head of James River a small company of men for the protection of the frontier against the Indians, upon certain terms and conditions which were deemed reasonable and fair," he was granted a tract of land thereabout, described as "beginning on the South side of the James River, one mile and a half below the ffalls, and soe continuing five miles up the river in a straight line, and backwards one mile into the woods; and on the North side of the said river, beginning half a mile before the ffalls, and thence continuing five miles up the river and two miles backwards into the woods: all of which he accompts and presumes to be his own lands.* And that the said William Byrd stand bound and obliged, and he doth hereby promise and become bound and obliged, to keep all the whole number of fifty able men soe armed and constantly furnished with sufficient ammunition and provisions, together with such number of other tythable persons, not exceeding two hundred and fifty in the whole, on both sides the said river, within the space of half a mile along the river in a straight line, and a quarter of a mile backwards into the woods." The governor (Sir Henry Chicheley) was empowered and requested to grant him a patent for said land, and give him a commission as commander-in-chiefe within the lymitts of such grant, and over the said privileged persons; which was no doubt done.

Here, therefore, he located himself, and built him a house on the brow of a hill near the Penitentiary of Richmond, which he called Belvidere, and which is still standing—making it, as was the fashion of those days, a sort of fortress for protection against the Indians. Here he brought his young wife; and after building a warehouse about where the present Exchange stands, and a mill on Shockoe Creek, he set himself up as a planter and trader with the Indians. He prospered greatly, accumulated immense wealth, was elected to represent his district in the House of Burgesses, was appointed Receiver-General of his Majesty's revenues for the colony (a position which he retained until his death), and was held in high esteem as a man of probity and worth. He had four daughters and one son, and as his family increased he sent at least two of them—his son William and daughter Susan—to England to be educated, whence the former returned to assume his father's immense wealth and honors, and to take a high rank among the first families of his native country. A volume of manuscript letters of the father is preserved in the Historical Society of Virginia, some of which have been published in the "Virginia Historical Register," from which I select two as giving an insight into his business and his family affairs. The first is to one of his factors in England, and the second is to his father-in-law.

* It will be seen that this grant covers almost the entire site of the present city of Richmond, and Manchester, opposite thereto.

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"VIRGINIA, *January*, 1688.

"*To Mr. North, per Pagger:*

"SIR,—Yours by Bradley, Pagger & Culpeper* were recd., and I was in hopes to have heard from you by Wynne ere this. There accompany Capt. Pagger, fifty Hhds. of Tobacco as per bill of lading and invoice as may appear. Tobacco this year doth not prove so kind as was expected, much being utterly destroyed by the Gust in Aug., and more spoiled after it was packed in caske, but doubt not but mine may do as well as any.

"I have a considerable quantity of deerskins by me, but doe not venture to send them until the Governor† arrives. All our friends here are in health, and give you their best respects and service, which please to accept to yourself and lady from

"Your humble servant, W. B."

"VIRGINIA, *Feby. 26th*, 1688.

"*To Father Horsemander, per T. Grendon in the Culpeper:*

"WORTHY SIR,—I am very sorry we have been so unfortunate this year as not to receive one letter from you or my brother Daniell, but expect by Co^{ll}. Ludwell, whom I wish well in. Hee was not arrived on the 21st instant, on which day I was to wait on our new Governor, who, with all the rest of the ships except that Co^{ll}. Ludwell is in, have been in above this fortnight. The Councill met the aforesaid day, and an Assembly was agreed on to commence the 16th of April next.

"I was lately advised by Mr. Coe that Willt was, on your desire, lately removed into Essex near you, much to our satisfaction, since wee cannot doubt his welfare whilst hee is under your eye. Wee also understand that little Sue was at last got safe into Essex to her Grandmother. My wife on Michaelmas day last was brought to bed of another girle christened Mary. They are both and little Nutty (I thank God) in good health.

"My Lady Berkeley was last week very well. All our friends here are very well, and give you their best respects and service. Please to give mine where it is due, and our blessings to our children, and please to accept our duty to yourselfe and my mother (in law), with hearty thanks for all your favors from, Worthy Sir, Your obedient Son and servant,

"W. B."

As will be seen by the inscriptions, his wife died November 9, 1699, aged forty-seven years; and five years afterward he followed her to the grave, leaving his wealth to his son William.

Miss Evelyn Byrd, whose monument (marked B in the sketch) stands next to her grandmother's, was born at Westover in 1708, and was a great favorite with her father, Colonel Byrd. In a letter to Colonel John Custis, his brother-in-law, he says of her, "She has grown a great romp, and enjoys robust health." She went out to England toward the close of 1716 to meet her parents, and remained there until the death of her mother, which occurred in December of that year. As she grew up she developed into a lovely woman, an ornament to her sex, and worthy her eulogistic epitaph. She is said to have died of a broken heart, consequent upon disappointed love. Her hand had been proffered to Daniel Parke Custis, her cousin, and the son of Colonel John Custis, who for some reason seemed indifferent to the match, and subsequently married Martha Dandridge, afterward Lady Washington.

We find no record of the parties whose remains lie beneath the slabs in the middle distance. The inscription on one of these slabs is entirely illegible. Of Theodoric Bland we can only surmise that he was the father of Theodoric Bland of Revolutionary fame, and of high repute in the annals of Virginia. Benjamin Harrison—whose tomb with a long Latin inscription eulogistic of his many virtues is seen in the back-ground—was the father of Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and afterward Governor of Virginia, and the grandfather of William Henry Harrison, the eighth President of the United States. He was the son of Benjamin Harrison, of Surrey, and lived on an estate, which he called "Berkeley," on the James River near Westover.* His wife, Elizabeth Burwell, who lies by his side, and whose tomb is in ruins, was the daughter of Louis Burwell, of Gloucester. She died in 1734. The Harrison family were connected by marriage with the Byrds, and hence the cause of their remains being found in these grounds.

Thus beneath our feet lay mouldering the remains of men who were born in Shakspeare's time; who had held allegiance to James, Charleses I. and II., and Cromwell; who had pushed their way into the wilderness, and set themselves down to win wealth and honors amidst the wild beasts and the wilder red men, where now is the seat of a mighty dominion and the home of a thriving and multitudinous people, just arising from the lethargy of age and effete institutions to a new life and a brighter future, and seeking a rejuvenation at the hands of that hardy race who, with the axe and the plow-share, have forced their way through the wilderness, spreading themselves over the entire continent, even to the farther sea. Yet these arching heavens, these floating clouds, the glorious sunlight, those rolling hills, and the placid stream, are still the same.

Returning to the house, we found dinner spread in a grove, the tables fairly groaning with the weight they bore, embracing not only the substantial elements, but the luxuries and adornments of a noble feast. Servants without number responded to the wants of the guests, while our host and the members of the Agricultural Society were untiring in their efforts to see that every one was satisfied. Nothing was wanting to complete the *ensemble* of the real old Virginia barbecue. There were fragrant Havanas for the smokers, while to those bibulously inclined the cellars—filled with wines, and liquors of a baser sort—were as free as the air they breathed. Such, indeed, was the provision made during our entire stay; and the enigma as to how so many guests were to find sleeping quarters was settled in an equally satisfactory manner; for when bedtime came we found that fifty or more large double mattresses had been

* The two former are names of captains, the latter of a ship. † The name of a ship.

‡ This is his son, William, afterward Colonel Byrd, who lies buried in the garden.

* He died in 1710, at the early age of thirty-seven, leaving one son—the Benjamin above spoken of—and a daughter, named Elizabeth after her mother.

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A VIRGINIAN WAITER.

provided, with blankets, sheets, and other fixings; and when the morning of the eventful day of "trial" broke, bright and beautiful, not one of that numerous party who had sought rest from fatigue and anxiety had cause to complain of his accommodations. It is true, there were the usual pranks and jokes consequent upon a party of male bipeds seeking sleep *en masse*, for "men are but children of a larger growth;" and many an unlucky wight found his tonsure incomplete, and lacked his proper "make-up," when morning came. But good-humor prevailed, and every body was ready to vote every body else a jolly good fellow, and our host the jolliest of all.

The trial was to commence at nine o'clock; and the scene at that hour on the ground selected was one of great interest, not alone as developing the relative powers and capacities of competing machines, but as bringing the dead past into such striking contrast with the living present. The field had been the site of the camp of M'Clellan's noble Army of the Potomac when, after the "seven days' fight," he retired to Harrison's Landing, preparatory to a "change of base;" and as the machines moved through the lodged and tangled clover, every now and then they were stopped by some obstacle which, upon clearing away the mown grass, was discovered to be a battered canteen, an old bayonet, a length of telegraph wire, or some other remnant of a deserted camp; and as it was held up as an evidence of the difficulties against which they had to contend, it sent a thrill of interest through the spectators; and I doubt whether there was an intelligent man present who did not dwell upon the significance of the events, and of the scene in which he was a participant. The mind could not fail to recall the picture which these same shores had presented but a few short years before. The long lines of tents, with their tired and war-worn occupants, blood-stained and begrimed with powder and dirt; the rows of ambulances and litters, bearing the wounded to the dock; the clattering of hoofs and the neighing of steeds; the rumbling of artillery, and the bugle's stirring notes; the river, filled with shipping of every kind, from the monster iron-clad to the tiny tug-boat; and all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

And now how changed the scene. In place of the tented field, the yellow, waving grain and the sweet-smelling clover, ripe and ready for the sickle and the scythe, proclaim the sway of peace and plenty. The foemen of that day had gathered to harvest the crops whose roots were nurtured by the blood of that defeated army; and had struck hands in friendship and fraternity. In place of the sword, the plow-share; instead of artillery, the mower and reaper; kindly feeling instead of the rancor of hate and animosity; the jubilee of peace where so recently had been the convulsions of war. And, as if to bring the two scenes into immediate juxtaposition, the rusty and useless bayonet clogging the polished knives of the mower contrasted the instrument of war so vividly with the implement of peace that even the most stolid mind could not fail to give the circumstance a thoughtful consideration.

Again and again the same thing was repeated; but still the work went on. And when the sun went down, after twenty machines had been tried and tested by the various means and appliances known only to the initiated, and their powers and capabilities criticised and commented upon, the trial of the mowers was over.

The morning of the third day was cloudy and threatened rain, but as there was "no postponement on account of the weather," the preparations for the trial of the reapers went busily on.

After such a breakfast as is calculated to linger in the memory of the epicure, I started on a prospecting tour on my own account, and while wandering in the garden I came unexpectedly upon the monument of Colonel Byrd, and read the inscription thereon. I felt very much as the miner may be supposed to feel who has suddenly—and when he was not looking for it—come upon a rich "lead."

The cut on the following page conveys a better idea of the monument than could any description, and it is only necessary to add that it

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stands in the edge of the garden, not twenty yards from the back-door, under an arbor overrun with trailing vines, which screen it from view. It is considerably dilapidated, and that dilapidation was increased during the occupancy of the estate by the violence of some disorderly soldiers, who not only desecrated it by chipping away pieces as mementoes, but robbed it of the escutcheon, bearing the arms of Colonel Byrd, which adorned the front of the shaft. Let us hope that it was some one ignorant of the historical importance of the relic, and who may be induced—if he should ever see these pages—to return it to its owner, to be replaced where it belongs, and where, for over a century and a half, it had adorned the tomb of one of the accomplished of our land.

The following is the inscription—on the front:

Here lyeth
the Honourable WILLIAM BYRD Esqr.

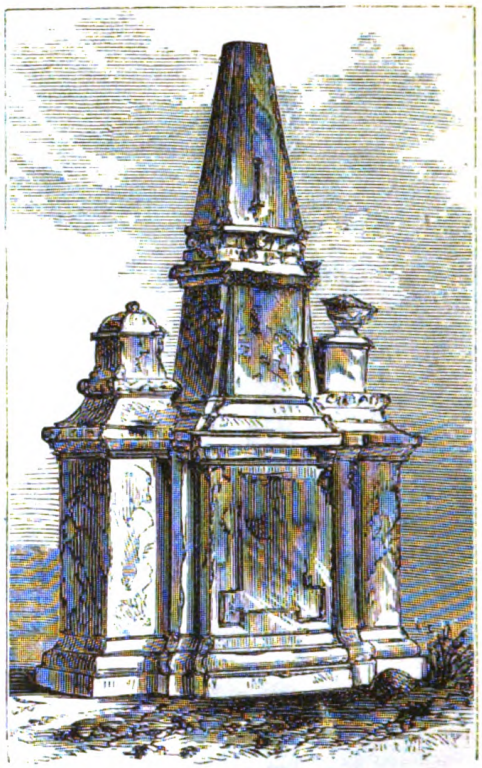
Being born to one of the amplest fortunes in this country he was sent early to England for his education: where under the care and instruction of Sir Robert Southwell and ever favored with his particular instructions he made a happy proficiency in polite and various learning; by the means of the same noble friend he was introduced to the acquaintance of many of the first persons of that age for knowledge, wit, virtue, birth, or high station, and particularly attracted a most close and bosom friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle Earl of Orrery. He was called to the bar in the Middle Temple, studied for some time in the low countries visited the court of France and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society.

On the other side:

Thus eminently fitted for the service and ornament of his country, he was made Receiver general of his Majesty's revenues here, was thrice appointed publick agent to the Court and ministry of England, and being thirty-seven years a member at last became President of the Council of this Colony to all this were added a great elegancy of taste and life, the well-bred gentleman and polite companion the splendid Oeconomist and prudent father of a family with the constant enemy of all exhorbitant power and hearty friend to the liberties of his Country, Nat: Mar. 28. 1674 Mort. Aug. 26. 1744 An. Ætat 70.

While engaged in sketching the monument I was accosted by a gentleman who, like me, had strayed into the garden to look at the tomb. Unlike me, however, he was no stranger, and after a few moments' conversation I found him to be Major Mann Page, of Brandon—a name not unknown to fame in the Confederate armies—and with him I spent an hour in social chat, gaining much valuable information in regard not only to the worthy gentleman whose remains lay buried at our feet, but of the family and its branches.

The Honorable William Byrd, the inscription on whose tomb we have just read, was the second of that name, being the son of him whose tomb we have seen in the grave-yard. The utmost pains and unlimited expense were expended upon his education, and with a mind stored with useful information, his manners cultivated in courts, and with unbounded wealth, he returned to his native country to adorn her annals, and shed abroad over the circle of his influence a halo which has lasted long since his earthly tabernacle has reposed in her bosom. He married Lucy, daughter of Colonel Daniel Parke, whose eldest daughter, Frances, was, as we have seen, married to Colonel John Custis. He had several children, of whom his son William—the third of the name—inherited his estates, and was elected to fill his place in the Council of the colony.



COLONEL BYRD'S MONUMENT.

Daniel Parke, the father of the wife of Colonel William Byrd (second), went to England, where he was appointed an aid-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough, and was with him at the battle of Blenheim, being selected to convey the news of that memorable victory to his sovereign, Queen Anne. Ambition seems to have got the better of his domestic virtues; for although his wife, on whom the whole charge of his immense estate devolved, wrote anxiously and often beseeching him to return, he never did so, but went back to the wars, was developed into a general, and finally appointed Governor of the Leeward Islands, where he was killed in an insurrection under very aggravating circumstances. By his will he left his property to an illegitimate daughter, and Colonel Byrd, in the interest of his wife and her family, went to England to get the will set aside.

On the 2d of October, 1716, Colonel Byrd writes Colonel Custis (his brother-in-law) that he had *sold* his office as Receiver-General—which he seems to have inherited from his father—to a Mr. Roscow for £500. He intimates that the Lieutenant-Governor of the colony has preferred charges against him for malfeasance, but says that is not the reason for his resigning

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his office. He adds that his wife has come over to him. Toward the close of the same year he announces the arrival in England of his daughter Evelyn, and hopes that he shall manage her in such a manner as she shall be no discredit to her country.* In the same letter he writes: "I do so long to see you; but can hardly persuade myself to return until I can get it decided whether a governor can hang any man he takes to be his adversary, or not. For, if it be in his power to appoint me my judges, I am sure I won't come within his reach, lest I fall a sacrifice to his resentment. However, I am laboring with all my might to hinder so great a power from being lodged in the hands of any bashaw, lest they be too much inclined to make use of it."

On the 16th of December, 1716, he writes to announce the death of his wife, who died in twelve hours from the time she was taken with the small-pox.

He must have returned to this country soon after, although I can find no record of the date of such return.

Colonel Byrd was a man of fine literary attainments, and possessed a very copious and valuable library, of which he made most excellent use. He was appointed one of the commissioners for running the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina; and was the author of several important papers, which were collected, and an edition of forty copies published, under the title of the "Westover Manuscripts." They are entitled, "The History of the Dividing Line," "A Journey to the Land of Eden," and "A Progress to the Mines." All his manuscripts have been collected and bound, and are carefully preserved in the family. They are in the handwriting of a copyist, who evidently transcribed them from the Colonel's manuscripts. It is supposed that these original manuscripts are in the possession of the American Philosophical Society, of Philadelphia, to whom (if so) they must have been presented by the wife of the third William Bird, who was from that city. The copy is in the hands of the Harrison family, of Brandon, on the James River. How they came there will be seen by this statement of the widow of Mr. George E. Harrison:

"This manuscript was the production of the second Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, who, for his rare wit, learning, and wisdom, was styled the 'black swan of the family.' It descended to his son, the last Colonel William Byrd, who married Miss Mary Willing, of Philadelphia. She presented this book to George Evelyn Harrison, the son of her daughter Evelyn, who had married Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of Brandon."

The Marquis De Chastellux, in his travels in America, speaks of the estate at Westover, which he visited in 1782, as "surpassing all other estates on the river in the magnificence of its buildings, the beauty of its situation, and the pleasures of its society." He tells us that "Mrs. Bird is the widow of a colonel who served in the war of 1756, and was afterward one of the Council under the British government. His talents, his personal qualities, and his riches—for he possessed an immense territory—rendered him one of the principal personages of the country; but, being a spendthrift and a gambler, he left his affairs at his death in great disorder. He had four children by his first wife, who were already settled in the world; and has left eight by his second, of whom the widow takes care. She preserves his beautiful house on the James River, a large personal property, a considerable number of slaves, and some plantations, which she has rendered valuable." He describes her as "a woman about two-and-forty, with an agreeable countenance and great sense;" and intimates that, although her estate had been visited by the British, female charms had more to do with their presence than plunder. She was suspected, however, of dealing with the enemy; and government had once put its seal upon her papers. "Her two eldest daughters," he says, "spent the last winter at Williamsburg, where they were greatly complimented by M. De Rochambeau and the whole army."

The last Colonel Byrd remained a member of the Governor's Council until Lord Dunmore got into difficulties with the colonists and fled on board the British war vessels in the river, when the royal government ceased to exist, and the Council disbanded. He must have died soon after the commencement of hostilities. Some of the buildings were burned during the lifetime of the last Colonel Byrd, and were rebuilt—probably by his widow. We have seen that his widow saved a large portion of his property, and reared her family at Westover. Three times the estate was visited by the enemy under Arnold and Cornwallis. On the evening of January 8, 1781, Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe was sent from there with a detachment of the Queen's Rangers, to attack a body of militia who were at Charles City Court House. The Lieutenant-Colonel, in his journal, gives the following account of the affair:

"General Arnold directed a patrol to be made on the night of the 8th of January toward Long Bridge, in order to procure intelligence. Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe marched with forty cavalry, for the most part badly mounted, on such horses as had been picked up in the country; but the patrol had not proceeded above two miles before Sergeant Kelly, who was in advance, was challenged. He parleyed with the videttes until he got nearer to them, when, rushing at them, one he got hold of, the other flung himself off his horse and escaped into the bushes. A negro was also taken whom these videttes had intercepted on his way to the British army. From these people information was obtained that the enemy was assembled at Charles

* She must have been at this time about eight years of age.

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City Court House, and that the corps which had appeared in the daytime opposite Westover, nearly to the amount of four hundred men, lay about two miles in advance of their main body, and on the road to Westover. The party were immediately ordered to the right-about and to march toward them. Lieutenant Holland, who was similar in size to the vidette who had been taken, was placed in advance; the negro had promised to guide the party so as to avoid the high-road, and to conduct them by an unfrequented pathway, which led close to the creek, between the body which was supposed to be in advance and that which was at Charles City Court House. Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe's intention was to beat up the main body of the enemy, who, trusting to those in front, might reasonably be supposed to be off their guard. In case of repulse he meant to retreat by the private way in which he had advanced; and should he be successful, it was optional to attack the advance party or not on his return. The patrol passed through a wood, where it halted to collect, and had scarcely got into the road when the advance was challenged. Lieutenant Holland answered, 'A friend;' gave the countersign procured from the prisoner, 'It is I; me, Charles,' the name of the person he personated. He passed one vidette, whom Sergeant Kelly seized, and himself caught hold of the other, who in a struggle proved too strong for him, got free, presented and shapped his carbine at his breast; luckily it did not go off, but the man galloped away, and at some distance fired the signal of alarm. The advance division immediately rushed on, and soon arrived at the court-house; a confused and scattering fire began on all sides. Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe sent the bugle-horns, French and Barney, through an inclosure to the right, with orders to answer his challenging and sound when he ordered; he then called loudly for the light infantry, and halloed 'Sound the advance.' The bugles were sounded, as had been directed, and the enemy fled on all sides, scarcely firing another shot. The night was very dark, and the party totally unacquainted with the ground; part of the dragoons were dismounted and mixed with the hussars; some of the enemy were taken, others were wounded, and a few drowned in a mill-dam. In saving three armed militiamen from the fury of the soldiers, Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe ran a great risk, as their pieces were loaded, pointed to his breast, and in their timidity they might have discharged them. From the prisoners he learned that the whole of their force was here assembled, and that there was no party in advance. The soldiers were mounted as soon as possible, nor could they be permitted to search the houses, where many were concealed, lest the enemy should gain intelligence of their numbers and attack them; and this might easily have been done, as the darkness of the night prevented the Rangers from seeing around them, while they were plainly to be distinguished by the fires which the enemy had left. It appeared that the enemy were commanded by General Nelson, and consisted of seven or eight hundred men; they were completely frightened and dispersed, many of them not stopping until they reached Williamsburg. Sergeant Adams, of the hussars, was mortally wounded. This gallant soldier, sensible of his situation, said: 'My beloved Colonel, I do not mind dying, but for God's sake do not leave me in the hands of the rebels.' Trumpeter French and two hussars were wounded. About a dozen horses were seasonably captured."

During the late war for the Union the mansion was occupied several times, more notably by General M'Clellan, while his army was preparing to take to their transports from Harrison's Landing.

I fain would linger over the scene of the morning of the closing day, when the guests in a body called the Major, and his coadjutors of the Agricultural Society, to the front of the house, and, gathered in a group about that ancient doorway, resolutions expressive of their gratitude for the hospitality they had received were read, and kindly sentiments, words of cheer, and bright hopes of future prosperity and fraternity were expressed on all hands; but the bell of the approaching steamer warns us away, and we must bid farewell to the place and all its associations.

DISILLUSION.

I dreamed that I had long been dead—
Spring rain, and summer light and bloom
Had swept across my lonesome bed,
With clover-scent and wild-bees' boom
Lightening the place of half its gloom.

Serene and calm, my quiet ghost
Came softly back to see the place
Where I had joyed and suffered most—
To look upon his grieving face
Whose memory death could not erase.

But he, my love, whom even in heaven
I yearned to comfort and sustain,
Knowing how sore his heart was riven—
My love, with life so changed to pain
That he could never love again—

Forgetful of the golden band
On my dead finger slumbering,
Now bent above another hand,
And clasped and kissed the dainty thing,
And whispered of another ring.

Alas, poor ghost! I felt a thrill—
A sudden stab of mortal pain—
And sighed. He shivered: "Ah, how chill
The air has grown, and full of rain;
My darling, kiss me warm again!"

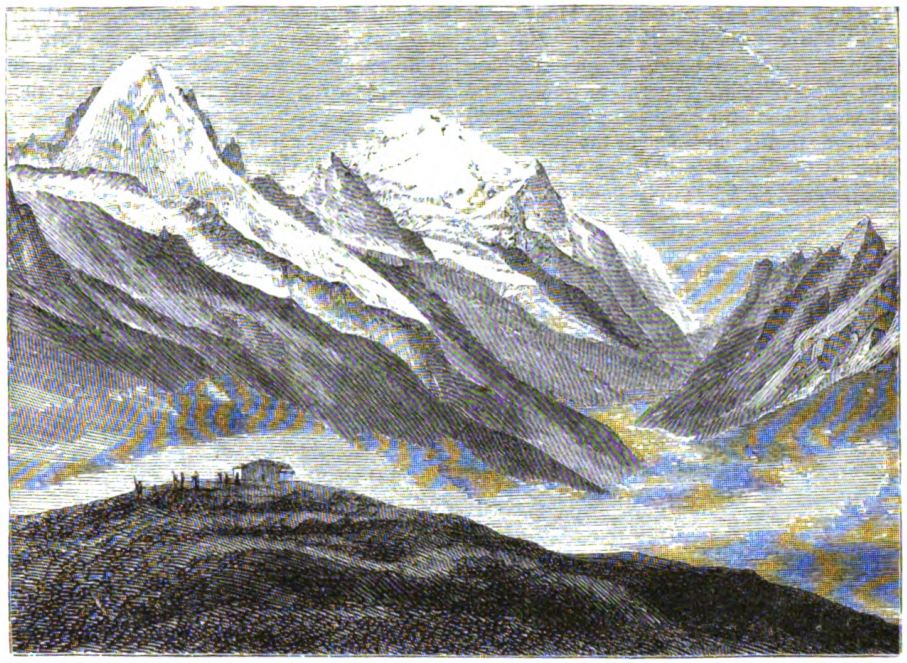
Why should I linger? As I passed
Her lips touched shyly, murmuring low,
Just where my own had kissed their last,
Only so little while ago:
"Ah, well," I said, "'tis better so."

But one, who in my life passed by
With friendship's coolest touch and tone,
I found beneath the darkening sky,
Beside my grave all bramble-grown,
With sorrow in his eyes—alone.

A tear, down-glittering as he stood,
Hung, star-like, in the grass below;
I blessed him in my gratitude.
He smiled: "Dear heart, if she could know
How sweet these brier-blossoms grow!"

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THE MONARCH OF MOUNTAINS.



MONT BLANC, FROM THE MER DE GLACE.

UNTIL the close of the last century Mont Blanc was universally regarded as inaccessible. Then, in 1760, a young scientific investigator by the name of De Saussure conceived the idea of ascending it. He was but twenty years old when he first visited the vale of Chamouni; but no sooner had he seen the "monarch of the mountains" than he was seized with an irresistible ambition to conquer it. He published abroad his desire; promised an ample reward to whatever guide would discover a practical route to the summit; would even pay days' wages to those whose labors were ineffectual. But his dream of conquest was regarded as that of a young and visionary enthusiast. A quarter of a century passed away before he realized his dream. Thirty excursions among these Alpine mountains rendered him familiar with the details of nearly every other height. But still the monarch of them all baffled him. Delay did nothing, however, to daunt his ambition. "It became," says he, "a sort of mania with me. My eyes never rested upon this colossus without producing a painful impression."

The achievement presents difficulties which it is almost impossible for the reader to conceive, who can gain from the best picture but a feeble idea of the stern and sterile grandeur of the mountain. The peak is 15,739 feet above the level of the sea—over 9000 feet higher than our own Mount Washington; 7000 feet down either side is clothed with perpetual snow. The numerous jutting rocks, the fields of ice broken by fissures of unknown depth; the caverns and grottoes excavated by the warmer temperature below; the treacherous bridges and roofs of snow, that tempt the traveler upon them only to give way and dash him upon the ice, or bury him scores of feet beneath the suffocating snow which waits below to entomb him; the rocks, loosened by the action of the weather, and crumbling often beneath his hands and feet; the banks of snow, loosened by his foot, or even by the echoes of his voice, and overwhelming him in terrible avalanche; the extreme cold; the sudden storms, which no wisdom can foresee, and from which no preparation can protect; the difficulty of breathing in the rarefied atmosphere of the mountain-top; the feverish condition which that atmosphere induces; the lack of appetite and languor and faintness which ensue; the dangerously dazzling brightness of the snow, almost certain to blind for the time, if not altogether, the unprotected eyes—these are among some of the difficulties and dangers which, in every attempted ascent of Mont Blanc, are added to the more common perils of mountain-climbing. Add to these that the path, now well known to scores of guides, had yet to be discovered—that one height after another had to be essayed and abandoned before the victory could be won—and the reader may be able to form some faint conception of the difficulties which M. De Saussure had to overcome before he could realize his long-cherished ambition. It was not even known whether the rarefaction of the air at so

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lofty an elevation would not prove fatal to human life, as it has since done to some martyrs to science on our American mountain-peaks.

Three attempts were made in the years 1775 and 1783 to gain the summit by Mont de la Côte and the Glacier des Bossons. But the adventurers reached no further than the base of Mont Blanc. Once the rarefaction of the air and the reflection of the sun's rays proved too much for them; once one of the party, succumbing to the deceitful lethargy which ends in death, begged for leave to lie down and sleep, and could be saved only by an abandonment of the enterprise; once the party were driven back by storm just as they had reached the Glacier des Bossons. These three expeditions were deemed a sufficient demonstration that the mountain could not be scaled by the path which at first seemed most practicable. It was abandoned, proving simply a path, but not the ascent.

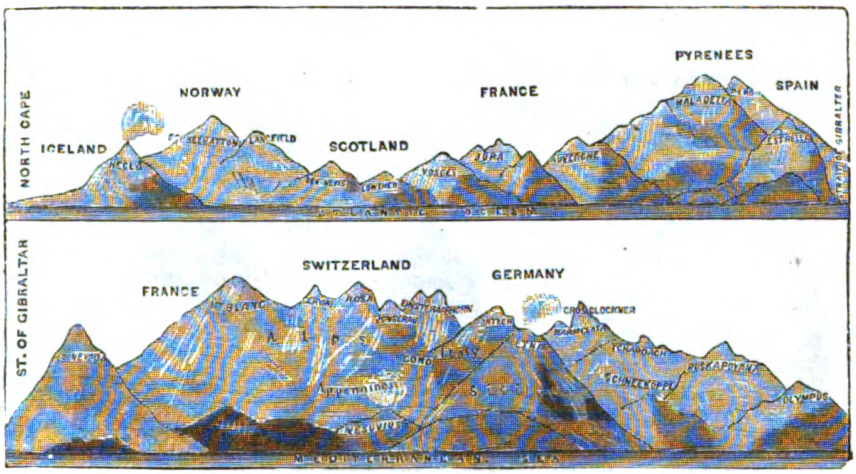
If the reader will look upon the accompanying panoramic view of Mont Blanc and its companions, he will perceive that it is one of three



MONT BLANC, SEEN FROM MONT BUET.

1. Mont Blanc, 15,739 feet.—2. Dôme du Gouter, 14,400 feet.—3. Aiguille du Gouter, 15,550 feet.—4. Glacier des Bossons.—5. Glacier de Tacconay.—6. Aiguille du Midi, 12,850 feet.—7. Chaine du Brévent et des Aiguilles Rouges.

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MOUNTAINS OF EUROPE.

peaks which seem to lie in a line together. Abandoning the attempt to reach the mountain by the Glacier des Bossons (marked 4 in the picture), the next attempt was made by the way of the Aiguille du Gouter (marked 3). The first attempt in this direction proved no more successful. The season, 1785, was cold and rainy; when at length, in September, the attempt was made, the party, after penetrating as near the fortress as the summit, or very near the summit, of the Aiguille du Gouter, were obliged once more to abandon their dangerous undertaking. At the point where they halted the barometer showed an elevation of 11,250 feet. But they had not really failed. They had paved the way for the success which attended the endeavor of the following year.

That endeavor has crowned with honor the name of Jacques Balmat.

An adventurous and ambitious guide, whose profession was his pleasure, he had been for years endeavoring to find, independently, a road to Mont Blanc. When in the spring of 1786 a party of guides, inspired by the partial success of the previous year, and by the hope both of reward and honor, undertook again to find a path for the still sanguine scientist, who awaited the result of their explorations before again essaying the ascent himself, Jacques Balmat joined them. That there was any other road to Mont Blanc than by the Dôme du Gouter (marked 2) no one had as yet imagined. The party—two parties, indeed, reaching the same goal by different routes—penetrated beyond the success of the preceding year, ascended to the Aiguille, passed it, reached the Dôme, pressed on, and gained at length a long and narrow ridge which connects the Dôme with Mont Blanc. We have said connects, yet perhaps unadvisedly; for this ridge, which strikes between two precipices, each 6000 feet in height, is so narrow as to be utterly impassable. The guides turned back with reluctance. Jacques Balmat persisted in undertaking the dangerous passage. To do so he was obliged to creep on all fours. His companions, angry at his temerity, perhaps jealous of his courage, abandoned him and returned to Chamouni. Not even Jacques could go far. Retracing his steps, still straddling along the ridge like a child on his grandfather's stick, he found himself alone in this icy wilderness. Indignant, he resolved to remain until he should have accomplished the purpose which they had abandoned. Instead of returning to Chamouni, he descended only as far as the Grand Plateau. The Grand Plateau is itself a mountain-top raised nearly 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is surrounded on all sides by peaks of snow. It is swept by avalanches. It is the battle-field of contending winds. It does not contain a single tree to serve as shelter. A fine frozen snow was falling. With no other companion than his alpenstock, with no other protection from the cold and snow than his mantle, Jacques Balmat spent the night in this awful wilderness, prepared to resume his explorations on the morrow.

Such are the heroes who serve as pioneers in the march of modern science.

At daybreak he recommenced his investigations—this time not without success. Bad weather, want of provision, excessive cold, and blinded eyesight compelled him to turn back before he had reached the summit, but not before he had found the path which would lead to it.

On returning home he slept forty-eight hours without once awaking.

All this occurred in July, 1786. The following month he started a second time to reap the fruits of his discovery. He took a single companion with him, Dr. Paccard, of Chamouni village. Alone they entered upon an undertaking which, to-day, with the path well known, is never attempted without a numerous and well-provided escort. All their stores consisted of a couple of woolen coverlets with which to wrap themselves at night. The first day brought them to the Grand Plateau. On the

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ROCK OF THE GRANDS MULETS.

following day the inhabitants of Chamouni assembled in crowds, watched breathlessly with their glasses these two figures toiling their way up the steep and icy sides of the mountain monarch, and at length beheld them reach the summit, and stand upon the peak which for a quarter of a century had defied every effort of man to reach.

The courage which rendered Jacques Balmat the first to reach the summit of Mont Blanc led him at last to his doom. Nearly fifty years after, in 1834, he had been led to believe that a mine of gold existed in the flank of one of the lofty peaks which shut in the valley of the Sixt on the northeast; and, accompanied by a chamois-hunter as intrepid as himself, he went in search of it. To reach the place indicated it was necessary to advance along a narrow shelf formed in the edge of the rock, beneath which descended, sheer and sombre into the abyss, a precipice 400 feet in depth. The same audacity which tempted him on to the Ass's Back, between the Dôme du Gouter and Mont Blanc, tempted him again. He crept along the narrow ledge a few steps, then disappeared in the abyss. His body was never found.

But let us return to M. De Saussure.

He had waited, as we have said, a report from some of the gallant mountaineers who were exploring the mountain for him. As soon as he heard of the successful ascent of Jacques Balmat he wished to follow without delay. A severe storm, however, prevented the immediate execution of this wish. It was not until the following year that the ascent was accomplished—the first ascent ever made for scientific purposes. The first day was spent in ascending Mont de la Côte. The first night was passed under a tent upon its summit, at a point called the Grands Mulets—still the night station for those who are so courageous or so fool-hardy as to dare the ascent of Mont Blanc.

It was not until the second day that the difficulties of the ascent really commenced. "Despite the great interest we all had in starting at an early hour," says M. De Saussure, from whose narrative we condense the account of his ascent, "the guides raised so many difficulties in reference to the arrangement and distribution of their various burdens that we were not in full march until about half past six. Each was afraid of overloading himself, less through dread of fatigue than from the apprehension that he might sink in the snow under too heavy a weight, and so fall into a crevasse.

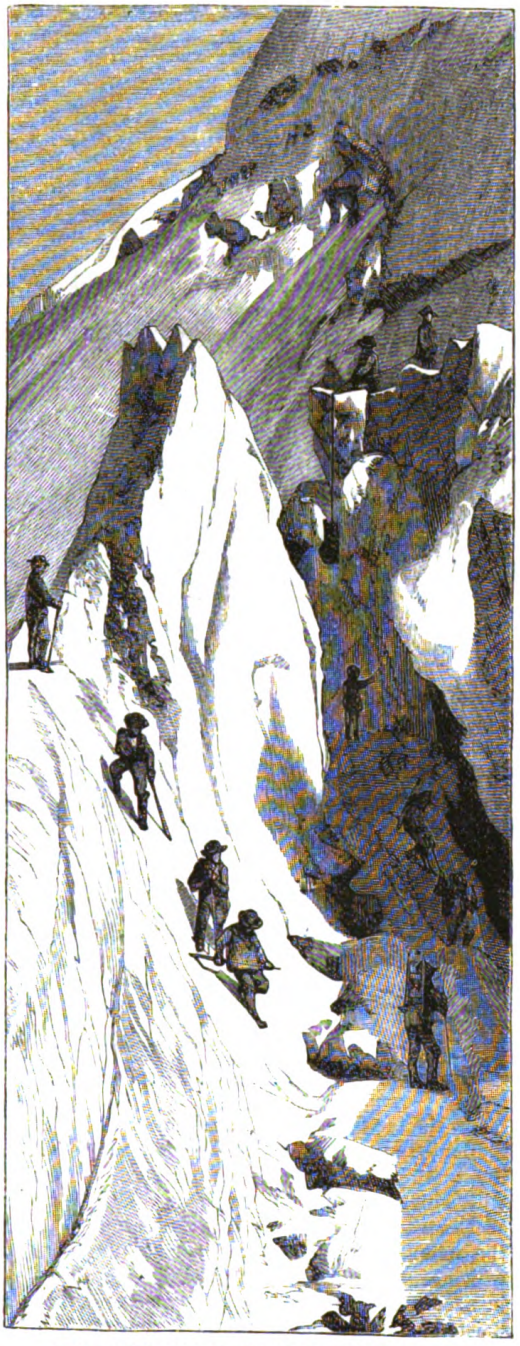
"We entered upon the glacier, face to face with the blocks of granite under whose shelter we had slept. The approach to it is easy, but travelers soon find themselves entangled in a labyrinth of ice-rocks, separated by crevasses, here entirely covered, there only partially concealed, by the snows which frequently accumulate in fantastic arches, hollow beneath, and yet very often the sole means of traject; in other places a sharp ridge of ice serves as a bridge for crossing them. Occasionally, where the crevasses are wholly unfilled, you are compelled to descend to the very bottom, and afterward to remount the opposite wall by steps hewn with a hatchet in the living ice. But nowhere do you

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ever see the rock; the bottom is always ice or snow; and there are moments when, after having descended into these abysses, surrounded by nearly perpendicular walls of ice, you can not conceive in what manner you shall escape from them. While progressing on the living ice, however narrow may be the ridges, however steep the declivities, our intrepid mountaineers, whose heads and feet are equally sure, seem neither terrified nor disquieted; they gossip, laugh, jest at one another; but in passing along these frail vaults suspended above profound abysses, one sees them march in the profoundest silence—the first three bound together by cords at the distance of five or six feet from each other, the remainder supporting themselves two by two by their staves—their eyes fixed on their feet, each person endeavoring to plant himself firmly and lightly in the track of his predecessor. When, after crossing one of these suspicious snow tracts, my caravan found themselves on a rock of living ice, an expression of joy and serenity brightened every physiognomy; the babble and the jokes recommenced; then they consulted what route it were best to follow, and, reassured by past successes, exposed themselves with greater confidence to new danger. Thus we spent nearly three hours in traversing this formidable glacier, although it was scarcely a quarter of a league in breadth. Thenceforth our progress was wholly on the snows, frequently rendered very difficult by the rapidity of their incline, and sometimes dangerous when these inclines terminated upon precipices; but where, at all events, we had no dangers to dread but those which we saw, and where we incurred no risk of being swallowed up without either skill or strength beingof any service."

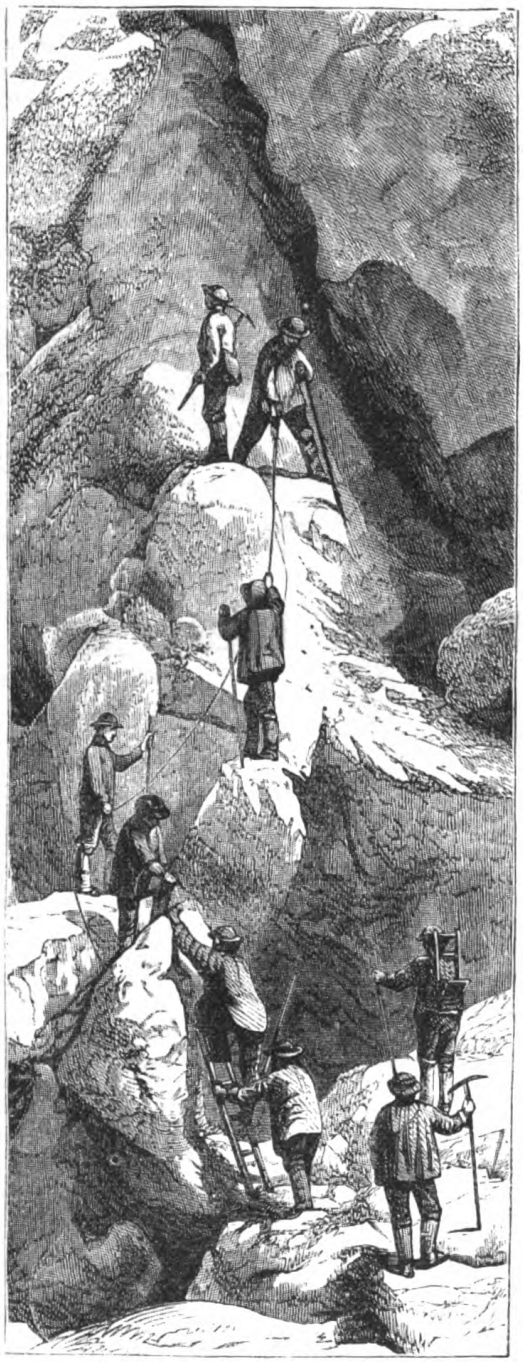
If we were inclined to moralize, we should certainly do so upon the fact that when at last the summit was gained it afforded to the victor so little real satisfaction. For twenty-seven of the best years of his life he had been looking forward to the realization of this dream; but when it came it afforded him less happiness than the dream itself. The view, magnificent as it was, afforded no surprise, since it had been seen during nearly the whole of the last two hours of the ascent. And the self-gratulation at the final result of his endeavors was not of a kind to incite a similar ambition in others. "The strongest and most agreeable sensation that I felt," says De Saussure, "was that the anxieties of which I had been the object would now cease; but the length of the struggle, and the impression of the still smarting wounds which this victory had cost me, caused a sort of irritation in my mind. At the moment when I reached the highest part of the snow which crowned the top I trampled it under my feet in a kind of rage, rather than with any feeling of pleasure."

His first thought was of his wife below. To the present day, whenever any party undertakes the ascent of Mont Blanc, there is always a throng of spectators, not only to witness their departure, but to watch them the following day in their winding course—mere dots far up on the white surface of the mountain-side—and to note, with peculiar satisfaction, their arrival on the summit. In fact, this consummation of their dangerous expedition, though the dangers are far from being over, probably always gives more satisfaction to the spectators in the valley



GREAT CREVASSE AT THE FOOT OF MONT BLANC.

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PASSAGE OF THE ECHELLES BY M. BISSON, 1861.

below than to the adventurers themselves. The reader may perhaps imagine—certainly we shall not attempt to describe—the intense interest with which Madame De Saussure and her two sisters watched the long caravan creeping up the mountain-side, and the satisfaction with which M. De Saussure remarked the flag which, in accordance with a previous agreement, was hoisted at Chamouni as a signal that his safe arrival had been observed by them.

Relieved of his first anxiety by this signal from his wife, his next thought was of science. But he found that the dangers and difficulties of Mont Blanc were not over when the ascent was finished. When he commenced to arrange his instruments, and take his observations, he was compelled at every moment to interrupt his work that he might give all his thoughts to the actual labor of breathing. The air was not above one-half its ordinary density. He must compensate for this want of density by redoubling the frequency of his respiration, which in turn accelerated the motion of the blood. His pulse, ordinarily 72, reached 100; that of his servant 112. In a word—and this is the universal experience of those who ascend Mont Blanc—he and all his companions were attacked with fever. Appetite they had none. This fact, discovered for the first time in these explorations, is now recognized by all the guides of the mountain. At a given point the party halt and eat a hearty meal; for from that point they will have no inclination for food till they return, and it consequently can do them little good. Even wine and brandy were distasteful. On the top of Mont Blanc nature enforces a prohibitory law. Water alone was palatable. And the difficulties of kindling or maintaining a fire to melt the ice were almost insurmountable. These difficulties were enhanced by the extreme rarefaction of the air. An apparatus, heated with a spirit-of-wine lamp, required half an hour to heat water to the boiling point; at the sea level the same object would have been accomplished in less than half the time. Four hours and a half were devoted to experiments; yet not so much was accomplished as might easily have been achieved in three hours under ordinary circumstances. But the great enterprise had been effected. The "monarch of mountains" had been conquered. And up the path which M. De Saussure opened hundreds of travelers, in pursuit of science, art, pleasure, and gain, have followed. His return was accomplished without serious danger, and without any remarkable adventure.

It is a curious fact that the only sign of animal life he witnessed on the mountain-peak was two butterflies, which fluttered across his path six hundred and fifty feet beneath the summit. They had probably been brought there involuntarily by some gust of wind from the plain.

If science is entitled to great credit for scaling Mont Blanc, art is no less so. For our pictures we are largely indebted to a French photographer—M. Bisson—who, in 1861, succeeded not only in ascending Mont Blanc, but in carrying his photographic apparatus with him to the very summit.

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Besides the difficulties which we have described M. De Saussure as encountering, there are many more which the tourist may not always have to meet, but for which he must always be prepared. Tempests are always liable to gather without warning about the top of these gigantic peaks. To be lost in the ice and snow of these inaccessible heights—to know no path—to be blinded by the storm and frozen by the furious and icy wind—to dare neither to remain, for fear of perishing with exposure, nor to move, for the greater dread of being precipitated into some unfathomable crevasse—is indeed a horrible fate; and yet, probably, it is the dreadful character of such a calamity, always possible, never to be foretold, which clothes the ascent of the mountain with its peculiar and dreadful fascination.

If so, the fearful fate which, last September, overtook a party of tourists on the icy sides of this mountain will do nothing to deter audacious pleasure-seekers from following in their footsteps.

The morning was fair when the tourists set out. There were two Americans, Mr. Randall, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, and Dr. Beane, of Baltimore. The third was a Scotch clergyman by the name of M'Corkendale. Mr. Randall seems to have had some presentiment of his coming fate. He is said to have made his will before starting, and to have left some particular directions as to what should be done with certain of his effects in case he never returned. On the Grands Mulets a hut has been erected where tourists spend their first night. Our party reached this spot in safety, and early the next morning resumed their journey.

The rest of their tragical story is involved in some uncertainty. A storm appears to have arisen suddenly on Tuesday morning. It is possible that while it was observed in the valley below, the travelers themselves may have been above and unconscious of it. Once they were observed on a point known as the Dromedary's Hump. They were seen to collect together and hold fast to each other; then the wreaths of snow raised by the furious winds veiled them. They were never seen alive again. Wednesday passed, and they did not return. The despondingbelieved that a furious gust of wind had precipitated them from the peak on which they were seen grouped, and dashed them upon the glacier below. The sanguine still entertained a hope that they had found a shelter from the storm in some of the icy caverns with which the mountain-sides abound. It was not until Thursday that an expedition was organized to go in search of them. The guides of the Chamouni Valley are bound together by ties as tender as those of brothers. Volunteers were called for; the only difficulty was in selecting from among them. All these guides are under one chief. He organized the party. No married men were allowed to enlist. Their departure was in silence. The only sound which disturbed it was the sobs of the wives and families of the missing guides. But the storm still continued. The relief party could make but little progress against it. The newly fallen snow choked the way. To prevent being blown into



THE HUT ERECTED ON THE GRANDS MULETS.

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EXPLORING THE MOUNTAIN.

the crevasses they were obliged to group together and hold fast to their staves for support. To have continued their journey would have been certain death. After a climb of two hours and a half they were compelled to relinquish their purpose, and descend. It was not till ten days after the missing party had left the valley that any hope dawned of ever finding their bodies. During those ten days the mountain was constantly swept with glasses from the valley below. At length some black spots were discerned far up the mountain-side. Exploring parties were immediately organized. Some fifty persons joined in the search for the dead. Five bodies were found on the following day. Among them were those of Mr. M'Corkendale, of Scotland, and Dr. Beane, of Baltimore. The latter was in a sitting posture, his head resting on his hands. On his body was found a diary which tells the story of their tragic death:

Tuesday, September 6.—I have made the ascension of Mont Blanc, with ten other persons—eight guides, Mr. M'Corkendale, and Mr. Randall. We reached the summit at half past two o'clock. Immediately after having quitted it I found myself enveloped in a whirlwind of snow at 15,000 feet English height. We have passed the night in a grotto dug in the snow—an uncomfortable asylum, and I have been ill all the night.

September 7 — *Morning.* — Cold very intense. Much snow. It falls without cessation; the guides are uneasy.

September 7—*Evening.*—We have been on Mont Blanc for two days in a terrible snow-storm. We are lost. We are in a grotto, dug in the snow, at a height of 15,000 feet. I have no hope of descending. Perhaps some one will find this book, and will send it to you." (Then follow directions relative to his private affairs.) "We have no provisions. My feet are already frozen, and I am already exhausted. I have only strength to write these words. I die, believing in Jesus Christ, with the sweet thought of my family, my friendships, and all. I hope that we shall meet in heaven. Yours always, ——

The dangers with which those who attempt to ascend Mont Blanc are threatened, by unexpected storms, do not disappear when the storm ceases. The sun rarely shines more brightly, the skies are rarely more clear, or the day more seemingly auspicious, than on the occasion of the ever-memorable tragedy which overtook Dr. Hamel's party in 1821. Dr. Hamel was a scientific gentleman who traveled at the expense and in the interest of the Russian government to make certain inquiries into the physical conditions of the globe. On the 18th of August, having two weeks before made one unsuccessful attempt, he commenced for the second time the ascent of the mountain, accompanied by two English gentlemen and twelve guides. They reached the Grands Mulets without accident, where the party encamped for the night. As evening drew on the atmosphere grew stormy, rain began to fall, and it thundered heavily. The following day continued rainy, and the snow, which at first began to fall upon Mont Blanc, began to approach the region of the travelers' camp. At the close of the second night the guides, after consultation, unanimously counseled a return to the valley; but Dr. Hamel, already once disappointed, would not listen to their counsel. Three guides returned to secure a new stock of provisions. The rest remained. By eight o'clock the clouds cleared away, and Dr. Hamel insisted on starting instantly for the summit. The guides at first refused; one of them, oppressed by a presentiment of his coming fate, is said to have cast himself into the arms of a comrade, exclaiming, "I am a lost man! I shall perish on the mountain!" The

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Englishmen agreed with the guides in opposing the attempt. The indignant doctor, stamping his foot, and looking them full in the face, muttered the word "Cowards!" That settled the dispute. The impetuosity of the one was allowed to overbear the judgment of the rest. They made their preparations in silence, and commenced the ascent.

The first part of the journey seemed to justify the courage of their leader. The weather became bright and beautiful. They ascended without difficulty to the Dôme du Gouter, crossed the "great plateau," began to ascend the "hood of Mont Blanc," the last snowy incline which leads to the topmost peak. At the foot of this glacis yawns an immense crevasse of ice, twenty yards in width and fifty in depth. Up this glacis they ascended in single file. The first guide was one Pierre Carrier, the second Pierre Balmat, the third Auguste Tierraz. Next came Julien Devoissous and Marie Coutet. Behind these, still in single file, marched five other guides, Dr. Hamel, and the two Englishmen. They were full of joy and hope. The newly fallen snow aided their foothold, and facilitated their progress. "Would you take a thousand pounds," said one of the party, "to go back instead of ascending?" "I would not return for any sum that could be named," was the reply.

Suddenly, without warning, the soft and treacherous snow gave way beneath them. By advancing in single line they had furrowed as with a plow-share the newly fallen snow, which had not had time to consolidate with the old. Thus divided, it separated suddenly, and glided down the steep declivity. The entire party were thrown down, and carried with it. One only had the quickness of mind and the strength of muscle to preserve himself. Matthieu Balmat, divining with the instinct of a mountaineer what had happened, and gifted with prodigious strength, thrust his long iron-pointed pole through the surface snow into the older bed beneath. By exerting all his energy he was able to cling to the pole thus instantly planted, while the rest were swept by in the resistless avalanche. The three guides who led the way were dashed headlong into the crevasse. Julien Devoissous and Marie Coutet, more fortunate, were swept by a stronger impulse across the abyss into another crevasse, happily not so deep, and half full of newly fallen snow. Dr. Hamel, the two Englishmen, and the other guides, were arrested on the very edge of the gulf. They had rolled over and over from a height of three hundred feet.

Julien Devoissous and Marie Coutet remained a moment without consciousness. Julien was wounded all over with blows received against the narrow sides of the crevasse. Marie Coutet was half buried in the snow, which filled this chasm for a depth of sixty feet. Embedded up to his neck, he was unable to make any movement, and his face wore the purple color of asphyxia. He called with struggling voice to his companion. Julien, having succeeded in liberating himself, made use of his alpenstock to clear away the snow which covered his friend's body. The two mountaineers remained for some minutes seated opposite one another without uttering a



CATASTROPHE OF AUGUST 20.

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word; they thought that they alone had survived this horrible fall.

They were soon happily undeceived. Matthieu Balmat, sliding gently down the slope till he had reached the edge, threw them a hatchet. With it they hewed out steps in the ice. When they had reached a sufficient height he drew them up by his iron-tipped pole. But of the three foremost guides, who had fallen into the great crevasse, there was no sign. Matthieu Balmat had seen them precipitated into it. Marie Coutet, in the very moment of his own fall, had observed the black gaiters of Auguste Tierraz flash before his eyes and descend into the crevasse. It was Auguste who in the morning had prophesied his own death. In spite of the remonstrances of the guides, Dr. Hamel and one of the Englishmen descended into the crevasse, and sounded the unfathomable snow with their long poles, but to no purpose. They shouted the names of the missing guides. But at so immense a height the rarefied air gave but a feeble sound. Dr. Hamel thrust his pole its full length in the snow, and stretching himself on the surface, held its point between his teeth, then listened with profound attention—in vain. The unfortunate guides, entombed in at least 150 feet of snow, were past all human rescue. There was no resource but to abandon them; and since that hour no tourist who makes the ascent of Mont Blanc can pass, without a throbbing heart, the abyss of ice where perished so dreadfully the three inhabitants of the valley. It is hardly necessary to add that the party returned without continuing the ascent. Forty years after, on the Glacier des Bossons, a Chamouni guide found two human skulls. A few fragments of bags and clothes left no doubt that they were the mortal remains of Pierre Balmat and Pierre Carrier. Two years later, in the same icy tomb, were discovered a few bones, which were identified by the compass he had carried as those of Auguste Tierraz.

ALONG THE FLORIDA REEF.

[Fourth Paper.]

WITHIN the barrier reef which incloses the group of islands called the Dry Tortugas is one broad lagoon, hemmed in on all sides by sand-spits and shoals, and opening to the sea only by a narrow cut called the Five-Foot Channel. The water in most parts is just sufficient to float our small craft.

The Five-Foot Channel affords a convenient passage for the small boats of the pilots, that would otherwise be compelled to navigate the long, winding, main openings of the harbor.

The lagoon is a notable field for the naturalist. A wonderful variety of animal life is here, and often it has been the scene of considerable fun and merriment. A species of shark, some eight or nine feet in length, was often seen here in great numbers, reminding one of a drove of hogs, their habits being so peculiar. Though frequently in close contact with them, we never succeeded in killing one of the larger kind. It is, without doubt, a species of scyllium, called here the *nurse*, and in Havana *gata*. The "nurse" of the Northern waters is a scymnus, another genus. This shark, gata, has a very small mouth, which is placed far underneath its exceedingly blunt and club-shaped head. We judge so from the appearance of a small one which we speared under a coral rock, where they are frequently seen. They appear to be very sluggish, and often wedge themselves between the rocks, and resist all efforts to dislodge them. They appear by their huge forms very formidable, but are quite harmless. Dr. Storer, in his "Synopsis of the North American Fishes," gives the dimensions of the gata as fifteen feet in length in some instances. Those frequenting the lagoon were not over nine feet, and all seemed about the same size. They evidently came in there to feed on the shoal bottom, and on several occasions we had come upon them when they were in water so shallow that the mud would be turned up in furrows as the creatures scampered off with their big fins projecting above the surface.

Charley was wild with excitement at this sight on one occasion. Putting the helm down, he gave chase. The Bos'n was along, and Fat Charley—all members of the *Curlew's* crew, introduced in a former article. Running with a free wind, the boat—then the old *Rosetta*—was very fast; but they never would have caught up with the sharks had the creatures made a straight line out of the lagoon, but they crossed and recrossed, and ran around the boat in every direction. This was too good to be lost. Giving the helm to Bos'n, Charley sprang forward, and made fast a line to the grains (a kind of fish spear, with slender wooden handle). The boat was brought up in the wind, and Charley jumped over, making a lunge at one as he passed. The line ran out rapidly, and just in time he gave a turn around the thole-pin. Now came a jerk, and the boat swayed around, and was off in a moment, cutting water in fine style. Bos'n dropped the helm, and hugged the stern-sheets with terror.

Fatty was elated. It was fun for him; and Charley shouted in the full enjoyment of his fast team. There was no way to make fast and hold on. The creature was so large and strong that the boat and its crew were no adequate resistance; so they could do nothing but let him run, or cut the line. On another occasion, when a "man-eater" started off with the same crew in a heavy flat-boat, and in the deep channel, more danger was apprehended; here, it was all sport,

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and little danger. The fun was soon up, for the keel struck a coral head plump and square, sharky kept on, snapped the grains, and Fat Charley pitched head foremost into the mud. The Bos'n was too well fortified to sustain much damage, but remarked, with much force, as well as truth, that he was "—— if he could see ony profit in such a wenter. The cussid critters," he said, "hadn't ony ile in 'em, ony how."



THE BOS'N AT HOME.

They could not give the chase up so. Consequently the blacksmith was applied to at once for a regular harpoon. After a little tinkering they produced a stout steel-pointed spear, well rigged with chain and stout line. The Bos'n begged off for this trip; so, again fitted out, the boat is headed in a bee-line for the fishing-ground, or, more likely, a butterfly-line—a zigzag—for the lagoon lies to windward from the fortress, and nine times out of ten we have to beat up there, when the wind is a trade from the east, which is most of the time; if it blows a norther, there is little comfort; or if there is a dead calm, it is just as bad for sailing.

The shoals were black with these huge creatures, but they were getting shy. The only chance was to float gently near them; in doing so they approached pretty closely, and Charley, regardless of boat or any thing, leaped over and made a plunge at one of the beasts, driving his harpoon "clean home," as Fatty said, "sure enough." The water was just deep enough to make it difficult walking, so Fatty tumbles in and essays to help. Charley, in his eagerness to do the whole thing, lost his hold, while Fatty suddenly appeared to be running off in a most extraordinary manner.

The shark had gotten so much line out that he had full play, and was now running at full speed, towing Fat Charley, like a big log, endwise on the surface.

This was amusement for Fatty; and nothing can exceed the novelty of the scene, when all around the lagoon, back and forth, from one side to the other, the huge boy was seen driving his single team, and kicking out behind in the greatest glee. Imagine the astonishment of the rest of the herd, now huddling in some remote part of the lagoon, and then suddenly dispersed by the furious onset of their excited companion, snorting and turning up the mud as he skimmed the shallow bay! All this time Charley was half crazy with disappointment at losing the fun; but the good laugh enjoyed all round was some compensation. By the time Fatty had gotten pretty well tired of the sport the lagoon was well cleared of the creatures; and as there was no chance to get a bight on the line, he had to cut it and let the animal go, though he made every effort to bring him "in to the death."

As long as we remained at the fortress we never could get a sight of them again; though previously they had been often seen feeding in great numbers within this inclosed shoal.

The boat was then gotten under way, and Fatty bestowed himself amid-ships to look after the fore-sheet and take a quiet smoke, while Charley bethought him, at the helm, what report he should make to the Bos'n, who was discerned, as they approached the shore, taking observations over the top of his famous telescope.

At the head-quarters of our crew, the old hospital, a description of which has been given in an early Number, the evenings were sometimes enlivened by unusual fun and jollity.

The summer of 1863 was remarkably hot, and the rebellion at its height. Prisoners of all complexions were thronging the fortress, and still they came. Too many were here already, yet loads of them continued to arrive. Nearly all were badly tainted with scurvy; and no more unfavorable place could be selected

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for such as were thus afflicted, particularly on account of the scarcity of vegetables. Crowded as they were in the jails at New Orleans, many were broken down before they reached here; others were taken sick on the long voyage of the half-rotten tubs sent from the Northern ports.

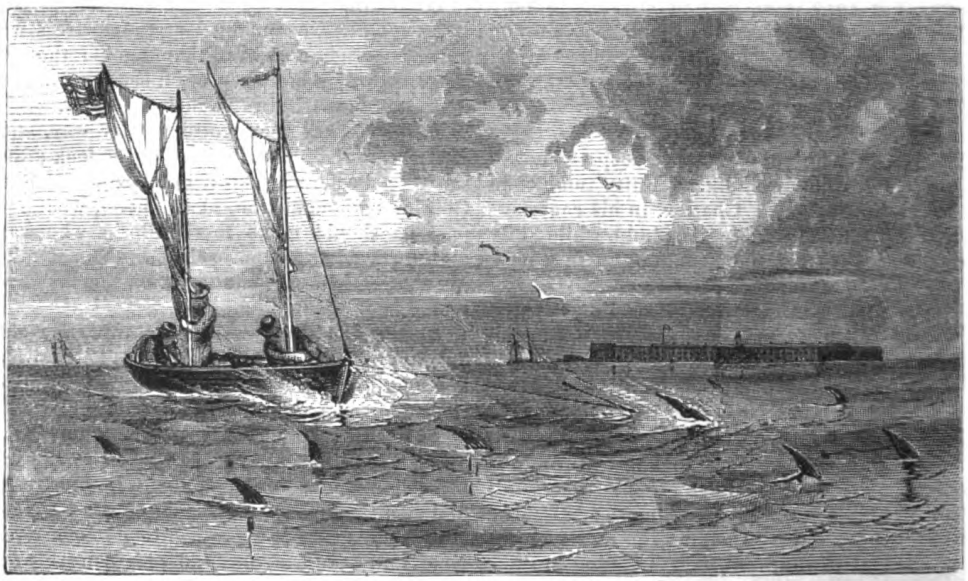
Altogether a serious aspect was gathering upon our pleasant garrison. Nearly nine hundred prisoners and a regiment of infantry were quartered within the walls of the fortress. Though the medical department was usually well provided with the necessary supplies, antiscorbutics were wanting, and no fund was available for the purchase of such. The surgeon suggested and carried out a plan which proved a godsend to the wretched creatures. It must be remembered that the great bulk of these prisoners were men with families, who had been hastily picked up and court-martialed for various infractions of discipline, and not for crime. Men they were who had found it difficult to succumb to the exactions of petty officers, who in many instances were their inferiors. Many decent men were thus punished unjustly; and many instances occurred wherein it was found that officers of their regiments had preferred charges from mere personal revenge. We are glad to record that such instances, when brought to the notice of the officers in charge, were considered, and the individual in nearly every case released from confinement.

Still there was much to do to provide for those who were to remain. Men were dying of scurvy, and those that were apparently well had no employment. The different departments worked all they could use, but many were cooped within the close casemate quarters, and subject to the very conditions that favor the increase if not the origin of the dread disease. The leaden complexion, that unmistakable index of the complaint, met one at every turn.

The surgeon's first thought was, what indigenous productions are possible? The boat is manned, and a thorough search is made of the islands in the group. It was found that purslain, a succulent vegetable that is well known in the gardens of the North as a troublesome weed—called there *pusley*—grew in profusion on most of the islands, and particularly where the earth had been newly cleared and turned up. This was the only available, the only eatable, plant to be found. Boats were sent out, and loads were brought in and distributed among the various messes. The purslain was boiled, and used as *greens*, with vinegar and pepper. This, of itself, was not only useful in a wonderful degree as an antiscorbutic, but it proved a luxury as an article of diet.

Those who have never made use of this article will find it an excellent *greens*, and also a pleasant substitute for asparagus, boiled, and eaten with butter, or dressed with toast, like asparagus. A most grateful article it proved to be to the sick and wretched of this garrison.

The juice of limes is far beyond any other remedy for scurvy. Limes were to be obtained at Key West, but the quantity required constantly was so great that we were unable to meet the expenses. The Sanitary Commission sent useful articles, but the prisoners, who needed the most, were left out, and would have died in great numbers had not some extra measures been taken to provide for them. Money must be had at some rate to purchase the necessary articles. The surgeon hit upon a plan whereby he accomplished two important ends by very simple means. He would turn out from the vast throng all who could sing, dance, play a tune, or tell a story. Here was a chance to stir up this mouldering mass of humanity, give

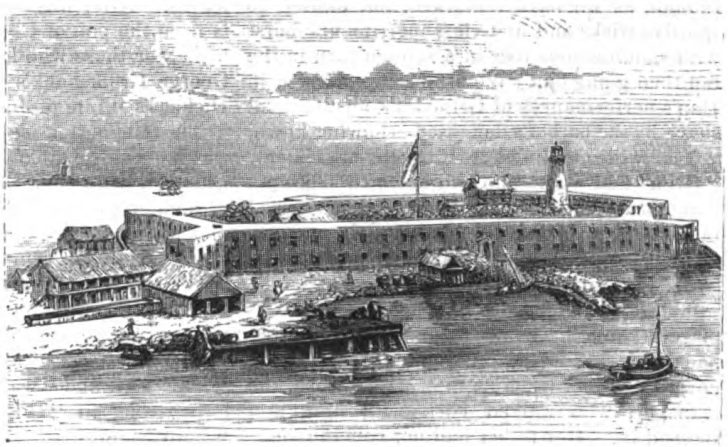


SHARK-FISHING.

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them exercise—as we have seen they had none, one-half being unoccupied — interest them, cheer them, and make some money out of the performance to purchase the much-desired articles of diet and regimen.

There are always to be found, even in a company only of soldiers, some who are musical or have a notion for fun, some who are dramatically inclined. What, then, is there not possible in two regiments—a regiment of soldiers and a regiment of prisoners?



FORT JEFFERSON.

All those who desire to take parts in music, dancing, minstrelsy, or the *very* light drama, etc., are requested to report, etc., etc. An order of this import was promulgated in the quarters both of the prisoners and soldiers.

Such a motley assemblage! "Then came each actor" (from his cell)—"the best actors in the world" (upon their own showing), "either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited." Unquestionably there were some who could, upon occasion, invest a scene with all the interest belonging to a real tragedy. *Low* comedy was well represented, as well as the comic drama.

From the eager throng seventeen performers were selected; others were held in reserve.

The old building was fitted up with comfortable seats for the audience. A decent stage was erected; suitable scenery was painted, and a gorgeous drop-curtain procured, upon which was a painting of Fort Jefferson. On the painting, which was very large, and the fort well in the fore-ground, were the two light-houses. A pleasant trick was perpetrated by Charley just before the opening, when the audience were admiring the unexpected scene. He punctured the lantern of the light-houses, and placed a candle behind each, which gave a very pretty effect, and, in the parlance of the theatre, brought down the house. What with the drop-curtain, a few pieces of appropriate side scenery, and a pretty display of flags and bunting of all colors, the interior of the little theatre was quite cheerful and inviting.

The Bos'n was made usher and door-keeper, and was busy as a bee in all the various duties appertaining to his office.

Fat Charley was to be drop-tender, to have charge of the curtain, and act as "supe" as occasion required.

The green-room was above stairs, in a large room—as was requisite, it may be imagined, for seventeen performers.

To start with, it was deemed prudent to adopt the minstrel style of performance.

The rehearsal revealed a personage who was at once elected as manager—Dan Sullivan.

Who of that assemblage will ever forget Dan Sullivan and his inimitable performances? Dan was a snug-built, devil-may-care Irish boy; sharp as steel; with a peculiar mark in one eye, that, with his pock-marked face, gave him a look wherein mischief was read clearly. Dan could do any thing in the line of the "profession." He didn't brag—not at all; he only said "Yes, Sir," and opened that sinister eye in a peculiar way in answer to inquiries. The first rehearsal proved all; he was sufficient, and was pronounced a fit man to be a manager; though he was to be strictly subordinate to the *directorship*—a position that the surgeon held for himself as the supreme guide of the affair.

An amusing crowd they were for minstrels, for nearly half were black—negroes. Bones was black as the ace of spades—a perfect African. Of course there was little need of burned cork in their case. Bones realized all that was possible in his part; he played every thing that could be put into the "instruments," and put himself into every conceivable position in doing so; but he had not a particle of humor in his composition, and only varied the stolid look which settled upon his countenance by an occasional exhibition of white ivory—a big mouthful—when the audience applauded with more than usual vigor. His bone-playing, in a word, was really a piece of perfection. Bones danced a jig also, with the same precise, mechanical method. Dan Sullivan danced in like manner, but always embellished his jig with humorous remarks and "taking" situations; expressions of face conveying humor, effective in the same manner as that of Grimaldi, or other successful clowns. There seems to be a *fund* of such humor in men of his class—an inexhaustible mine from which well up sparkling ideas that set the muscles of the face afloat, and the voluble tongue into electric-like fluency, on the slightest occasion. On some trifling theme the audience—

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though, as we have remarked, not unused to sportive tricks and first-class merriment—burst with simultaneous roar at a sudden turn in the fun then going on. We are often reminded in Dan's performances of Grimaldi's unsuccessful shave by the barber's daughter—showing how a "face" will sometimes create great merriment. "Grim" had walked up and down to look up a barber's shop. Seeing a pole near by, he stepped in, and observing that there was only a pretty little girl within, who was sitting at her needle-work, he retired, saying as he did so that he would step in again. Strolling about the market-place a while, he called again, but the barber had not come home. Grimaldi was walking down the street when he met Mr. Howard, the manager, who walked back with him, and stepped in. Her father had not come in yet.

"That's very provoking," said Grimaldi; "considering that I have called here three times already."

The girl agreed that it was, and stepped to the door to see if he was in sight.

"Do you want to see him on any particular business?" inquired Howard.

"Bless my heart! no; I only want to be shaved," said Grimaldi.

"Shaved, Sir!" cried the girl. "Oh dear me, what a pity it is you didn't say so before, for I do most of the shaving when he is at home, and all when he is out."

"To be sure she does," says Howard. "I have been shaved here fifty times."

"You have?" said Grimaldi. "Oh, I am sure I have no objection. I am quite ready, my dear."

Grimaldi sat himself down in a chair, and the girl commenced the task in a very business-like manner—Grimaldi feeling an irresistible tendency to laugh at the oddity of the operation, but smothering it by dint of great efforts, while the girl was shaving his chin. At length, when she got to his upper lip, and took his nose between her fingers with a piece of brown paper, he could stand it no longer, but burst into a tremendous roar of laughter, *and made a face* at Howard, which the girl no sooner saw than she dropped the razor, and laughed immoderately also; whereat Howard began to laugh too, which only set Grimaldi laughing more; when, just at this moment, in came the barber, who, seeing three people in convulsions of mirth, one of them with a soapy face and a gigantic mouth, making the most extravagant faces over a white towel, threw himself into a chair without ceremony, and dashing his hat on the ground, laughed louder than any of them, declaring in broken words, as he could find breath to utter them, that "that gentleman as was being shaved was out of sight the funniest gentleman he had ever seen," and entreating him to "stop them faces, or he knew he should die." When they were all perfectly exhausted, the barber finished what the daughter had begun; and, rewarding the girl with a shilling, Grimaldi and the manager took their leaves. After this amusing description, which is from the pen of Charles Dickens, it is worth while, for those who love the humorous, to see George Cruikshank's drawing of the scene in Dickens's "Life of Joseph Grimaldi."

The tambourine-player, or Tambo, familiarly, was a wiry little mulatto, who called himself St. Clare—a mere boy. He was a perfect monkey in mimicry, and proved a great "card," as the managers say. St. Clare, as well as Sullivan and others, had been connected with strolling companies—bands of "minstrels," circus followers, etc. St. Clare had a funny way of singing the popular songs of the day, and particularly those of the *break-down* kind. He was good in "Ham Fat" and "walk-arounds," and particularly strong in "H'ist up the Flag" and the "Baby Show."

Tambo led off usually with song in the minstrels, and the company joined in the chorus. Conundrums were introduced, and many local hits. On one occasion St. Clare—Tambo—was given a part to perform which "brought down the house"—"highly gratified the audience," as the Bos'n remarked. A light-brown dog had long been the pet of the garrison, belonging to no one person, but making his home at the guard-house. He came to be called "Sugar," and always answered to that name. Sugar had a habit of always meeting the ladies and officers of the garrison at the sally-port, and accompanying them in the usual walk around the walls, first saluting, which was accomplished in the usual manner of dogs—by coming to attention, arching gracefully the spinal column, extending the jaws to a right angle, and gaping.

Sugar was the garrison dog. Just as engine companies have their dogs, so do battalions or companies of soldiers have theirs. Sugar was just the color of the brown sweet that you see in long boxes marked ——, Cuba. He was much attached to the guard-house, and, for the time being, the officer of the guard was his commanding officer. Tambo was bright enough, and played the tambourine acceptably. He had a good deal of original humor; but he could not remember new things with certainty. On this occasion he was drilled for the local joke, and after a few rehearsals he was charged, and ready to fire off on the coming evening. Evening came, but not without some misgivings on the part of the director. Full of humor as St. Clare was, he was unaccountably stupid in learning any new joke. Sam Douglass, another mulatto, one of the sentimental kind, who *would* always sing "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," or one or more of the numerous paterno-pathetic ditties, had just been informing the audience that "poor dog Tray's never ugly," when St. Clare commenced: "I's gwine ter perpound fur yer eddification a conundlecumdrum. Kin enny you ign'ant darkies 'splain ter me why—dat is, can yer—can yer"—("Grocery store," says the prompter in his ear; for Tambo sat purposely at the extreme end under the folds

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of the flag-curtain)—"why dis yer box dat I's settin' on am like a *grocery store?*"

"Why, I don't see dat," says Violin, "'less your breff smell ob old Jamaiky."

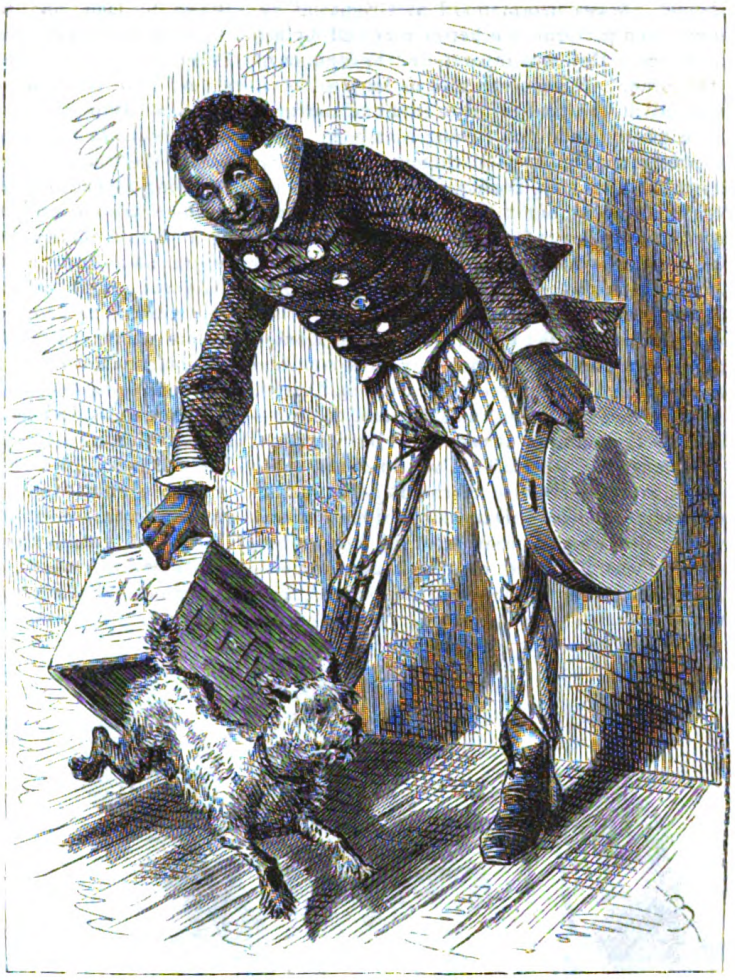
"Go 'way, dar! be sensible."

Bones scratched *his* head, and looked about as much like getting the true answer as the side of a stove-pipe.

"I kin tell yer why dat box am like a grocery store. Dat box am like a grocery store 'case dar's a pocketful ob terbacker on it what was stole from de sutler!"

"Who-o-o ya fe-sultin' dar? Jes' you hole yer lip! I'll *tell* yer why dis box dat I's settin' on am like a grocery store—because it is chock-full of *Brown Sugar*."

"Bress us, honey! Well, now, de gen'l'man *hab* lef' his mind, shuah," says sentimental Sam, with an expression of mingled indignation and ridicule.



BROWN SUGAR.

"*Git back*, now! Wha-wha-what der yer mean, foolin' the gen'l'men ob dis yer stage? *Whar's* de sugar?" says Violin.

Tambo stood up, lifted the box by the edge, when *Sugar*, the dog, who had been curled up in the small space of a candle-box, leaped to the front, shook himself, came to a "right-shoulder shift," and left the stage by the "right oblique" in "quick time." It is needless to add that the house was then and there "brought down."

Here was a minstrel troupe of real Southern plantation darkies, the "violins" only being white. Some could sing from personal experience of the "Louisiana Lowlands Low." Others were familiar with the "Yellow Rose of Texas" and the "Suwannee River;" while Sam, the sentimental, sighed, in truth, for his "Old Kentucky Home far Away."

Among the negroes was one most mysterious individual. He never wore a hat, and had a scraggy mat of yellow hair, and decided Arab features. He hailed from Texas, and put in his claims for a member of the *troupe* on the strength of his proficiency on the *conch!* He had selected one of the largest shells of that class that he could find—one about the size of his head—had cut the point away; and the music that he got out of that contrivance would have arrested the attention of Ned Kendall's ghost. In the chorus, loud above the din and rattle of the various instruments, the hoarse croaking of Pedro's conch was heard. Sam, the affectionate, beat the triangle; and it was as good as a play to see him fondly gazing at the wonderful performance of Pedro in his occasional "conch solos."

Pedro came out stronger afterward in a new rôle. He was a magician. The Bos'n remarked that "that yallow fellar had an uncommon look o' the devil aboot him." Pedro was allowed to spread his throne of mysteries, and come out between the second and third parts with an astonishing array of articles appertaining to the mystic craft. He gave quite a creditable performance, and several tricks were new to the audience. Among the best performances, or we ought to say the *very* best, was the "song and dance," by Dan Sullivan, which always came in *secondly*, after the minstrels; we might say, also, that the "song and

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dance" *always* meant "Off to Brighton," for never was performance better received by any audience. Dan was repeatedly "brought out," "encored," in this part, and as long as he remained at the post on each night of performance he was called on to sing that part. It is a pretty good test, even though it be "away down at the Dry Tortugas." Here was the same audience, night after night, calling and recalling out our "Minstrel Star"—a star, maybe, with less of the glory and radiance that attaches to the saint, and one whose light beameth upon the unjust probably oftener than upon the just. Yet with all thy faults, Daniel, thou inimitable mime, may thy rays continue to shine, and, for thy good, get wisdom, Daniel, and get understanding, and die a Christian—if so be thou art not already with the worms.

Dan made an occasional venture with other songs, and the "Ghost of the Pea-nut Stand" was very successful. Dan was pardoned after a while; and on the occasion of his last appearance it was proposed to give him a benefit. The usual programme was announced, and with it, as a closing piece, the "Pea-nut Stand." Dan had worked hard, appearing in his usual jig-dance, the dance in "Off to Brighton," and in the first part with the minstrels. In the last part, the curtain rising revealed Dan with an extra accompaniment of a basket of pea-nuts. During the song he passed the basket in among the audience, after throwing a portion among the "pit." At the close he was cheered by loud shouts, as well as by a pile of currency within the basket on its return amounting to twenty or more dollars. This was quite a lift for the scape-grace on his departure, if he made good use of it—a matter, we are afraid, that admits of serious doubts; particularly as we afterward learned that he was temporarily incarcerated within the dread structure known as the Sweat-box of Key West for assault and battery and contempt of court. Vale, Dan!

Among the scape-graces of the prison were two who professed to be vaulters and tumblers. One, a fair-complexioned boy of eighteen, affirmed that he was brought up to the business in a circus—that his father was a vaulter by occupation. The other, about the same age, was much like the first in appearance. Fat Charley suggested they be called the "Kerosene Brothers." These fellows were so constantly in the guard-house, and not only that, but decorated with bracelets of eight-inch shot and chain, that it seemed hardly feasible to make use of their limbs, under the circumstances, for the general entertainment. Circumstances, however, rendered it necessary to remove them, as well as others, for a time, on account of the fearful effects of the prevailing disease. The officer in charge saw no reason why the chains should not be removed occasionally to allow the cramped limbs to regain their wonted suppleness, and the stage was thought as safe a place as could be found for that purpose. The guard could remove the bracelets, and allow the poor fellows a little stretch of limb



THE "KEROSENE BROTHERS."—MORNING.

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then and there, just as they were allowed to wash in the pleasant waters of the seashore.

So the Kerosene Brothers were on the boards; and never was somersault like that of Dill exceeded in its wonderful perfection. To take two or three quick steps upon a bare stage only eight feet in height from floor to ceiling, and throw the body over in somersault, without extending the arms, forward and backward, is about as far as human power extends. This was done by one of them often, and always with complete success. The two together performed many very pleasing and difficult parts; in fact, they exhausted the circus rôle, as far as they knew; and, with St. Clare as clown, were a "strong card" in the programme of the little theatre.



THE "KEROSENE BROTHERS."—EVENING.

St. Clare was compelled to use a goodly quantity of flour to whiten his face to the requisite aspect, an African clown being rather foreign to the conventional notions of the stage.

Among the various parts taken by one of the "Brothers" was lifting of heavy weights. The balls, it must be confessed, were more gracefully handled in this exhibition than during the day, when the same eight-inch shot and shell were dragged by the Kerosene Brothers around the garrison on police duty. An amusing burlesque was brought on at the close of the performance with heavy weights. Tambo, as clown, had prepared a pasteboard box resembling in size and shape a fifty-six pound weight; being painted carefully to resemble the weight, and as carefully marked with the figures. Attached to this was a rope. Seizing the rope, and winding it with all caution around his hand, the weight was swung, very slowly at first, in precise imitation of one performing the same motions with a *solid* weight. After a number of swingings, back and forth, apparently with great exertion, the weight is allowed to leave the hand, and goes out over the audience, fearfully near the heads of those in the pit, causing a general and instantaneous stampede. The light pasteboard box, as it is, returns by a jerk of the hand, and a sigh of relief is heard "all along the line."

A small fee for admittance was charged, and thereby was obtained a sum quite adequate to the full accomplishment of the design. Limes were constantly procured, as well as vegetables and fruit; and in a short time the surgeon had the satisfaction of seeing a rapid and steady improvement. At the commencement five hundred men were on the sick-list; and that number were prescribed for every day for several weeks. Many were too ill to leave their quarters. Tents were put up for them in the fresh air, and every attention paid to give them sufficient and generous diet, with the lime juice, which was served three times a day; when rapid convalescence followed. The garrison had been highly entertained, and great good had come out of the proceeds.

A movement of this nature would hardly be considered proper in ordinary times; but when we consider how many there were, among the hundreds of wretched creatures, who were prob-

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ably suffering for a trifling breach of discipline, and dying for the want of the actual proper food, it will be seen that the means used were justifiable. The walls of the fortress were too small to accommodate more than half the number, and maintain the ordinary conditions of health. Disease was upon them, the season was midsummer, the climate tropical. The theatre plan was manifestly a sanitary measure, and proved so most thoroughly not only to the sick, but to the well. To the latter it was a rational prophylactic.

Many of the troops were sick at the time, but all seemed to be enlivened and to receive new energy after the hearty laugh at the evening entertainment.

The excellent band of the 110th New York Infantry, the regiment then on guard there, furnished the orchestra with superior string music, and helped materially toward the success of the enterprise; particularly as Helmer, the leader, gave really very fine solos on the violin. Few of those who attended, night after night, will forget the pleasure derived therefrom. The little *Théâtre de Hôpital* has, we are gratified to learn, since been refitted, and has not ceased to be one of the *institutions* of the Dry Tortugas, though the motley throng that once crowded its corridors and "green-room" has long since dispersed. Pardons came "thick and fast," and hundreds of the poor fellows, many of them with anxious families awaiting their coming, were released. Hundreds that had gone unwittingly astray were now at liberty, but had felt the full measure of penalty, in some instances to a most serious extent.

Another day dawns upon the reef, and we muster our crew. There were great numbers of curious cucumber-like creatures, or things, lying upon the bottom of the lagoon. Every visitor here is sure to spy them, and, of course, desires to know what they are. A peculiar habit which we have noticed connected with them we will also look into. Driving the boat into a shoal place, Fatty gets over, and stooping with head under water, eyes wide open—a trick we can hardly conceive as agreeable—seizes a cucumber, which makes hardly more resistance than its namesake of the garden; spirting a stream of water, though, with considerable power, and slowly contracting itself, as if to show that its position in society is not so low as you thought. This is the *bêche de mer* of the French, the trepang of the Chinese, and the holothuria of science.

For a long time the Chinese have been in the habit of eating these creatures; and American ships, particularly those fitted out and owned in Salem, Massachusetts, have long been in the trade. The animals are gathered in the waters of Madagascar and in various parts of the Indian and Pacific oceans, are then cut and dried, or smoked, and carried to the Chinese ports by the shipload. After our view of them here, we should hardly be prepossessed in their favor as an article of luxurious diet, though probably they would prove quite as grateful to the taste as the birds'-nests of the Chinese.

This trepang is one of the wonderful modifications of the radiated animals. Belonging to one of the four great divisions—the Radiata—it seems at first strikingly different from the more familiar forms of star-fish and sea-anemones. To understand more clearly why this long-bodied member of the family is like the flat ones, or built on the same plan, we may take an orange, which is something like, in shape, the more round sea-urchins. Now if we roll out the orange-formed urchin, or jam down the long cucumber-like trepang, we have a nearer approach to the type, and see the plan expressed equally clear in both forms. If we peel the orange in quarters, or fives, and not only throw back the peel to form the star that it will, but the whole, in its divided parts, we have a star shape which indicates the star-fish, one of the most familiar forms of the plan. The mouth, it will be observed, is always at one end. Then, again, we take a star-fish, fold in backward his arms so that the points touch each other, then a sea-urchin is represented. To express the form of the holothuria, which seems so different, if we could roll this sea-urchin into a cylinder the relation is seen at once. No more interesting example or proof of the presence of Mind in nature is found in the whole range of creation. The greatest diversity exists in this division of nature, and yet the most mathematical exactness is proved in the adherence to the plan laid out for that particular class. But we came out here to have a little recreation, and not to meet dry matters in science. We want you to see what a curious parasite there is in this strange animal. We have spoken of its value to the Chinese because the circumstance seems to be not generally known to readers; and it is probable that few have ever heard of so strange an instance as this of the trepang's "hanger-on." Now the old gentleman Webster, of the "Dictionary," says that a "parasite is, literally, a trencher friend—one that frequents the table of the rich, and earns his welcome by flattery—a hanger-on." We see none here, but drop the trepang into the tall glass jar which we have brought along for the purpose. The creature soon begins to exhibit numerous small white tubes arranged in a line along the body, just as they are (the same kind of organs) in the arms of a star-fish, or on the five quarters of the sea-urchin. The tubes have sucking-disks, and fasten themselves upon the glass. Now the creature crawls with considerable skill. It is a great tube itself, with a nearly straight intestine running through it. At the mouth it is provided with a row of soft tentacles, not unlike the sea-anemones, instead of teeth like the animals very much higher in the scale of life. Instead of the brittle shell of the urchin, or the rough spiny armor of the stars, the trepang has a leathery tunic covering its fleshy body. One species, however, of its class has a beautiful armor of scarlet-colored scales, and spreads

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a wonderful array of tentacles from its mouth—a soft tree-like branch with innumerable branchlets. This is often brought up on the lines of the fishermen off the New England coast, and is only the size of your hand. Our captive here is over a foot long, and as large as your wrist. It looks always so much like a cucumber, with its rough knobby sides and oblong shape, that the term sea-cucumber seems quite appropriate.



FAT CHARLEY AND THE TREPANG.

Well, we have been talking just long enough to give the trepang a chance to exhaust the air—the oxygen, as the chemists say—and you must know that so large an animal will require a large quantity. The small jar would not long afford him the all-important life-giving element unless it were very frequently renewed. The first indication of this want of air is seen by the creature's anxiety to reach the surface, the same as in the case of the golden carp that are kept in glass globes. But another and more important member of the animal world puts forth a remonstrance. He is not only more delicate, physically, but he belongs to a very much higher class of society, and has lungs to be refreshed with the grateful element—or gills, rather. As the trepang begins to stretch up his mouth toward the air, a fish's head is seen bobbing up and down, peering out into the external world from the interior. Now "a joke is a joke;" and we at first thought some one had perpetrated a joke upon us; but no. On various and numerous examinations this particular species of fish is found living *within* the intestine or stomach of the trepang! Is it not unaccountable that a fish, well formed and perfect in all its parts, should be placed in such a position for life? A "hanger-on" he certainly is. Though a "trencher friend," and "one who dines with others," he looks like one born for better things. Out he comes and swims feebly, then drops heavily to the bottom. He seems to be unable to support himself, or is too lazy. This fish is about the size and shape of a small smelt. It has a long slender fin along the entire length of its back, and altogether is as well provided with means for self-protection as any other fish. The only difference is seen in its extreme transparency; and this is a very interesting sight. Holding the glass before the light, you can see the pulsation of the great vessels, and nearly the whole anatomy, at one view.

The trepang has no apparent objection to his presence, and in most instances they are found to have this for their companion, their "hanger-on," though never more than one.

On examining the anatomy of the trepang we find that the intestine doubles upon itself, in a measure; and it is probable that no secretion is formed within that portion of the intestine occupied by the fish, except, perhaps, mucus. Then, possibly, the fish is provided with an extra secretion of mucus, which prevents any undue action of the fluids of the internal structure of the trepang. Wonderful as it is, the *fact* remains; this fish is wholly dependent on the kindly offices of this low, simply organized creature of another division of the animal kingdom. The fish would not survive out of his accustomed protection, though we have carefully tried the experiment, with frequent changes and renewal of water. For some wise purpose this apparently absurd situation is created, and it affords another illustration of the presence of a Guiding Hand in this wondrous world. This was a new fact even to naturalists; but since we made these observations Dr. Collingwood has discovered on the shores of the China Sea an enormous blue sea-anemone, two feet in diameter, in which little fishes take shelter. Some of the jelly-fishes also have been found to pro-

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tect fishes and carry them within their ample folds. A very remarkable instance of this habit we will endeavor to illustrate in another part of the lagoon at some future time.

As we come about, and sail toward the fortress, a dark cloud, hanging like a curtain over the eastern horizon, is all that interrupts the otherwise brilliant sky. This is a scene of frequent occurrence during the summer months, and furnishes that form of cloud which drops from its borders to form the water-spout. As we look, the slender line of smoky hue has reached the water, and seems like a spiral prolongation of the cloud above. Presently the water is seen to boil and curl upward; while onward it goes, whirling and bending, a tall black column, until it strikes the shore of Sand Key, when a sudden and complete collapse ends the seaward portion of it. A slender thread remains, hanging from the margin of the cloud, but is soon absorbed; and the sooty curtain vanishes slowly and completely, leaving a fair sky, illumined by the gorgeous radiance of the setting sun.

THE STORY OF PUNCH AND JUDY.



PORTRAIT OF MR. PUNCH.

ONE pleasant summer day, a few years ago, the writer of this article was standing with an officer of the Bavarian army in the Odeon Platz, at Munich, watching the entertaining performance of "Punch and Judy." At the most thrilling moment of the mimic tragedy a slight movement among the spectators caused us both to look round; and to my amusement, and my military friend's dismay, we encountered the kindly eyes of old King Louis. Noticing the officer's confusion at being caught amusing himself in this rather unfashionable manner, the genial old gentleman pleasantly bade him be at ease. "You need not feel ashamed to be seen here, Herr Lieutenant," said he; "I often stop myself to see the performance, and find it very amusing." He remained a few moments, laughing like the rest of the crowd at the droll mimicry of life exhibited in the little play-house, and then, with a pleasant smile and word, withdrew. The incident was characteristic of the man and the people. While he stood there no one took more notice of him than if he had been a private gentleman. There was none of the rude staring to which persons of exalted rank are always subjected by Englishmen and Americans. Every one quietly attended to the play until the King took his leave, when those immediately about him raised their hats with every mark of that esteem and affection which even his unfortunate infatuation for Lola Montez could not eradicate from the hearts of the Bavarian people.

The performance which old King Louis found so amusing has not been nationalized in this country. It was exhibited for a short time at a popular place of amusement in this city about a year ago, but did not take sufficiently with the audience to induce the manager to go on with it. It was considered silly and stupid; and yet, as we shall show, with the assistance of Mr. Cruikshank's admirable illustrations, it may be made the medium of the most amusing whimsicalities. In Europe its popularity is unbounded. Even royalty, as just related, unbends to enjoy it; and we are told that so grave and dignified a personage as an English secretary of state is certain to be, once paused on his way from Downing Street to the House of Commons on a night of important debate to witness the whole performance.

To Acerra, an ancient Italian city in the neighborhood of Naples, belongs the high honor of being the birth-place of Mr. Punch, whose family name is thought to have been *Pulcinella*. The date of his birth is differently stated by au-

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PUNCH'S COMPANY ON THEIR TRAVELS.

thors who have incidentally mentioned him. The most particular statements in regard to this important event are made by Gimma, who in his "Italia Letterata" says:

"Silvio Fiorillo, comedian, who procured himself to be called the Captain Matamoros, invented the Neapolitan Pulcinella; to which Andrea Calcese, who had the surname of Ciuccio, by study and natural grace added much. Calcese was a tailor, and died in the plague of the year 1656; he imitated the peasants of Acerra, a very ancient city of Terra di Lavoro, not far from Naples." Signorelli, in his history of the stage, expressly calls Punch *un buffone dell' Acerra;* and of the Neapolitans in general he remarks that, "from a certain national vivacity and disposition, they have been at all times distinguished for their talent in imitating the ridiculous on their stages." Hence more than one of the amusing personages in their impromptu comedies have had their origin in that lively and luxurious capital.

In order to give a notion of the species of dramatic entertainment in which these various characters, and among them Pulcinella, were engaged, a further short quotation from Signorelli's work will be useful: he is referring to the state of the Italian comedy in the beginning of the seventeenth century. "In general" (he says) "the public comedians traveled over Italy, representing certain theatrical performances, called comedies of *art*, in contradistinction to comedies of *learning*, recited in the academies and in private dwellings by well-bred actors for their pleasure and exercise. The plot of the fables was noted down, as well as the substance and distribution of each scene, while the dialogue was left to the will of the representers. Such histrionic farces contained various trivial buffooneries, and different masks were employed in them." These performances, in which the actor was left to his own talents and discretion in furnishing the dialogue, were once extremely popular throughout Italy; but from the very nature of the representation it unluckily happens that not a single specimen has been handed down to our time.

We take it for granted that Silvio Fiorillo invented Pulcinella, and first introduced him as a variety in the list of buffoons required to represent the impromptu comedies of Naples; but although he may date his separate existence from about the year 1600, it is a matter of much doubt whether he was not, in fact, only a branch of a family of far greater antiquity. The discovery in the year 1727 of a bronze statue of a mime, called by the Romans Maccus, has indeed led some antiquaries to the conclusion that he was, in fact, Pulcinella under a different name, but with the same attributes, and among them a humpback and a large nose. But that the figure was meant for Maccus at all seems mere speculation, and that Pulcinella and Maccus had any thing in common but hump and nose is at least as questionable. The Vice, as he was called, of the ancient Moralities was common, we apprehend, to the early theatrical representations of most countries; his business was to relieve the weightier part of the performance by his ridiculous actions, jests, and buffooneries. He was unquestionably the original of the Clown, or Fool, of the old English drama; and we think the conjecture is at least plausible that he was the original also of Harlequin and his near relative, Pulcinella. The chief appendage of the Vice was a gilt wooden sword, and this also belonged to the old Clown, or Fool, in all nations. Rabelais, speaking of certain presents



BEHIND THE SCENES.

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made by Panurge to the fool Triboullet, says: "Panurge, on his arrival, gave him a pig's bladder, well inflated, and resounding by reason of the pease that were within it; moreover, a wooden sword, well gilt; moreover, a small pouch, made of a shell of a tortoise." Those who consult Mr. Douce's essay on the "Clowns and Fools of Shakspeare" will find that the bladder at the end of a stick, the gilt wooden sword, and the pouch, or budget, formed part of the equipments of that personage in England. The wooden sword directly connects Harlequin with the ancient Vice and more modern Fool, although we have now enjoined him to silence, and have converted the instrument with which of old he cudgeled the devil into a talisman to raise him.

Concluding, then, that Punch is one of the *familia Harlequini*, and that their common parent was the Vice of the old Moralities, the question arises to what circumstance he owes the deformity of his figure, and why his nose, by its length, is rendered so obtrusive a feature. We can only answer that it pleased his inventor, Silvio Fiorillo, to make him so; and perhaps he did it in some degree with a view of rendering him more ridiculous, and to distinguish him more effectually from other characters of not dissimilar habits and propensities in the *impromptu* comedies. One striking characteristic of Punch is his amorous inclination; and it is generally supposed that individuals with the personal defect for which he is remarkable are peculiarly "given to the feminines." According to Quadrio, in his "Storia d'ogni Poesia," the name of our hero has relation to the length of his nose; he would spell it Pullicinello, from *Pulliceno*, which Mr. Disraeli translates "turkey-cock," an allusion to the beak of that bird. Baretti has it Pulcinella, because that word in Italian means a henchicken, whose cry the voice of Punch is said to resemble. Pollicenello, as it has also been written, in its etymology from *pollice*, "the thumb," goes upon the mistaken presumption that his size was always diminutive. The French Ponche has been fancifully derived from no less a personage than Pontius Pilate of the old Mysteries, whom, in barbarous times, the Christians wished to abuse and ridicule. If we can not settle the disputed point, it is very evident that in future ingenuity and learning will be thrown away in attempting further elucidation.

At what time and in what country Punch became a mere puppet as well as a living performer we have no distinct information; but it is to be inferred, perhaps, that the transmigration first took place in the land of his birth, and after his popularity had been fully established. The pleasure derived by the lower orders from his performances might lead to the imitation of his manners and actions in little, in the same way that the most applauded representations of the English stage, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, were very soon made the subjects of "motions," or puppet-plays. One man could thus, by a little ingenuity, and at a very cheap rate, represent half a dozen or more characters, and the delusion was aided by the peculiar voice given to Punch by artificial means. Ere long he became the hero of the exhibition; and other characters, such as Harlequin and Scaramouch, by degrees sunk into insignificance.

The dialogue of the plays in which Pulcinella originally performed in the early days of his existence can not now be distinctly ascertained. As already mentioned, only the general outlines of the farces performed by the early itinerant comedians were noted down, while the dialogue was always improvised; but it is probable that actors of this class, accustomed repeatedly to perform together, would ere long come to a perfect understanding with each other, and the interlocutions thus acquire a certain degree of permanence, until some change took place in the company. At different places the same plot would be represented, and of course the same dialogue would be sufficient as far as it could be remembered. No doubt the dramas consisted of "gross buffooneries," because the actors were *buffone;* but there was room for the display of ready talent; and if a few of the pieces had been left upon record, we should most likely have found that they had something else to recommend them besides the coarseness of their jokes, delivered in the dialect of Italy peculiar to each of the characters.

Many distinguished authors who lived about the opening of the last century were not ashamed to be known as the writers of puppet-plays. It is well known how popular this species of entertainment was, and still is, in Germany; and its dignity will receive a considerable accession from the fact that the greatest poet of that country, Goethe, did not scruple to write one on the sacred story of Esther and Ahasuerus. He calls it "Neueröffnetes moralisch-politisches Puppenspiel;" and "Hanns Wurst," or Jack Pudding, is employed to amuse the spectators between the acts.

The play which follows, though of modern origin, preserves the spirit, and undoubtedly much of the substance, of the traditional dramas represented by the traveling comedians of Italy. It is founded chiefly upon the performance of an old Italian wayfaring puppet-showman by the name of Piccini, who for the last forty or fifty years has exhibited Punch in the cities and villages of England. Like the earlier representations of the stage, it was not by him divided into acts and scenes; but these divisions were easily made; and the whole has assumed a shape in which it may rival most of the theatrical productions of the present era. The author, now aged and infirm, still travels about with his show. A writer who witnessed his performance many years ago thus pleasantly described the showman as he then appeared: "He was an Italian—a little thick-set man, with a red, humorous-looking countenance. He

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had lost one eye, but the other made up for the absence of its fellow by a shrewdness of expression sufficient for both. He always wore an oil-skin hat and a rough great-coat. At his back he carried a deal box containing the *dramatis personæ* of his little theatre, and in his hand the trumpet, at whose glad summons hundreds of merry, laughter-loving faces flocked round him, with gaping mouths and anxious looks, all eager to renew their acquaintance with their old friend and favorite, Punch. The theatre itself was carried by a tall man, who seemed a sort of sleeping partner in the concern, or mere *dumb waiter* on the other's operations." The second illustration in this article precisely corresponds with this lively description, making some allowance for the difference of age in the master of the puppet-show—still, however, not too old to carry his deal box and to blow an "inspiring air."



AT THE FESTIVE BOARD.

THE TRAGICAL COMEDY, OR COMICAL TRAGEDY,

OF

PUNCH AND JUDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PUNCH.	SERVANT.	THE DEVIL.
SCARAMOUCH.	BLIND MAN.	TOBY.
THE CHILD.	CONSTABLE.	HECTOR.
COURTIER.	POLICE OFFICER.	JUDY.
DOCTOR.	JACK KETCH.	POLLY.

Enter PUNCH; *after a few preliminary squeaks, he bows three times to the spectators—once in the centre, and once at each side of the stage, and then speaks the following*

Prologue.

Ladies and Gentlemen, pray how you do?
If you all happy, me all happy too.
Stop and hear my merry littel play;
If me make you laugh, me need not make you pay.
[*Exit.*

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

(PUNCH *is heard behind the scene squeaking the tune of* "Malbroug s'en vat en guerre." *He then makes his appearance and dances about the stage, while he sings to the same air:*)

Mr. Punch is one jolly good fellow,
His dress is all scarlet and yellow;
And if now and then he gets mellow,
It's only among his good friends.
His money most freely he spends;
To laugh and grow fat he intends;
With the girls he's a rogue and a rover;
He lives, while he can, upon clover;
When he dies—it's only all over;
And there Punch's comedy ends.
(*He continues to dance and sing, and then calls* "Judy, my dear! Judy!")

Enter the DOG TOBY.

Punch. Hollo, Toby! who called you? How you do, Mr. Toby? Hope you very well, Mr. Toby.

Toby. Bow, wow, wow!

Punch. How do my good friend, your master, Mr. Toby? How do Mr. Scaramouch?

Toby. Bow, wow, wow!

Punch. I'm glad to hear it. Poor Toby! What a nice good-tempered dog it is! No wonder his master is so fond of him.

Toby (*snarls*). Arr! Arr!

Punch. What, Toby! you cross this morning? You get out of bed the wrong way upward?

Toby (*snarls again*). Arr! Arr!

Punch. Poor Toby (*putting his hand out cautiously, and trying to coax the dog, who snaps at it*). Toby, you're one nasty cross dog. Get away with you! (*strikes at him*).

Toby. Bow, wow, wow! (*seizing* PUNCH *by the nose*).

Punch. Oh dear! Oh dear! My nose! my poor nose! my beautiful nose! Get away! get away, you nasty dog—I tell your master. Oh dear! dear! Judy! Judy! (PUNCH *shakes his nose, but can not shake off the* DOG, *who follows him as he retreats round the stage. He continues to call* "Judy! Judy, my dear!" *until the* DOG *quits his hold, and exit.*)

Punch (*solus, and rubbing his nose with both hands*). Oh, my nose! my pretty littel nose! Judy! Judy! You nasty, nasty brute, I will tell you master of you. Mr. Scaramouch! (*calls*). My good friend, Mr. Scaramouch! Look what you nasty brute dog has done!

Enter SCARAMOUCH, *with a stick.*

Scara. Hollo, Mr. Punch! what have you been doing to my poor dog?

Punch (*retreating behind the side scene, on observing the stick, and peeping round the corner*). Ha! my good friend, how you do? Glad to see you look so well. (*Aside.*) I wish you were farther with your nasty great stick.

Scara. You have been beating and ill-using my poor dog, Mr. Punch.

Punch. He has been biting and ill-using my poor nose—what have got there, Sir?

Scara. Where?

Punch. In your hand.

Scara. A fiddle.

Punch. A fiddel! what a pretty thing is a fiddel!—can you play upon that fiddel?

Scara. Come here, and I'll try.

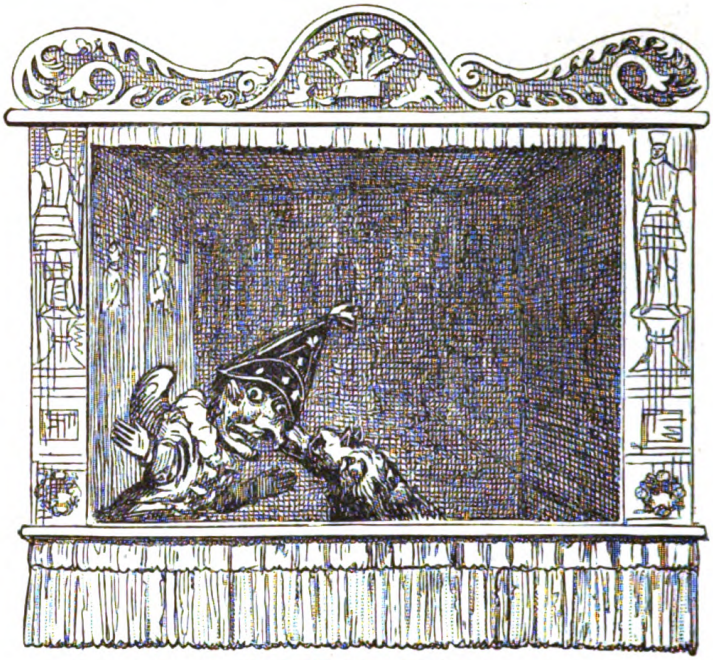
Punch. No, thank you—I can hear the music here very well.

Scara. Then you shall try yourself. Can you play?

Punch (*coming in*). I do not know till I try. Let me see! (*takes the stick, and moves slowly about, singing the tune of the* "Marche des Marseillois." *He hits* SCARAMOUCH *a slight blow on his high cap, as if by accident*).

Scara. You play very well, Mr. Punch; now let me try. I will give you a lesson how to play the fiddle (*takes the stick, and dances to the same tune, hitting*

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PUNCH AND THE DOG TOBY.

PUNCH *a hard blow on the back of his head*). There's sweet music for you.

Punch. I no like you playing so well as my own. Let me again (*takes the stick, and dances as before. In the course of his dance he gets behind* SCARAMOUCH, *and, with a violent blow, knocks his head clean off his shoulders*). How you like that tune, my good friend? That sweet music, or sour music, eh? He, he, he! (*laughing, and throwing away the stick*). You'll never hear such another tune, so long as you live, my boy (*sings the tune of* "Malbroug," *and dances to it*). Judy! Judy, my dear! Judy, can't you answer, my dear?

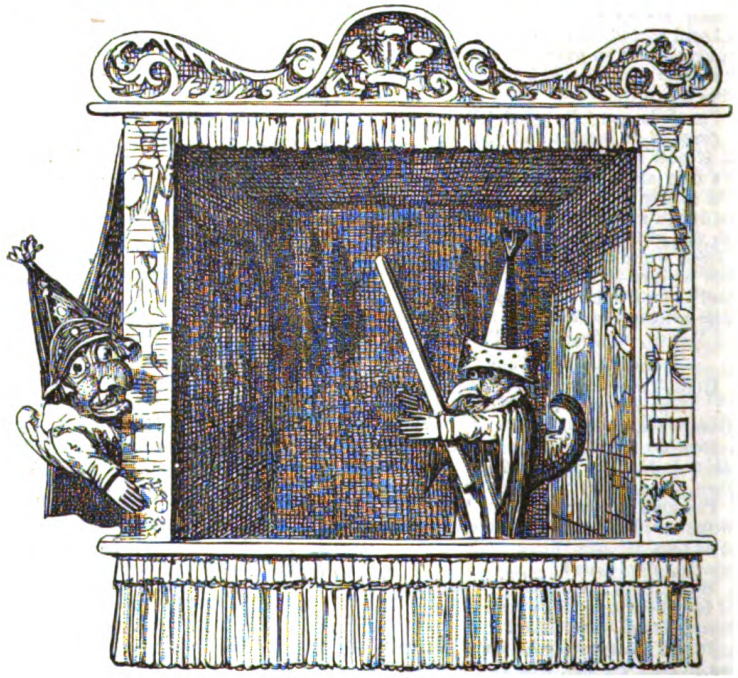
Judy (*within*). Well! what do you want, Mr. Punch?

Punch. Come up stairs. I want you.

Judy. Then want must be your master. I'm busy.

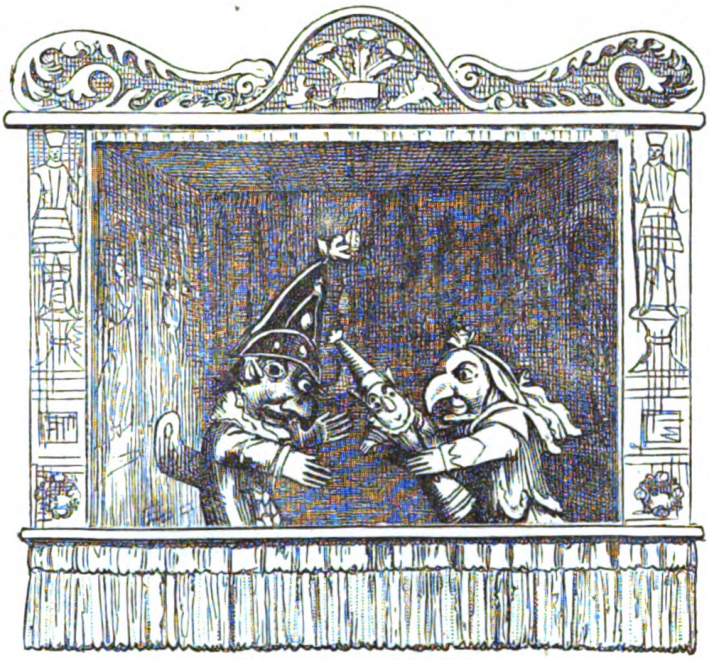
Punch (*singing tune,* "Malbroug").

Her answer genteel is and civil!
No wonder, you think, if we live ill,
And I wish her sometimes at the devil
Since that's all the answer I get.
Yet, why should I grumble and fret,
Because she's sometimes in a pet?
Though I really am sorry to say, Sirs,
That that is too often her way, Sirs.
For this, by-and-by, she shall pay, Sirs.
Oh, wives are an obstinate set!



PUNCH AND SCARAMOUCH.

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PUNCH, JUDY, AND THEIR CHILD.

Judy, my dear! (*calling*). Judy, my love—pretty Judy, come up stairs.

Enter JUDY.

Judy. Well, here I am! what do you want, now I'm come?

Punch (*aside*). What a pretty creature! An't she one beauty?

Judy. What do you want, I say?

Punch. A kiss! a pretty kiss! (*kisses her, while she hits him a slap on the face*).

Judy. Take that, then. How do you like my kisses? Will you have another?

Punch. No; one at a time, one at a time, my sweet, pretty wife. (*Aside.*) She always is so playful. Where's the child? Fetch me the child, Judy, my dear.

[*Exit* JUDY.

Punch (*solus*). There's one wife for you! What a precious darling creature! She go to fetch our child.

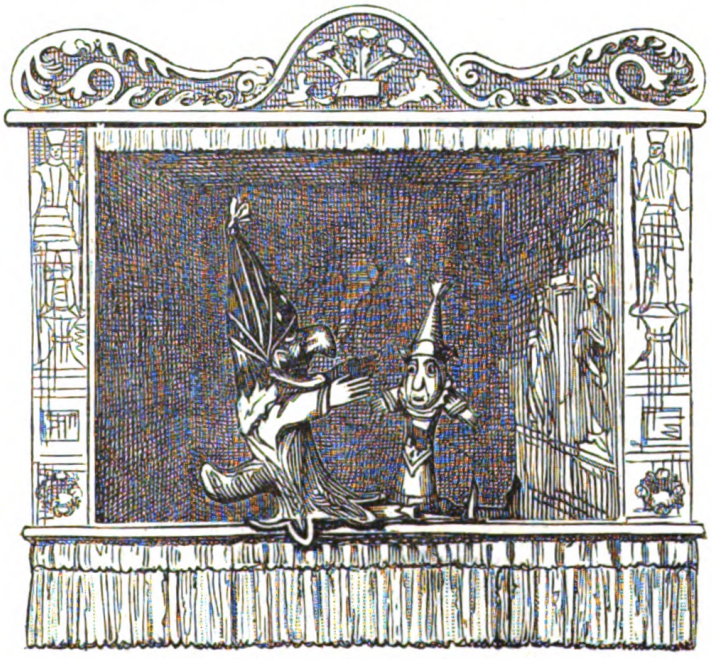
Re-enter JUDY *with the* CHILD.

Judy. Here's the child. Pretty dear! It knows its papa. Take the child.

Punch (*holding out his hands*). Give it me—pretty littel thing! How like its sweet mamma!

Judy. How awkward you are!

Punch. Give it me. I know how to nurse it so well



PUNCH PLAYING WITH HIS CHILD.

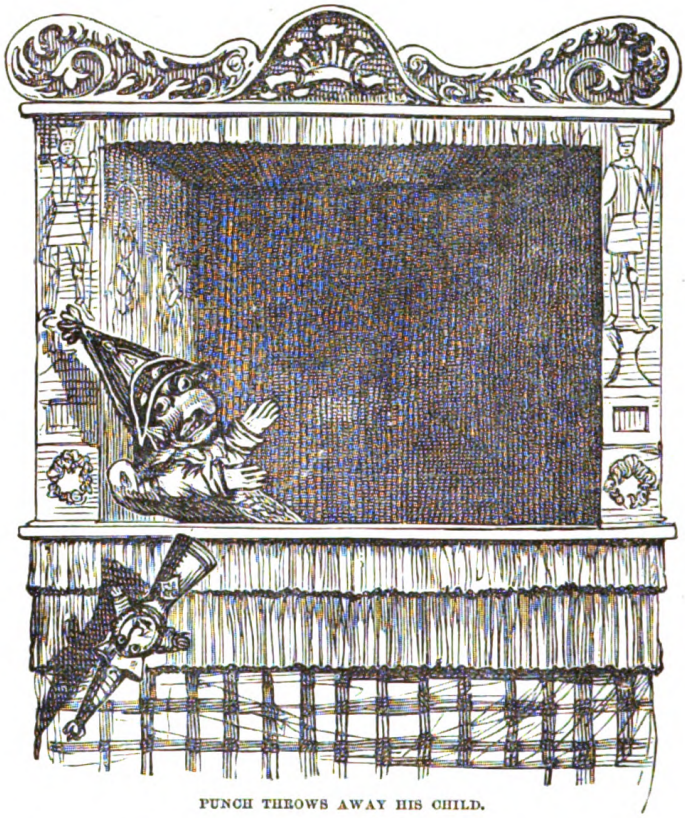
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as you do (*she gives it him*). Get away! (*Exit* JUDY. PUNCH *nursing the* CHILD *in his arms.*) What a pretty baby it is! Was it sleepy then? Hush-a-by, by, by (*sings to the tune of* "Rest thee, Babe").

Oh, rest thee, my baby!
Thy daddy is here:
Thy mammy's a gaby,
And that's very clear.

Oh, rest thee, my darling!
Thy mother will come,
With a voice like a starling:
I wish she was dumb!

Poor dear littel thing! it can not get to sleep. By, by; by, by, hush-a-by. Well, then, it sha'n't (*dances the* CHILD, *and then sets it on his lap, between his knees, and sings the common nursery ditty*).



PUNCH THROWS AWAY HIS CHILD.

Dancy, baby, diddy;
What shall daddy do widdy?
Sit on his lap;
Give it some pap;
Dancy, baby, diddy.

(*After nursing it upon his lap,* PUNCH *sticks the* CHILD *against the side of the stage, on the platform, and going himself to the opposite side, runs up to it, clapping his hands, and crying,* "Catchee, catchee, catchee!" *He then takes it up again, and it begins to cry.*)

What is the matter with it? Poor thing! It has got the stomach-ache, I dare say (CHILD *cries*). Hush-a-by, hush-a-by! (*sitting down, and rolling it on his knees*). Naughty child! Judy! (*calling*) the child has got the stomach-ache. Pheu! Nasty child! Judy, I say! (CHILD *continues to cry*). Keep quiet, can't you? (*hits it a box on the ear*). Oh, you filthy child! What have you done? I won't keep such a nasty child. Hold your tongue! (*strikes the* CHILD'S *head several times against the side of the stage*). There!—there! there! How you like that? I thought I stop your squalling. Get along with you, nasty, naughty, crying child! (*throws it over the front of the stage among the spectators*). He! he! he! (*laughing and singing to the same tune as before*).

Get away, nasty baby;
There it goes over.
Thy mammy's a gaby,
Thy daddy's a rover.

Re-enter JUDY.

Judy. Where is the child?
Punch. Gone—gone to sleep.
Judy. What have you done with the child, I say?
Punch. Gone to sleep, I say.
Judy. What have you done with it?
Punch. What have I done with it?
Judy. Ay; done with it! I heard it crying just now. Where is it?
Punch. How should I know?
Judy. I heard you make the pretty darling cry.
Punch. I dropped it out at window.
Judy. Oh, you cruel, horrid wretch! to drop the pretty baby out at window. Oh! (*cries, and wipes her eyes with the corner of her white apron*). You barbarous man. Oh! I'll make you pay for this, depend upon it. [*Exit in haste.*
Punch. There she goes. What a piece of work about nothing!

(*Dances about and sings, beating time with his head, as he turns round, on the front of the stage.*)

Re-enter JUDY *with a stick; she comes in behind, and hits* PUNCH *a sounding blow on the back of the head before he is aware.*

Judy. I'll teach you to drop my child out at window.
Punch. So—o—oftly, Judy, so—o—oftly! (*rubbing the back of his head with his hand*). Don't be a fool now. What you at?
Judy. What! you'll drop my poor baby out at window again, will you? (*hitting him continually on the head*).

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Punch. No; I never will again (*she still hits him*). Softly, I say, softly. A joke's a joke.

Judy. Oh, you nasty, cruel brute! (*hitting him again*). I'll teach you.

Punch. But me no like such teaching. What! you're in earnest, are you?

Judy. Yes (*hit*); I (*hit*) am (*hit*).

Punch. I'm glad of it. Me no like such jokes (*she hits him again*). Leave off, I say. What! you won't, won't you?

Judy. No; I won't (*hits him*).

Punch. Very well; then now come my turn to teach you (*he snatches at, and struggles with her for the stick, which he wrenches from her, and strikes her with it on the head, while she runs about to different parts of the stage to get out of his way*). How you like my teaching, Judy, my pretty dear? (*hitting her*).

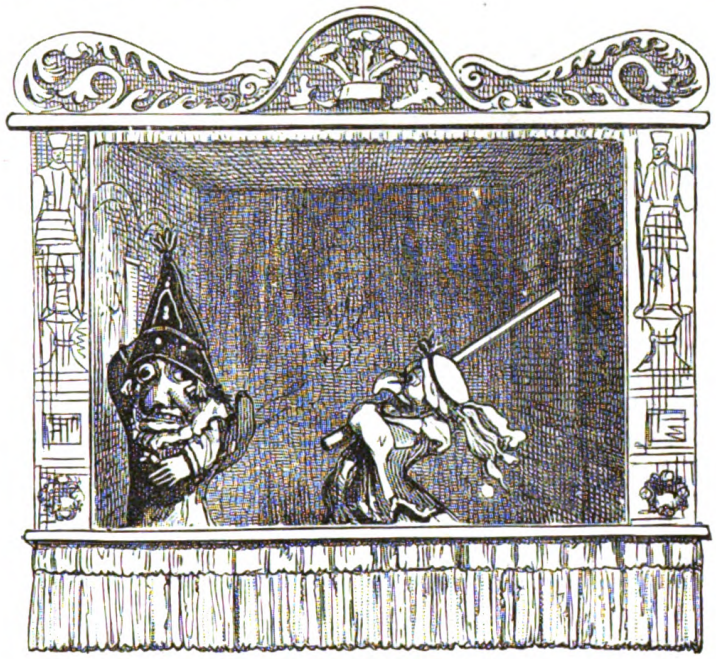
Judy. Oh, pray, Mr. Punch—no more!

Punch (*aside*). What a beauty! What a pretty creature!

(*Extending his arms, and then clasping his hands in admiration. She continues to dance, and dances round him, while he surveys her in silent delight. He then begins to sing a slow tune, and foots it with her; and, as the music quickens, they jig it backward and forward, and sideways, to all parts of the stage. At last* PUNCH *catches the lady in his arms, and kisses her most audibly, while she appears "nothing loth." After waltzing, they dance to the tune of* "The White Cockade," *and* PUNCH *sings as follows:*)

I love you so, I love you so,
I never will leave you; no, no, no.
If I had all the wives of wise King Sol,
I would kill them all for my pretty Poll.

[*Exeunt, dancing.*



JUDY BEATS PUNCH.

Punch. Yes; one littel more lesson (*hits her again*). There, there, there! (*she falls down, with her head over the platform of the stage; and as he continues to hit at her she puts up her hand to guard her head*). Any more?

Judy. No, no; no more (*lifting up her head*).

Punch (*knocking down her head*). I thought I should soon make you quiet.

Judy (*again raising her head*). No.

Punch (*again knocking it down, and following up his blows until she is lifeless*). Now if you're satisfied, I am (*perceiving that she does not move*). There, get up, Judy, my dear; I won't hit you any more. None of your sham-Abram. This is only your fun. You got the headache? Why, you only asleep. Get up, I say! Well then, get down (*tosses the body down with the end of his stick*). He, he, he! (*laughing*). To lose a wife is to get a fortune.

Who'd be plagued with a wife
That could set himself free
With a rope or a knife,
Or a good stick, like me.

(*He throws away the body with his stick.*)

Enter PRETTY POLLY.

Punch (*seeing her, and singing out of* "The Beggar's Opera," *while she dances*).

When the heart of a man is oppressed with cares,
The clouds are dispelled when a woman appears, etc.

ACT II.

Enter a FIGURE *dressed like a courtier, who sings a slow air, and moves to it with great gravity and solemnity. He first takes off his hat on the right of the theatre, and then on the left, and carries it in his hand. He then stops in the centre; the music ceases, and suddenly his throat begins to elongate, and his head gradually rises until his neck is taller than all the rest of his body. After pausing for some time, the head sinks again; and as soon as it has descended to its natural place the* FIGURE *exit.*

Enter PUNCH *from behind the curtain, where he had been watching the manœuvres of the* FIGURE.

Punch. Who the devil are you, me should like to know, with your long neck? You may get it stretched for you, one of these days, by somebody else. It's a very fine day (*peeping out, and looking up at the sky*). I'll go fetch my horse, and take a ride to visit my pretty Poll (*he sings to the tune of* "Sally in our Alley").

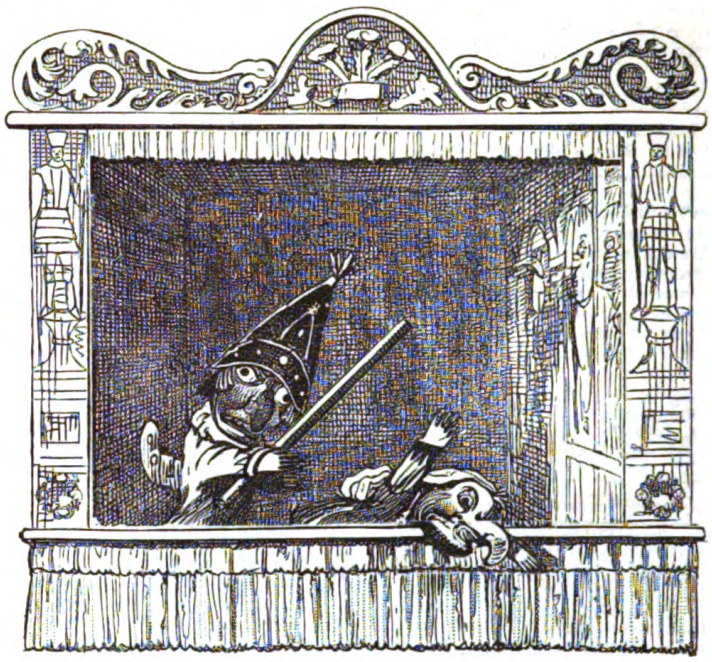
Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Polly:
She's the darling of my heart,
She is so plump and jolly.

[*Exit, singing.*

Re-enter PUNCH, *leading his horse by the bridle over his arm. It prances about, and seems very unruly.*

Punch. Wo, ho! my fine fellow. Wo, ho! Hector.

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PUNCH QUIETS JUDY.

Stand still, can't you, and let me get my foot up to the stirrup.

(*While* PUNCH *is trying to mount, the horse runs away round the stage, and* PUNCH *sets off after him, catches him by the tail, and so stops him.* PUNCH *then mounts, by sitting on the front of the stage, and, with both his hands, lifting one of his legs over the animal's back. At first it goes pretty steadily, but soon quickens its pace; while* PUNCH, *who does not keep his seat very well, cries,* "Wo, ho! Hector; wo, ho!" *but to no purpose, for the horse sets off at full gallop, jerking* PUNCH *at every stride with great violence.* PUNCH *lays hold round the neck, but is ultimately thrown upon the platform.*)

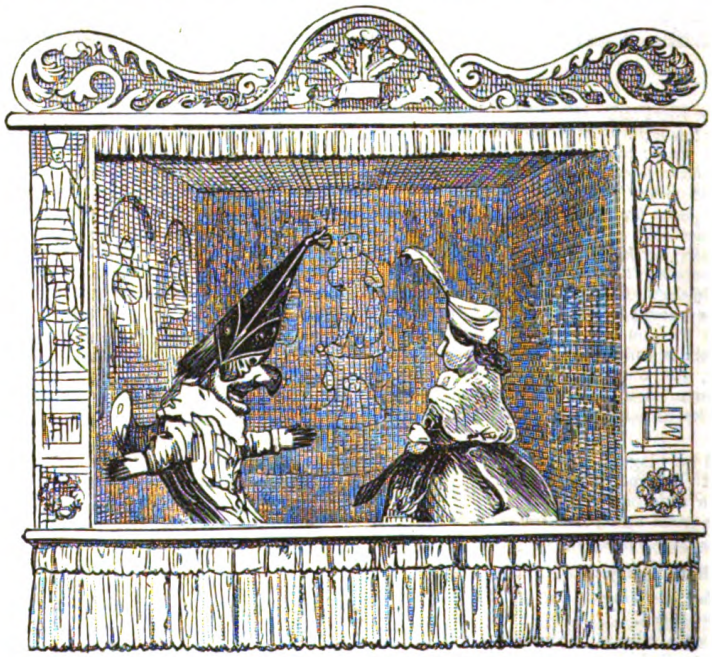
Punch. Oh dear! Oh Lord! Help! help! I am murdered! I'm a dead man! Will nobody save my life? Doctor! Doctor! Come, and bring me to life again. I'm a dead man. Doctor! Doctor! Doctor!

Enter DOCTOR.

Doctor. Who calls so loud?

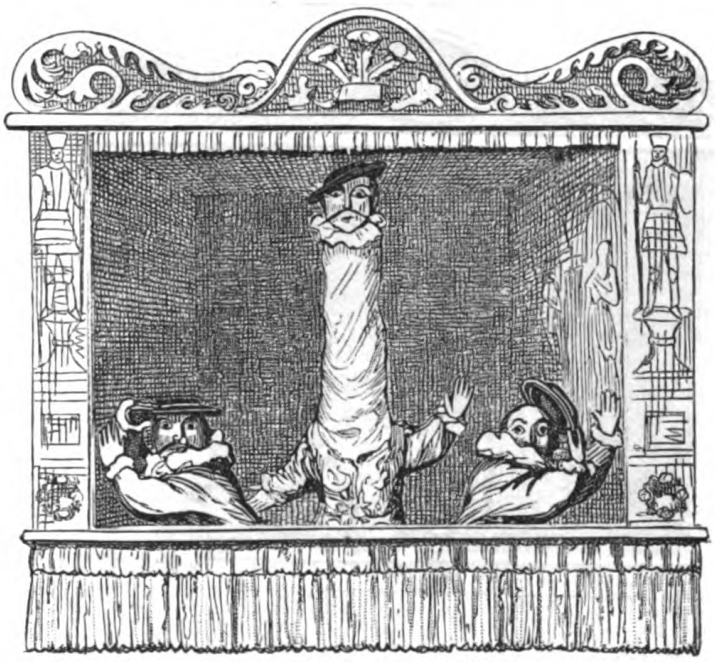
Punch. Oh dear! Oh Lord! murder!

Doctor. What is the matter? Bless me, who is this? My good friend, Mr. Punch? Have you had an accident, or are you only taking a nap on the grass after dinner?



PUNCH AND PRETTY POLL.

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THE COURTIER WITH THE ELASTIC NECK.

Punch. Oh, Doctor! Doctor! I have been thrown: I have been killed.

Doctor. No, no, Mr. Punch; not so bad as that, Sir: you are not killed.

Punch. Not killed, but speechless. Oh, Doctor! Doctor!

Doctor. Where are you hurt? Is it here? (*touching his head*).

Punch. No; lower.

Doctor. Here? (*touching his breast*).

Punch. No; lower, lower.

Doctor. Here, then? (*going downward*).

Punch. No; lower still.

Doctor. Then is your handsome leg broken?

Punch. No; higher.

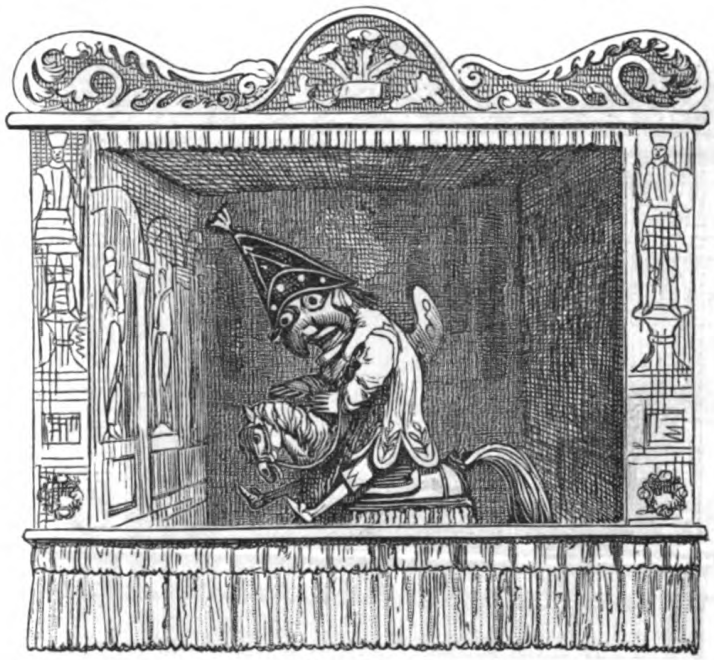
(*As the* Doctor *leans over* Punch's *legs, to examine them,* Punch *kicks him in the eye.*)

Doctor. Oh, my eye! my eye! [*Exit.*

Punch (*solus*). Ay, you're right enough; it is my eye, and Betty Martin too (*jumping up, and dancing and singing—tune,* "Malbroug").

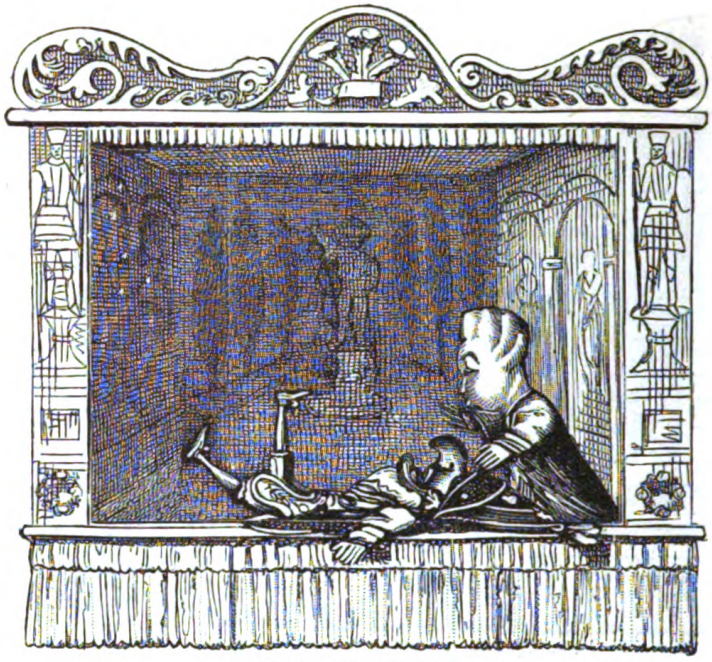
The Doctor is surely an ass, Sirs,
To think I'm as brittle as glass, Sirs;
But I only fell down on the grass, Sirs,
And my hurt—it is all my eye.

(*While* Punch *is singing and dancing the* Doctor



PUNCH ON HIS STEED.

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PUNCH AND THE DOCTOR.

enters behind with a stick, and hits PUNCH *several times on the head;* PUNCH *shakes his ears.*)

Punch. Hollo! hollo! Doctor—what game you up to now? Have done! What you got there?

Doctor. Physic, Mr. Punch (*hits him*); physic for your hurt.

Punch. Me no like physic; it give me one headache.

Doctor. That's because you do not take enough of it (*hits him again*). The more you take, the more good it will do you (*hits him*).

Punch. So you doctors always say. Try how you like it yourself.

Doctor. We never take our own physic, if we can help it (*hits him*). A little more, Mr. Punch, and you will soon be well.

(*Hits him. During this part of the dialogue the* DOCTOR *hunts* PUNCH *to different parts of the stage, and at last gets him into a corner, and belabors him until* PUNCH *seems almost stunned.*)

Punch. Oh, Doctor! Doctor! no more, no more! enough physic for me; I am quite well now.

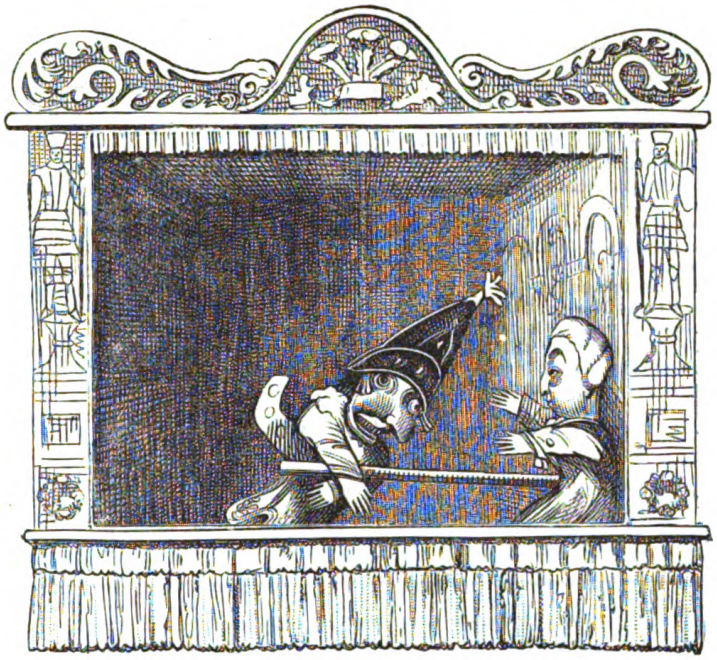
Doctor. Only another dose (*hits him*).

Punch. No more!—turn and turn about is all fair, you know (PUNCH *makes a desperate effort, closes with the* DOCTOR, *and after a struggle succeeds in getting the*



THE DOCTOR PHYSICS PUNCH.

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PUNCH DOCTORS THE DOCTOR.

stick from him). Now, Doctor, your turn to be physicked (*beating the* Doctor).

Doctor. Hold, Mr. Punch; I don't want any physic, my good Sir.

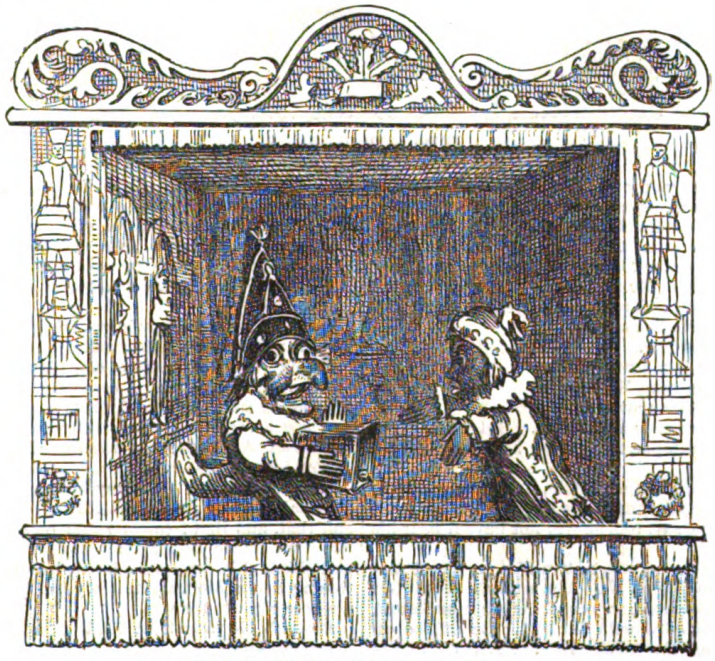
Punch. Oh yes, you do; you very bad; you must take it; I the doctor now (*hits him*). How do you like physic? (*hits*). It will do you good (*hits*). This will soon cure you (*hits*): physic! (*hits*) physic! (*hits*) physic! (*hits*).

Doctor. Oh, pray, Mr. Punch, no more! one pill of that physic is a dose.

Punch. Doctors always die when they take their own physic (*hits him*). Another small dose, and you never want physic again (*hits him*). There, don't you feel the physic in your inside? (Punch *thrusts the end of the stick into the* Doctor's *stomach; the* Doctor *falls down dead, and* Punch, *as before, tosses away the body with the end of his staff*). He, he, he! (*laughing*). Now, Doctor, you may cure yourself, if you can (*sings and dances to the tune of* "Green grow the Rushes, O").

Right toll de riddle doll,
There's an end of him, by goll!
I'll dance and sing
Like any thing,
With music for my pretty Poll.

[*Exit.*



PUNCH AND THE FOREIGN FOOTMAN.

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Enter PUNCH, *with a large sheep-bell, which he rings violently, and dances about the stage, shaking the bell and his head at the same time, and accompanying the music with his voice: tune,* "Morgiana in Ireland."

Mr. Punch is a very gay man,
He is the fellow the ladies for winning, oh;
Let them do whatever they can,
They never can stand his talking and grinning, oh.

Enter a SERVANT, *in a foreign livery.*

Servant. Mr. Punch, my master he say he no like dat noise.

Punch (*with surprise, and mocking him*). Your master he say he no like dat noise! What noise?

Servant. Dat nasty noise.

Punch. Do you call music a noise?

Servant. My master he no lika de music, Mr. Punch, so he'll have no more noise near his house.

Punch. He don't, don't he? Very well (PUNCH *runs about the stage ringing his bell as loudly as he can*).

Servant. Get away, I say, wid dat nasty bell.

Punch. What bell?

Servant. That bell (*striking it with his hand*).

Punch. That's a good one. Do you call this a bell? (*patting it*). It is an organ.

Servant. I say it is a bell, a nasty bell.

Punch. I say it is an organ (*striking him with it*). What you say it is now?

Servant. An organ, Mr. Punch.

Punch. An organ? I say it is a fiddle. Can't you see? (*offers to strike him again*).

Servant. It is a fiddle.

Punch. I say it is a drum.

Servant. It is a drum, Mr. Punch.

Punch. I say it is a trumpet.

Servant. Well, so it is a trumpet. But bell, organ, fiddle, drum, or trumpet, my master he say he no lika de music.

Punch. Then bell, organ, fiddle, drum, or trumpet, Mr. Punch he say your master is a fool.

Servant. And he say, too, he will not have it near his house.

Punch. He's a fool, I say, not to like my sweet music. Tell him so: be off (*hits him with the bell*). Get along (*driving the* SERVANT *round the stage backward, and striking him often with the bell*). Be off, be off (*knocking him off the stage. Exit* SERVANT. PUNCH *continues to ring the bell as loudly as before, while he sings and dances*).

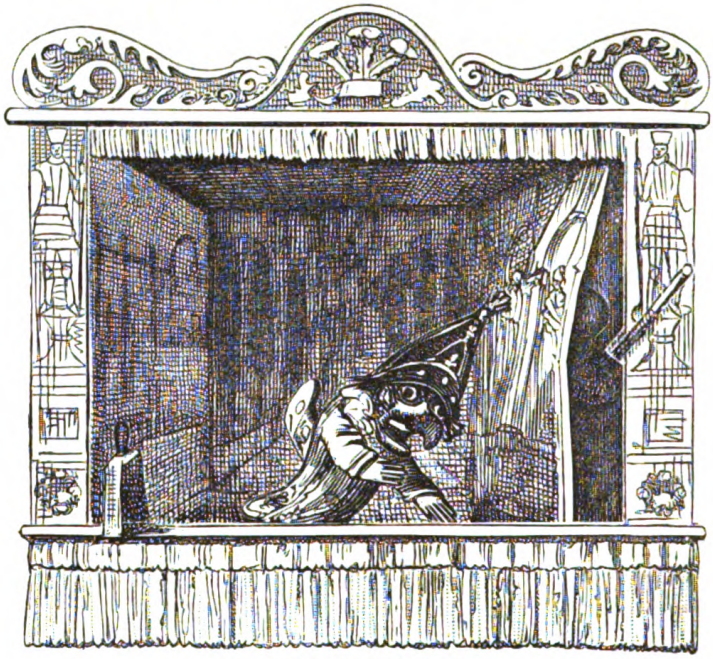
Re-enter SERVANT, *slily, with a stick.*

(PUNCH *perceiving him, retreats behind the side curtain, and remains upon the watch. The* SERVANT *does the same, but leaves the end of the stick visible.* PUNCH *again comes forward, sets down his bell very gently, and creeps across the stage, marking his steps with his hands upon the platform, to ascertain whereabouts his enemy is. He then returns to his bell, takes it up, and, going quietly over the stage, hits the* SERVANT *a heavy blow through the curtain, and exit, ringing his bell on the opposite side.*)

Servant. You one nasty, noisy, impudent blackguard. Me catch you yet (*hides again as before*).

(*Enter* PUNCH, *and strikes him as before with the bell. The* SERVANT *pops out, and aims a blow, but not quickly enough to hit* PUNCH, *who exit.*)

Servant. You dirty scoundrel, rascal, thief, vagabond, blackguard, and liar, you shall pay for this, depend upon it.



PUNCH AND HIS MUSIC.

(*He stands back. Enter* PUNCH, *with his bell, who, seeing the* SERVANT *with his stick, retreats instantly, and returns, also armed with a bludgeon, which he does not at first show. The* SERVANT *comes forward, and strikes* PUNCH *on the head so hard a blow that it seems to confuse him.*)

Servant. Me teach you how to ring your nasty, noisy bell near de gentil-men's houses.

Punch (*recovering*). Two can play at that (*hits the* SERVANT *with his stick. A conflict. After a long struggle, during which the combatants exchange staves, and perform various manœuvres,* PUNCH *gains the victory, and knocks his antagonist down on the platform by repeated blows on the head*).

Servant. Oh dear! Oh, my head!

Punch (*hitting him again*). How do you like that, and that, and that? (*hitting him each time*). Do you like that music better than the other? This is my bell (*hits*), this my organ (*hits*), this my fiddle (*hits*), this my drum (*hits*), and this my trumpet (*hits*); there! a whole concert for you.

Servant. No more! me dead.

Punch. Quite dead?

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Servant. Yes; quite.

Punch. Then there's the last for luck (*hits him and kills him. He then takes hold of the body by its legs, swings it round two or three times, and throws it away*).

ACT III.

Enter an OLD BLIND MAN, *feeling his way with a staff. He goes to the opposite side, when he knocks.*

Blind Man. Poor blind man, Mr. Punch; I hope you'll bestow your charity; I hear that you are very good and kind to the poor, Mr. Punch; pray have pity upon me, and may you never know the loss of your tender eyes! (*listens, putting his ear to the side, and hearing nobody coming, knocks again*). I lost my sight by the sands in Egypt; poor blind man. Pray, Mr. Punch, have compassion upon the poor stone-blind (*coughs, and spits over the side*). Only a half-penny to buy something for my bad cough. Only one half-penny (*knocks again*).

Enter a CONSTABLE.

Constable. Leave off your singing, Mr. Punch, for I'm come to make you sing on the wrong side of your mouth.

Punch. Why, who the devil are you?

Constable. Don't you know me?

Punch. No; and don't want to know you.

Constable. Oh, but you must! I am the constable.

Punch. And who sent for you?

Constable. I am sent for you.

Punch. I don't want constable. I can settle my own business without constable, I thank you. I don't want constable.

Constable. But the constable wants you.

Punch. The devil he does! What for, pray?

Constable. You killed Mr. Scaramouch. You knocked his head off his shoulders.

Punch. What's that to you? If you stay here much longer I'll serve you the same.

Constable. Don't tell me. You have committed murder, and I've a warrant for you.



PUNCH KILLS THE FOOTMAN.

Enter PUNCH, *and receives one of the knocks, intended for the door, upon his head.*

Punch. Hollo! you old blind blackguard, can't you see?

Blind Man. No, Mr. Punch. Pray, Sir, bestow your charity upon a poor blind man with a bad cough (*coughs*).

Punch. Get along, get along; don't trouble me—nothing for you.

Blind Man. Only a half-penny! Oh dear! my cough is so bad! (*coughs and spits in* PUNCH'S *face*).

Punch. Hollo! Was my face the dirtiest place you could find to spit in? Get away! you nasty old blackguard! Get away! (*seizes the* BLIND MAN'S *staff, and knocks him off the stage.* PUNCH *hums a tune, and dances to it; and then begins to sing, in the mock Italian style, the following words, pretending to play the fiddle on his arm with the stick*).

When I think on you, my jewel,
  Wonder not my heart is sad;
You're so fair, and yet so cruel,
  You're enough to drive me mad.

On thy lover take some pity,
  And relieve his bitter smart.
Think you Heaven has made you pretty
  But to break your lover's heart?

Punch. And I've a warrant for you (PUNCH *knocks him down, and dances and sings about the stage to the tune of* "Green grow the Rushes, O").

Enter an OFFICER, *with cocked-hat, cockade, and pigtail.*

Officer. Stop your noise, my fine fellow.

Punch. Sha'n't.

Officer. I'm an officer.

Punch. Very well. Did I say you were not?

Officer. You must go with me. You killed your wife and child.

Punch. They were my own, I suppose; and I had a right to do what I liked with them.

Officer. We shall see that. I'm come to take you up.

Punch. And I'm come to take you down (PUNCH *knocks him down, and sings and dances as before*).

Enter JACK KETCH, *in a fur cap.* PUNCH, *while dancing, runs up against him without seeing him.*

Punch (*with some symptoms of alarm*). My dear Sir, I beg you one thousand pardons: very sorry.

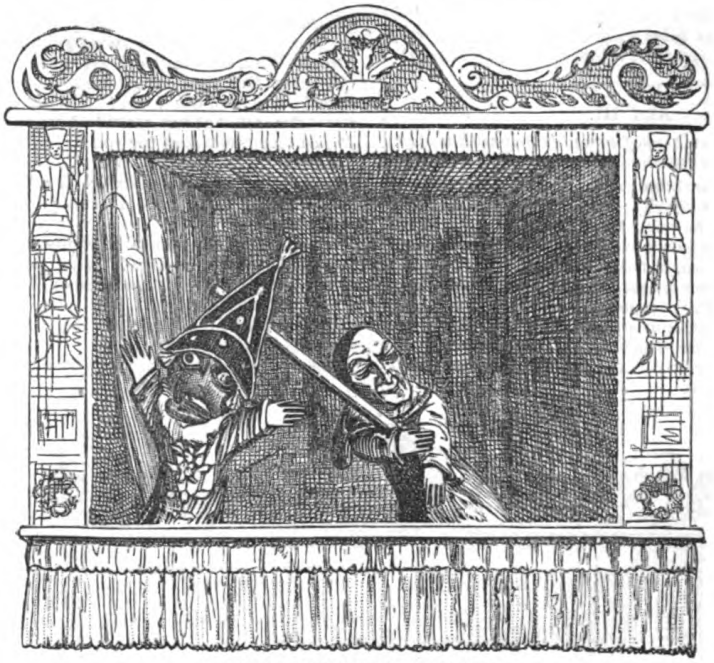
J. Ketch. Ay, you'll be sorry enough before I've done with you. Don't you know me?

Punch. Oh, Sir! I know you very well, and I hope you very well, and Mrs. Ketch very well.

J. Ketch. Mr. Punch, you're a very bad man. Why did you kill the Doctor?

Punch. In self-defense.

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PUNCH PITIES THE POOR BLIND.

J. Ketch. That won't do.

Punch. He wanted to kill me.

J. Ketch. How?

Punch. With his own physic.

J. Ketch. That's all gammon. You must come to prison. My name's Ketch.

Punch. Ketch that then (PUNCH *knocks down* JACK KETCH, *and continues to dance and sing*).

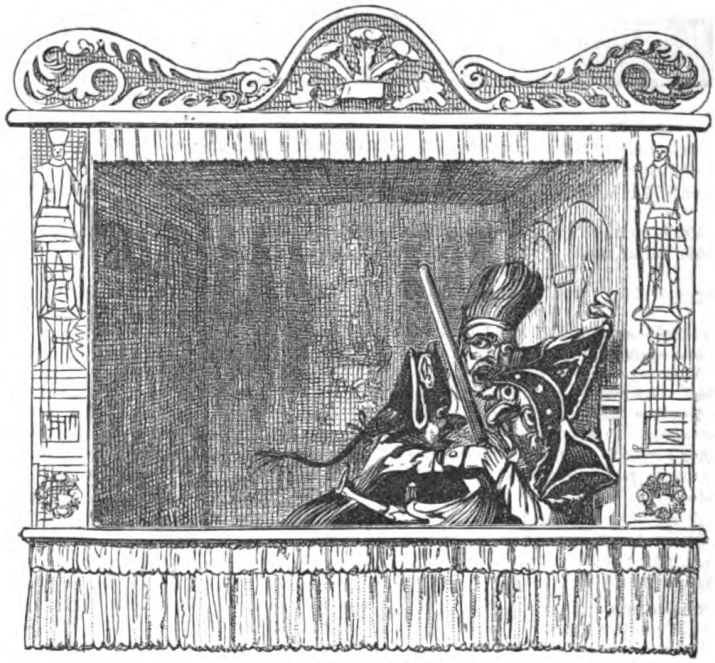
Enter behind, one after the other, the CONSTABLE, *the* OFFICER, *and* JACK KETCH. *They fall upon* PUNCH *in the order in which they enter, and after a noisy struggle they pin him in a corner, and finally carry him off, while he lustily calls out,* "Help! murder!" *etc.*

SCENE 2.

(*The curtain rises at the back of the stage, and discovers* PUNCH *in prison, rubbing his nose against the bars and poking it through them.*)

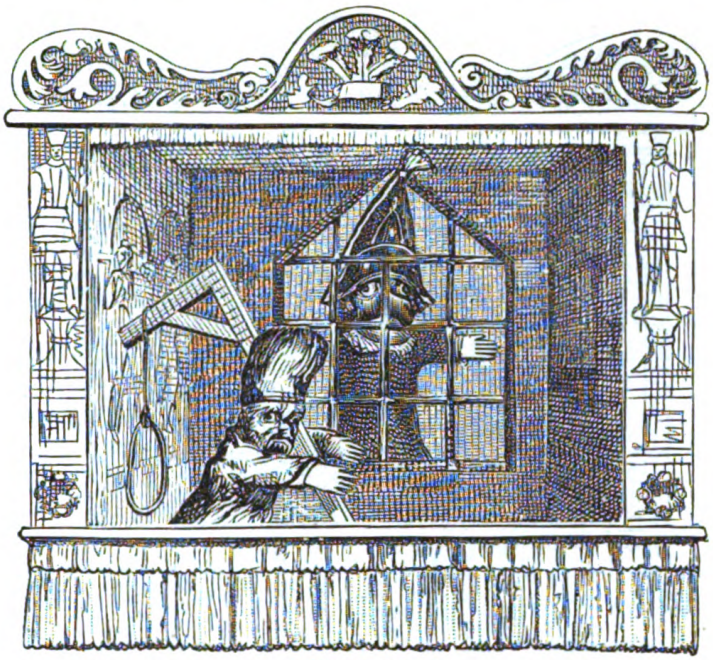
Punch. Oh dear! Oh dear! what will become of poor pil-garlic now? My pretty Poll, when shall I see you again? (*sings to the air of* "Water parted from the Sea").

Punch, when parted from his dear,
Still must sing in doleful tune.
I wish I had those rascals here;
I'd settle all their hashes soon!



PUNCH TAKEN PRISONER.

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PUNCH IN PRISON.

Enter JACK KETCH. *He fixes a gibbet on the platform of the stage, and exit.*

Punch. Well, I declare now, that very pretty! That must be a gardener. What a handsome *three* he has planted just opposite the window for a prospect!

Enter the CONSTABLE. *He places a ladder against the gibbet, and exit.*

Punch. Stop thief! stop thief! There's one pretty rascal for you. He come back again, and get up the ladder to steal the fruit out of the tree.

Enter two MEN *with a coffin. They set it down on the platform, and exeunt.*

Punch. What that for, I wonder? Oh dear! I see now. What one fool I was! That is large basket for the fruit to be put into.

Re-enter JACK KETCH.

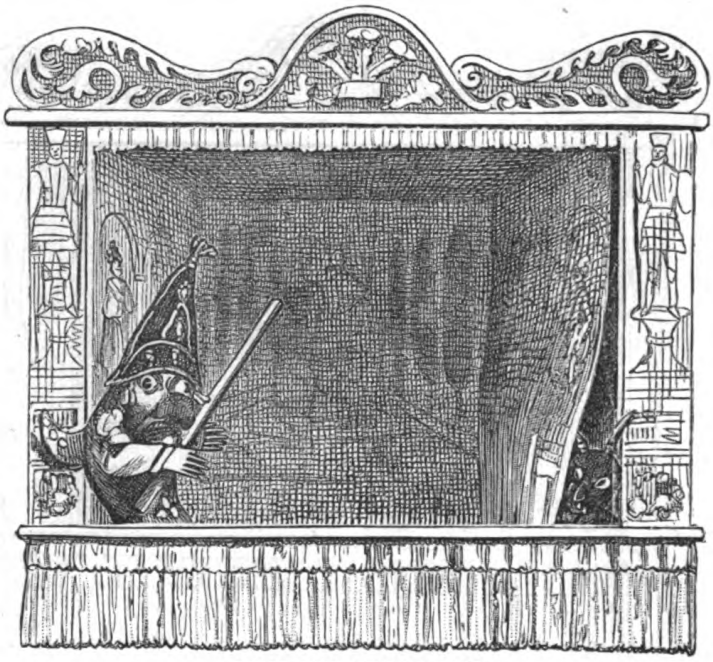
J. Ketch. Now, Mr. Punch, you may come out, if you like it.

Punch. Thank you, kindly; but me very well where I am. This very nice place, and pretty prospect.



PUNCH TEACHES JACK KETCH HOW TO HANG A MAN.

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PUNCH VISITED BY OLD NICK.

J. Ketch. What, won't you come out, and have a good dinner for nothing?

Punch. Much obliged, Mr. Ketch; but I have had my dinner for nothing already.

J. Ketch. Then a good supper?

Punch. I never eat suppers: they are not wholesome.

J. Ketch. But you must come out. Come out, and be hanged.

Punch. You would not be so cruel.

J. Ketch. Why were you so cruel as to commit so many murders?

Punch. But that's no reason why you should be cruel too, and murder me.

J. Ketch. Come, directly.

Punch. I can't; I got one bone in my leg.

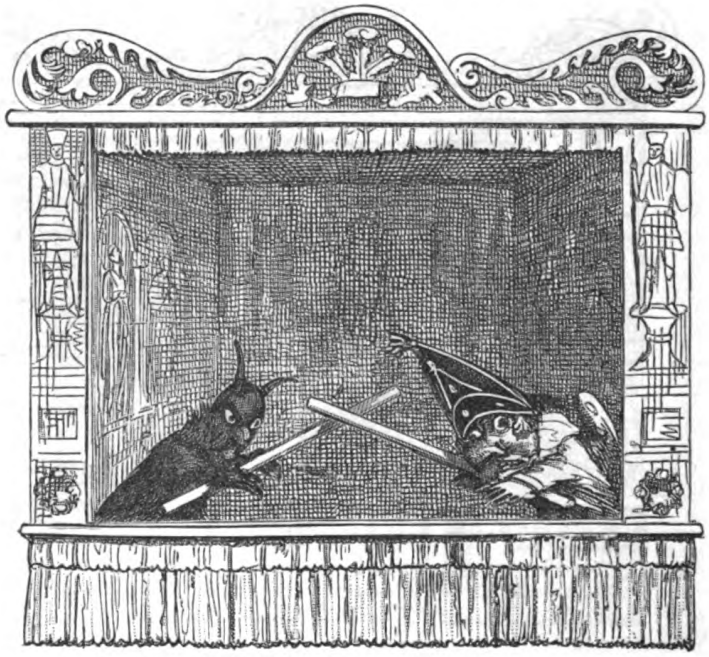
J. Ketch. And you've got one bone in your neck; but that shall be soon broken. Then I must fetch you (*he goes to the prison, and after a struggle, in which* PUNCH *calls out*, "Mercy! mercy! I'll never do so again!" JACK KETCH *brings him out to the front of the stage*).

Punch. Oh dear! Oh dear! Be quiet—can't you let me be?

J. Ketch. Now, Mr. Punch, no more delay. Put your head through this loop.

Punch. Through there! What for?

J. Ketch. Ay, through there.



PUNCH FIGHTS OLD NICK.

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PUNCH KILLS THE DEVIL.

Punch. What for? I don't know how.

J. Ketch. It is very easy: only put your head through here.

Punch. What, so? (*poking his head on one side of the noose*).

J. Ketch. No, no; here!

Punch. So, then? (*poking his head on the other side*).

J. Ketch. Not so, you fool.

Punch. Mind who you call fool. Try if you can do it yourself. Only show me how, and I do it directly.

J. Ketch. Very well; I will. There, you see my head, and you see this loop. Put it in, so (*putting his head through the noose*).

Punch. And pull it tight, so! (*he pulls the body forcibly down, and hangs* JACK KETCH). Huzza! Huzza! (PUNCH *takes down the corpse, and places it in the coffin*).

Enter two MEN, *who remove the gibbet, place the coffin upon it, dance with it on their shoulders, and exeunt.*

Punch. There they go. They think they have got Mr. Punch safe enough (*sings*).

They're out! they're out! I've done the trick!
Jack Ketch is dead—I'm free;
I do not care, now, if Old Nick
Himself should come for me.

(*Goes off, and returns with a stick. He dances about, beating time on the front of the stage, and singing to the tune of* "Green grow the Rushes, O").

Right foll de riddle loll,
I'm the boy to do 'em all.
Here's a stick
To thump Old Nick,
If he by chance upon me call.

Enter the DEVIL. *Peeps in at the corner, and exit.*

Punch (*much frightened, and retreating as far as he can*). Oh dear! Oh Lord! Talk of the devil, and he pops up his horns. There the old gentleman is, sure enough (*a pause and dead silence, while* PUNCH *continues to gaze at the spot where the* DEVIL *appeared. The* DEVIL *comes forward*). Good, kind Mr. Devil, I never did you any harm, but all the good in my power. There, don't come any nearer. How you do, Sir? (*collecting courage*). I hope you and all your respectable family well? Much obliged for this visit. Good-morning—should be sorry to keep you, for I know you have a great deal of business when you come to London (*the* DEVIL *advances*). Oh dear! What will become of me? (*the* DEVIL *darts at* PUNCH, *who escapes, and aims a blow at his enemy: the* DEVIL *eludes it, as well as many others, laying his head on the platform, and slipping it rapidly backward and forward, so that* PUNCH, *instead of striking him, only repeatedly hits the boards*).

[*Exit* DEVIL.

Punch. He, he, he! (*laughing*). He's off: he knew which side his bread buttered on. He one deep, cunning Devil (PUNCH, *alarmed by hearing a strange, supernatural whirring noise, like the rapid motion of fifty spinning-wheels, retreats to the corner*).

Re-enter the DEVIL, *with a stick. He makes up to* PUNCH, *who retreats round the back of the stage, and they stand eying one another and fencing at opposite sides. At last the* DEVIL *makes a blow at* PUNCH, *which tells on the back of his head.*

Punch. Oh, my head! What is that for? Pray, Mr. Devil, let us be friends (*the* DEVIL *hits him again, and* PUNCH *begins to take it in dudgeon, and to grow angry*). Why, you must be one very stupid Devil not to know your best friend when you see him (*the* DEVIL *hits him again*). Be quiet, I say; you hurt me! Well, if you won't, we must try which is the best man—Punch or the Devil.

(*Here commences a terrific combat between the* DEVIL *and* PUNCH. *In the beginning, the latter has much the worst of it; but at length succeeds in planting several heavy blows. Toward the conclusion* PUNCH *drives his enemy before him. The* DEVIL, *stunned by repeated blows, falls, when* PUNCH *kills him; and putting his staff up the* DEVIL'S *black clothes, whirls him round, exclaiming,* "Huzza! huzza! the Devil's dead!")



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A SONG IN GOLD.

("Du bist mir nah' und doch so fern.")

SOME men have the spirit of music in their brains. If they sit still and think, their thoughts seem to dissolve into soundless music. Such men become great composers. But they are few. You could almost count them upon your fingers and thumbs.

Many years ago there was a youth named Franz who lived with his master, a goldsmith, in a little village which nestled at the foot of a great hill, as if for protection. Beyond the village lay pleasant meadows, through which the brooks glided like singing serpents. Farther on were the blue hills, where none but charcoal-burners and the birds lived. They were high, wooded hills, and over them were but few roads. These were rough and rutty; the charcoal-burners had made them for their wagons. Few people cared to visit the hills, for the ascent was not of the easiest, and, besides, what was there to tempt the curious? The world is busy, and time is short. So few people ever went up into the hills save now and then some one who had business to transact with the charcoal-burners. Those who lived in the village or in the farm-houses which stood in the pleasant meadow-lands knew and cared little what the blue hills might hide in their forest crowns.

Now old Karl, the goldsmith, kept his little shop in the village, and had no other help than Franz, who was a strong, handsome youth, full of vigor and life, and gifted with an industry that was next to tireless. Every morning he was up with the birds, and you could see him at his bench even before the market wagons came into the streets from the surrounding country, and hear him singing too; for he always sang over his work, and perhaps that was one reason why he was always pleasant-faced and bright-eyed; for singing goes with the blithe heart and healthful soul. Besides this, Franz was a perfect gem of a goldsmith. The Line of Beauty must have existed somewhere in the convolutions of his brain. He fashioned the most delicate, filmy webs of gold, and twisted them into a thousand beautiful devices, and snarled them about exquisite little vases of glass that looked as if they were made of congealed light. In fact, he created such marvels of design and artistic beauty that one might have said that they were notations of music in gold—music posed and fixed in some blessed paralysis. Old Karl used often to pause in his own work to look over his spectacles at the apprentice, and wonder from what recess in his brain he spun out his golden fancies. Old Karl used to enjoy asking himself such questions, although it was very certain that he could never answer them; for he was a thoughtful man, fond of discussing curious problems like this, and was forever trying to get at the kernel and reason of things. Up stairs, over his shop, he had a low but wide room, with its back-windows buried in the leaves of some fragrant trees which his own hand had planted, and its front-windows looking out across the meadows and to the blue hills beyond. In that room he had more books than I should care to enumerate. There were great worm-eaten folios which one could not well hold on his knees, and there were curious old volumes bound in parchment and printed in the bastard Latin of the Middle Ages, and fat little volumes that you might easily carry in your pocket. They lay in unregenerate confusion on the table, the chairs, and the floor. Sometimes old Karl would sit there all night vexing his brain over the recondite things of which these volumes treated. Strange volumes some of them were; for he had old Abbot Trithemius, and Albertus Magnus, and Aquinas. He had Delrio too, the grim demonologist, and Paracelsus and Cardanus and Agrippa. There, too, were old Weckerus with his "Book of Secrets," and Reuchlin the cabalist, and many other writers of strange things, in all of whom old Karl delighted, for he thought that by their aid he might at last come to the pith and kernel of things. If you wanted to read of wonders you should have climbed up into old Karl's book-room. You could have read yourself blind and crazy with them there.

Now the work that came from the goldsmith's shop was known far and wide, not only in the great city which lay scarcely a score of miles from the village, but throughout the length and breadth of the land. It commanded the best of prices, and was, you might say, standard. Every body knew that the old goldsmith was as conscientious as his apprentice was wonderful, so that the little village work-shop came into great repute, and the demand for its productions far exceeded the supply.

One bright morning, just as the sun shot its slanting rays through the early mists, Franz sat at his bench singing a merry carol and working away at a fruit-piece which had been promised for a wedding-gift. He had risen that morning even before the sun; even before the crows came from the forest-crown of the blue hills and descended into the meadows for food; for the piece had been guaranteed for a certain hour, and many finishing touches had yet to be given. He was plying his burnisher merrily enough, when the door of the shop opened, and a stranger entered.

"Greeting to you, Master Goldsmith," cried the new-comer. "One might say that you get to work thus early that you may fashion the sunshine into your piece. A broad bar of it lies now across your bench. May you grow rich, gold-worker, for you are an early and sturdy worker."

"Easier wished than realized," laughed Franz. "Riches don't come for the wishing, especially to apprentices. You had better go talk to Master Karl, if the profits of my labors is the only subject that you have in mind. And as for other subjects, I can only say, my

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time is precious. So, if I can serve you, I will listen. If not—"

"You want to be left alone. Well, I can talk just as well while you work."

Back and forth flew the burnisher, and Franz bent over his bench again. He took the stranger for an idler, and did not care to waste further time on him. But the visitor did not allow himself to be thus rebuffed.

"As for Master Karl," he said, "I know him to be a patient, worthy man and an excellent goldsmith, but he can not do the work which I require. Fifty years ago the case might have been different. I require now a young heart and lissom fingers. In short, I require *you*. If you serve me well, if you accomplish my work, I will pay you handsomely. I will cover your hand three deep with gold pieces; and, more, I guarantee that Master Karl shall allow you to retain them as the legitimate fruits of a genius which is assuredly not in its apprenticeship. What say you, Franz?"

"So much gold? Mine?" Franz dropped his burnisher, and the lovely fruit-piece almost tumbled to the floor.

"Yours!" replied the stranger, with gravity. "And what I say I mean. Listen, Franz. I live in Germany, and there I secured one of the best of your works. When I return I must take with me the newest and the best—something more wonderful than any thing you have heretofore made."

"And should I fail—"

"Not the sight of a coin shall you get, and I am not quite sure that I shall not take you by the ears for trifling with me."

"But why should I fail? Is it any thing so very difficult of execution? You may have seen my Lorelay candelabrum." The visitor nodded and smiled. "It almost made the master's fortune for him. Is it any thing more difficult than that?"

"Yes. That was the singer. I wish the song. Write me a song in gold, Franz, and receive a thousand pieces for your genius."

"Give me your idea."

"Pooh!" cried the stranger. "I have none. If I had, why should I pay you a thousand pieces of gold? Look to the resources of your genius for it. You have made the Lorelay a singer in gold. I want you now to make me a song in gold. I want no vulgar design, no commonplace trick of the goldsmith's art. Give me music in gold. I have no clearer understanding of my own idea than this. I can not express it otherwise. Now, will you execute the work for me? Yes, or no! for I must be gone. Like yourself, I have no time to spare. Is it yes?"

Determination stood Franz instead of inspiration. "I will assume the task!" he answered, boldly.

"In a year from to-day," said the stranger, "bring the work to me, and may Heaven and your fortunate star assist you in the undertaking!" He threw his card on the bench, waved his hand, and left the shop abruptly.

The card bore no less a name than that of—No matter whom.

Who can carve for me in gold a singing thought? Who can fashion therein a succession of beautiful sounds? A visible presentment of melody? The façade of the cathedral of Rheims is, they say, frozen music; but it does not suggest a song. That was a happier thought of his who called it a poem in stone. But it is not such frozen music, or music thus molten into gold, that I demand. I ask something more. A person deprived of hearing will watch the lips of a speaker and from their motion understand what is spoken; nay, will, when a word is withheld, apprehend from the mere formation and lines of the lips what that word would have been had it been uttered. So you can imagine a carven face whose lips should, by their position, suggest a word, or even a phrase, just as the face in the wondrous Laocoon suggests an expression of unutterable woe. Just so must this work in gold suggest the song, so that one might look upon it and have the music bubble from his lips.

You see, therefore, how almost hopeless was the task which Franz had imposed upon him.

When old Karl heard of the undertaking he went nearly insane. He buried himself among his books and read through I know not how many thousand pages of horrible Latin and Greek stuff, with the vague hope that, while fumbling amidst all this rubbish, he might by good fortune come upon some happy inspiration, or some approximation of the idea for which both were now so sedulously seeking. Alas! the books availed him not. The oracles were dumb, and would not be propitiated. The longer he read, the duller grew his brain, and the more hopeless became his quest; until at length, in sheer desperation, he commanded Franz never again to revert to the subject in his hearing, and thenceforth discharged it from his mind. Franz, meanwhile, acted more wisely, but with no better success. He cudgeled his brain night and day, drew design after design in an aimless, unintelligent way, and even fell to dreaming over the matter at night. But all in vain. Each fresh idea was found, upon examination, to embody nothing of value, and after months of patient toiling in the generation of successive delusions, each as worthless as its predecessor, Franz was nearly ready to exclaim that he had undertaken a fool's task which could by no possibility result otherwise than in shamefaced failure. Impressed with such an idea he ceased to give the subject other than desultory thoughts, and applied himself once more to the routine of ordinary business. There are fearful stories told of men who have been buried in trances, and to such graves their friends, warned by some horrible inspiration, have returned again and again, with bated breaths and finger on lip, to see if the dead have moved in their coffins. Franz had buried his idea, to be sure, yet he had a vague presentiment, compounded half of hope, half of

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desire, that its inhumation had been premature. And so he returned to it again and again, and as frequently turned his back upon it, but never without an uneasy sense that some little vitality was still remaining. One evening he grew so nervous from mentally rehearsing his ill fortunes that, with a hope of diverting his mind, he went up into the book-room, where old Karl was, as usual, buried to the ears in one of his ponderous volumes.

"Well, master," said Franz, "your books don't help one much when he is in search of practical ideas, do they?"

"If you mean by that such fool's-errand ideas as those of your patron with the thousand pieces of gold—they don't! The best book to look for such things in is this," retorted the master, rather sharply; for he always grew cross-grained and red in the face when he thought of the time that he had wasted in the matter. And so saying, he tossed a little book across to Franz. "That's a volume of pious legends and monkish miracles," he said, grimly. "If a miracle's what you want, you'll find plenty of them there." And he dropped his face so suddenly that it almost seemed as if he had split open the great volume on his knees with his nose, and buried his head to the helve in it.

"That's all that I'll get out of you to-night," grumbled Franz, as he turned over the pages of the little miracle-book in a listless, discontented way. He thought that he might as well be doing that as moping down stairs in the shop, and thinking over his defeats. At length here a word and there a word attracted his attention, until, without knowing it, he had quite lost himself in

THE LEGEND OF ABBOT ERRO.

.....Old Abbot Erro, of Armentaria, sat with his face bowed above the Sacred Book. It was far into the night. Again and again he had turned the hour-glass, again and again had addressed himself to his studies. He had sat from the time when the sun sank like a blazing world behind the purple hills; and now the thin, tremulous moon hung like a sickle among the ungarnered fields, wherein the stars lay sown like burning seeds. Constellation after constellation had swung up upon Polaris, the glittering pivot of the heavens, and already had Ursa Major swam half his circuit in the Circle of Perpetual Apparition. Still, Abbot Erro bent painfully above the pages of the Sacred Book, with bitten lip, his deep, solemn eyes fixed upon the mysterious lines which had caused him so much doubting solicitude:

"A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

The divine soul within the good man accepted the hidden truth, while his mind, trained in the sophistries and casuistries of the schools, questioned, if it did not deny. He could not understand how, even to Omnipotence, the slow, orderly advance of ten centuries, of three and thirty generations of human life, could be merged into moments. Finite reason rebelled against the infinite thought; and, sick at soul, the good abbot sighed, and closing the volume, fastened its brazen clasps. But the doubt haunted him. He could not sleep, he could not rest.

When the sun arose Abbot Erro, still pondering upon the mystic words, passed out from the gardens of the monastery. The fresh fragrance of the forest lured him on, the vernal solitudes invited him. Seated beneath an aged tree he pondered again the solemn words:

"A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

The sunshine flooded the crowns of the mighty trees, and dripped like yellow rain upon the woodland paths. The brooks rang their flitting bells in hidden pools. The soft winds passed through the leaves like the whispers of invisible beings. But Abbot Erro saw not, heard not. His soul still wrestled with the angel as did Jacob of old, and would not let him go without the blessing.

Presently came the song of a bird from the depth of the wood. Erro listened. It came soft and low, like the gurgle of a liquid flute. What the flower is to the plant, that is song to the bird; and such a song was this that Erro arose and followed the beckoning sound. Fresh and clear came the wondrous notes; but no bird did the good monk see, for the fluttering leaves hid it from his longing eyes. It fled before him, and he followed. The burden of his soul was forgotten. He did not even hear the bell of the monastery tolling to prayers. But he followed the gurgling notes as one might follow the song of the brook beside which he walks—on through the woodland paths, on through the tangled undergrowth and the ever-green thicket, until the elusive song grew faint in the green distance of leaves, and lost itself in the drone of the early bees. Sorrowfully Erro retraced his steps. He felt that something sweet had eluded him forever. At the gate of the monastery the porter refused him entrance. "Am I not the abbot?" he asked, mildly. "And yet my brethren refuse me that which they grant to the stranger and the wayfarer." "The abbot is within at matins." "Within! Am I not the Abbot Erro? and is not this my charge?" "Farther down by the wood thou shalt find the ruins of old Erro's monastery; there they have lain for more than a hundred years, and it must be near two centuries ago that Erro himself wandered into the woods and was heard of no more."

Abbot Erro gazed into the faces that surrounded him. They were strange and full of pity. His eyes wandered to the towers of the monastery at whose gate he stood; the tooth of time had not yet gnawed upon them. Then the old man smote his breast and wept aloud. Two centuries had been measured out to him in the song of a bird. He bowed his gray head

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upon his staff. "Father, O Father," he murmured, "I thank Thee for the blessed revelation. A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

"Master!" cried Franz, "to-morrow I will follow the birds."

True to his determination, Franz was ready with the sun. In his hand was his staff, and his bread-wallet was at his belt. He passed along the village street, singing in his old, happy way. No one heard him; he was too early even for the housewives. How sweet is the early morning! The eyes of the world are pleasant to look into before they are quite awake.

The village was soon behind him. He was out on the cool, brown road, whose grassy borders still glittered with the persistent drops of a midnight shower. The trees shook their tresses at him in the morning breeze.

"Where are ye, O birds?" cried Franz. "Come and sing me your songs, and tell me how I may fashion them in gold."

He threw himself down by the brook that came sliding and gurgling through the long grass of the fertile meadow, and bathed his forehead in its coolness. "Sing me your song, O brook!" he cried. But the laughing waters only blew their bubbles in his face, and danced away, clicking their liquid castanets. The little silver-sided fishes came up, and pouted at him with their great, solemn mouths, and seemed to be mumbling to themselves their discontent. Franz crumbled a bit of bread for them, then rose to his feet and grasped his staff. "Give me your songs, O insects in the summer grass, and in the nodding sedges!" he cried. Only a gold-belted bee buzzed at his ear, then dropped, and hid itself in the horn of a meadow flower. "Pshaw! ye still-mouthed things," said Franz, "what care ye for the sorrows of a wandering goldsmith, who has come to steal your music?"

Just then he caught sight of a little brown bird that was enjoying a morning swing among the long sedges, and drying its feathers in the early sun. "Whichever way you go, little fellow, I shall follow," muttered Franz, "be it up the blue hills, or on through the notch, and into the smoky valleys beyond." The bird rose from the spray, fluttered for a moment in the air, as a humming-bird does before a flower, then slid and dropped, slid and dropped, as little brown birds are wont to do, whistling with every slide, as if the vocal and muscular efforts were results of the same impulse. On through the fresh green grass went Franz, here pausing to pluck a meadow flower for his hat, there to contemplate the inversion of blue sky and sedges in some still pool, wherein the rushes and the lush grasses buried their roots. Then over the fences and into the broad, sepia road, and beneath the overhanging trees; along the deep-flowing brook, which ran by the old mill, with moss-crusted eaves, and rotten, silent wheel; apast the broad, glassy, shadow-haunted pond, wherein the great creamy water-lilies rode at green anchor; apast the low farm-houses, whose wet, Vandyck-brown shingles are a feast of color to the eye, and from whose chimneys the cheery breakfast smoke was just beginning to rise—the air full of birds and sunshine, the brooks of sound and motion, the grasses swarming with insect life, and over the flower-knots the butterflies flapping their drowsy wings, or sailing slowly through the air, with black, feathery wings set like the lateens which stud the purple seas of Zante.

Franz felt his soul refreshed and elated; the warm, pure air, washed and purified by the showers of the night, was wine to his senses. He swung his staff, and shouted to the great sun, whose glory was in the heavens and upon the beautiful earth. At such a time all the sensations of being are pleasures; physical life exists in the midst of its most perfect conditions; the muscles, the nerves, the tissues, the blood, rejoice together, and through them the soul enjoys and exults.

Meanwhile the little brown bird, now fluttering through the matted thickets, now diving into the cool recesses of the nodding trees, now in the sheer caprice of joyous life darting into the blue air and chirping to the sun, was nearing the great hills. It was hard to tell whether man or bird was the happier.

Franz did not regard the road which led circuitously up to the kilns of the charcoal-burners. He planted his staff firmly in the tough, moist sod, and commenced mounting right on the precipitous side among the cedars, which stretched their low, rigid branches as if to intercept him. I need not here recite the history of his upward scramble; how he startled the birds from their nests in the evergreens, or roused the moping hawk which, poised high in the sunshine upon the stark dead limb of some decaying tree, watched the misty landscape with glittering eyes; how he came upon the hot, gray rocks whereon the prickly cactus grows, and where the emerald stag-beetles were sunning themselves. It was quite noon before he reached the bald summit of the highest hill, for he had loitered rather than walked, and now, after a lunch upon the contents of his wallet—a lunch which the birds shared with him—he stretched himself in the thick brown shade of a hemlock clump and slept. Of what should he have dreamed? Men have dreamed music in their sleep. Rousseau dreamed that he stood by the gates of Paradise and heard the angelic voices singing that tune which the Church psalmodies have individualized by the dreamer's name. I could not even guess what Franz dreamed. It is hard to prophesy what will fly into that gossamer web which the spider Sleep spins across the brain.

Franz was awakened by the noisy clamor of a flight of crows who were out birds-egging. There they were, floating in the blue heavens like so many black crosses. Then they sank slowly behind the trees. Franz turned over and lay with his elbows buried in the dry, crinkly

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mosses and his chin in his hands. It was a splendid position in which to receive an inspiration, and inspiration, you will remember, was what he was in search of. None came from the crows, however, though a painter might find inspiration in a flight of crows against a saffron sky quite as well as in a group of red-brown cows standing hoof-deep in the moist grasses which rim the meadow pools. Then Franz turned to the robins that were hopping and strutting in their red lapels, like so many martinets. "Ah, if you would only be good enough to give me a lift with an idea," he thought. But they wouldn't. Franz yawned, and drummed a tattoo with his toes. Presently an antiphonal chirping and singing over the slope of the hill and toward the charcoal-burners' huts attracted his attention. "Here comes my inspiration," yawned Franz. He rose to his knees and peered over the intervening bushes.

Midnight found him bending over his work in Master Karl's shop!

Like the good old Abbot Erro, Franz had lost nothing by following the birds. It soon became noised throughout the village that Franz, the goldsmith's apprentice, had caught an inspiration up in the summits of the blue hills, and was fixing it in gold. All that the good villagers knew about the hills and the woods was, that they were there; that the former were hard to climb, that the latter were worth so much the cord for cutting and hauling. They wondered what sort of an idea it was, and, indeed, tried hard to find out. But Franz had moved his bench up stairs into the room which had its windows buried in the leaves of the fragrant trees. There he could work unseen and unmolested. But you could hear his merry voice all day as he sang over his work.

The months rolled on. Autumn came, and the dolphin woods showed their dying colors to the receding sun. Winter came, and wrestled like an athlete with the leafless trees and laid the meadows in snow. Spring came, and the sun returned, and in its trail rolled the great wave of verdure, the coming in of the full, strong tide of the life of the flowers and the green things. Again the waste places sang; again the brooks went gliding and gurgling through the grass of the meadows. Franz had finished his labors, and when the appointed day arrived he took his staff in hand, and, with his wondrous work beneath his arm, started upon his journey. His patron met him at the door and embraced him.

"If the work prove not a success," he said, gravely, "you may expect nothing better to-night than a bed in the stable."

"Trust the birds for that," laughed Franz.

In the evening he was ushered into the long drawing-room where were many guests assembled. To his astonishment he beheld his wondrous Lorelay candelabrum set up in the centre of the room, and shedding a mellow light from its blazing branches. Before it, and well in its rays, he set the rose-wood case which contained his golden message from the woods.

"Gentlemen," said the patron, advancing, "you have all admired the elegant genius which has found expression in the Lorelay candelabrum."

"Divine!" cried M. Recru, from the Conservatory of Paris.

"Crystalized thought!" interjected Professor Vogelkehle, who could reach the high C without catching his breath or winking.

"Enchanting!" thundered Señor Borrascoso, the eminent Spanish basso.

"My friends," continued the patron, "you see that the Lorelay sings! But who can translate to me the song which lies poised behind her golden lips? No one? Then I have called upon the artist whose handiwork she is, to help me in my dilemma. He has promised me a song in gold."

"Impossible!" cried the critics.

"Yet here it is, in this case, if I mistake not."

All eyes were turned upon it.

"An accordeon—a vile instrument!" ejaculated Professor Vogelkehle. "Excuse me, my host, I have an engagement right away."

"A music-box," groaned M. Recru. "And I hate music-boxes."

"Or a hand-organ," sneered Borrascoso. "That is a vulgar genius which substitutes cranks and springs for soul."

"One moment, friends," plead the patron, with an encouraging smile at Franz. "Let the workman's work speak for itself."

Franz threw open the case. The guests gathered round. The patron's brows fell. His friends looked at the work, then at each other.

Wrought with wondrous delicacy there stood in Etruscan gold a five-railed country fence; its posts rooted in the high grass. Near it there were thick bushes, their foliage enameled, their blossoms fretted, and set here and there with rain-drops of crystal. Upon the fence, and just by the first post, a single delicate vine twined itself fantastically among the bars into the sign of the treble clef.

The patron shook his head. "It is a fine bit of workmanship," he said, slowly, and with evident disappointment. "Your country fence, with its five rails, corresponds, of course, to the bars and spaces of written music, and the curling vine indicates the treble clef. I suppose that a vivid imagination might infer the song." But there was that in his tone which seemed to add, "As I have to supply the vivid imagination, however, I don't propose to pay you any thousand pieces of gold for the affair."

The guests shook their heads. The thing was pretty, in its way; but what of that? Had they been called together for the purpose of viewing a mere bit of delicate goldsmith-craft? Had the critical Recru, the profound Borrascoso, who had composed a mass in G, and the bird-throated Vogelkehle, who could reach the high C without shutting his eyes, been summon-

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ed for this? Each felt like a star that had obeyed an attraction and rushed toward the new centre, expecting it to be a sun, and finding it only a cheap magnet, such as they sell in the shops for ten-pence.

The wise Vogelkehle was the only one whose face did not fall. He held his chin and looked up at the ceiling for a moment, then smiled and cleared his throat. Franz touched a hidden spring, when lo! from the golden bushes, and from the high grass, flew the birds. Some perched upon the rails; others fluttered, with open bills, between them or above them. A murmur of delight broke from the assembled throng. Their souls were enlightened. Such are nature's notations of the silent, the unsung music of the sunny fields—the music which can be felt, but is not heard. But the wise Vogelkehle saw that the birds in this wondrous mechanism, each in its place, represented a sound, and so, reading them as notes, he sang them in his clear, bell-like tones, until the music trickled and rippled from his lips like the limpid waters of a mountain stream. The little golden birds leaped and fluttered into new positions at the regular beat of time, and when at length their rhythmical sport was over, they flew back into the yellow bushes and the long, burnished grass.

Tears stood in Vogelkehle's eyes. He caught the hand of the young gold-worker, and pressed it with fervor. "It is an inspiration!" he cried, "for here is a song that none but the birds could have made." And so indeed it was, for I swear to you that I have heard it in the antiphonal songs of the thrushes throughout the long summer afternoons when I have lain beneath the hemlocks, even as Franz lay, waiting for some of nature's pleasant inspirations. Others, too, have heard it, and love it; for well I know that this self-same song which Franz wrought in yellow gold, after the birds had taught it to him up in the blue hills, and which Vogelkehle sang so sweetly that night, is none other than the song which Reichard has set to the words, "*Du bist mir nah' und doch so fern.*"

And this is what Franz found in following the birds.

ARCHIE HUTCHINGTON.

I DO not love the sea!

I am almost painfully aware that in making this frank avowal of my sentiments I am committing a twofold error—that I am tilting alike against the edicts of fashion and the laws of romance; but I can not help it. I suppose I ought to love the sea, but I do not. Almost every one else does, but I can not. We do not always do exactly as we ought, I regret to say; and besides, as the sea is not my enemy, I do not know that I am called upon to love it against my natural instincts, just for conscience sake.

But I suppose I ought in justice to be prepared to render a good and sufficient reason for not feeling with the generality of mankind upon this subject. Let me see, then, if I have any.

Yes, I am by birth, education, and habits of thought and feeling, strictly a conservative; consequently, I hate and dread all change, and thus the perpetual restlessness of the sea, its unquiet heaping up and rolling over, wearies my very spirit. And then, too, I am a utilitarian, and also endowed with an unestimated amount of inertia or indolence; and all the waste energy of the sea, fussing and foaming, seems to me simply superfluous; this constant ebbing and flowing, running in and running out, swelling and subsiding, coming and going, what does it all amount to? And then, again, there is ever present to me a sense of its terrible perfidy—so calm, so smiling, and yet so deadly treacherous! Sparkling upon its surface, all light and life and loveliness; reflecting all heaven's brightest hues. And yet beneath that gayly winning exterior rolls the deadly under-tow, sucking its confiding victims down to death and oblivion—its treachery the more repellent from contrast with its winning surface. Ah! truly, "a false friend is worse by far than an open enemy;" and I have never liked the sea since the time when, a believing and confiding child, I used to cast my bread (and butter) in faith upon its waters, and never got it back again, as my Sunday lessons had led me to expect I should do. Now, it would not seem, at the first glance, that this my constitutional dislike to the sea was a fact of importance enough in itself to be chronicled as a matter of interest to the general reader, and, as an abstract idea, I do not so regard it myself; but it has a bearing upon the coming story, and it was only in reference to that that I have ventured to record a fact so entirely personal.

I had been wearied and worn by a closer application than usual to my professional duties; and, having ignored premonitories and slighted friendly cautions, I became at length really too feeble to attend to business, and had to call in regular medical advice.

"My dear Sir," said the doctor, after he had, by sundry professional thumps and punches, by manifold cross-questions and ingenious investigations, made himself "master of my situation," "you have not any actual disease; heart and lungs, spine, brain, liver, and kidneys, all seem to be in good condition; you have no sickness about you!"

"Very well, doctor," I retorted; "so far so good; but please explain to me a little further: if I am not sick, why am I not well?"

The doctor laughed. "You have often heard, no doubt," he said, "that 'the reverse of wrong is not always right.' You are not sick, but you are simply run down by too much mental labor, and a little nervous, perhaps."

"Run down?" I said. "Ah! that's it, is it? Then, if you have a key to my machinery, please wind me up again, will you?"

"Just what I propose to do. I shall not

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prescribe medicine for you, for you do not require it."

"Doctor, you are a jewel, and a credit to your profession."

"What you need," continued my adviser, not heeding my laudatory interruption, "is rest and change of scene. You need bracing up, that is all; and I am going to send you to the sea-side for a month. You must give up your business, even in thought. Your mind has been running in one groove too long; we must try to change its direction."

"Splendid! doctor. I wonder I did not think of that myself. I suppose I should if I had been a physician. It sounds reasonable, and I like it. Only one thing, doctor—I don't like the sea."

"I do."

"Do you? Well, that is a matter of taste, I suppose, and I don't; but I'll tell you what, I'll go to the White Mountains."

"Don't want you to."

"Yes," I said, unheeding his interruption as he had mine; "the very best thing, I do believe—change of air, and change of scene. I'll do it. Crawford's, Flume, Glen House, Summit House, Tip-top, etc., etc.—I'll do them all, never fear."

"Stop!" thundered the doctor; "I don't want you to do them."

"Why, doctor, bless your soul! what do you mean? Didn't you yourself just say I must try change of air and scene?"

"I said sea-side."

"And I told you that I don't like the sea—cold, damp, sticky, salt, and fishy! I do not like it. Besides, on the mountains a man may find something to do. But the sea offers no attraction but the one bare chance of getting drowned. I'll go to the mountains, if you say so."

"Well, I don't. You can go just where you please, of course, for all me. But the mountain fogs are not what you want; you need the bracing sea-air."

"But, doctor, I tell you I don't like the sea."

"No," said my doctor, "I suppose not. People don't like their medicine, as a general thing, I believe. But I tell you it is what you want."

The sick man who undertakes to argue with his physician argues with all the odds against him; it is generally "a foregone conclusion."

"Well," I said at last, "I'll try it. But I tell you now, it won't suit me, and I shall be just as dull as death there, I know I shall. But if you say so, I can but try it. I will at least take plenty of books with me, and it will be a quiet place to read and write and study in."

"No, no!" said my medical tyrant; "that is expressly forbidden. You are to do no such thing. You are not to touch a book or pen, or think about business while you are there."

"But, bless your soul and body, doctor! what am I to do?"

"Play about like a boy—lie on the beach, look at the waves and clouds; pick blackberries, if you can find them, and try not to think about any thing in particular—give your mind a complete rest; that is what you want."

Of course I went to the sea-side, and of course I was miserable there. I knew I should be. I had absolutely nothing to do, and I was out of my element entirely. A man who has been an active thinker and worker all his life finds it hard to stop his mental machinery all at once, and knock off work of head and hand at the will of another; at least I found it so.

I went to bed early and rose late, to try to shorten my days lawfully. I lengthened out my three meals a day as extensively as possible, for the same end. I indulged myself in our only recognized national amusement—whittling and chewing straws, until I used up less than a cord of wood, and an unknown amount of straw; and, strange to relate, under this pitiful seclusion and nothingness, I felt myself daily growing fatter and stronger. The briny sea-breezes were invigorating me, mind and body. I was recuperating almost against my will, and I had to succumb to the conclusion that my friendly physician knew more of his profession than I did.

It was at this precise period of mental stagnation, when I found myself rapidly gaining, both in health and ennui, and was greatly puzzled to draw the balance between the two, that I made the acquaintance of the individual whose name I have placed as the title of this sketch—Archie Hutchington—because he was the refreshing oasis of my desert—the only verdant thing that I found among the sterile rocks to which my medical dictator had chosen to exile me.

I have said I made his acquaintance. But possibly, if, setting aside dignity of diction, I had said, in vernacular parlance, "scraped acquaintance," it might have better expressed the truth.

I had, while myself still too feeble to go out much, observed the fine-looking old man, attended by a pretty, modest young woman, pass the house where I was boarding nearly every fine Sunday. He was evidently, I thought, belonging to the laboring class; but probably beyond the age of labor; although his advanced age was betrayed more by his slow step and white hair than from any stoop in his tall figure, or any actual infirmity of his gait.

There was something in his clear, shrewd, but kindly blue eye, his calm, but yet quickly observant glance, his flowing silvery hair, his decent, though humble attire, and erect muscular figure, that always called up to my mind the idea of some old feudal retainer of a Scottish clan, or some brave but gentle and pious old Scotch Covenanter.

I do not know, even to this present time, if there was any thing of Scottish descent about the old man; but this was the impression he first made upon me. And though I afterward found him an unmistakable Yankee in mind and

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speech, still I never quite lost that first impression.

"Who is that fine-looking old man?" I had inquired, when I first noticed him.

"Oh, that?—that's old Archibald Hutchington—'Uncle Archie,' as we all call him—the old miller."

"And that nice, quiet-looking girl is his daughter, I suppose?"

"No, Sir; oh no; he hasn't got any children. I guess he never was married. Nelly is some sort of a niece, I expect."

"Where do they go every Sunday? I have seen them go down toward the beach after other people have gone to church."

"Oh yes, Sir; he never goes to meeting, Uncle Archie don't."

"Never goes to meeting? How is that? Is he deaf?"

"Oh laws, no; not a bit of it."

"Then why doesn't he go?"

"Oh, I dunno, really. 'Cause he ain't got religion, I s'pose. I dunno."

"Has not got religion! Why, he looks like an old saint! You do not mean to say he is a bad man, with that fine, old, calm face?"

"Oh dear, no, Sir; not a bad man, as ever I heered of! I guess he's good enough, only he ain't pious. I guess he was allers cranky and pernickety."

"I do not quite understand," I said; "pernickety?"

"Well, yes, crotchety like. I believe he got sort of disgruntled with the minister, and so he don't go to meeting."

"And does not he let his niece go either?"

"Let her? Oh laws, yes! I guess he lets her do whatever she wants to; he's awful good to her, and sets his life by her; but she mostly generally thinks as he does; and so in winter they stay at home Sundays, and in summer, when it's fine, they goes to the beach, or into the woods."

Was it wonderful if, having nothing else to interest me, I felt myself drawn by curiosity as well as impulse toward the old man, who, to his prepossessing exterior, added the unique attraction of being naturally "pernickety," and apt to get "disgruntled?"

Chance or fortune favored me. I found them one fine Sabbath afternoon, as I strolled upon the beach. I came upon them suddenly as I turned a point of rocks; they were seated together—the old man and the girl—upon the wreck of an old boat; sitting, hand in hand, with uncovered heads; they were singing together; it was a hymn tune—Old Hundred, I think it was—the girl's clear, flexible, young voice ringing out upon the free air, sometimes supported by, but oftener supporting, the old man's piping treble, or quavering bass.

I waited until the hymn was ended, and then joined them. They both rose, the old man, with instinctive courtesy, drawing nearer to the girl to offer me a share of the humble accommodations. Of course I accepted the politeness; and then we—that is, the old man and I—fell into desultory conversation.

We talked first of the sea, for which he expressed that fervent and enthusiastic attachment usual to lifelong dwellers upon its borders, but with which I could not sympathize as warmly as I could have wished to do.

"Seems to me I couldn't breathe free any where else," he said, as he drew in a long, deep inspiration. "I was born here, and hev lived here all my days; I was never out of sight of the sea, nor yet out of sight of the land."

Then we talked of ships and shipping; of a sea life, of its hardships and its changes; of storms and wrecks; and then of foreign countries and their wonders; of the strange lands over the seas; of the rich old cities of the East, and of their marvels, of which he had heard from his sea-faring neighbors; while his keen good sense, and quick native humor, heightened by the quaint language in which he expressed his meaning, gave a raciness to the simplest details which he furnished me. And then we spoke of California, its early riches and its wonderful vegetation; and he told me of one of his townsmen who went out to the Western El Dorado in the earliest days of gold-digging, and something of the wild life and strange adventures of which he brought home accounts.

"But did he bring home nothing more substantial?" I asked. "Did not he manage to 'gather up his pile?'"

"Well, I can't say punctually about that. Yes; folks thought so at the time, any how. I remember, when he first come home, he kinder sorter sparkled round consid'able, and talked awful big; and his folks, they seemed to be uncommon set up, and to feel mighty nice about them days. I don't know how it was, I'm sure; but laws-a-massy, soul sakes! I guess it didn't turn out no great shakes after all—that is, in the way of money—and, finally, come to bile it all down, I don't really believe the creeter brought home gold enough to make a wedding ring; and it don't take much gold to make them nowadays, I tell you—they make um awful thin and breaky—no strength or vally to um!"

"As strong and durable as the tie they are meant to symbolize, I guess," I said, laughing; "are they not?"

"Well, yes; there you hev it, that's so, and no mistake. The marriages nowadays—well, they ain't nothing to speak of. As you say, I guess they won't wear no better than the ring will. Laws-a-massy, soul sakes! when I was young, 'twas different then. Why, when folks was a-going to get married, they took time, and meditated upon it, and kinder studied each other out, and reflected and considered; and when they did get married, they was married for sartain, and very much married—married from top to toe; and they expected to stay married; there warn't no talk of your disvorces then; they knew beforehand that they was to 'hev and to hold' till grim death, and they mostly usually did. But now a young fellow

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sees a pretty gal, and asks her to marry him, just as he'd ask her to take a walk; and she's all ready—'yes, Sir, and thank yer, too,'—and they go and get married, with no more realizing sense of their responsibility than Cock Robin has when he twitters and chirps to Jenny Robin. Well, pretty soon they go at it—she finds she don't like tobacco-smoke, and he don't like a wife that can't do a thing but frizzle her hair; and so on it goes from bad to worse, until at last they sue for a disvorce. And they'll get it, too! And all for what? Why, for uncomfortability of temper! Oh laws-a-massy, soul sakes! now, did you ever?—'uncomfortability of temper!' Oh, Lordy!"

"Incompatability of temper, Mr. Hutchington," I suggested.

"Yes, I know it; I said so; uncomfortability of temper—them's the words that does it. Well, is not there allers uncomfortability of temper in every family, and allers has been, and allers will be? Only in the good old times they used to screw it down and keep it under; and so, you see, they managed to get along without none of yer disvorces.

"Don't yer suppose, Sir, that there was uncomfortability of temper enough in Noah's ark, with all them odds and ends of creation, creeters that wasn't noways agreeable to one another's feelings all messed in together there?—dogs and cats, sheep and wolves, foxes and geese, chickens and weasels (and skunks, I'll bet)—and mighty small stable-room accommodations, I tell you! How was it 'bout uncomfortability of temper there, do you s'pose? Why, don't you see, they hed to 'commodate all of um; 'jest luff and bear away,' as the sailors say; the lion, I s'pose he roared kinder soft like, so as not to skeer the turkle-doves; and the hyenay, she did not laugh out as loud as she wanted to, I dare say; the big bear, he kinder shut up growling; and the kang'roo took care not to leap on other folkses toes; the horse was keerful not to kick up his heels; and if the dog felt as mad as fire, he didn't bite nobody. That was the way they done it, no doubt on't; stands to reason they did; 'cause, don't you see, Sir, if they hed all on um given way to their uncomfortability of temper, and each on um acted out their own onregenerate nater, why in course they'd hev stove the bottom out of that thundering old tub of his in less than no time, and she'd a' foundered, and they'd all gone to the bottom, and there wouldn't hev been no call for any more wedding rings, that's sartin; and where you and I would be now, it's a mighty hard thing to say.

"But, as I was saying, they didn't; they behaved beautiful! I don't see how it was—seems it couldn't hev been Noah's doings—for, between you and I, I guess he wasn't much; an onsteady, drinking man he allers was, you know; wasn't he, Sir? and not used to navigating, by no means. But I will say for't, he managed that cruise remarkably well, considering what his cargo was, and that his crew was half womenkind; he sartinly made a saving v'yage of it, which was a good deal, all things considered!"

"Well, really, Mr. Hutchington," I said, laughing at the old man's earnestness, "you seem to be remarkably well posted up in the Bible, any way. I thought, from what I had heard, that you were not a very religious man; how is that?"

"Well," said my old companion, perusing my face keenly and wistfully as he spoke, "I dunno 'bout that. Folks says that of me, do they? Well, that would be a bad character to own up to, any way, that would; and I'd be mighty loth to do it for one. I s'pose folks they says it of me that I ain't religious 'cause I don't go to meeting as much as some does; and that's true enough; no more I don't.

"But then, yer see, there's two ways of looking at that (as well as 'most every thing else in this world), and 'cording to my notions, I'm too religious to go to meeting. You see, Sir, I was allers kind of old-fashioned in my build; and I'm an old man now, and I've got dreadful old-fashioned ways. Well, I was brung up by my own mother to love and riverence the Holy Bible (mother called it 'the Word of God'), and to believe every word on't. Every thing between them two old leather covers was sacred truth to me, and holy. Why, even to the births, deaths, and marriages on the front leaves! Why, who could dare to put a lie in there? I thought no man living could be wicked enough to do that.

"Well, after a while this doubting and questioning and free-thinking begun. You know what I mean, Sir, I dare say; for it ain't on'y here they hes it, more's the pity; I'd heered on't, and one day one of my neighbors, a good-ish sort of a man he was too, he says to me, 'Mr. Hutchington,' he says, 'do you believe in the Bible?'

"'Of course I do,' says I 'did yer think I was a heathen?'

"'Oh no!' says he. 'But yer don't believe in the whole Bible, do you, Mr. Hutchington?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'I do; every word on't from beginning to end, from Genesis to Revelations.'

"'Oh, pshaw!' says he; 'no you don't, now.'

"'Do, too,' says I; 'every word on't.'

"'Why,' says he, 'there's a great deal on't that I don't believe!'

"'Sorry for you, then,' says I, 'that's all.'

"'Stop a minite, do, now,' says he, 'and don't yer get into a huff.'

"'I ain't huffy, not a mite,' says I.

"'Well,' he says, 'jest answer me this: what do yer make of Solomon's Song?'

"'Make of it?' I says; 'I don't make nothing of it; I hain't no call to.'

"'Well,' he says, 'but what do you think of it? Do yer onderstand it?'

"'Think of it?' says I. 'Well, I suppose it hes got some good meaning that I ain't up to, and don't understand. I s'pose it's—well—I dunno as I do rightly know; I guess it's kind of Or'ental, somehow—ain't it?'

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"'It's jest an old Hebrew love-song,' says he; 'that's what it is. Old Solomon, he was a master hand at courting, they say; and that song of his'n hesn't nothing to do with the Bible nor religion.'

"'Land sake!' says I; 'do tell! And how come it to be in the Bible, then?'

"'Got in by mistake, I s'pose,' says he; 'it didn't oughter be there. Why, you can see for yourself that there ain't no more religion in it than there is in Yankee Doodle.'

"'Oh, hush!' says I; 'I never! Why, how yer talk; yer scare me!' But come to think on't after he had gone, I didn't know but what he was part right; and when I read it over after that, it didn't seem the same to me as it used to; and—well, I didn't care nothing for Solomon—and so I give it up.

"Well, after a while they fell foul of 'Bell and the Dragon,' and Queen Esther, and 'Hashuerus, and all them. Why, I used to set of a Sunday afternoons, after meeting, and read all 'bout Haman and his wickedness, and the pretty, innocent queen; and 'bout 'Bell and the Dragon,' and them priests, you know, that had a door under the table, and used to come in with their wives and children and steal the meats; and how real cute Dar'nel was, to put ashes on the floor, and bring them all out; and all that 'bout Esdras, you know, going out into the fields and eating flowers, and seeing wonderful sights: real pretty stories they was, and I used to love to read um, and thought I was doing my duty too, and that I was all the better of it.

"'Well,' says the new-light folks to me one day, 'you don't s'pose there's any religion in them old stories, do yer? Them is only old Jewish history,' says they, 'and you might jest as well set and read Robberson Crusoe.'

"'Why,' says I, 'how yer talk! I would not read Robberson Crusoe on the Lord's Day for nothing. I never read no sich books of a Sunday—never.'

"'Oh, well!' says they, 'read jest what you like, of course; but I guess all that old stuff won't do you much good, any way.'

"Well, I knowed very well that them stories was all in the 'Pocryphy, and I knowed that meant it was oncertain who writ um; but, laws! that didn't make much odds to me, 'cause, yer see, I didn't rightly know who writ any of the Bible; but when I come to kinder think it out, I dunno as they was much in the way of religion; and so, though they was real nice stories ('bout Tobit and all), I give um up for Sabbath-day reading.

"Well, how long was that a-going to last? Pretty soon they took another turn at it, and this time it was, 'You don't believe in the devil, I hope?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'I do; don't see how you can any of you doubt on that pint. I'm sure he's round here often enough to make us believe in him, if we didn't want to, ever so. Believe in him?—yes."

"'Oh! well,' says they, 'we don't believe in him, and no more don't the minister.'

"'No?' says I. 'Well, I don't s'pose the minister sees as much of him in his dealings as I hev to in mine; and I hope ye'll never hev to change yer belief.'

"'Oh!' says they, 'jest as you like; do as yer please; if yer like the devil, hold on to him, and stand up for him—all right.'

"But, yer see, I didn't like the devil; I didn't want to be on his side, and I didn't mean to fight for him or stand up for him; and so, as they kept on talking at me, I—well, there!—I let the devil go.

"But laws, Sir! I soon found out giving up didn't do no sort of good; for the more that I give up, the more I might. The next cry was against the maracles. 'You don't believe in the maracles, do yer?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'I do; and, what's more, I'm a-going to. I jest put my foot down there, and I'll stand by the maracles; say what yer will,' says I, 'I won't give up them maracles! that's a fact; and you won't drive me from that.'

"Why, you see, Sir, a man must make a stand somewheres, you know; and I stopped there, and I am glad I did, for since that I know they've ventured even to question about the blessed Saviour himself!—what His nature was, and what He was, and what His errand was, and I don't know what all! Seems to me it's better and safer to believe too much rather than too little; and I think, if they could hev their way, these new-light, free-thinking folks wouldn't leave the Bible a leg to stand upon, and then what hes folks got to turn to in their afflictions?

"And then, I can't bear this new-fangled praying and preaching; why, it is redic'lous! I could laugh, if it didn't seem wicked to make a mock at sich things. Why, now, there's our new minister, Mr. Haughtenville; to be sure, he's very young, not above eight-and-twenty, they say; and he hesn't hed no experience to speak of. But, there, he don't mind that; he don't let that stand in his way, not a mite! And I guess he thinks that he understands the whole plan of Creation, and Redemption too. You never! Why, to see him in the pulpit (that ever I should say so), he allers makes me think of a dry corn-shuck in the fall, with his long arms and empty head, bowing and bowing with every new wind of doctrine.

"Why, when he prays, he jest ondertakes to tell the Almighty what He is, and what His plans and purposes is, and what He made man for, and what He expects men to do; and he'll go on speeching and reasoning, and spec'lating and sentimenting, till you'd really think he'd gone up there to tell heaven the news, instead of asking for marcy and help and blessing for poor, sinful, dying men and women!

"And then, sich sermons! You hevn't heered him yet, hev you, Sir? Well, I like a good sermon—a good, plain, practical, onder-

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standable sermon—one that makes me see where I've done wrong, or hain't done right; something that I can carry home with me and reflect upon; and mebbe say to myself, 'the minister's right; I guess I don't give as much in charity as I'd oughter, and I'll send some wood to old Widder Smith this week, if so be my life is spared to me;' or, 'I ain't half 'ticular enough 'bout hurting folkses feelings, and I'll try to be more carefuler what sort of words I use;' or something in that way. That's what I call good, useful preaching.

"But, laws bless yer, when a man he gits up and hammers at it all Sabbath-day morning—whether the fig-tree that our Lord condemned was a real fig-tree or only a 'maginary one, and whether He does right to condemn it or not; or whether the ruler's little gal that He brought back to life was jest the very same little gal to her mother that she was afore she died—no better and no worse—what does it all 'mount to?

"Why, a smart man may work over one of them texts—rolling it over and over, as a cat does a horse-chestnut between her paws—and when he hes fit with it for six months I reckon he'll know jest as much about it as he did before. Ain't it so, Sir?—there's no finding out them things. I don't believe that our Heavenly Father meant us to onderstand every thing here upon earth; and what's the use of trying? Them's the 'hidden things of God,' I take it, and we must wait until He pleases to make them known to us."

"Why, really," I said, "you are quite eloquent, Mr. Hutchington! I think you would make a good preacher yourself."

"No—oh no, Sir!" said the old man, shyly. "I see you're a-laughing at me, and you're very free to do it; I know very well that I am a very ignorant, onlarned old man; I never hed no chance to larn much—at least, not much book-larning; but I've lived a good while, and seen a good deal of this life, and I guess I know more 'bout it than some of these young folks does, with all their fine college-larning. I've seen a sight more of sorrow and care and disappointment than they hev; and I can't but think, when they hev lived as long and suffered as much as I hev, they'll larn the vally of their Bible and their Saviour.

"There! maybe, Sir, I've been wrong to say what I hev to you. I know that these folks, they don't differ from me more than I do from them, and I try not to feel onkindly to any one; but I tell you it is trying, and no mistake. They'll come to you with some of their new-fangled notions or their doubts, and you tell um 'the Bible don't say so;' or, 'our blessed Lord, when He was upon earth, said so and so,' and it don't do no good.

"'Oh yes,' they'll say; 'but that's all a mistake; our Lord didn't mean that. I know He said so, but that's an "Or'ental figure of speech," and it means jest exactly different; the new reading is so and so.'

"Now, I say, whatever is the use of all that nonsense? Does any body suppose that our Heavenly Father, in His great marcy, sent His only beloved Son into the world to suffer and die, to bring His message to poor guilty sinners, and then send it in a language that the poor sinners couldn't noways onderstand? Why, it's onreasonable! I tell yer no!—that ain't 'cording to my notions of His wisdom and goodness!

"I guess all that's necessary to salvation is made plain to all them who try to onderstand it. 'It was hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed to babes.' Don't that mean for simple folks who really try to walk by it?

"I sometimes hear people say they can't onderstand what their duties is. Well, maybe they can't all to once; I suppose it's much the same in larning religion as it is in larning any thing else. People must larn A B C before they come to X Y Z; we don't teach little children to count 'nine and ten' till they hev larnt 'one, two, three.' When they hev larnt them they're better able to onderstand what 'four and five' means; and when they've larnt up to 'ten,' the rest will come easy like, 'cause they've got the hang of it. And I really do believe, if any body will act up to the very letter all the duty he does onderstand, he'll find he'll hev new light jest as fast as he needs it.

"You see, Sir, I feel this way: where it comes to larning I give it up to um; I hevn't got no larning, I know; but I reckon there's some things that larning can't reach to, and then it amounts to about this—they can give a guess, and so can I; and I s'pose my guess is worth as much as theirs is—no more and no less.

"And so about going to meeting: it comes to this pint at last. I sez to myself, 'Archie Hutchington, if you can't go to meeting without heving your feelings hurt at something that's said about your Lord and Master (and I mostly never could), or your temper riz, and yer come home all put out and disgruntled with something or other that the minister says, I guess it's better religion for you to stay away and read yer Bible at home.' And so, you see, Sir, I done it."

Here the old man made a pause, and seemed to be gathering himself together as one who has reached "the conclusion of the whole matter," and feeling unwilling to lose my entertaining companion, whose original mode of viewing things was heightened by the quaint vernacular in which he expressed himself, I made a sudden effort to detain him.

"You have said that you had had a long life, Mr. Hutchington, and that it had been shadowed by sorrow and disappointment. May I venture to ask you some of the events of your life, to which you alluded? and, still more particularly, how it was that, with the views you have expressed, you have never thought of marrying?"

"Uncle Archie" turned his clear, honest, blue eyes full upon me, and ferreted my face with a slow, penetrating, questioning gaze; then, lay-

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ing his hand upon my knee, he inquired in a slow tone, half sad, half comic, "And how do you know that I never did think of it?"

I laughed.

"Oh," I said, "of course I guessed at it. I have heard that you never were married; and as all you have just told me proves you to be a man prompt and decided in thought and action, I naturally concluded that, if you had ever intended to marry, you would have carried out your intentions."

"That is by no means certain," said the old man, sadly. "'Man proposes, but God disposes.' I did think of it"—he spoke in a voice of reverent tenderness—"but it was not to be, and so it was not. Nelly dear, perhaps you hed better go home and get supper, and I will come after I have told this gentleman what he wants to hear." And the girl quietly withdrew.

"I suppose," said the old man, gazing with a long, wistful look out over the water, as if the friends and events of his youth were all there, only hidden from view by the golden vapors which were creeping up from the sea—"I suppose it seems redic'lous and onnatural to a young thing like my little Nelly there, and maybe even to you, Sir, too, to hear an old gray-headed man like me talking of love and marriage; but you must remember, Sir, I was not allers old, and when I was young I thought a good deal of sich things. My own mother died early, Sir, and my father hed married agen when I was twelve years old. There was but two of us children of the first brood, my sister Virey and I. Virey she was a fine-looking gal, two or three years older than I was, and ten times as cute. She was as smart as a steel trap. Folks said she cut her wisdom-teeth remarkably early; and it was a fact, she allers knew 'which side her bread was buttered,' and generally contrived to get some of the butter off of mine, too. Ah, well, poor old Virey! it don't matter much now, and it didn't then," he said, passing his open hand slowly and thoughtfully up from his chin to his forehead. "I never quarreled with her then, and I don't owe her any grudge for it now, the better for us both.

"My father, Sir, he was a miller by trade; he owned a little bit of a farm, jest a few acres of land, and the old mill, and he used to work both of um; and so, in course, I being the only boy he hed, I used to hev enough, and more than enough, to do. If father didn't want me in the mill to help there, he wanted me in the fields or the wood-lot; and if it ever chanced that I got shut of the three, why, marm would be sure to want me to split up kindlings for her, or brush up the cellar, or clean the door-yard, or run of errands for her; so, you see, it stood, in course, I couldn't go to school very often. But Virey, when she'd made the beds, and sot the milk, and slicked up the house a bit—she was free to be off to school; and, of course, she got an edication, and I didn't. I jest managed to go evenings, and learn to read and write and cipher, and that was 'bout all I did pick up.

"It didn't seem to me that this was quite fair and square; but when I spoke to father 'bout it he used to say, 'Never you mind, Archie, my boy; it will all come out right in time. You'll hev a good trade, and it's one that don't need much larning; and I want Virey to qualify herself to keep school, and then, when she is a teacher, she will be able to help us all, don't yer see?'

"Well, I didn't never doubt 'bout her being qualified to teach a school, for I knew she was a real smart one, and a mighty good scholar; but as to her ever helping us with her earnings, I hed my own views on that pint, and so I guess hed Virey, for she was jest as hard as a nut, and as close.

"Well, so it came to pass that she was well edicated, and I wasn't, and at last I really felt that she begun to feel ashamed of me, her own brother! This hurt me a good deal, and I did think it was kinder hard, seeing that her advantages hed all been took out of my share, as yer might say. Ah, well, there was some excuse for her, for, yer see, being edicated, she went with edicated folks, and was kind of ladyfied; and I—well, I was only an ignorant miller-boy, and didn't keep the same company that she did. I didn't want to mortify or disgrace her; and I thought if she, my own born sister, made fun of me, her set of gals would be sure to look down upon me, and I never went near um.

"But there was one pretty gal that I knew who never looked down on me. She hed allers a pleasant smile and cheerful word for me, and I liked her first-rate. She was poor, Mary Ellen was—a motherless gal, working for her living with a dress-maker, but as pretty as a rose, and jest as good as gold. Father he liked her too, and he said she'd make a real good wife."

"And so, then, you were engaged, after all?"

"Well, I dunno about being engaged. I don't know nothing 'bout that. Mary Ellen never promised to marry me, for I never asked her to; but then, laws bless yer! we both onderstood each other's mind jest as well, and never thought of nothing else, and what was the need of promises?

"Well, when our Virey she come to be twenty-one, father he give her a freedom outfit, and she went off to Boston and sot up a school. See here, now, wait a bit."

The old man, with much effort, lugged out a great leathern pocket-book, such as farmers and country dealers use, and having, by the help of both teeth and fingers, pulled out the reluctant strap, stiff with disuse, he laid before me an ancient card, yellow with age, upon which Miss Elvira Hutchington informed her friends and the public that the spring term of her fashionable school for young ladies would open April 1, wherein would be taught all the usual branches of a good English education; also, Latin, French, and Italian, if desired.

"Indeed!" I said, as I ran my eye over this card of great promise. "Was your sister really capable of teaching all this?"

"Oh yes! no doubt on't; laws bless yer!

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—yes, and more too, if yer wanted it—high Dutch, pigeon English, and hog Latin, I guess," laughed the old man, as he replaced the card in its leathern receptacle, and with much labor restored it to its place in his pocket. "I hev allers kept this card, to show that one of us got larning, at any rate; if it warn't me, it was all in the family, jest the same. Well, after Virey went, things they kept along jest about so; Mary Ellen and I, we used to see each other every day, and most every evening we'd come and walk or set together on this very beach where we're setting now. Father he hed allers told me if I would hold on, and work for him till I was twenty-one, he'd give me half of the farm and half of the mill, and we would work um together jest the same as we hed done, and I should hev half the profits. Well, it was the best father could do for me, I knew that, but it warn't no great of an offer. It was little enough to support two families on, I was 'ware of that; but then we wasn't ambitious, Mary Ellen and I; we was both humble in our expectations. She was as capable a little gal as ever you see, and a real good little manager, and I thought we could rub along somehow; and so as we was together I didn't care, if it was snug. I could have done better in other places, I knew. I hed better offers, but I didn't like to leave father; he allers seemed to depend upon me, somehow, and this was my home, and Mary Ellen was here, and so I concluded to stay.

"Well, when I come of age, father he did jest what he said he would, and then we begun to talk in earnest of our getting married. I bespoke two pretty rooms near father's, and Mary Ellen she sot to to quilt her patchwork. We'd got a good many little matters together, and we hed fixed to be married on Thanksgiving-day; but, there! before that come round father he was took sick and died."

"Ah! that was a heavy loss to you, indeed."

"Yes, Sir, you may well say that; it was a loss! He was a good, honest man, and a good, kind father; and I loved him, and I respected him. I mourned for his loss truly; but I didn't at first think how in losing him I hed lost every thing else. That come to my mind later."

"How do you mean every thing else?"

"Why, father he was dead, and marm she was left with two little boys, and mighty little of any thing else. Well, little boys are worth something in the long run, I s'pose; but you may conclude they ain't the most productive property that a poor widder can be left with, any how.

"Well, there was marm, and there was I. She wasn't my own mother, you onderstand, and she hedn't made much of me all along; but still she was my father's widder, and she hed been a good enough wife to him; and them two little shavers, them boys of hern—well, they was, in a measure, my brothers (though they never seemed so), seeing that they was my father's sons—and so, as I said, there was marm, and there was I, and there wasn't nobody else; and I conclude that father he would hev looked to me to see to um; and I didn't see nothing else to do for it but for me to jest hitch to and draw the whole load.

"Of course, if I done that I couldn't get married. I hed a long talk with Mary Ellen about it. She was a good, brave girl, and she sort of encouraged me; she said it was the only right thing for me to do, and she'd wait for me ever so. God bless her!

"Well, it was a hard thing to do; it made me wink; but I done it, and I tell you I hed to work hard. You see, while father lived, he never hed no wages to pay out—he and I done it all. We worked hard, early and late, but we done it all ourselves; but afterward, when I hed to hire help, and in course I couldn't do it all with one pair of hands, why, my help that I hired didn't do not one-third for me what I used to do for father, and it seemed, too, as if the money I paid him run off with all the profits, and 'twas jest as much as I could any ways do to keep out of debt, and clothe and feed us all. The two little boys, they were good little fellows then, but dreadful soft and puny like, and ailing most of the time, and it cost a heap of money jest to keep them two little chaps shod and doctored."

"But didn't your sister Elvira help you in some way?—they were her brothers too."

Mr. Hutchington coughed a little dry cough. "Yes, Sir! oh yes! one Christmas, the first after father's death, Virey sent Willy a knit comforter, and a pair of mittens to Ned; but that didn't go a great ways, you know; and she never did it but once. Then marm was allers a very spiritual kind of a woman, and ten times more so after father's death; and you may guess I didn't hev a cheerful home."

"What do you mean by spiritual?" I inquired; "religious?"

"Oh laws, no, Sir; bless yer soul, no. She was not religious at all—I mean not enough to hurt. She was kinder fidgety, weak in spirits, low, and narvous like—that's what I mean. She allers looked on the dark side of every thing. When things was going on well, she allers thought 'twas about time for um to turn—they hed been too good to last, she knowed they was; and if they was a little rough, she allers knew they was going to get worse.

"She believed in all sorts of signs and dreams and charms and sich things. Why, if she sot out to go any wheres, and met a funeral or a white-faced cow, as sure as yer alive she'd turn right back, 'cause, she'd say, it was onlucky. If she spilt the salt she'd cry, like as not; and if a dog howled she'd be all knocked up. Now what is the sense of that? If a dog wants to howl, let him howl and welcome; I rather wonder at him, and I don't admire his taste in music; but maybe he wouldn't like mine any better; and if it's any satisfaction to his poor little feelings to howl (for I s'pose dogs has their little feelings), let him hev it, I say.

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Dogs don't enjoy theirselves any too much in this here life, poor toads; and folks sez they don't hev no herearter.

"Then as to breaking a looking-glass! Oh lordy massy sake! Marm broke one about two months (I guess it was) before father died; and though he had had a fever and the quency, and lung difficulties besides, still, I do believe poor marm allers blamed herself, and felt as if she had cut him off with that onfortunate little old looking-glass of hern.

"She was a master-hand at dreaming, too, and allers told her dreams and the meaning of them, and they was mostly allers bad ones—I mean they foretold something bad most allers; and it used to seem to me the pleasanter the dream was, the worse luck it betokened. If she dreamt of a wedding or a merry-making, it was sure to mean a funeral; to dream of her dead folks meant she was going to lose some of her living ones; to pick up eggs betokened sickness; to pick up money meant sudden death; to dream of drinking meant a dreadful fire; and to dream of the fire was a sure sign of a shipwrock. Well, there, I mayn't hev got them all jest right, 'cause I never minded them any way; but that was about the drift of them. And it's amazing, Sir, what a sight of bad dreams a person will hev if he gives his mind to 'em and gets to indulge hisself in sich amusements. It was astonishing to think of the pains that seemed to be taken with that poor creeter's dreams. I used to think the dream-makers must hev hed their hands full with jest her alone.

"She was kind-hearted too, marm was, and didn't want to hurt a fly. She was allers ready at a short notice to go and lay out dead folks and watch with them, and help get ready for their funeral, and all that; indeed, I do think she loved to do sich things—to go to funerals and sich places. Any thing that was melancholical suited marm. If ever a child got scalt to death's door, or any body hed fits, or a man was blowed up with gunpowder, or got his hand chopped off, or his foot crushed in the mill, marm was sure to be on hand; and to tell on't afterward was nuts to her—she never seemed to care for no other sort of talk. It wasn't any real harm, I s'pose, but at the same time it wasn't pleasant; for at meal-times she'd allers hev something dreadful to tell—some sickness or death or funeral; some dreadful sore or doctor's operation, that kind of took away my stomach. If it wa'n't news, she hed plenty of old ones on hand; for she allers cut out of the newspapers all the accounts of terrible murders, and sich things; and as to railroad accidents, steamboat boilers burst, and explosions of burning fluid, I guess I speak within bounds when I say she hed a full peck measure of um! Well, you can guess I didn't hev a cheerful home with her, any way you can fix it.

"Well, things they jest dragged along, and I didn't get on an inch. I jest worked all the time, and I didn't lay by a cent. It took all I could rake and scrape to keep us going. Then Willy took sick. Poor little chap! he never hed much strength, and he went into a consumption, and hed a long sickness. That cost a sight of money; but I didn't begrudge it to him. He hed every thing done for him that I could hear of. He was a quiet, gentle little fellow, and I hed got to love that boy real well; but he died when he was about eighteen years old. I did hope his sickness and death would make something of Ned, for he was awful wild, and give no end of trouble to marm and I; but it didn't make no difference; he jest went on sowing his wild oats till he run away from us, and died in foreign parts. (But that was afterward.)

"At last I told Mary Ellen it wasn't no manner of use her waiting no longer for me. She was past thirty by that time; and as there seemed no sort of a prospect of my ever being able to marry, there seemed to be no sense in her losing all chance of being settled in life.

"Poor gal! she offered to wait for me till the day of her death if I said so. But I advised her not to, and so she married. But she didn't get a good husband, Sir; he was a roving, drinking sort of a man, and he wasn't good to her when he was at home, the cowardly brute. That was the hardest of it all for me to bear." (And here the old man turned away his head, with a quick sob of indignant tenderness.) "But it's all over now," he went on. "He was lost at sea; and she is dead too. I did all I could for her; but I think his unkindness broke her heart. The only comfort she hed in her married life was in her little child; and she left her to me. That's the little gal yer saw sitting here with me. Folks call her my niece; but she isn't no sort of relation to me. She is Mary Ellen's child; and I sometimes think I couldn't hev loved her any better if she hed been mine. She is going to be married, too, my little Nelly is. Didn't yer see how she blushed when you and I was talking 'bout wedding rings and all that? Ah! you didn't mind her, I don't suppose; but I see her a-blushing like a piney. Well, I guess hers won't be no sich marriage as them we was speaking of. She hes knowed her young man allers, and so hev I. He's good and steady and industrious, and of a pleasant, cheery temper; he's been a good son, and I'll go bail for him he'll make a good husband; and he'll hev a good wife too, I know that. He's to sea now, but when he comes home they're to be married, if nothing don't happen. It don't seem possible, does it now—Mary Ellen's little baby old enough to be married? Why, she was only six when I took her."

"And have you got to part with her too? That seems hard."

"No, no!" said the old man, exultingly; "I ain't a-going to part with her not till death parts us. She and her young man are to live with me; and she says I'll hev a son as well as a darter to take care of me.

"I hev got enough now to keep us all upon.

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Yer see, after all them I loved best was dead and gone, and money hedn't the vally to me that it would hev hed while they was living to share it, things sorter took a turn with me.

"It's very odd how things will somehow take a turn sometimes. The town commissioners opened a new road right through the bottom of my little place, and I sold off six house lots to once. Then I hed a chance to sell the old mill. I was too old to work it any longer. I sold it for more than twice what it was ever worth to me; and them that bought it made a fair bargain in it too.

"Well, I s'pose, of course, you'd feel as poor as Job's cat to hev no more'n I've got. But it is riches to me, for it's enough and to spare; and I call any man rich when he hes enough to hev all that he wants, and something besides to give away—and that's me.

"So you see, Sir," he said, rising and gathering himself together to depart, "it is likely to end well, after all. But, as I told you, I hev seen sorrows and disappointments enough to teach me to hold on to the blessed promises of my Bible. They'll never make me give that up, I guess—never. Good-evening to you, Sir, and much obliged for yer good company, I'm sure; and so good-day, and thank yer kindly."

THE AMERICAN BARON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE CRYPTOGRAM," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

GIRASOLE AGAIN.

ONE day Mrs. Willoughby and Minnie were out driving. Hawbury was riding by the carriage on the side next Minnie, when suddenly their attention was arrested by a gentleman on horseback who was approaching them at an easy pace, and staring hard at them. Minnie's hand suddenly grasped her sister's arm very tightly, while her color came and went rapidly.

"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Willoughby.

"Oh, what *shall* I do?" said Minnie, in a hasty whisper. "Can't we pretend not to see him?"

"Nonsense, you little goose," was the reply. "How can you think of such rudeness?"

By this time the gentleman had reached them, and Mrs. Willoughby stopped the carriage, and spoke to him in a tone of gracious suavity, in which there was a sufficient recognition of his claims upon her attention, mingled with a slight hauteur that was intended to act as a check upon his Italian demonstrativeness.

For it was no other than the Count Girasole, and his eyes glowed with excitement and delight, and his hat was off and as far away from his head as possible, and a thousand emotions contended together for expression upon his swarthy and handsome countenance. As soon as he could speak he poured forth a torrent of exclamations with amazing volubility, in the midst of which his keen black eyes scrutinized very closely the faces of the ladies, and finally turned an interrogative glance upon Hawbury, who sat on his horse regarding the new-comer with a certain mild surprise not unmingled with superciliousness. Hawbury's chin was in the air, his eyes rested languidly upon the stranger, and his left hand toyed with his left whisker. He really meant no offense whatever. He knew absolutely nothing about the stranger, and had not the slightest intention of giving offense. It was simply a way he had. It was merely the normal attitude of the English swell before he is introduced. As it was, that first glance which Girasole threw at the English lord inspired him with the bitterest hate, which was destined to produce important results afterward.

Mrs. Willoughby was too good-natured and too wise to slight the Count in any way. After introducing the two gentlemen she spoke a few more civil words, and then bowed him away. But Girasole did not at all take the hint. On the contrary, as the carriage started, he turned his horse and rode along with it on the side next Mrs. Willoughby. Hawbury elevated his eyebrows, and stared for an instant, and then went on talking with Minnie. And now Minnie showed much more animation than usual. She was much agitated and excited by this sudden appearance of one whom she hoped to have got rid of, and talked rapidly, and laughed nervously, and was so terrified at the idea that Girasole was near that she was afraid to look at him, but directed all her attention to Hawbury. It was a slight, and Girasole showed that he felt it; but Minnie could not help it. After a time Girasole mastered his feelings, and began an animated conversation with Mrs. Willoughby in very broken English. Girasole's excitement at Minnie's slight made him somewhat incoherent, his idioms were Italian rather than English, and his pronunciation was very bad; he also had a fashion of using an Italian word when he did not know the right English one, and so the consequence was that Mrs. Willoughby understood not much more than one-quarter of his remarks.

Mrs. Willoughby did not altogether enjoy this state of things, and so she determined to put an end to it by shortening her drive. She therefore watched for an opportunity to do this so as not to make it seem too marked, and finally reached a place which was suitable. Here the carriage was turned, when, just as it was half-way round, they noticed a horseman approaching. It was Scone Dacres, who had been following them all the time, and who had

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not expected that the carriage would turn. He was therefore taken completely by surprise, and was close to them before he could collect his thoughts so as to do any thing. To evade them was impossible, and so he rode on. As he approached, the ladies saw his face. It was a face that one would remember afterward. There was on it a profound sadness and dejection, while at the same time the prevailing expression was one of sternness. The ladies both bowed. Scone Dacres raised his hat, and disclosed his broad, massive brow. He did not look at Minnie. His gaze was fixed on Mrs. Willoughby. Her veil was down, and he seemed trying to read her face behind it. As he passed he threw a quick, vivid glance at Girasole. It was not a pleasant glance by any means, and was full of quick, fierce, and insolent scrutiny—a "Who-the-devil-are-you?" glance. It was for but an instant, however, and then he glanced at Mrs. Willoughby again, and then he had passed.

The ladies soon reached their home, and at once retired to Mrs. Willoughby's room. There Minnie flung herself upon the sofa, and Mrs. Willoughby sat down, with a perplexed face.

"What in the world *are* we to do?" said she.

"I'm sure *I* don't know," said Minnie. "I *knew* it was going to be so. I said that he would find me again."

"He is *so* annoying."

"Yes, but, Kitty dear, we can't be rude to him, you know, for he saved my life. But it's horrid, and I really begin to feel quite desperate."

"I certainly will not let him see you. I have made up my mind to that."

"And oh! how he *will* be coming and calling, and tease, tease, teasing. Oh dear! I do wonder what Lord Hawbury thought. He looked *so* amazed. And then—oh, Kitty dear, it was so awfully funny!—did you notice that other man?"

Mrs. Willoughby nodded her head.

"Did you notice how awfully black he looked? He wouldn't look at me at all. *I* know why."

Mrs. Willoughby said nothing.

"He's awfully jealous. Oh, *I* know it. I saw it in his face. He was as black as a thunder-cloud. Oh dear! And it's all about me. Oh, Kitty darling, what *shall* I do? There will be something dreadful, I know. And how shocking to have it about me. And then the newspapers. They'll all have it. And the reporters. Oh dear! Kitty, why *don't* you say something?"

"Why, Minnie dearest, I really don't know what to say."

"But, darling, you must say something. And then that Scone Dacres. I'm more afraid of him than any body. Oh, I know he's going to *kill* some one. He is so big. Oh, if *you* had only been on his back, Kitty darling, and had him run down a steep mountain-side, you'd be as awfully afraid of him as I am. Oh, how I *wish* Lord Hawbury would drive them off, or somebody do something to save me."

"Would you rather that Lord Hawbury would stay, or would you like him to go too?"

"Oh dear! I don't care. If he would only go quietly and nicely, I should like to have him go too, and never, never see a man again except dear papa. And I think it's a shame. And I don't see why I should be so persecuted. And I'm tired of staying here. And I don't want to stay here any more. And, Kitty darling, why shouldn't we all go to Rome?"

"To Rome?"

"Yes."

"Would you prefer Rome?" asked Mrs. Willoughby, thoughtfully.

"Well, yes—for several reasons. In the first place, I must go somewhere, and I'd rather go there than any where else. Then, you know, that dear, delightful holy-week will soon be here, and I'm dying to be in Rome."

"I think it would be better for all of us," said Mrs. Willoughby, thoughtfully—"for all of us, if we were in Rome."

"Of course it would, Kitty sweetest, and especially me. Now if I am in Rome, I can pop into a convent whenever I choose."

"A convent!" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, in surprise.

"Oh yes—it's going to come to that. They're all so horrid, you know. Besides, it's getting worse. I got a letter yesterday from Captain Kirby, written to me in England. He didn't know I was here. He has just arrived at London, and was leaving for our place on what he called the wings of the wind. I expect him here at almost any time. Isn't it dreadful, Kitty dearest, to have so many? As fast as one goes another comes, and then they all come together; and do you know, darling, it really makes one feel quite dizzy. I'm sure *I* don't know what to do. And that's why I'm thinking of a convent, you know."

"But you're not a Catholic."

"Oh yes, I am, you know. Papa's an Anglo-Catholic, and I don't see the difference. Besides, they're all the time going over to Rome; and why shouldn't I? I'll be a novice—that is, you know, I'll only go for a time, and not take the vows. The more I think of it, the more I see that it's the only thing there is for me to do."

"Well, Minnie, I really think so too, and not only for you, but for all of us. There's Ethel, too; poor dear girl, her health is very miserable, you know. I think a change would do her good."

"Of course it would; I've been talking to her about it. But she won't hear of leaving Naples. I *wish* she wouldn't be so awfully sad."

"Oh yes; it will certainly be the best thing for dear Ethel, and for you and me and all of us. Then we must be in Rome in holy-week. I wouldn't miss that for any thing."

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"And then, too, you know, Kitty darling, there's another thing," said Minnie, very confidentially, "and it's very important. In Rome, you know, all the gentlemen are clergymen—only, you know, the clergymen of the Roman Church can't marry; and so, you know, of course, they can never propose, no matter if they were to save one's life over and over again. And oh! what a relief that would be to find one's self among those dear, darling, delightful priests, and no chance of having one's life saved and having an instant proposal following! It would be *so* charming."

Mrs. Willoughby smiled.

"Well, Minnie dearest," said she, "I really think that we had better decide to go to Rome, and I don't see any difficulty in the way."

"The only difficulty that I can see," said Minnie, "is that I shouldn't like to hurt their feelings, you know."

"Their feelings!" repeated her sister, in a doleful voice.

"Yes; but then, you see, some one's feelings *must* be hurt eventually, so that lessens one's responsibility, you know; doesn't it, Kitty darling?"

While saying this Minnie had risen and gone to the window, with the intention of taking her seat by it. No sooner had she reached the place, however, than she started back, with a low exclamation, and, standing on one side, looked cautiously forth.

"Come here," she said, in a whisper.

Mrs. Willoughby went over, and Minnie directed her attention to some one outside. It was a gentleman on horseback, who was passing at a slow pace. His head was bent on his breast. Suddenly, as he passed, he raised his head and threw over the house a quick, searching glance. They could see without being seen. They marked the profound sadness that was over his face, and saw the deep disappointment with which his head fell.

"Scone Dacres!" said Minnie, as he passed on. "How *awfully* sad he is!"

Mrs. Willoughby said nothing.

"But, after all, I don't believe it's *me*."

"Why not?"

"Because he didn't look at me a bit when he passed to-day. He looked at you, though."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, and his face had an *awfully* hungry look. I know what makes him sad."

"What?"

"He's in love with you."

Mrs. Willoughby stared at Minnie for a moment. Then a short laugh burst from her.

"Child!" she exclaimed, "you have no idea of any thing in the world but falling in love. You will find out some day that there are other feelings than that."

"But, Kitty dear," said Minnie, "didn't you notice something very peculiar about him?"

"What?"

"I noticed it. I had a good look at him. I saw that he fixed his eyes on you with—oh! *such* a queer look. And he was awfully sad too. He looked as if he would like to seize you and lift you on his horse and carry you off, just like young Lochinvar."

"Me!" said Mrs. Willoughby, with a strange intonation.

"Yes, you—oh yes; really now."

"Oh, you little goose, you always think of people rushing after one and carrying one off."

"Well, I'm sure I've had reason to. So many people have always been running after me, and snatching me up as if I were a parcel, and carrying me every where in all sorts of places. And I think it's too bad, and I really wish they'd stop it. But, Kitty dear—"

"What?"

"About this Scone Dacres. Don't you really think there's something very peculiarly sad, and very delightfully interesting and pathetic, and all that sort of thing, in his poor dear old face?"

"I think Scone Dacres has suffered a great deal," said Mrs. Willoughby, in a thoughtful tone. "But come now. Let us go to Ethel. She's lonely."

Soon after they joined the other ladies, and talked over the project of going to Rome. Lady Dalrymple offered no objection; indeed, so far as she had any choice, she preferred it. She was quite willing at all times to do whatever the rest proposed, and also was not without some curiosity as to the proceedings during holy-week. Ethel offered no objections either. She had fallen into a state of profound melancholy, from which nothing now could rouse her, and so she listened listlessly to the discussion about the subject. Mrs. Willoughby and Minnie had the most to say on this point, and offered the chief reasons for going; and thus it was finally decided to take their departure, and to start as soon as possible.

Meanwhile Girasole had his own thoughts and experiences. He had already, some time before, been conscious that his attentions were not wanted, but it was only on the part of the other ladies that he noticed any repugnance to himself. On Minnie's part he had not seen any. In spite of their graciousness and their desire not to hurt his feelings, they had not been able to avoid showing that, while they felt grateful for his heroism in the rescue of Minnie, they could not think of giving her to him. They had manœuvred well enough to get rid of him, but Girasole had also manœuvred on his part to find them again. He had fallen off from them at first when he saw that they were determined on effecting this; but after allowing a sufficient time to elapse, he had no difficulty in tracking them, and finding them at Naples, as we have seen.

But here he made one or two discoveries.

One was that Minnie already had an accepted lover in the person of Lord Hawbury. The lofty superciliousness of the British nobleman seemed to Girasole to be the natural result of his position, and it seemed the attitude of the successful lover toward the rejected suitor.

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"'TO ROME!' HE MUTTERED, BETWEEN HIS SET TEETH."

The other discovery was that Minnie herself was more pleased with the attentions of the English lord than with his own. This was now evident, and he could not help perceiving that his difficulties were far more formidable from the presence of such a rival.

But Girasole was not easily daunted. In the first place, he had unbounded confidence in his own fascinations; in the second place, he believed that he had a claim on Minnie that no other could equal, in the fact that he had saved her life; in the third place, apart from the question of love, he believed her to be a prize of no common value, whose English gold would be welcome indeed to his Italian need and greed; while, finally, the bitter hate with which Lord Hawbury had inspired him gave an additional zest to the pursuit, and made him follow after Minnie with fresh ardor.

Once or twice after this he called upon them. On the first occasion only Lady Dalrymple was visible. On the second, none of the ladies were at home. He was baffled, but not discouraged. Returning from his call, he met Minnie and Mrs. Willoughby. Hawbury was with them, riding beside Minnie. The ladies bowed, and Girasole, as before, coolly turned his horse and rode by the carriage, talking with Mrs. Willoughby, and trying to throw at Minnie what he intended to be impassioned glances. But Minnie would not look at him. Of course she was frightened as usual, and grew excited, and, as before, talked with unusual animation to Hawbury. Thus she overdid it altogether, and more than ever confirmed Girasole in the opinion that she and Hawbury were affianced.

Two days after this Girasole called again.

A bitter disappointment was in store for him. They were not there—they had gone.

Eagerly he inquired where.

"To Rome," was the reply.

"To Rome!" he muttered, between his set teeth; and mounting his horse hurriedly, he rode away.

He was not one to be daunted. He had set a certain task before himself, and could not easily be turned aside. He thought bitterly of the ingratitude with which he had been treated. He brought before his mind the "stony British stare," the supercilious smile, and the impertinent and insulting expression of Hawbury's face as he sat on his saddle, with his chin up, stroking his whiskers, and surveyed him for the first time. All these things combined to stimulate the hate as well as the love of Girasole. He felt that he himself was not one who could be lightly dismissed, and determined that they should learn this.

CHAPTER XIII.

VAIN REMONSTRANCES.

HAWBURY had immolated himself for as much as half a dozen times to gratify Dacres. He had sacrificed himself over and over upon the altar of friendship, and had allowed himself to be bored to death because Dacres so wished it. The whole number of his calls was in reality only about five or six; but that number, to one of his taste and temperament, seemed positively enormous, and represented an immense amount of human suffering.

One day, upon reaching his quarters, after one of these calls, he found Dacres there, making himself, as usual, very much at home.

"Well, my dear fellow," said Hawbury, cheerfully, "how waves the flag now? Are you hauling it down, or are you standing to your guns? Toss over the cigars, and give an account of yourself."

"Do you know any thing about law, Hawbury?" was Dacres's answer.

"Law?"

"Yes."

"No, not much. But what in the world makes you ask such a question as that? Law! No—not I."

"Well, there's a point that I should like to ask somebody about."

"Why not get a lawyer?"

"An Italian lawyer's no use."

"Well, English lawyers are to be found. I dare say there are twenty within five minutes' distance of this place."

"Oh, I don't want to bother. I only wanted to ask some one's opinion in a general way."

"Well, what's the point?"

"Why this," said Dacres, after a little hesitation. "You've heard of outlawry?"

"Should think I had—Robin Hood and his

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merry men, Lincoln green, Sherwood Forest, and all that sort of thing, you know. But what the mischief sets you thinking about Robin Hood?"

"Oh, I don't mean that rot. I mean real outlawry—when a fellow's in debt, you know."

"Well?"

"Well; if he goes out of the country, and stays away a certain number of years, the debt's outlawed, you know."

"The deuce it is! Is it, though? *I've* been in debt, but I always managed to pull through without getting so far. But that's convenient for some fellows too."

"I'm a little muddy about it, but I've heard something to this effect. I think the time is seven years. If the debt is not acknowledged during the interval, it's outlawed. And now, 'pon my life, my dear fellow, I really don't know but that I've jumbled up some fragments of English law with American. I felt that I was muddy, and so I thought I'd ask you."

"Don't know any more about it than about the antediluvians."

"It's an important point, and I should like to have it looked up."

"Well, get a lawyer here; half London is on the Continent. But still, my dear fellow, I don't see what you're driving at. You're not in debt?"

"No—this isn't debt; but it struck me that this might possibly apply to other kinds of contracts."

"Oh!"

"Yes."

"How—such as what, for instance?"

"Well, you see, I thought, you know, that all contracts might be included under it; and so I thought that if seven years or so annulled all contracts, it might have some effect, you know, upon—the—the—the marriage contract, you know."

At this Hawbury started up, stared at Dacres, gave a loud whistle, and then exclaimed,

"By Jove!"

"I may be mistaken," said Dacres, modestly.

"Mistaken? Why, old chap, you're mad. Marriage? Good Lord! don't you know nothing can abrogate that? Of course, in case of crime, one can get a divorce; but there is no other way. Seven years? By Jove! A good idea that. Why, man, if that were so, the kingdom would be depopulated. Husbands running off from wives, and wives from husbands, to pass the required seven years abroad. By Jove! You see, too, there's another thing, my boy. Marriage is a sacrament, and you've not only got to untie the civil knot, but the clerical one, my boy. No, no; there's no help for it. You gave your word, old chap, 'till death do us part,' and you're in for it."

At this Dacres said nothing; it appeared to dispel his project from his mind. He relapsed into a sullen sort of gloom, and remained so for some time. At last he spoke:

"Hawbury!"

"Well?"

"Have you found out who that fellow is?"

"What fellow?"

"Why that yellow Italian that goes prowling around after my wife."

"Oh yes; I heard something or other today."

"What was it?"

"Well, it seems that he saved her life, or something of that sort."

"Saved her life!" Dacres started. "How? where? Cool, too!"

"Oh, on the Alps somewhere."

"On the Alps! saved her life! Come now, I like that," said Dacres, with bitter intonation. Aha! don't I know her? I warrant you she contrived all that. Oh, she's deep! But how did it happen? Did you hear?"

"Well, I didn't hear any thing very definite. It was something about a precipice. It was Lady Dalrymple that told me. It seems she was knocked over a precipice by an avalanche."

"Was what? Knocked where? Over a precipice? By a what—an avalanche? Good Lord! I don't believe it. I swear I don't. She invented it all. It's some of her infernal humbug. She slid off over the snow, so as to get him to go after her. Oh, don't I know her and her ways!"

"Well, come now, old man, you shouldn't be too hard on her. You never said that flirtation was one of her faults."

"Well, neither it was; but, as she is a demon, she's capable of any thing; and now she has sobered down, and all her vices have taken this turn. Oh yes. I know her. No more storms now—no rage, no fury—all quiet and sly. Flirtation! Ha, ha! That's the word. And my wife! And going about the country, tumbling over precipices, with devilish handsome Italians going down to save her life! Ha, ha, ha! I like that!"

"See here, old boy, I swear you're too suspicious. Come now. You're going too far. If she chooses, she may trump up the same charge against you and the child-angel at Vesuvius. Come now, old boy, be just. You can afford to. Your wife may be a fiend in human form; and if you insist upon it, I've nothing to say. But this last notion of yours is nothing but the most wretched absurdity. It's worse. It's lunacy."

"Well, well," said Dacres, in a milder tone; "perhaps she didn't contrive it. But then, you know," he added, "it's just as good for her. She gets the Italian. Ha, ha, ha!"

His laugh was forced, feverish, and unnatural. Hawbury didn't like it, and tried to change the subject.

"Oh, by-the-way," said he, "you needn't have any further trouble about any of them. You don't seem inclined to take any definite action, so the action will be taken for you."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that they are all going to leave Naples."

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"To leave Naples!"

Dacres uttered this in a voice of grief and surprise which astonished Hawbury and touched him.

"Yes," he said. "You know they've been here long enough. They want to see Rome. Holy-week, you know. No end of excitement. Illumination of St. Peter's, and all that sort of thing, you know."

Dacres relapsed into sombre silence. For more than half an hour he did not say a word. Hawbury respected his mood, and watched him with something approaching to anxiety.

"Hawbury," said he at last.

"Well, old man?"

"I'm going to Rome."

"You—to Rome!"

"Yes, me, to Rome."

"Oh, nonsense! See here, old boy. You'd really better not, you know. Break it up. You can't do any thing."

"I'm going to Rome," repeated Dacres, stolidly. "I've made up my mind."

"But, really," remonstrated Hawbury. "See here now, my dear fellow; look here, you know. By Jove! you don't consider, really."

"Oh yes, I do. I know every thing; I consider every thing."

"But what good will it do?"

"It won't do any good; but it may prevent some evil."

"Nothing but evil can ever come of it."

"Oh, no evil need necessarily come of it."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Hawbury, who began to be excited. "Really, my dear fellow, you don't think. You see you can't gain any thing. She's surrounded by friends, you know. She never can be yours, you know. There's a great gulf between you, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Yes," repeated Dacres, catching his last words—"yes, a great gulf, as deep as the bottomless abyss, never to be traversed, where she stands on one side, and I on the other, and between us hate, deep and pitiless hate, undying, eternal!"

"Then, by Jove! my dear fellow, what's the use of trying to fight against it? You can't do any thing. If this were Indiana, now, or even New York, I wouldn't say any thing, you know; but you know an Indiana divorce wouldn't do *you* any good. Her friends wouldn't take you on those terms—and she wouldn't. Not she, by Jove!"

"I *must* go. I must follow her," continued Dacres. "The sight of her has roused a devil within me that I thought was laid. I'm a changed man, Hawbury."

"I should think so, by Jove!"

"A changed man," continued Dacres. "Oh, Heavens, what power there is in a face! What terrific influence it has over a man! Here am I; a few days ago I was a free man; now I am a slave. But, by Heaven! I'll follow her to the world's end. She shall not shake me off. She thinks to be happy without me. She shall not. I will silently follow as an avenging fate. I can not have her, and no one else shall. The same cursed fate that severs her from me shall keep her away from others. If I am lonely and an exile, she shall not be as happy as she expects. I shall not be the only one to suffer."

"See here, by Jove!" cried Hawbury. "Really. You're going too far, my dear boy, you know. You are, really. Come now. This is just like a Surrey theatre, you know. You're really raving. Why, my poor old boy, you *must* give her up. You can't do any thing. You daren't call on her. You're tied hand and foot. You may worship her here, and rave about your child-angel till you're black in the face, but you never can see her; and as to all this about stopping her from marrying any other person, that's all rot and bosh. What do you suppose any other man would care for your nonsensical ravings? Lonely and an exile! Why, man, she'll be married and done for in three months."

"You don't understand me," said Dacres, dryly.

"I'm glad that I don't; but it's no wonder, old man, for really you were quite incoherent."

"And so they're going to Rome," said Dacres. "Well, they'll find that I'm not to be shaken off so easily."

"Come now, old man, you *must* give up that."

"And I suppose," continued Dacres, with a sneer, "our handsome, dark-eyed little Italian cavalier is going with us. Ha, ha, ha! He's at the house all the time, no doubt."

"Well, yes; he was there once."

"Ah! of course—quite devoted."

"Oh yes; but don't be afraid. It was not to the child-angel. She appears to avoid him. That's really quite evident. It's an apparent aversion on her part."

Dacres drew a long breath.

"Oh," said he; "and so I suppose it's not *her* that *he* goes after. I did not suppose that it was. Oh no. There's another one—more piquant, you know—ha, ha!—a devoted lover—saved her life—quite devoted—and she sits and accepts his attentions. Yet she's seen me, and knows that I'm watching her. Don't she know *me?* Does she want any further proof of what I am ready to do? The ruins of Dacres Grange should serve her for life. She tempts fate when she carries on her gallantries and her Italian cicisbeism under the eyes of Scone Dacres. It 'll end bad. By Heaven, it will!"

Scone Dacres breathed hard, and, raising his head, turned upon Hawbury a pair of eyes whose glow seemed of fire.

"Bad!" he repeated, crashing his fist on the table. "Bad, by Heaven!"

Hawbury looked at him earnestly.

"My dear boy," said he, "you're getting too excited. Be cool. Really, I don't believe you know what you're saying. I don't understand

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what you mean. Haven't the faintest idea what you're driving at. You're making ferocious threats against some people, but, for my life, I don't know who they are. Hadn't you better try to speak so that a fellow can understand the general drift, at least, of what you say?"

"Well, then, you understand this much—I'm going to Rome."

"I'm sorry for it, old boy."

"And see here, Hawbury, I want you to come with me."

"Me? What for?"

"Well, I want you. I may have need of you."

As Dacres said this his face assumed so dark and gloomy an expression that Hawbury began to think that there was something serious in all this menace.

"'Pon my life," said he, "my dear boy, I really don't think you're in a fit state to be allowed to go by yourself. You look quite desperate. I wish I could make you give up this infernal Roman notion."

"I'm going to Rome!" repeated Dacres, resolutely.

Hawbury looked at him.

"You'll come, Hawbury, won't you?"

"Why, confound it all, of course. I'm afraid you'll do something rash, old man, and you'll have to have me to stand between you and harm."

"Oh, don't be concerned about me," said Dacres. "I only want to watch her, and see what her little game is. I want to look at her in the midst of her happiness. She's most infernally beautiful, too; hasn't added a year or a day to her face; more lovely than ever; more beautiful than she was even when I first saw her. And there's a softness about her that she never had before. Where the deuce did she get that? Good idea of hers, too, to cultivate the soft style. And there's sadness in her face, too. Can it be real? By Heavens! if I thought it could be real I'd—but pooh! what insanity! It's her art. There never was such cunning. She cultivates the soft, sad style so as to attract lovers—lovers—who adore her—who save her life—who become her obedient slaves! Oh yes; and I—what am I? Why they get together and laugh at me; they giggle; they snicker—"

"Confound it all, man, what are you going on at that rate for?" interrupted Hawbury. "Are you taking leave of your senses altogether? By Jove, old man, you'd better give up this Roman journey."

"No, I'll keep at it."

"What for? Confound it! I don't see your object."

"My object? Why, I mean to follow her. I can't give her up. I won't give her up. I'll follow her. She shall see me every where. I'll follow her. She sha'n't go any where without seeing me on her track. She shall see that she is mine. She shall know that she's got a master. She shall find herself cut off from that butterfly life which she hopes to enter. I'll be her fate, and she shall know it."

"By Jove!" cried Hawbury. "What the deuce is all this about? Are you mad, or what? Look here, old boy, you're utterly beyond me, you know. What the mischief do you mean? Whom are you going to follow? Whose fate are you going to be? Whose track are you talking about?"

"Who?" cried Dacres. "Why, my wife!"

As he said this he struck his fist violently on the table.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Hawbury, staring at him; after which he added, thoughtfully, "by Jove!"

Not much more was said. Dacres sat in silence for a long time, breathing hard, and puffing violently at his cigar. Hawbury said nothing to interrupt his meditation. After an hour or so Dacres tramped off in silence, and Hawbury was left to meditate over the situation.

And this was the result of his meditations.

He saw that Dacres was greatly excited, and had changed completely from his old self. His state of mind seemed actually dangerous. There was an evil gleam in his eyes that looked like madness. What made it more perplexing still was the new revulsion of feeling that now was manifest. It was not so much love for the child-angel as bitter and venomous hate for his wife. The gentler feeling had given place to the sterner one. It might have been possible to attempt an argument against the indulgence of the former; but what could words avail against revenge? And now there was rising in the soul of Dacres an evident thirst for vengeance, the result of those injuries which had been carried in his heart and brooded over for years. The sight of his wife had evidently kindled all this. If she had not come across his path he might have forgotten all; but she had come, and all was revived. She had come, too, in a shape which was adapted in the highest degree to stimulate all the passion of Dacres's soul—young, beautiful, fascinating, elegant, refined, rich, honored, courted, and happy. Upon such a being as this the homeless wanderer, the outcast, looked, and his soul seemed turned to fire as he gazed. Was it any wonder?

All this Hawbury thought, and with full sympathy for his injured friend. He saw also that Dacres could not be trusted by himself. Some catastrophe would be sure to occur. He determined, therefore, to accompany his friend, so as to do what he could to avert the calamity which he dreaded.

And this was the reason why he went with Dacres to Rome.

As for Dacres, he seemed to be animated by but one motive, which he expressed over and over again:

"She stood between me and my child-angel, and so will I stand between her and her Italian!"

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE ZOUAVE OFFICER.

WHATEVER trouble Ethel had experienced at Naples from her conviction that Hawbury was false was increased and, if possible, intensified by the discovery that he had followed them to Rome. His true motives for this could not possibly be known to her, so she, of course, concluded that it was his infatuation for Minnie, and his determination to win her for himself. She felt confident that he knew that she belonged to the party, but was so utterly indifferent to her that he completely ignored her, and had not sufficient interest in her to ask the commonest question about her. All this, of course, only confirmed her previous opinion, and it also deepened her melancholy. One additional effect it also had, and that was to deprive her of any pleasure that might be had from drives about Rome. She felt a morbid dread of meeting him somewhere; she did not yet feel able to encounter him; she could not trust herself; she felt sure that if she saw him she would lose all self-control, and make an exhibition of humiliating weakness. The dread of this was sufficient to detain her at home; and so she remained indoors, a prisoner, refusing her liberty, brooding over her troubles, and striving to acquire that indifference to him which she believed he had toward her. Now going about was the very thing which would have alleviated her woes, but this was the very thing that she was unwilling to do; nor could any persuasion shake her resolve.

One day Mrs. Willoughby and Minnie were out driving, and in passing through a street they encountered a crowd in front of one of the churches. Another crowd was inside, and, as something was going on, they stopped the carriage and sat looking. The Swiss Guards were there in their picturesque costume, and the cardinals in their scarlet robes and scarlet coaches, and military officers of high rank, and carriages of the Roman aristocracy filled with beautiful ladies. Something of importance was going on, the nature of which they did not know. A little knot of Englishmen stood near; and from their remarks the ladies gathered that this was the Church of the Jesuits, and that the Pope in person was going to perform high-mass, and afterward hold a reception.

Soon there arose a murmur and a bustle among the crowd, which was succeeded by a deep stillness. The Swiss Guards drove the throng to either side, and a passage-way was thus formed through the people to the church. A carriage drove up in great state. In this was seated an elderly gentleman in rich pontifical robes. He had a mild and gentle face, upon which was a sweet and winning smile. No face is more attractive than that of Pio Nono.

"Oh, look!" cried Minnie; "that must be the Pope. Oh, what a darling!"

Mrs. Willoughby, however, was looking elsewhere.

"Minnie," said she.

"What, Kitty dear?"

"Are you acquainted with any Zouave officer?"

"Zouave officer! Why, no; what put such a thing as that into your head, you old silly?"

"Because there's a Zouave officer over there in the crowd who has been staring fixedly at us ever since we came up, and trying to make signals, and it's my opinion he's signaling to you. Look at him; he's over there on the top of the steps."

"I won't look," said Minnie, pettishly. "How do I know who he is? I declare I'm afraid to look at any body. He'll be coming and saving my life."

"I'm sure this man is an old acquaintance."

"Nonsense! how can he be?"

"It may be Captain Kirby."

"How silly! Why, Captain Kirby is in the Rifles."

"Perhaps he is dressed this way just for amusement. Look at him."

"Now, Kitty, I think you're unkind. You *know* I don't want to look at him; I don't want to see him. I don't care who he is—the great, big, ugly, old horrid! And if you say any thing more, I'll go home."

Mrs. Willoughby was about to say something, but her attention and Minnie's, and that of every one else, was suddenly diverted to another quarter.

Among the crowd they had noticed a tall man, very thin, with a lean, cadaverous face, and long, lanky, rusty black hair. He wore a white neck-tie, and a suit of rusty black clothes. He also held a large umbrella in his hand, which he kept carefully up out of the way of the crowd. This figure was a conspicuous one, even in that crowd, and the ladies had noticed it at the very first.

As the Pope drove up they saw this long, slim, thin, cadaverous man, in his suit of rusty black, edging his way through the crowd, so as to get nearer, until at length he stood immediately behind the line of Swiss Guards, who were keeping the crowd back, and forming a passage-way for the Pope. Meanwhile his Holiness was advancing through the crowd. He reached out his hand, and smiled and bowed and murmured a blessing over them. At last his carriage stopped. The door was opened, and several attendants prepared to receive the Pope and assist him out.

At that instant the tall, slim stranger pushed forward his sallow head, with its long, lanky, and rusty black hair, between two Swiss Guards, and tried to squeeze between them. The Swiss at first stood motionless, and the stranger had actually succeeded in getting about half-way through. He was immediately in front of his Holiness, and staring at him with all his might. His Holiness saw this very peculiar face, and was so surprised that he uttered an involuntary exclamation, and stopped short in his descent.

The stranger stopped short too, and quite involuntarily also. For the Swiss Guards, irritated by his pertinacity, and seeing the Pope's ges-

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"TWO OF THEM GRASPED THE STRANGER BY HIS COAT COLLAR."

ture, turned suddenly, and two of them grasped the stranger by his coat collar.

It was, of course, an extremely undignified attitude for the Swiss Guards, whose position is simply an ornamental one. Nothing but the most unparalleled outrage to their dignity could have moved them to this. So unusual a display of energy, however, did not last long. A few persons in citizens' clothes darted forward from among the crowd, and secured the stranger; while the Swiss, seeing who they were, resumed their erect, rigid, and ornamental attitude. The Pope found no longer any obstacle, and resumed his descent. For a moment the stranger had created a wide-spread consternation in the breasts of all the different and very numerous classes of men who composed that crowd. The arrest was the signal for a murmur of voices, among which the ladies heard those of the knot of Englishmen who stood near.

"It's some Garibaldian," said they.

And this was the general sentiment.

Several hours after this they were at home, and a caller was announced. It was the Baron Atramonte.

"Atramonte!" said Lady Dalrymple. "Who is that? We're not at home, of course. Atramonte! Some of these Italian nobles. Really, I think we have seen enough of them. Who is he, Kitty?"

"I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea. I never heard of him in my life."

"We're not at home, of course. It's a singular way, and surely can not be Roman fashion. It's not civilized fashion. But the Continental nobility are *so* odd."

In a few minutes the servant, who had been dispatched to say, "Not at home," returned with the statement that the Baron wished particularly to see Miss Fay on urgent business.

At this extraordinary message Lady Dalrymple and Mrs. Willoughby looked first at one another, and then at Minnie, in amazement.

"I'm sure *I* don't know any thing about him," said Minnie. "They *always* tease me so. Oh, do go and see who he is, and send him away—please! Oh, do, please, Dowdy dear!"

"Well, I suppose I had better see the person," said Lady Dalrymple, good-naturedly. "There must be some mistake. How is he dressed?" she asked the servant. "Is he a military gentleman? Most of them seem to belong to the army."

"Yes, my lady. Zouave dress, my lady."

At this Mrs. Willoughby and Minnie looked at one another. Lady Dalrymple went away; and as no other was present, Ethel being, as usual, in her room, Mrs. Willoughby sighed and said,

"I thought that man must know you."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know him," said Minnie. "I never knew a Zouave officer in my life."

"It may be Captain Kirby, under an assumed name and a disguise."

"Oh no, it isn't. I don't believe he would be such a perfect—monster. Oh dear! It's

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somebody, though. It must be. And he wants me. Oh, what *shall* I do?"

"Nonsense! You need not go. Aunty will see him, and send him off."

"Oh, I do *so* hope he'll go; but I'm afraid he won't."

After a short time Lady Dalrymple returned.

"Really," said she, "this is a most extraordinary person. He speaks English, but not at all like an Englishman. I don't know who he is. He calls himself a Baron, but he doesn't seem to be a foreigner. I'm puzzled."

"I hope he's gone," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"No—that's the worst of it. He won't go. He says he must see Minnie, and he won't tell his errand. I told him that he could not see you, but that I would tell you what he wanted, and that you were not at home. And what do you think he said?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Dowdy dear."

"Why, he said he had nothing to do, and would wait till you came back. And he took his seat in a way that showed that he meant to wait. Really, I'm quite at a loss what to do. You'll have to see him, Kitty dear."

"What a strange person!" said Mrs. Willoughby. "It's *so* rude. And don't you know what he is? How do you know he isn't an Italian?"

"Oh, his English, you know. He speaks it perfectly, but not like an Englishman, you know, nor like a Scotchman either, or an Irishman. I wonder whether he may not be an American?"

At this Minnie started.

"Oh dear!" she said.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"An American! Oh dear! what *will* become of me!"

"Why," said Lady Dalrymple, "do you know him, then, after all?"

"Oh, I'm *so* afraid that I know him!"

"Who is it, dear?"

"Oh, Dowdy! Oh, Kitty!"

"What's the matter?"

"It must be that man. Oh, was there *ever* such a trouble—"

"Really, Minnie dearest, you are allowing yourself to get too agitated. Who *is* this person?"

"He—he's—an—American."

"An American? Why, I just said that I thought he might be one. I didn't know that you were acquainted with any."

"Oh yes; I did get acquainted with some in —in Canada."

"Oh; and is this man a Canadian?"

"No, Dowdy darling; only an American."

"Well, if he's a friend of yours, I suppose you know something about him. But how singular it is that you have so completely forgotten his name. Atramonte? Why, I'm sure it's a *very* singular name for an American gentleman—at least it seems so to me—but I don't know much about them, you know. Tell me, darling, who is he?"

"He—he saved my life."

"What! saved your life? Why, my precious child, what *are* you talking about? It was the Italian that saved your life, you know, not this one."

"Oh, but he did too," said Minnie, despairingly. "I couldn't help it. He would do it. Papa was washed away. I wish they all wouldn't be so horrid."

Lady Dalrymple looked in an equally despairing manner at Mrs. Willoughby.

"What is it, Kitty dear? *Is* the child insane, or what does she mean? How could this person have saved her life?"

"That's just what distracts me," said Minnie. "They all do it. Every single person comes and saves my life. And now I suppose I must go down and see this person."

"Well, really, since you say he saved your life, perhaps it would be as well not to be uncivil," said Lady Dalrymple; "but, at the same time, he seems to me to act in a very extraordinary manner. And he calls himself a Baron. Do they have nobles in America?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Dowdy dear. I never knew that he was a Baron. He may have been the son of some American Baron; and—and— I'm sure I don't know."

"Nonsense, Minnie dear," said Mrs. Willoughby. "This man's title is a foreign one. He probably obtained it in Italy or Spain, or perhaps Mexico. I think they have titles in Mexico, though I really don't know."

"Why, of course, one isn't expected to know any thing about America," said Lady Dalrymple. "I can mention quite a number of English statesmen, members of the cabinet, and others, who don't know any more about America than I do."

"Do you really intend to go down yourself and see him, Minnie dear?" asked Mrs. Willoughby.

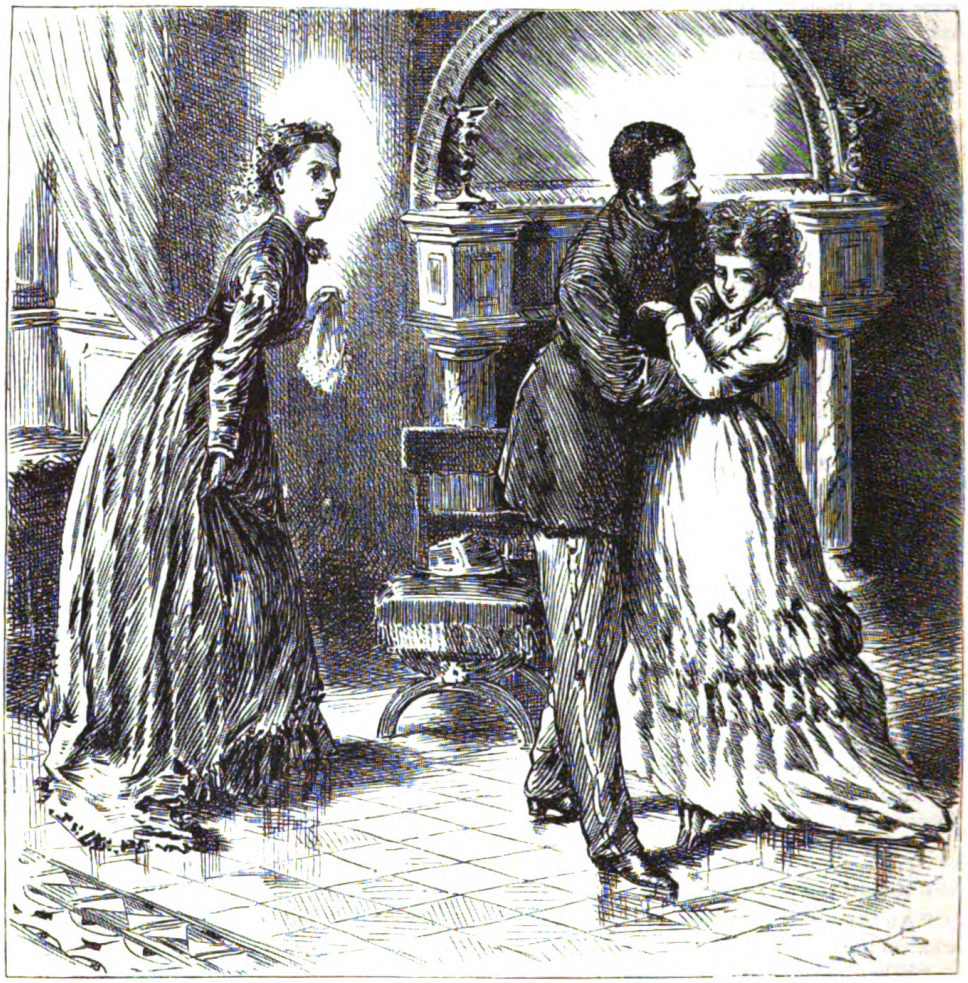
"How can I help it? What am I to do? I must go, Kitty darling. He is so very positive, and—and he insists so. I don't want to hurt his feelings, you know; and I really think there is nothing for me to do but to go. What do you think about it, Dowdy dear?" and she appealed to her aunt.

"Well, Minnie, my child, I think it would be best not to be unkind or uncivil, since he saved your life."

Upon this Minnie accompanied her sister to see the visitor.

Mrs. Willoughby entered the room first, and Minnie was close behind her, as though she sought protection from some unknown peril. On entering the room they saw a man dressed in Zouave uniform. His hair was cropped short; he wore a mustache and no beard; his features were regular and handsome; while a pair of fine dark eyes were looking earnestly at the door, and the face and the eyes had the expression of one who is triumphantly awaiting the result of some agreeable surprise. Mrs. Willoughby at once recognized the stranger as the Zouave officer who had stared at them near

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"CATCHING MINNIE IN HIS ARMS, HE KISSED HER SEVERAL TIMES."

the Church of the Jesuits. She advanced with lady-like grace toward him, when suddenly he stepped hastily past her, without taking any notice of her, and catching Minnie in his arms, he kissed her several times.

Mrs. Willoughby started back in horror.

Minnie did not resist, nor did she scream, or faint, or do any thing. She only looked a little confused, and managed to extricate herself, after which she took a seat as far away as she could, putting her sister between her and the Zouave. But the Zouave's joy was full, and he didn't appear to notice it. He settled himself in a chair, and laughed loud in his happiness.

"Only to think of it," said he. "Why, I had no more idea of your being here, Minnie, than *Victory*. Well, here you see me. Only been here a couple of months or so. You got my last favor, of course? And ain't you regular knocked up to see me a Baron? Yes, a Baron —a real, live Baron! I'll tell you all about it. You see I was here two or three years ago—the time of Mentana—and fought on the Pope's side. Odd thing, too, wasn't it, for an American? But so it was. Well, they promoted me, and wanted me to stay. But I couldn't fix it. I had business off home, and was on my way there the time of the shipwreck. Well, I've been dodgin' all round every where since then, but never forgettin' little Min, mind you, and at last I found myself here, all right. I'd been speculatin' in wines and raisins, and just dropped in here to take pot-luck with some old Zouave friends, when, darn me! if they didn't make me stay. It seems there's squally times ahead. They wanted a live man. They knew I was that live man. They offered me any thing I wanted. They offered me the title of Baron Atramonte. That knocked me, I tell you. Says I, I'm your man. So now you see me Baron Atramonte, captain in the Papal Zouaves, ready to go where glory waits me—but fonder than ever of little Min. Oh, I tell you what, I ain't a bit of a brag, but I'm *some* here. The men think I'm a little the tallest lot in the shape of a commander they ever *did* see. When I'm in Rome I do as the Romans do, and so I let fly at them a speech every now and then. Why, I've gone through nearly the

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whole 'National Speaker' by this time. I've given them Marcellus's speech to the mob, Brutus's to the Romans, and Antony's over Cæsar's dead body. I tried a bit of Cicero against Catiline, but I couldn't remember it very well. You know it, of course. *Quousque tandem*, you know.

"Well, Min, how goes it?" he continued. "This *is* jolly; and, what's more, it's real good in you—darn me if it ain't! I knew you'd be regularly struck up all of a heap when you heard of me as a Baron, but I really didn't think you'd come all the way here to see me. And you do look stunning! You do beat all! And this lady? You haven't introduced me, you know."

The Baron rose, and looked expectantly at Mrs. Willoughby, and then at Minnie. The latter faltered forth some words, among which the Baron caught the names Mrs. Willoughby and Rufus K. Gunn, the latter name pronounced, with the middle initial and all, in a queer, prim way.

"Mrs. Willoughby—ah!—Min's sister, I presume. Well, I'm pleased to see you, ma'am. Do you know, ma'am, I have reason to remember your name? It's associated with the brightest hours of my life. It was in your parlor, ma'am, that I first obtained Min's promise of her hand. Your hand, madam."

And, stooping down, he grasped Mrs. Willoughby's hand, which was not extended, and wrung it so hard that she actually gave a little shriek.

"For my part, ma'am," he continued, "I'm not ashamed of my name—not a mite. It's a good, honest name; but being as the Holy Father's gone and made me a noble, I prefer being addressed by my title. All Americans are above titles. They despise them. But being in Rome, you see, we must do as the Romans do; and so you needn't know me as Rufus K. Gunn, but as the Baron Atramonte. As for you, Min—you and I won't stand on ceremony—you may call me 'Roof,' or any other name you fancy. I would suggest some pet name—something a little loving, you know."

In the midst of all this, which was poured forth with extreme volubility, the servant came and handed a card.

"Count Girasole."

THE THREE SHIPS.

Over the waters clear and dark
Flew, like a startled bird, our bark.

All the day long with steady sweep
Sea-gulls followed us over the deep.

Weird and strange were the silent shores,
Rich with their wealth of buried ores;

Mighty the forests, old and gray,
With the secrets locked in their hearts away;

Semblance of castle and arch and shrine
Towered aloft in the clear sunshine;

And we watched for the warder, stern and grim,
And the priest with his chanted prayer and hymn.

Over that wonderful northern sea,
As one who sails in a dream, sailed we,

Till, when the young moon soared on high,
Nothing was round us but sea and sky.

Far in the east the pale moon swung—
A crescent dim in the azure hung;

But the sun lay low in the glowing west,
With bars of purple across his breast.

The skies were aflame with the sunset glow,
The billows were all aflame below;

The far horizon seemed the gate
To some mystic world's enchanted state;

And all the air was a luminous mist,
Crimson and amber and amethyst.

Then silently into that fiery sea—
Into the heart of the mystery—

Three ships went sailing, one by one,
The fairest visions under the sun.

Like the flame in the heart of a ruby set
Were the sails that flew from each mast of jet;

While darkly against the burning sky
Streamer and pennant floated high.

Steadily, silently, on they pressed
Into the glowing, reddening west;

Until, on the far horizon's fold,
They slowly passed through its gate of gold.

You think, perhaps, they were nothing more
Than schooners laden with common ore?

Where Care clasped hands with grimy Toil,
And the decks were stained with earthly moil?

Oh, beautiful ships, who sailed that night
Into the west from our yearning sight,

Full well I know that the freight ye bore
Was laden not for an earthly shore!

To some far realm ye were sailing on,
Where all we have lost shall yet be won:

Ye were bearing thither a world of dreams,
Bright as that sunset's golden gleams;

And hopes whose tremulous, rosy flush
Grew fairer still in the twilight hush:

Ye were bearing hence to that mystic sphere
Thoughts no mortal may utter here—

Songs that on earth may not be sung—
Words too holy for human tongue—

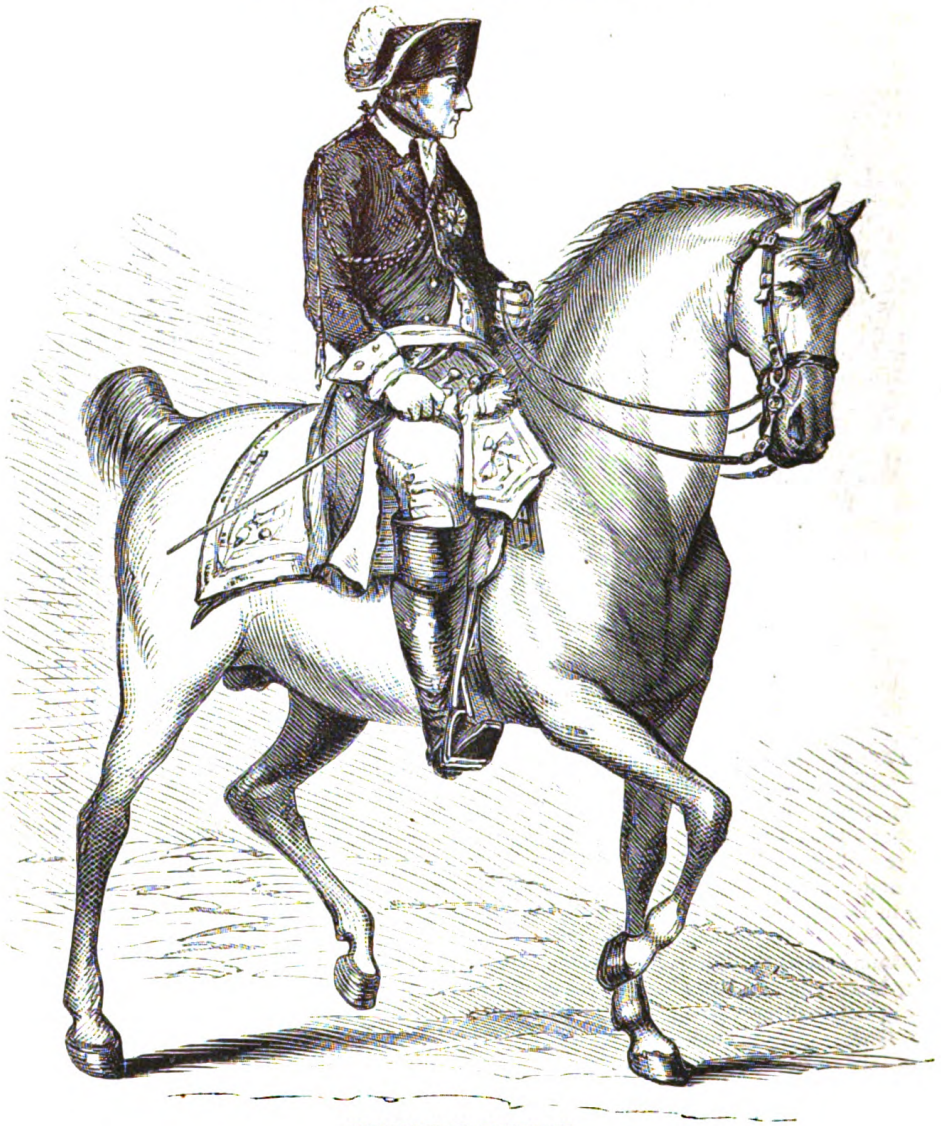
The golden deeds that we would have done—
The fadeless wreaths that we would have won!

And hence it was that our souls with you
Traversed the measureless waste of blue,

Till you passed under the sunset gate,
And to us a voice said, softly, "Wait!"

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FREDERICK THE GREAT.



FREDERICK ON HORSEBACK.

XVIII.—LIFE'S CLOSING SCENES.

TOWARD the end of the year 1775 the king had an unusually severe attack of the gout. It was erroneously reported that it was a dangerous attack of the dropsy, and that he was manifestly drawing near to his end. The crown prince, who was to succeed him, was a man of very little character. The emperor of Germany, Joseph II., thought the death of Frederick would present him an opportunity of regaining Silesia for Austria. The Austrian army was immediately put in motion and hurried to the frontiers of Silesia, to seize the province the moment the king should expire. This was openly done, and noised abroad. Much to the disappointment of the emperor, the king got well. Amidst much ridicule, the troops returned to their old quarters.[1]

Frederick was probably not surprised at this act on the part of the emperor. He undoubtedly had sufficient candor to admit that it was exactly what he should have done under similar circumstances.

Catherine of Russia had a son, Paul, her heir to the throne. It so chanced that she died just at the time prince Henry of Prussia was visiting St. Petersburg. Through his agency Paul was induced to take as a second wife a niece of Frederick's, the eldest daughter of Eugene of Würtemberg. Thus the ties between Russia

1 *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 124.

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and Prussia were still more strengthened, so far as matrimonial alliances could strengthen them. The wedding took place in Berlin on the 18th of October, 1776.

Several years now passed away with nothing specially worthy of record. Frederick did not grow more amiable as he advanced in years. Though Frederick was often unreasonable, petulant, and unjust, and would seldom admit that he had been in the wrong, however clear the case, it can not be doubted that it was his general and earnest desire that justice should be exercised in all his courts.

In September, 1777, the king of Bavaria died. The emperor thought it a good opportunity to annex Bavaria to Austria. "Do but look on the map," says Carlyle, in his peculiar style of thought and expression: "you would say, Austria without Bavaria is like a human figure with its belly belonging to somebody else. Bavaria is the trunk or belly of the Austrian dominions, shutting off all the limbs of them each from the other; making for central part a huge chasm."

France would hardly object, since she was exhausted with long wars. England was busy in the struggle with her North American colonies. Russia was at war with the Turks. There was no power to be feared but Prussia.

"Frederick," said Kaunitz, "is old and broken. He can not live long. Having suffered so much, he has an absolute horror of war. We need not fear that he will again put his armies in motion."

But no sooner did Frederick get an intimation that Austria was contemplating this enlargement of her domains than he roused himself to prevent it with all the vigor of his earlier years. It was a very delicate matter; for Charles Theodore, the elector, and his nephew August Christian, heir to the electorate, a young gentleman of very illustrious pedigree, but of a very slender purse, had both been bribed by Austria secretly to co-operate in the movement. The reader will be interested in Carlyle's account, slightly abbreviated, of Frederick's skill in diplomacy:

"Heir is a gallant enough young gentleman. Frederick judges that he probably will have haggled to sign any Austrian convention for dismemberment of Baiern, and that he will start into life upon it so soon as he sees hope.

"'A messenger to him,' thinks Frederick; 'a messenger instantly; and who?' For that clearly is the first thing. And a delicate thing it is; requiring to be done in profoundest secrecy, by hint and innuendo rather than speech —by somebody in a cloak of darkness, who is of adroit quality, and was never heard of in diplomatic circles before, not to be suspected of having business of mine on hand.

"Frederick bethinks him that in a late visit to Weimar he had noticed, for his fine qualities, a young gentleman named Görtz, late tutor to the young duke Karl August, a wise, firm, adroit-looking young gentleman, who was farther interesting as brother to lieutenant-general Von Görtz, a respectable soldier of Frederick's. Ex-tutor at Weimar, we say, and idle for the moment; hanging about court there, till he should find a new function.

"Of this ex-tutor Frederick bethinks him; and in the course of that same day—for there is no delay—Frederick, who is at Berlin, beckons general Görtz to come over to him from Potsdam instantly.

"'Hither this evening, and in all privacy meet me in the palace at such an hour' (hour of midnight or thereby); which of course Görtz, duly invisible to mankind, does. Frederick explains: an errand to München; perfectly secret, for the moment, and requiring great delicacy and address; perhaps not without risk, a timorous man might say: will your brother go for me, think you? Görtz thinks he will.

"'Here is his instruction, if so,' adds the king, handing him an autograph of the necessary outline of procedure—not signed, nor with any credential, or even specific address, lest accident happen. 'Adieu, then, herr general-lieutenant; rule is, shoes of swiftness, cloak of darkness: adieu!'

"And Görtz senior is off on the instant, careering toward Weimar, where he finds Görtz junior, and makes known his errand. Görtz junior stares in the natural astonishment; but, after some intense brief deliberation, becomes affirmative, and in a minimum of time is ready and on the road.

"Görtz junior proved to have been an excellent choice on the king's part; and came to good promotion afterward by his conduct in this affair. Görtz junior started for München on the instant, masked utterly, or his business masked, from profane eyes; saw this person, saw that, and glided swiftly about, swiftly and with sure aim; and speedily kindled the matter, and had smoke rising in various points. And before January was out, saw the Reisch-Diet, at Regensburg, much more the general gazetteerage every where, seized of this affair, and thrown into paroxysms at the size and complexion of it: saw, in fact, a world getting into flame—kindled by whom or what nobody could guess for a long time to come. Görtz had great running about in his cloak of darkness, and showed abundant talent of the kind needed. A pushing, clear-eyed, stout-hearted man; much cleverness and sureness in what he did and forebore to do. His adventures were manifold; he had much traveling about: was at Regensburg, at Mannheim; saw many persons whom he had to judge of on the instant, and speak frankly to, or speak darkly, or speak nothing; and he made no mistake.

"We can not afford the least narrative of Görtz and his courses: imagination, from a few traits, will sufficiently conceive them. He had gone first to Karl Theodor's minister: 'Dead to it, I fear; has already signed?' Alas, yes. Upon which to Zweibrück the heir's minister, whom his master had distinctly or-

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dered to sign, but who, at his own peril, gallant man, delayed, remonstrated, had not yet done it; and was able to answer:

"'Alive to it, he? Yes, with a witness, were there hope in the world!' which threw Görtz upon instant gallop toward Zweibrück Schloss in search of said heir, the young duke August Christian; who, however, had left in the interim (summoned by his uncle, on Austrian urgency, to consent along with him); but whom Görtz, by dexterity and intuition of symptoms, caught up by the road, with what a mutual joy! As had been expected, August Christian, on sight of Görtz, with an armed Frederick looming in the distance, took at once into new courses and activities. From him no consent now; far other: treaty with Frederick; flat refusal ever to consent: application to the Reich, application even to France, and whatever a gallant young fellow could do.

"Frederick was in very weak health in these months; still considered by the gazetteers to be dying. But it appears he is not yet too weak for taking, on the instant necessary, a world-important resolution; and of being on the road with it, to this issue or to that, at full speed before the day closed. 'Desist, good neighbor, I beseech you. You must desist, and even you shall:' this resolution was entirely his own; as were the equally prompt arrangements he contrived for executing it, should hard come to hard, and Austria prefer war to doing justice."[1]

While pushing these intrigues of diplomacy, Frederick was equally busy in marshaling his armies, that the sword might contribute its energies to the enforcement of his demands. One hundred thousand troops were assembled in Berlin, in the highest state of discipline and equipment, ready to march at a moment's warning.

On Sunday, April 5, 1778, Frederick reviewed these troops, and addressed his officers in a speech, which was published in the newspapers to inform Austria what she had to expect. Eager as Frederick was to enlarge his own dominions, he was by no means disposed to grant the same privilege to other and rival nations. The address of Frederick to his officers was in reality a declaration to the Austrian court.

"Gentlemen," said Frederick, "I have assembled you here for a public object. Most of you, like myself, have often been in arms with one another, and are grown gray in the service of our country. To all of us is well known in what dangers, toils, and renown we have been fellow-sharers. I doubt not in the least that all of you, as myself, have a horror of bloodshed; but the danger which now threatens our countries not only renders it a duty, but puts us in the absolute necessity, to adopt the quickest and most effectual means for dissipating at the right time the storm which threatens to break out upon us.

"I depend with complete confidence on your soldierly and patriotic zeal, which is already well and gloriously known to me, and which, while I live, I will acknowledge with the heartiest satisfaction. Before all things I recommend to you, and prescribe as your most sacred duty, that in every situation you exercise humanity on unarmed enemies. In this respect let there be the strictest discipline kept among those under you.

"To travel with the pomp of a king is not among my wishes; and all of you are aware that I have no pleasure in rich field-furniture; but my increasing age, and the weakness it brings, render me incapable of riding as I did in my youth. I shall, therefore, be obliged to make use of a post-chaise in times of marching; and all of you have liberty to do the same. But on the day of battle you shall see me on horseback; and there, also, I hope my generals will follow that example."

Kaunitz, the Austrian prime minister, was by no means prepared for this decisive action. In less than a week Frederick had one hundred thousand soldiers on the frontiers. Austria had not ten thousand there to meet them. Kaunitz, quite alarmed, assumed a supplicatory tone, and called for negotiation.

"Must there be war?" he said. "I am your majesty's friend. Can we not, in mutual concession, find agreement?"

The result was a congress of three persons, two Prussians and one Austrian, which congress met at Berlin on the 24th of May, 1778. For two months they deliberated. The Austrians improved the delay in making very vigorous preparations for war. Frederick really wished to avoid the war, for he had seen enough of the woes of battle. They could come to no agreement.

On the 3d of July Frederick issued his declaration of war. On that very day his solid battalions, one hundred thousand strong, with menacing banners and defiant bugle notes, crossed the border, and encamped on Bohemian ground. At the same moment the king's brother, prince Henry, with another army of one hundred thousand men, commenced a march from the west to co-operate in an impetuous rush upon Vienna. These tidings caused the utmost consternation in the Austrian capital. An eye-witness writes:

"The terror in Vienna was dreadful. I will not attempt to describe the dismay the tidings excited among all ranks of people. Maria Theresa, trembling for her two sons who were in the army, immediately dispatched an autograph letter to Frederick with new proposals for a negotiation."

Frederick had not grown old gracefully. He was domineering, soured, and irritable, finding fault with every body and every thing. As his troops were getting into camp at Jaromirtz on the 8th of July the king, weary with riding, threw himself upon the ground for a little rest, his adjutants being near him. A young officer was riding by. Frederick beckoned to him,

[1] Carlyle, vol. vi. p. 446-449.

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FREDERICK AND THE UNJUST JUDGES.

and wrote, with his pencil, an order of not the slightest importance, and said to the officer, aloud, in the hearing of all, purposely to wound their feelings:

"Here, take that order to general Lossow, and tell him that he is not to take it ill that I trouble him, as I have none in my suit that can do any thing." It often seemed to give Frederick pleasure, and never pain, to wound the feelings of others.

"On arriving with his column," writes general Schmettau, "where the officer—a perfectly skillful man—had marked out the camp, the king would lift his spy-glass, gaze to right and left, riding round the place at perhaps a hundred yards distance, and begin:

"'Look here, Sir, what a botching you have made of it again!'

"And then, grumbling and blaming, would alter the camp till it was all out of rule, and then say, 'See there; that is the way to mark out camps.'"[1]

Through the efforts of Maria Theresa there was another brief conference, but it amounted

[1] SCHMETTAU, XXV. 30.

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to nothing. Neither party wished for war. But Austria craved the annexation of Bavaria, and Frederick was determined that Austria should not thus be enlarged. Thus the summer passed away in unavailing diplomacy, and in equally unavailing military manœuvrings. While engaged in these adventures, Frederick received the tidings of the death of Voltaire, who breathed his last on the 20th of May, 1778. The soul of Frederick was too much seared by life's stern conflicts to allow him to manifest or, probably, to feel any emotion on the occasion. He, however, wrote a eulogy upon the renowned *littérateur*, which, though written by a royal pen, attracted but little attention.

During the winter Russia and France interposed in behalf of peace. The belligerents agreed to submit the question to their decision. Austria was permitted to take a small slice of Bavaria; and for a time the horrors of war were averted.

Soon after this an event occurred very characteristic of the king — an event which conspicuously displayed both his good and bad qualities. A miller was engaged in a lawsuit against a nobleman. The decree of the court, after a very careful examination, was unanimously in favor of the nobleman; the king, who had impulsively formed a different opinion of the case, was greatly exasperated. He summoned the four judges before him, denounced them in the severest terms of vituperation, would listen to no defense, and dismissed them angrily from office.

"May a miller," he exclaimed, fiercely, "who has no water, and consequently can not grind, have his mill taken from him? Is that just? Here is a nobleman wishing to make a fish-pond. To get more water for his pond, he has a ditch dug to draw into it a small stream which drives a water-mill. Thereby the miller loses his water, and can not grind. Yet, in spite of this, it is pretended that the miller shall pay his rent, quite the same as at the time when he had full water for his mill. Of course he can not pay his rent. His incomings are gone.

"And what does the court of Cüstrin do? It orders the mill to be sold, that the nobleman may have his rent! Go you, Sir," addressing the grand chancellor, "about your



MARIA THERESA AT THE TOMB OF HER HUSBAND.

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THE LAST REVIEW.

business, this instant. Your successor is appointed; with you I have nothing more to do." The other three were assailed in the same way, but still more vehemently, as the king's wrath flamed higher and higher. "Out of my sight," he exclaimed at last. "I will make an example of you which shall be remembered."

The next day, December 11, 1779, the king issued the following protocol in the newspapers:

"The king's desire always was and is that every body, be he high or low, rich or poor, get prompt justice. Wherefore, in respect to this most unjust sentence against the miller Arnold, pronounced in the Neumark, and confirmed here in Berlin, his majesty will establish an emphatic example, to the end that all the courts of justice in the king's provinces may take warning thereby, and not commit the like glaring unjust acts. For let them bear in mind that the least peasant, yea, what is still more, that even a beggar, is, no less than his majesty, a human being, and one to whom due justice must be meted out. All men being equal before the law, if it is a prince complaining against a peasant, or *vice versa*, the prince is the same as the peasant before the law.

"Let the courts take this for their rule; and whenever they do not carry out justice in a straightforward manner, without any regard of person and rank, they shall have to answer to his majesty for it."

The discarded judges were arrested, imprisoned for a year, and fined a sum of money equal to the supposed loss of the miller. In this case the judges had heard both sides of the question, and the king but one side. The question had been justly decided. The case was so clear that the new judges appointed by the king, being conscientious men, could not refrain from sustaining the verdict. Still the king, who would never admit that he was in the wrong, ordered no redress for those who had thus suffered for righteousness sake. After Frederick's death the court compelled the miller to refund the money which had been so unjustly extorted for damages.

On the 29th of November, 1780, Maria Theresa died. The extraordinary character which she had developed through life was equal-

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ly manifested in the hour of death. She died of congestion of the lungs, which created a painful and suffocating difficulty of breathing. Her struggles for breath rendered it impossible for her to lie upon the bed. Bolstered in her chair, she leaned her head back as if inclined to sleep.

"Will your majesty sleep, then?" inquired an attendant.

"No," the empress replied; "I could sleep, but I must not. Death is too near. He must not steal upon me. These fifteen years I have been making ready for him; I will meet him awake."

For fifteen years she had been a mourning widow. Her husband had died on the 18th of August. The 18th day of every month had since then been a day of solitary prayer. On the 18th of every August she descended into the tomb, and sat for a season engaged in prayer by the side of the mouldering remains of her spouse.

The emperor Joseph had been embarrassed in his ambitious plans by the conscientious scruples of his mother. He now entered into a secret alliance with the czarina Catherine, by which he engaged to assist Catherine in her advance to Constantinople, while Catherine in her turn was to aid him in his encroachments and annexations to establish an empire in the West as magnificent as the czarina hoped to establish in the East.

Delighted with this plan, and sanguine in the hope of its successful accomplishment, the czarina named her next grandson Constantine. Austria and Russia thus became allied, with all their sympathies hostile to Frederick. Old age and infirmities were now stealing upon the king apace. Among the well-authenticated anecdotes related of him, the following is given by Carlyle:

"Loss of time was one of the losses Frederick could least stand. In visits, even from his brothers and sisters, which were always by his own express invitation, he would say some morning (call it Tuesday morning), 'You are going on Wednesday, I am sorry to hear' (what *you* never heard before). 'Alas! your majesty, we must.' 'Well, I am sorry; but I will lay no constraint on you. Pleasant moments can not last forever.' This trait is in the anecdote-books;



FREDERICK AND HIS DOGS.

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but its authenticity does not rest on that uncertain basis. Singularly enough, it comes to me individually, by two clear stages, from Frederick's sister, the duchess of Brunswick, who, if any body, would know it well."

We have often spoken of the entire neglect with which the king treated his virtuous and amiable queen. Preuss relates the following incident:

"When the king, after the Seven Years' War, now and then in carnival season dined with the queen in her apartments, he usually said not a word to her. He merely, on entering, on sitting down at table, and leaving it, made the customary bows, and sat opposite to her. Once the queen was ill of gout. The table was in her apartments; but she was not there. She sat in an easy-chair in the drawing-room. On this occasion the king stepped up to the queen and inquired about her health. The circumstance occasioned among the company present, and all over the town, as the news spread, great wonder and sympathy. This is probably the last time he ever spoke to her."[1]

"The king was fond of children; he liked to have his grand-nephews about him. One day, while the king sat at work in his cabinet, the younger of the two, a boy of eight or nine, was playing ball about the room, and knocked it once and again into the king's writing operation, who twice or oftener flung it back to him, but next time put it in his pocket, and went on. 'Please your majesty, give it me back,' begged the boy, and again begged: majesty took no notice; continued writing. Till at length came, in the tone of indignation, 'Will your majesty give me my ball, then?' The king looked up; found the little Hohenzollern planted firm, hands on haunches, and wearing quite a peremptory air. 'Thou art a brave little fellow. They won't get Silesia out of thee?' cried he, laughing, and flinging him his ball."[2]

The fault-finding character of the king, and his intense devotion to perfecting his army, both increased with his advancing years. After one of his reviews of the troops in Silesia, in the year 1784, he wrote in the following severe strain to the commanding general:

"Potsdam, *September* 7, 1784.

"My dear General,—While in Silesia I mentioned to you, and will now repeat in writing, that my army in Silesia was at no time so bad as at present. Were I to make shoemakers or tailors into generals, the regiments could not be worse. Regiment Thadden is not fit to be the most insignificant militia battalion of a Prussian army. Of the regiment Erlach the men are so spoiled by smuggling they have no resemblance to soldiers; Keller is like a heap of undrilled boors; Hager has a miserable commander; and your own regiment is very mediocre. Only with graf Von Anhalt, with Wendessen, and markgraf Heinrich, could I be content. See you, that is the state I found the regiments in, one after one. I will now speak of their manœuvring.

"Schwartz, at Neisse, made the unpardonable mistake of not sufficiently besetting the height on the left wing; had it been serious, the battle had been lost. At Breslau, Erlach, instead of covering the army by seizing the heights, marched off with his division straight as a row of cabbages into that defile; whereby, had it been earnest, the enemy's cavalry would have cut down our infantry, and the fight was gone.

"It is not my purpose to lose battles by the base conduct of my generals; wherefore I hereby appoint that you, next year, if I be alive, assemble the army between Breslau and Ohlau; for four days before I arrive in your camp, carefully manœuvre with the ignorant generals, and teach them what their duty is. Regiment Von Arnim and regiment Von Kanitz are to act the enemy; and whoever does not then fulfill his duty shall go to court-martial; for I should think it a shame of any country to keep such people, who trouble themselves so little about their business."

The king seemed to think it effeminate and a disgrace to him as a soldier ever to appear in a carriage. He never *drove*, but constantly *rode* from Berlin to Potsdam. In the winter of 1785, when he was quite feeble, he wished to go from Sans Souci, which was exposed to bleak winds, and where they had only hearth fires, to more comfortable winter-quarters in the new palace. The weather was stormy. After waiting a few days for such a change as would enable him to go on horseback, and the cold and wind increasing, he was taken over in a sedan-chair in the night, when no one could see him.

In August, 1785, the king again visited Silesia to review his troops. A private letter, quoted by Carlyle, gives an interesting view of his appearance at the time:

"He passed through Hirschberg on the 18th of August. A concourse of many thousands had been waiting for him several hours. Outriders came at last; then he himself, the unique; and, with the liveliest expression of reverence and love, all eyes were directed on one point. I can not describe to you my feelings, which, of course, were those of every body, to see him, the aged king; in his weak hand the hat; in those grand eyes such a fatherly benignity of look over the vast crowd that encircled his carriage, and rolled tide-like, accompanying it. Looking round, I saw in various eyes a tear trembling.

"His affability, his kindliness, to whoever had the honor of speech with this great king, who shall describe it! After talking a good while with the merchants deputation from the hill country, he said, 'Is there any thing more, then, from any body?' Upon which the president stepped forward and said, 'The burned-out inhabitants of Greiffenberg have charged me to express once more their most submissive gratitude for the gracious help in rebuilding; their

[1] Preuss, iv. 187.
[2] Fischer, ii. 445, as cited by Carlyle.

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word of thanks is indeed of no importance; but they daily pray God to reward such royal beneficence.' The king was visibly affected, and said, 'You don't need to thank me; when my subjects fall into misfortune, it is my duty to help them up again; for that reason am I here.'"

On Monday, the 22d of August, the great review commenced near Strehlen. It lasted four days. All the country mansions around were filled with strangers who had come to witness the spectacle.

"The sure fact, and the forever memorable, is that on Wednesday, the third day of it, from four in the morning, when the manœuvres began, till well after ten o'clock, when they ended, there was rain like Noah's; rain falling as from buckets and water-spouts; and that Frederick, so intent upon his business, paid not the least regard to it; but rode about, intensely inspecting, in lynx-eyed watchfulness of every thing, as if no rain had been there. Was not at the pains even to put on his cloak. Six hours of such down-pour; and a weakly old man of seventy-three past! Of course he was wetted to the bone. On returning to head-quarters his boots were found full of water; 'when pulled off, it came pouring from them like a pair of pails.'"[1]

Lafayette, lord Cornwallis, and the duke of York were his guests at the dinner-table that day. The king suffered from his exposure, was very feverish, and at an early hour went to bed. The next day he completed his review. And the next day "went—round by Neisse, inspection not to be omitted there, though it doubles the distance—to Brieg, a drive of eighty miles, inspection work included."[2]

From this exhausting journey for so old a man the king returned to Potsdam through a series of state dinners, balls, and illuminations. On the night of the 18th of September he was awoke by a very severe fit of suffocation. It was some time before he could get any relief, and it was thought that he was dying. The next day gout set in severely. This was followed by dropsy. The king suffered severely through the winter. There is no royal road through the sick-chamber to the tomb. The weary months of pain and languor came and went. The renowned Mirabeau visited the king in his sick-chamber on the 17th of April, 1786. He writes:

"My dialogue with the king was very lively. But the king was in such suffering, and so straitened for breath, I was myself anxious to shorten it. That same evening I traveled on."

That same evening Marie Antoinette wrote from Versailles to her sister Christine at Brussels:

"The king of Prussia is thought to be dying. I am weary of the political discussions on this subject as to what effects his death must produce. He is better at this moment, but so weak he can not resist long. Physique is gone. But his force and energy of soul, they say, have often supported him, and in desperate crises have even seemed to increase. Liking to him I never had. His ostentatious immorality has much hurt public virtue, and there have been related to me barbarities which excite horror.

"He has done us all a great deal of ill. He has been king for his own country, but a trouble-feast for those about him—setting up to be the arbiter of Europe, always assailing his neighbors, and making them pay the expense. As daughters of Maria Theresa, it is impossible we can regret him; nor is it the court of France that will make his funeral oration."[1]

The prince of Ligne, a very accomplished courtier, about this time visited the sick and dying king. During his brief stay he dined daily with the king and spent his evenings with him. In an interesting account which he gives of these interviews he writes:

"Daily for five hours the universality of his conversation completed my enchantment at his powers. The arts, war, medicine, literature, religion, philosophy, morality, history, and legislation passed in review by turns. The great times of Augustus and Louis XIV.; the good society among the Romans, the Greeks, and the French; the chivalry of Francis I.; the valor of Henry IV.; the revival of letters, and their changes since Leo X.; anecdotes of men of talent of former days, and their errors; the eccentricities of Voltaire; the sensitive vanity of Maupertuis; the agreeableness of Algarotti; the wit of Jordan; the hypochondriacism of the marquis D'Argens, whom the king used to induce to keep his bed for four-and-twenty hours by merely telling him he looked ill—and what not besides? All that could be said of the most varied and agreeable kind was what came from him, in a gentle tone of voice, rather low, and very agreeable from his manner of moving his lips, which possessed an inexpressible grace."[2]

Dr. Moore gives the following account of a surprising scene, considering that the king was an infirm and suffering man seventy-three years of age:

"A few days ago I happened to take a very early walk about a mile from Potsdam, and seeing some soldiers under arms in a field at a small distance from the road, I went toward them. An officer on horseback, whom I took to be the major, for he gave the word of command, was uncommonly active, and often rode among the ranks to reprimand or instruct the common men. When I came nearer I was much surprised to find that this was the king himself.

"He had his sword drawn, and continued to exercise the corps for an hour after. He made them wheel, march, form the square, and fire by divisions and in platoons, observing all their motions with infinite attention; and, on account

[1] CARLYLE, vol. vi. p. 529. [2] CARLYLE.

[1] *Correspondance Inédite de Marie Antoinette*, p. 137.
[2] *Mémoires et Mélanges Historiques et Littéraires, par le Prince de Ligny.*

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of some blunder, put two officers of the prince of Prussia's regiment in arrest. In short, he seemed to exert himself with all the spirit of a young officer eager to attract the notice of his general by uncommon alertness."[1]

Frederick was very fond of dogs. This was one of his earliest passions, and it continued until the end of his life. He almost invariably had five or six Italian greyhounds about him, leaping upon the chairs and sleeping upon the sofas in his room. Dr. Zimmermann describes them as placed on blue satin chairs and couches near the king's arm-chair, and says that when Frederick, during his last illness, used to sit on his terrace at Sans Souci in order to enjoy the sun, a chair was always placed by his side, which was occupied by one of his dogs. He fed them himself, took the greatest possible care of them when they were sick, and when they died buried them in the gardens of Sans Souci. The traveler may still see their tombs—flat stones with the names of the dogs beneath engraved upon them—at each end of the terrace of Sans Souci, in front of the palace.

"The king was accustomed to pass his leisure moments in playing with them; and the room where he sat was strewed with leather balls with which they amused themselves. As they were all much indulged, though there was always one especial favorite, they used to tear the damask covers of the chairs in the king's apartment, and gnaw and otherwise injure the furniture. This he permitted without rebuke, and used only to say:

"'My dogs destroy my chairs; but how can I help it? And if I were to have them mended to-day, they would be torn again to-morrow. So I suppose I must bear with the inconvenience. After all, a marquise De Pompadour would cost me a great deal more, and would neither be as attached nor as faithful.'"

One of Frederick's dogs, Biche, has attained almost historic celebrity. We can not vouch for the authenticity of the anecdote; but it is stated that the king took Biche with him on the campaign of 1745. One day the king, advancing on a reconnoissance, was surprised and pursued by a large number of Austrians. He took refuge under a bridge, and wrapping Biche in his cloak, held him close to his breast. The sagacious animal seemed fully conscious of the peril of his master. Though of a very nervous temperament, and generally noisy and disposed to bark at the slightest disturbance, he remained perfectly quiet until the Austrians had passed.

At the battle of Sohr Biche was taken captive with the king's baggage. The animal manifested so much joy upon being restored to its master that the king's eyes were flooded with tears.

On the 4th of July the king rode out for the last time. Not long after, the horse was again brought to the door, but the king found himself too weak to mount. Still, while in this state of extreme debility and pain, he conducted the affairs of state with the most extraordinary energy and precision. The minutest questions received his attention, and every branch of business was prosecuted with as much care and perfection as in his best days.

"He saw his ministers, saw all who had business with him, many who had little; and in the sore coil of bodily miseries, as Hertzberg observed with wonder, never was the king's intellect clearer, or his judgment more just and decisive. Of his disease, except to the doctors, he spoke no word to any body.

"'The body of Frederick is a ruin; but his soul is still here, and receives his friends and his tasks as formerly. Asthma, dropsy, erysipelas, continual want of sleep; for many months past he has not been in bed, but sits day and night in an easy-chair, unable to get breath except in that posture. He said one morning, to somebody entering, 'If you happened to want a night-watcher, I could suit you well.'"[1]

There is something truly sublime in the devotion with which he, in disregard of sleeplessness, exhaustion, and pain, gave himself to work. His three clerks were summoned to his room each morning at four o'clock.

"My situation forces me," he said, "to give them this trouble, which they will not have to suffer long. My life is on the decline. The time which I still have belongs not to me, but to the state."

He conversed cheerfully upon literature, history, and the common topics of the day. But he seemed studiously to avoid any allusion to God, to the subject of religion, or to death. He had from his early days very emphatically expressed his disbelief in any God who took an interest in the affairs of men. Throughout his whole life he had abstained from any recognition of such a God by any known acts of prayer or worship. Still Mr. Carlyle writes:

"From of old, life has been infinitely contemptible to him. In death, I think, he has neither fear nor hope. Atheism, truly, he never could abide: to him, as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into *him* by an Entity that had none of its own. But there, pretty much, his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively, too, he believed, no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world: ultimately, yes; but for him and his poor brief interests, what good was it? Hope for himself in Divine Justice, in Divine Providence, I think he had not practically any: that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry ill-given animalcules as one's self and mankind are, this also, as we have often noticed, is in the main incredible to him.

"Inarticulate notions, fancies, transient as-

[1] Dr. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany.*

[1] Carlyle, vol. vi. p. 536.

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pirations, he might have, in the back-ground of his mind. One day, sitting for a while out-of-doors, gazing into the sun, he was heard to murmur, 'Perhaps I shall be nearer thee soon:' and indeed nobody knows what his thoughts were in these final months. There is traceable only a complete superiority to fear and hope; in parts, too, are half glimpses of a great motionless interior lake of sorrow, sadder than any tears or complainings, which are altogether wanting to it."

Dr. Zimmermann, whose work on solitude had given him some renown, had been sent for to administer to the illustrious patient. His prescriptions were of no avail. On the 10th of August, 1786, Frederick wrote to his sister, the duchess dowager of Brunswick:

"MY ADORABLE SISTER,—The Hanover doctor has wished to make himself important with you, my good sister; but the truth is, he has been of no use to me. The old must give place to the young, that each generation may find room clear for it: and life, if we examine strictly what its course is, consists in seeing one's fellow-creatures die and be born. In the mean while, I have felt myself a little easier for the last day or two. My heart remains inviolably attached to you, my good sister. With the highest consideration, my adorable sister, your faithful brother and servant,

"FREDERICK."

The last letter which it is supposed that he wrote was the following cold epistle to his excellent wife, whom, through a long life, he had treated with such cruel neglect:

"MADAM,—I am much obliged by the wishes you deign to form; but a heavy fever I have taken hinders me from answering you."

Scarcely any thing can be more sad than the record of the last days and hours of this extraordinary man. Few of the children of Adam have passed a more joyless life. Few have gone down to a grave shrouded with deeper gloom. None of those Christian hopes which so often alleviate pain, and take from death its sting, cheered his dying chamber. To him the grave was but the portal to the abyss of annihilation.

Days of pain and nights of sleeplessness were his portion. A hard cough racked his frame. His strength failed him. Ulcerous sores broke out upon various parts of his body. A constant oppression at his chest rendered it impossible for him to lie down. Gout tortured him. His passage to the grave led through eighteen months of constant suffering. Dr. Zimmermann, in his diary of the 2d of August, writes:

"The king is very chilly, and is always enveloped in pelisses, and covered with feather-beds. He has not been in bed for six weeks, but sleeps in his chair for a considerable time together, and always turned to the right side. The dropsical swelling augments. He sees it, but will not perceive what it is, or at least will not appear to do so, but talks as if it were a swelling accompanying convalescence, and proceeding from previous weakness. He is determined not to die if violent remedies can save him, but to submit to punctures and incisions to draw off the water."

Again, on the 8th, Dr. Zimmermann wrote: "The king is extraordinarily ill. On the 4th erysipelas appeared on the leg. This announces bursting and mortification. He has much oppression, and the smell of the wound is very bad."

On the 15th, after a restless night, he did not wake until eleven o'clock in the morning. For a short time he seemed confused. He then summoned his generals and secretaries, and gave his orders with all his wonted precision. He then called in his three clerks and dictated to them upon various subjects. His directions to an embassador, who was about leaving, filled four quarto pages.

As night came on he fell into what may be called the death-sleep. His breathing was painful and stertorous; his mind was wandering in delirious dreams; his voice became inarticulate. At a moment of returning consciousness he tried several times in vain to give some utterance to his thoughts. Then, with a despairing expression of countenance, he sank back upon his pillow. Fever flushed his cheeks, and his eyes assumed some of their wonted fire. Thus the dying hours were prolonged, as the friendless monarch, surrounded by respectful attendants, slowly descended to the grave.

His feet and legs became cold. Death was stealing its way toward the vitals. About nine o'clock Wednesday evening a painful cough commenced, with difficulty of breathing, and an ominous rattle in the throat. One of his dogs sat by his bedside, and shivered with cold; the king made a sign for them to throw a quilt over it.

Another severe fit of coughing ensued, and the king, having with difficulty got rid of the phlegm, said, "The mountain is passed; we shall be better now." These were his last words. The expiring monarch sat in his chair, but in a state of such extreme weakness that he was continually sinking down, with his chest and neck so bent forward that breathing was almost impossible. One of his faithful valets took the king upon his knee and placed his left arm around his waist, while the king threw his right arm around the valet's neck.

It was midnight. "Within doors all is silence; around it the dark earth is silent, above it the silent stars." Thus for two hours the attendant sat motionless, holding the dying king. Not a word was spoken; no sound could be heard but the painful breathing which precedes death.

At just twenty minutes past two o'clock the breathing ceased, the spirit took its flight, and the lifeless body alone remained. Life's great battle was ended, and the soul of the monarch

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ascended to that dread tribunal where prince and peasant must alike answer for all the deeds done in the body. It was the 17th of August, 1786. The king had reigned forty-six years, and had lived seventy-six years, six months, and twenty-four days.

One clause in the king's will was judiciously disregarded. As a last mark of his contempt for his own species, Frederick had directed that he should be buried at Sans Souci by the side of his dogs.

"All next day the body lay in state in the palace; thousands crowding, from Berlin and the other environs, to see that face for the last time. Wasted, worn, but beautiful in death, with the thin gray hair parted into locks, and slightly powdered."[1]

At eight o'clock in the evening his body was borne, accompanied by a battalion of the Guards, to Potsdam; eight horses drew the hearse. An immense concourse, in silence and sadness, filled the streets. He was buried in a small chapel in the church of the garrison at Potsdam. There the remains of Frederick and his father repose side by side.

"Life's labor done, securely laid
In this, their last retreat:
Unheeded o'er their silent dust
The storms of life shall beat."

THE END.

ANNE FURNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "VERONICA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THERE had been two trustees under my mother's marriage settlement. One, old Mr. Ashby—of whom mention has been made as being the former owner of the house in which Mr. Arkwright lived, now in the possession of Matthew Kitchen—was dead, and no successor to him in the trust had been appointed. The other trustee was Mr. Cudberry. Him I resolved to see without delay. I was aware that his consent would be necessary to enable my mother and myself to give up the settlement.

Mother, when this consideration had first been presented to her, had almost despaired.

"Your uncle Cudberry will never consent, Anne!" she had exclaimed. "And I know well that he will say I am not doing my duty as a parent in allowing you to contemplate such a step for a moment."

"I do not despair, mother, of inducing him to consent. And as to what he will say—we must bear it as well as we may. It would be far easier to follow one's conscientious convictions if all one's friends looked on approvingly. But it seems to me that one of the most necessary lessons to learn in life is to bear being blamed for doing right."

"But how are you to see Uncle Cudberry? How shall I send to him?"

"I will go to Woolling myself. Look here, mother darling; I want the matter to be settled by the time father returns. It will be easier and better for us all if you can meet him with the news that the thing is resolved upon than to leave it to him to broach the subject."

Mother kissed me fondly, but her eyes were full of tears. I was anxious to put an end to the irresolution which I knew would torment her until the matter should be irrevocably settled; and I declared that I would set off at once.

"But how are you to go, Anne? The horse is in town; and, even if it were not, Flower is gone, and there is no one to drive you. What shall we do?"

"Do? I mean to walk to Woolling, mother. The day is fine. I know every inch of the road. Uncle Cudberry will send or bring me back. There is no difficulty. I shall really like the walk. It will do me good. Take care of yourself, dear mother. And if father returns before I come back, tell him that I hope to bring good news, and that I am quite cheerful and hopeful. I do believe that I see the beginning of the end of all our troubles!"

It was a long walk from our house to Woolling, and the day was sunny, and the roads dusty. But I had said only the truth in declaring to my mother that I should like the walk. The air and exercise seemed to calm the excitement of my spirits, and my brain grew clearer, and I was able to think with some calmness. At first it cost me an effort to enforce my wandering attention to the point I had to contemplate—the arguments, namely, which were most likely to avail with Mr. Cudberry, and the probabilities for and against his consenting to my request. A thousand emotions and images distracted my thoughts, and made my pulse flutter. At length, when I reached a point in the road where a grassy lane intersected it, shaded by ancient trees, and quite deserted, I turned my footsteps aside on to its short, daisy-speckled sward, and sitting down on a hillock of moss that rose around the roots of an elm, I let my tears have way, and cried unrestrainedly.

Then, having bathed my eyes and face in a little clear runlet that went gliding half-hidden in the long grass beneath the hedge, I arose and walked on, wonderfully refreshed and calmed, and so busied with my purpose that the first stile of the series that led across the Woolling meadows appeared close to me before I had thought I could have arrived within half a mile of it.

Here I halted, and held brief debate with myself as to how I had best approach Mr. Cudberry. I had a strong repugnance to entering

[1] RÖDENBECK, III. 365.

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the house and demanding a private interview with him, under a cross-fire of questions from the assembled family. If I could but find him wandering about the farm! The corn was already cut, or I should have been sure at that hour to find him among the reapers. All at once I heard the sound of a gun, and in another minute I saw Uncle Cudberry's stooping figure crossing the stubble, two fields off, followed by his old dog Ponto. I sprang over the stile, and ran as swiftly as I could toward him, calling out, breathlessly:

"Uncle Cudberry! Uncle Cudberry! Will you stop an instant? I want to speak to you."

His hearing was not very quick, but his eyesight was as keen as ever; and as soon as he became aware of my approach he recognized me instantly, as I perceived, and stood still, gun in hand, waiting for me to come up with him.

"Why, Miss Anne," said he, in his usual slow manner, "is it you? Nothing amiss at home, is there?"

"No. That is—"

"Your mother all right? Ah, well, get your breath a bit. It isn't a pleasant running ground for a young lady, isn't a stubble-field. Come along into the house.—Down, Ponto!—The beast knows you. Come and get a—a sup of wine; or maybe you'd like a drink of buttermilk best this warm day?"

"If you don't mind, Uncle Cudberry, I should like to say what I have to say to you out here, without going into the house."

He did not seem surprised. But then I never remembered to have seen him exhibit any strong emotion of that sort.

"Ah!" said he. "Well, if that's to be it, we may as well go and set ourselves down in the shade, if we can find a bit. 'Tisn't a vast sight o' shade you'll find on Woolling Farm—no hedgerows; nothing but wire fences. My neighbor, Sir George, cusses 'em up hill and down dale every hunting season. But I don't find as that injures the crops partic'larly, so I let him cuss away. I've rode to hounds, too, in my day; *but it was over other folks' lands.* And, mind ye, I never destroyed a fox in my life. No, no; the man don't draw breath in this county as can say a Cudberry of Woolling was ever known to be a vulpicide, as the newspaper chaps call it; and as I onderstand you got lessons in Latin from the parson at Horsingham, no doubt you know what that means, Miss Anne. But farming is farming, and fox-hunting is fox-hunting. And here we are, and we can set quiet here without having our brains fried in our skulls. You see, I pay you the compliment of s'posing you have some to be fried, Miss Anne. Tell you what, that's more than I'd say of every young lady within a hundred miles around Brookfield parish church."

Talking on thus, in his slow, deliberate, dry tones, he had led the way to a large barn that stood in an isolated position on the edge of his farm, where it was bounded by one of the leafy, winding lanes I have spoken of as running through the country that lay at the back of the Cudberrys' house.

The wide doors of the barn stood open. Within, it looked dark and cool. Mr. Cudberry drew forward a truss of straw near to the doorway, and bade me sit down on it. Then he carefully rested his gun against the wall, first assuring me that it was unloaded, took off his broad-brimmed felt hat, wiped his face and bald yellow head with a red cotton handkerchief, whistled to Ponto (who came and flung himself down with a flapping noise on the barn floor), and finally sat down on a heap of straw opposite to me, with his lean, gaitered legs stretched straight before him, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the sunny landscape that lay before them, framed by the wide doorway.

"*Now*," said he, "let's hear."

I found it not easy to begin my task; but its very difficulty spurred me to waste no words in preparatory speeches, but to plunge straight to the point.

"Uncle Cudberry," said I, "I want your consent, as my mother's trustee, to our giving up her marriage settlement for the payment of father's debts."

The leather gaiters, stretched out under my eyes, were not more absolutely devoid of any change in their tough surface than was Mr. Cudberry's countenance.

I paused and looked at him. He kept his eyes fixed in the same *unseeing* way on the landscape, and after a minute's silence observed, in the tone of one admitting the truth of some incontrovertible assertion:

"Old Ashby's dead. Yes, he's dead surely."

"He is dead, and no other trustee was ever appointed to replace him. The matter, therefore, rests with you."

I went on to put before him, with what force I could, all the arguments in favor of his consenting to the scheme. I was aware that he listened; but I can not explain how I became aware of it, for his face remained as unchanging as if it had been carved in wood.

When I ceased speaking he turned his eyes upon me—keen, hard, bright, black beads of eyes—and said,

"Well, this is a ser'ous business."

The remark appeared to me superfluous—just one of those unmeaning, word-wasting phrases which are peculiarly irritating in moments of decisive importance. I reflected, however, in time to check any manifestation of impatience, that although the events of the last forty-eight hours had left indelible traces in *me*, and had carried me forever beyond the hazy, dreamy, debatable border-land that lies between childhood and womanhood, yet they could not have been expected to work any magical change in old Mr. Cudberry. That which he had been yesterday he was to-day, and would be to-morrow.

"Yes," said I, shortly; "it is most serious."

"A pretty kind of a market your father has

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brought *his* pigs to! I had heard something of this. But it's worse than I could ha' credited. 'Bout as bad as can be, I reckon—hey?"

"Not quite. There might have been no means of paying all claims. At all events, we have this money—mother's money—and we are resolved to give it up, if you will consent."

"Why—have you thought what you're asking? Your mother, you know, she's that soft and that fond of George as she'd give him her skin, or the two eyes out of her head. Ah, she would! and then say as it was *he* was to be pitied for having a blind wife. What differences there is in women!" added Mr. Cudberry, contemplatively. "But as for you, you know," he resumed, more briskly, "it's a horse of another color. You ain't bound to give up your fortin—'tis but a little bit o' money, but still all you've got to look to—nor nobody wouldn't think o' blaming you if you didn't."

"As for blame or praise, Uncle Cudberry—the blame or praise of people who know little about us, and care less—I have made up my mind not to take that into consideration at all."

"Ah, well, my lass, I don't know but what you're in the right of it. It's the principle I've acted on—not quite all my life, I won't say, but for many a long year past—and I found it answer. You do what suits *yourself*. The world 'll come round to it in the long-run. As for the talk and jabber o' fools, it's like my neighbor Sir George's cussing and swearing—it don't hurt no man's crops, that don't."

"Then, Uncle Cudberry—"

"*Only*—only you must be cock-sure as what you're doing *will* suit yourself! There's the main point. Folks make terrible mistakes in haste, and repent 'em at leisure."

I repeated all my arguments with what patience I could muster, and then Mr. Cudberry began to talk in his turn.

The hours were passing, and my father would return home, and my mother would be awaiting me with wearing anxiety. But it was vain to hope to spur Mr. Cudberry's mind to quicken its cautiously slow pace. It was vain to hope to check his tedious iteration by the assurance that I had already perceived and considered the objections he presented to me, and that they had not availed to shake my resolution. It was vain to hope to gather from his voice, or his face, or even from his words, what impression I had made on him—what likelihood there was of his consenting to my petition. I forcibly controlled my quivering nerves, which would have prompted me to I know not what demonstrations of impatient excitement, and sat still, and held my tongue.

At length I began to discern a little light—a little dim ray, that faintly struggled through the semi-opaque medium of Uncle Cudberry's speech and manner. In coming to make my appeal to him I had not reckoned on finding him lenient to my father, sympathetic with my mother, or indulgent toward my own strong wish in the matter. But I *had* founded some hope upon a trait which I knew to be a strongly marked one in the old man's character—family pride. Oddly as it manifested itself, I well knew the feeling to exist in his breast, and to be, next to his love of power, and of money *as* power, the feeling which most nearly approached to a passion in him. He was clannish. His wife's relations, even to quite distant cousins, were included in his conception of "the family." Furness of Water-Eardley had been an honored name in our county for generations, otherwise he would never have chosen one of that stock to be his wife. Of the greatness of his own ancestors he had an idea which I believe would signally have amazed many of his grandee neighbors, could they have conceived its existence. But Uncle Cudberry's pride was of a very self-sufficing kind, and required no audience. It partook, moreover, of the eccentricity and disdain for polite appearances which had grown up during a long life passed chiefly in rustic seclusion and among dependents and inferiors.

Gradually, as I have said, he allowed a glimmer of his intentions to become apparent.

"You're of age, you know—a woman grown, not a babby. You know, or might know, what it is you're asking. *I* can't be held responsible like as if you was a child, or a giddy, vain, feather-headed thing like the most o' the lasses. You've got sense and resolution. Better for your poor mother if she'd ha' had a bit more o' your sort o' stuff in her. But that's the Furness blood—never without a bit o' mettle. Though maybe," added Mr. Cudberry, with a shrewd glance from his bead-black eyes into my face—"maybe it takes a wrong turn now and then, as in George's case. If my wife's nephew George had put his mettle into—growing wheat say, or mangold-wurzel (I doubt George's is but poor wheat-land, most on it), or even kept steady to prize beasts, why things would ha' gone very different. But he's Furness of Water-Eardley, and—'twould be a crying shame in the county-side for him to smash up like a poor peddling little counter-skipping Jack of a Horsingham tradesman, as can no more tell you who his great-grandfather was than I can say what my great-grandson will be!"

"They talked of the Bankruptcy Court," said I, not without a touch of stratagem—woman's cunning it is called in books!—cunning being a weapon never used by men (in war or otherwise) when they are indubitably strong enough to do without it. But my cunning was not of a very deep or finished sort. That inner, superior "*me*," the conscience that watched my actions and motives, pitilessly spoiled the effect of the stroke by making me blurt out: "But I don't in my heart believe it would come to that, even without giving up the settlement. If we could not pay over the capital in a lump, we could and would devote the income; and creditors would not push us and press us beyond bearing. But still—"

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"Ah! and who's to guarantee the expenditure of a penny of the income on paying of debts? Why, child, there might come more race-horses—more Horsingham stakes—more strokes of *luck*, good or bad. And *would* come! Best make a clean sweep, and get George off to Scotland, or wherever it be. Bankruptcy Court! Damn the Bankruptcy Court!"

I knew that I had gained my point.

Not yet, though, was I let to depart. There was to be no flush of victory—no return, in the heat of triumph, to solace poor mother's trembling heart. Uncle Cudberry had much more to say—or, rather, to say the same things many more times—before he distinctly gave the consent which I had been sure of so long ago.

At length he did give it—not, indeed, quite explicitly, but in terms which were sufficiently unmistakable to me. "Well, Anne, I shall come in to-morrow and meet the lawyer at Water-Eardley, or maybe bring him out to your father's with me. I shall have a good deal to say to him. And I mustn't get *myself* into a hobble, you understand. I must be clear in the eye of the law. That's on'y fair and just." Such was his fashion of agreeing to the request that had been made to him.

"Thank you, Uncle Cudberry, with all my heart!" I cried. "And mother will thank you too."

"You're not a common kind of lass," he answered, looking at me curiously. "You're as pleased now as if I had given you a fortin, 'stead o' helping you to make away with 'un. Some folks might call you a fool for your pains, and *will*, you may take your oath. But I don't. No; I've the name of being a close-fisted old chap. *I* know how folks talk of me; nobody better. But I tell ye what, I'd rather at any time of my life have married a woman as could give up her bit o' cash for the honor of her family—ah, and have took her without a farthing—than I'd have had the biggest heiress in the land, if she came of a bad stock, and had low notions! No; *I* don't think you a fool, Anne Furness."

I was anxious to be gone homeward with my news. Mr. Cudberry did not again offer to take me into the house, but he insisted that I should have some refreshment. He would order Daniel to get ready the "sociable," and meanwhile he would himself bring me some wine and some food, if I would wait there in the barn. He would take no denial; and all I could obtain was his promise that Daniel should be ordered to make what speed he could in bringing the vehicle round for me.

It was strange to me to wait alone in the great barn, watching Mr. Cudberry striding away on such an errand, and actually—yes, actually hurrying his pace! It was stranger still to see him come back in a very brief space of time, carrying a covered basket on one arm, and a bottle of wine under the other, and to hear him press me to eat a bit of cold fowl, and to drink some of the wine he had brought, with really hospitable warmth. He had forgotten nothing. There was bread and salt, and a bright glass goblet, into which he poured some of the pale yellow wine. "This," said he, very deliberately closing and then opening one eye, without stirring any other muscle of his face—which was his manner of winking—"is neither cowslip nor raisin, my lass. This here is old sherry, as has been more than thirty years in my cellar. It's as good a glass of pale sherry as is to be had in this county. You take a sup. Water? No; hang me if you do! The missis's vintages are good enough to be drowned—this is meant to be drunk. If you want a drink o' water, take a drink o' water; but you don't have none o' my old East India sherry with it—not a sup! I hate waste, and that would be waste with a vengeance!"

I ate and drank very willingly, and should have enjoyed my meal, being healthy and hungry and tired, had it not been for my impatience to be gone. At length I heard the sound of wheels. Daniel had been ordered to await me at the last stile that gave access from the farm to the high-road. Mr. Cudberry insisted on accompanying me across the fields, and on seeing me into the vehicle.

"Good-by, Uncle Cudberry. You will come to-morrow?"

"I will come to-morrow.—Drive Miss Furness home to Water-Eardley, and take care of her, Dan'l."

As I waved my hand to him out of the sociable, he took of his felt hat, and stood bareheaded in the sunshine, looking after me until I was out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXV.

My father had reached home about half an hour before I did. He had brought Mr. Whiffles with him; or, at any rate, Mr. Whiffles *had come*, and was then in the garden. Father had been greatly overcome on hearing of the errand I had gone upon; had reproached himself, and declared that such a sacrifice ought not to be made; that Mr. Cudberry was bound to prevent it. But he had finally confessed that he saw no other way out of the difficulties that beset him—no other way to avoid disgrace, and, perhaps, a jail. Mr. Whiffles had stuck to him with the intention of making himself sure that father would, as he had promised (afterward taking back his word, and then again giving it, in a terrible indecision and trouble of mind), make the proposition to mother and myself. It had been at once a pang and a relief to my father to find his purpose anticipated.

All this mother hurriedly poured into my ears as I was taking my hat and cloak off in my own room; blessing me, kissing me, and crying over me—poor mother!—all in a breath; I, almost as hurriedly and incoherently, exchanging for what she had to tell me my account of what had passed at Woolling.

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"I'll go and speak to your father, my darling. He is wandering up and down his own room, so miserable and restless! If he would but believe that there are better days in store! But he can't bring himself to look forward hopefully yet. We must have patience."

Mother left me, and I went down stairs to see that some tea and cold meat were set forth, as she had bidden me. I found Mr. Whiffles in the sitting-room. He was dressed precisely as on the first occasion of my seeing him, and looked perhaps a shade redder about the face and throat, and certainly a good many shades dingier about the tight orange-colored gloves.

"Your most obedient, miss," said Mr. Whiffles, voluntarily bowing, and involuntarily shaking his head at me.

"Good-evening," said I. "Will you not sit down? They are getting some refreshment. The meal will be ready immediately."

"You're very good, miss. And you are looking remarkably well. 'Pon my word, I'm delighted to see you looking so well. It's extraordinary, you know—quite extraordinary!"

It would, indeed, have been extraordinary had it been true. My image in the glass told another story. But I did not think it necessary modestly to disclaim Mr. Whiffles's compliment. It was evident enough that he was by no means at his ease. He rolled his pocket-handkerchief tightly between his orange-colored palms, and the nervous twitching of his head and settling of his chin in his collar became almost incessant.

I had an idea that he had expected some demonstration of emotion on my part—he was aware of the errand I had been upon—and that he was a little puzzled and discomfited by not finding in my face that which he had anticipated. I thought that the surest and swiftest method of relieving his mind would be to impart to him the success of my attempt, and the consequent certainty that he would receive his money. And this, accordingly, I did, in a few words.

"You don't mean it, miss!" cried Mr. Whiffles. "And you really went slap out—prompt, I mean—you really went out prompt and plucky—you'll excuse me if I drop a phrase not so choice as you're accustomed to now and then. It is far from being intended as a liberty, miss—merely 'abit, from association with far different walks in life."

I told him I was sure he would not willingly offend me, which he fervently protested was true. But still, despite the assurance that he would be paid all that my father owed him, Mr. Whiffles did not recover his composure. He still rolled his handkerchief between his hands, and jerked his head spasmodically. After a short pause he got up from his chair, and addressed me, in a very agitated manner, thus:

"Miss Furness, I'm aware that my position here at present is an unpleasant one; I dare say it's mutually unpleasant—and, in fact, it must be. But this I will say, that any thing gamer than your conduct, and that of your honored ma, I never met with in the whole course of my life! and I've naturally been a witness to a good deal of game conduct on and off the turf. It—it does you credit, miss, and honor. I assure you—I do assure you, Miss Furness, that, though sensible of my own deficiencies in the society of ladies to a greater extent than p'raps you'd credit, I—I *must* endeavor to express to you how game I think your conduct. Of course I'm aware that the unpleasantness of my position as your father's creditor must act against me in your opinion. But, upon my honor and soul, if I'd known I should feel it as I do—I—I wouldn't have acted on Captain Lacer's information! At—at least," said Mr. Whiffles, pulling himself up as one conscious of having been carried away by his feelings—"at least, I'm sure you wouldn't take any advantage of any body, Miss Furness. And if I was a wealthy party, the case would be very different altogether. But as far as my means go, if time's a hobject, or any accommodation in the way of bills might be acceptable, you've only to speak, Miss Furness; for I do assure you that gamer conduct I never met with in all my life."

Of all this speech, made with more jerks, and starts, and hesitating, and corrections of himself than I can record, one phrase stuck particularly in my memory—"Captain Lacer's information." It rang in my ears. "Information!"

"Would you have any objection, Mr. Whiffles," said I, "to tell me what was the nature of the information you speak of as having been given you by—Mr. Lacer?"

"Oh dear, Miss Furness—I—I don't know exactly," said Mr. Whiffles, looking at me with a good deal of uneasiness, and some cunning in his eyes, and rubbing his chin with the handkerchief, now reduced to a compact hard ball.

"You said—did you not?—that you acted on *information* received from him."

"Oh—well, you know; you mustn't suppose, Miss Furness, that Captain Lacer *put me up to the move!* Quite the reverse. The Captain, you see—naturally—why, it didn't suit his book altogether. In fact, not at all; it didn't suit the Captain's book. Though, at the same time, I'm sure he must feel proud, Miss Furness, when he reflects on the very—the extraordinary, I may say—game manner in which you have behaved; your honored ma likewise. It arose in my mind out of hints dropped by the Captain, when speaking of certain most—most congratulatory circumstances," said Mr. Whiffles, bringing the phrase out with some complacency after a rather long hesitation—"circumstances of a highly congratulatory kind, I'm sure, Miss Furness—at least, as far as the gentleman is concerned! For really more game and *noble* conduct I never was a witness to in the whole course of my life."

"Mr. Whiffles," I said, mustering a sudden resolution, "you said just now that you would be willing to oblige me."

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"Any thing in my power, miss, as a man far from wealthy, and one who, however loth, is bound to think of his corn-chandler's quarterly accounts."

"I am not going to ask for money, Mr. Whiffles."

"Don't mention it, Miss Furness, I'm sure!" murmured Mr. Whiffles; but he looked relieved.

"All I ask is that you would kindly and frankly tell me the truth."

Mr. Whiffles looked somewhat less relieved than before. He said, "Yes, miss." And his head twitched from right to left, and it was rather a long time before his chin settled itself again between his shirt-collars.

"In the first place, it may relieve you from any constraint if I say that—that you need be under no apprehension of—of injuring Mr. Lacer in my parents' opinion, or in mine. Mr. Lacer parted from us this morning. Our friendship with him is irrevocably broken."

Mr. Whiffles gave a long, low whistle, clapped his leg, and nodded his head thoughtfully, but not with much surprise, apparently.

"Am I right in supposing that Mr. Lacer told you that he—that I—"

"That you was engaged to be married to him, Miss Furness?" cried Mr. Whiffles, with sudden animation, and as if a light had broken in on his mind. "Yes, he did—three months ago and more. That you was a only child, and an heiress, and a great catch, Miss Furness? Yes, he did! That, even supposing your father made ducks and drakes of the Water-Eardley property, there was a good bit o' money tied tight up by your mother's marriage settlement, which must *unrevokably* come to you, Miss Furness? Yes, he did! That, consequently, any little temporary assistance that might be advanced toward himself in the carrying on of various little transactions on the turf would be sure to be repaid with interest so soon as ever you was his wife, and your money come into his hands, Miss Furness? Yes, he did! That Captain Lacer gave it out every wheres that he was going to marry a young lady of fortune, and got tick on the strength of it, Miss Furness? Yes, he did! And do I think you a angelic young lady, ten million times too good for him, and a good riddance that he's showed himself in his true colors before it was too late, Miss Furness? Yes, I'm damned if I don't!"

The man had worked himself into a red-hot condition of excitement, and stood panting and jerking his head, and mopping his face with the tightly compressed handkerchief, as if he had been undergoing some violent physical exertion.

"Thank you," said I, and my own voice sounded strange to me. I was sick at heart.

"Miss Furness! Dear, dear; you've turned so white! and—I hope I haven't done amiss? You—you asked me for the truth, you know."

"And I am sincerely obliged to you for it. Pray do not say any more to me just now."

He obeyed, and retired to the window, where he stood silent, neither speaking nor looking at me. Presently my parents came down. I felt a strange embarrassment in meeting my father. I had not seen him since the proposition of the giving up of the settlement had been made. I believe Mr. Whiffles's presence was not unwelcome to him as rendering any demonstration of feeling, any necessity of speaking to me on the subject of my morning's errand, unbecoming. Father came into the room with a gloomy, depressed air. He took my hand, and pressed it, and stroked my hair quickly once or twice, but with averted face; and he did not speak during the meal, which we all partook of by-and-by, except to Mr. Whiffles.

I should think that not one of us was more heartily relieved than Mr. Whiffles when the repast came to an end, and he rose to go away. He had been in an obvious embarrassment what subject of conversation to choose. His own topic—racing, and all connected with it—he felt to be inadmissible in my mother's presence under the circumstances in which we were. He even was shy of praising the charms of Water-Eardley gardens, and of a country life, being oppressed by the consciousness that they were, in fact and truth, ours no longer; and there were limits to even Mr. Whiffles's power of repeating to us, in his peculiar mournful and monotonous manner, that he really—really now, 'pon his honor and word, had never had the pleasure of seeing us looking so remarkably and charmingly well as we were looking at that moment during the whole course of his existence.

At length he went away. When he was gone mother went and stood by my father, and put her hand tenderly on his shoulder, and spoke to him in a low, caressing voice. He was terribly downcast; would scarcely speak or lift his head, and scarcely seemed to hear or notice mother's words.

All at once he clenched his fist, and struck the table heavily.

"It ought not to be, Lucy! It *shall* not be, by—!"

Mother put her hand upon his lips.

"Dearest, it *ought* to be! It is all settled. It is right, and we are more than content."

"Father," said I, not without timidity, "if you are afraid that mother and I should be carried away by feeling and—and imprudence, you can't think that of Uncle Cudberry; and he saw that it was fitting the settlement should be given up."

Father did not answer; but he listened.

"And if your desire is our happiness—as I'm sure it is—you must be sure you best consult it by letting us do our part, and take our share of the troubles that have come. And then, you know, father, it is not as if we were without a prospect or a hope. You have this situation in view. We may almost consider it yours, may we not? And you will go to it a free man, able to look the world in the face, and—and we shall all be much happier, dear father. *She* will be happier. Think of mother! How could she

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bear to see you weighed down by debts you had no hope of paying? And whose feelings ought to be considered before hers?"

"My poor, brave lass!" cried father, opening his arms, "you deserve a better father than ever I've been to you!" He pressed me to his breast in a tight clasp.

Mother sobbed out, as she circled us both in her arms, "Oh, George, George! how can we be so ungrateful as to repine or fret when God has given us this dear child!"

We wept together tears that were not all bitter. I had not felt my heart drawn with such tenderness toward my father for many and many a day. How tremblingly thankful I was to remember that embrace long afterward!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

At one o'clock the next day Mr. Cudberry came, and brought Mr. Crook, the lawyer, with him; and my mother's marriage settlement was, with due legal formalities, given up.

Mr. Cudberry had a long private colloquy with my father, to which no one else was admitted. I supposed him to be endeavoring to gain a clear understanding of the position of my father's affairs. But this, as I gathered from a few words he let drop before leaving Water-Eardley, father either could not or would not give him. Mr. Cudberry went away, with a very brief and cold "good-by" to father; a quite cordial one, for him, to mother and me.

"I'd advise you, Mrs. George," he said, dryly, "to induce George to get hold o' one or other end of this tangle of troubles he's made for himself, and try to unravel it a bit. It's like squeezing water out of a flint, trying to get George to speak plain. I'm not a man as is fond o' talking and *con*fiding overmuch. But when a thing *has* to be said, I can make shift to say it—and to say it so as there shall be no mistake about what I mean."

"You must make allowance for George at this moment, Mr. Cudberry," said mother, pleadingly. "He has gone through so much during this last week; and he feels for *us*—for Anne and me—and frets himself about what he calls this sacrifice more than is needful. He can't be expected to have his old frank clearness of mind just yet."

"Tell'ee what, Mrs. George. We all know about the sins o' the fathers being visited on the children. What an amazing good look-out it 'ud be for some on us if the virtues o' the wives could be credited to the husbands!"

And then Mr. Cudberry stolidly went his way.

Before the lawyer took his leave he said to me, in a matter-of-course tone, with a tinge of decent pity in it:

"Sad thing for those poor Arkwrights, Miss Furness. You know the Reverend Edwin Arkwright and his family very well, do you not?"

"Yes, indeed. What is amiss? What has happened?"

"Oh, I thought you might have heard. An execution in the house. Landlord distraining for rent," answered Mr. Crook, with a piece of red tape between his teeth, and his hands busy in putting up his papers. And then he, too, went away.

Mother was almost as grieved as I was when I told her this news.

"I should like to see them," said I. "To help them, if I could. But *that* is out of my power. Grandfather will be a friend to them, I am sure, as far as he can be. I wish—I wish I might go to Mortlands and speak to him!"

Grandfather's name had not been mentioned between us in all our talk about the giving up of my mother's little fortune. We both knew that he would have opposed it with all his might if he had been consulted in the matter. And we had refrained from touching on a point so painful. Each had tacitly understood the other's feelings in the matter.

"He will be very angry at first, Anne," said my mother, with a quickly changing color in her face. And I knew that she was not alluding to the Arkwrights.

"I think he will have some right to be angry that we did not tell him, mother dear. But your first duty, and mine, was to father. Grandfather is so wise and good that he will understand all that when his first vexation is past. Vexation for *himself*, I mean. I fear he will be—be vexed for *us* much longer. But we must have patience. I *wish* I might go to Mortlands."

"You would have a disagreeable task, my child, in telling—"

"Perhaps not. Perhaps all Horsingham knows it by this time," I answered, with a bitterly mortifying remembrance of the occasion when those words had last been said to myself. "Besides, it must be faced some time. And you know, mother, we agreed the other day that we must learn to bear being blamed for doing right."

"Blame! My own darling, none should fall on *you*, at any rate. If blame there be, it is mine—all mine!"

"No, mother, don't let us talk in that way. But do you think I might—I could—do you think it would be right for me to go to Mortlands?"

It was now my turn to color, as I painfully felt. Donald was at Mortlands. How could I meet Donald?

We discussed the matter a little, talking with subdued voices.

"It would be absurd to suppose that Donald's presence ought to shut you out from your grandfather's house, Anne," said my mother. And I felt this to be reasonable and true. And I finally resolved to go to Mortlands, despite the mingled and painful emotions which made me shrink from meeting Donald Ayrlie.

"And then, perhaps, I may not see him at all,"

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I thought; and was conscious of a most unreasonable sensation of discontent at *that* prospect also.

I resolved to go, as I said; and having so resolved, there was nothing for it but to set out as speedily as might be, so as to arrive at Mortlands in good time; for I must walk, and the autumn days were growing very short.

Yesterday had been the last day of the races. Most of the itinerant vagabonds who had been drawn by them to Horsingham were already on the march along the white highways, east, west, north, and south. Occasionally I met on my way to my grandfather's house a cart or van drawn by wretched-looking beasts, with squalid men and women trudging alongside of it, following their wandering business under a heavy weight of poverty and hungry children. Poor, battered, disreputable nomads! There was one boy, who seemed, as far as my memory served me, to be the very counterpart of a dazzling, spangled apparition I had admired on the occasion of those long-ago races to which I had been taken as a child, and whither grandfather had sternly forbidden that Donald should accompany us.

The "counterpart" was not spangled, though. He was dressed in a shabby, thrice shabby, little over-coat, from beneath which appeared two lanky, slender legs, clad in tight and unspeakably dirty white stockings. He wore a thick ankle-boot on one foot, the other was thrust into a broken, down-trodden slipper, and had a bandage round it. He had hurt it, I suppose, in his tumbling or dancing, poor child! and limped along painfully. But his pale, pretty face, and long curling hair were like those of the dazzling, spangled apparition that had once flitted across my limited field of vision like a magic-lantern picture.

I found a little piece of money in my purse—a silver three-pence which had been hoarded there, why I know not, from the days when it was bright and new, and had grown tarnished—and gave it him.

The boy took it in silent surprise, looked at it, and put it between his teeth—to test its genuineness, I conjecture. A bold, gaunt, copper-faced woman, with a baby at her breast, who walked beside him, turned to stare at me; as also did a black-bearded man, who carried a long balancing-pole and a bundle. I hurried on, very flushed and confused, and was painfully conscious of the unflinching and curious observation of the whole family, until a turn in the road screened me from their view. And then I discovered that my foolish eyes were full of tears.

A great disappointment awaited me at Mortlands. My grandfather was absent; had been away more than a week, but was expected home that night, it might be as late as eleven o'clock. Eliza was at Alice Kitchen's, helping to make her wedding-clothes. Mr. Donald was out in the town. He had not been himself at all these two days past, but he had been busy looking after some patients the doctor had left in his charge. Rose early and went out, and came home late, and looked fagged out. He had said he was thankful that Dr. Hewson was to be back that night; and so was Keturah, who gave me all this information. She was thankful, for she thought Mr. Donald wanted looking after himself. But he would drop down with worry and weariness before he'd neglect *poor* sick folks. However, the doctor was coming home, and then it would be all right.

Keturah stopped short in her talk, and looked at me. She had not been speaking to me in her pleasantest manner. Her pale lips had not once parted into that rare smile which was wont when I first knew her to make her stern face beautiful in my childish eyes, and which had not lost its illuminating power. But when she had looked at me her manner changed and softened immediately.

Was I tired? Was I not well? I looked far too white—and surely—why, yes; let her feel my arm. I had grown thin! I must sit down at once, and rest. And I must have some wine and a sandwich—a nice dainty sandwich that she (Keturah) would cut in her best manner. What had I been doing to myself? But young people were so foolish! Never had any notion of taking their meals regular, or any thing. That was Mr. Donald's case. He wanted looking after like a baby in some things. Was my mother well? ("Miss Lucy," Keturah was not unapt to call her in moments of emotion.) And—and my father (with a little compression of the pale lips, and contraction of the jet-black brows, now looking blacker than ever by reason of the grayness of her hair)? Then it was I myself wanted taking care of, and when the doctor came back he must see to it.

I learned from all this that nothing had transpired at Mortlands concerning the, to us, so momentous events of the last two days. My grandfather's house, never very accessible to floating gossip, was jealously sealed against it during the race-week. Mortlands, for as long as I could remember it, presented a very stern, or rather a very blank front to the outer world throughout that holiday-time. Of late years my grandfather had naturally not grown more indulgent to the races or any thing connected with them. In fact, he had gone away from Horsingham at this time to avoid any glimpse or sound of them, as I well knew, although Keturah refrained from saying so.

"Where is Mrs. Abram?" I asked, looking round the dining-room, wherein this colloquy was taking place.

"There now!" cried Keturah, clapping her hands once loudly together, and then clasping them on her apron. "It's as queer a thing as I ever see to watch how Mrs. Abram has took to the child. You may well ask where she is. Why, I suppose you don't remember the day in all your young life—barring Sundays, Christmas-days, and Good-Fridays—that Mrs. Abram

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was any where at this hour except in that backboard of a chair as she chose for herself, fiddling with her wools, and knitting summer and winter. No; to be sure you can't. And now where is she, think you? Out in the garden, walking round and round, or up and down, or wherever she's bid to by the little 'un, and carrying a big soft ball she made for her herself, and ready to play with it too, poor soul! if she's ordered. Just you think of Mrs. Abram playing at ball!"

"Who? What child? What little one?" cried I, in profound bewilderment.

"Why, little Jane Arkwright. Haven't you heard of the Arkwrights? Lord!. I thought you got all the news out at Water-Eardley, what with Mr. Sam Cudberry and—and *others*, as seems to confine *their* business in life to talking about the business of other folks! 'Tain't the kind of trade I should 'prentice a son of mine to myself; but I suppose it's a genteel calling."

"I have heard that there is an execution in Mr. Arkwright's house. I only heard it accidentally this morning, Keturah. Matthew Kitchen has been very hard—very cruel, I think. Poor Mr. Arkwright!"

"Matthew Kitchen! Ugh!" with a backward sweep of the hand expressive of fierce disdain. "For goodness sake don't let me begin about *that!* But we've got all the children here except the eldest, Lizzie. She's a help to her mother, poor little lass!"

"Got all the children here? At Mortlands?"

"At this identical minute they're at school —all but little Jane. It was mostly Mr. Donald's doing—his and mine between us. Mrs. Abram put herself into a quandary about it, your grandfather being away. But Mr. Donald and me thought that master wouldn't disapprove of having the little things stowed away here till their father and mother can turn round a bit, and see what's to be done. There's room enough for the bairns, and they're very quiet and good, and most of the day they're at school."

"I feel sure that grandfather will not disapprove."

"Well, and then Mrs. Abram she come round in the wonderfulest way to little Jane. Jane's a real tyrant over her, and orders her about in her positive little fashion, as it's a curious sight to see."

It was a curious sight to see, as I afterward witnessed for myself, little Jane, with staid sagacity and an air of responsibility, taking the lead, and compelling Mrs. Abram to follow. The child was not naughty, or capricious, or troublesome. She had simply perceived that in that superior bulk, clad in sombre garments, there resided no intellectual power that was equal to the task of governing *her*. She had further perceived that the adult creature was gentle, and not indisposed to submit, whereupon Jane proceeded to exact submission with a queer mixture of baby selfishness and old-fashioned gravity. And not the least curious part of the spectacle was Mrs. Abram's behavior under this yoke. The poor woman was dimly aware that there was good chance of the child's becoming terribly spoiled under her auspices; and this prospect preying on her conscience, Mrs. Abram endeavored, every now and then, to assert some authority by suggesting a course of proceeding different from that which Miss Jane had decided upon for herself; but as, unfortunately, poor Mrs. Abram's suggestions were mostly devoid of any solid basis of reason, Jane put them aside with a sort of serene good sense, and pursued her own way with the judicious solemnity of a veteran.

I explained to Keturah that my immediate errand in Horsingham had been to endeavor to see Mrs. Arkwright, if my seeing her could in any wise serve or comfort her. Keturah did not seem to entertain the notion favorably.

"Best not see her, I think," she said. "Not *you*."

"Why not?" was my natural inquiry; and it was with difficulty that I drew from the old woman the fact that Mrs. Arkwright, in her trouble and soreness of heart, was breathing much wrath against my father, whom she accused of being indirectly—and not so very indirectly—the cause of the misfortune that had come upon her home.

"It is incredibly unjust!" cried I, hotly. "How in Heaven's name can my father be responsible for Matthew Kitchen's harsh behavior?" But even as the words were passing my lips I remembered Selina's taunting speech to my mother: "You had better make Mr. Furness pay my husband what he owes him. Then, perhaps, Mr. Kitchen will be able to afford to be patient with the parson."

That was the gist of Selina's words; and although I did not believe in the least that my father's payment or non-payment of his debts to Matthew Kitchen had at all influenced the latter's proceedings toward the Arkwrights, yet I perceived at once what use Selina and her husband might make of the plea to Mrs. Arkwright. Doubtless they *had* made unscrupulous use of it. Keturah confirmed my thought. Yes; they had made out that Mr. Furness of Water-Eardley had a deal to do with driving Matthew to strong measures. And then Mrs. Arkwright, poor, harassed body! saw that there was no execution put into Water-Eardley. Things went on there as prosperously as ever, to all appearance. That made her wild. She was a jealous temper, and terribly fierce when her husband or children were hurt or threatened. I must not be too hard on Mrs. Arkwright. So said Keturah.

I could only return to Water-Eardley—not with a light heart, as may be guessed. Every thing had turned out disappointingly. I had not seen the Arkwrights; I had not seen my grandfather. My errand had been in vain, or worse than vain.

As I was preparing to leave Mortlands there

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came a sharp ring at the garden gate. I started so violently and visibly at the sound that Keturah took occasion to remark that I had always been a nervous kind of being, but that now she fairly found I'd got to a pitch of nervousness that made her quiver again only to see me; and began a second homily on the necessity of my being looked after.

"To think of jumping like that at the sound of the postman's ring! Why, child, you must be regularly overstrained, body and mind."

"Oh, the postman! Was it the postman?"

"Ay! Who else? I know his way of jerking the bell. Bark and port-wine for *you*, Miss Anne, I should say! But the doctor 'll know what's right when he sees you."

There were two letters: one addressed to Donald Ayrlie in my grandfather's hand ("That's to say what o'clock master is to arrive to-night, I'd lay a wager," observed Keturah, looking at it eagerly); and the other for grandfather himself.

"Look at the post-mark of this one, Miss Anne. Is it from Scotland?"

"Yes; it is from Scotland."

"Ay, and with a big grand red seal. Master said that if any letter came from Scotland while he was away, it was to be sent up to Water-Eardley, and your mother was to open it. It would be on Mr. Furness's business, master said, and he'd be eager to see it. Perhaps you'll take it with you, Miss Anne?"

I did take it, incurring much anxious and disquieted observation from Keturah by my tremulous manner of doing so.

This letter was doubtless from Colonel Fisher. It was to confirm father in the situation that had been applied for. It was a good omen—its arriving directly after the giving up of the settlement. The thought was foolish, but I could not help being superstitious. I hastened home, unconscious of fatigue, and ran into mother's sitting-room, holding the letter tightly clasped in my hand.

RELIGIOUS RELICS IN LONDON.

IT is a strange, many-sided world, this world of London. In going around it one feels almost equal to Captain Cook after his circumnavigation of the globe, and has, if he have watched keenly, as many adventures and curious tribes to tell of; nay, he is likely to feel that he has blended some of the achievements of Lyell with those of Cook, and burrowed through the eocenes, miocenes, and drifts of humanity. So long as the normal work of life keeps the millions of the Great City bound to their monotonous tread-mill of toil there is an appearance of dreary uniformity about them; but let a day of release come, a bright holiday, and it is at once shown how superficial is this uniformity. Each one then puts forth what is in him or her; each seeks pleasure after an idiosyncratic fashion; queer habits and customs creep forth to the light; and one is suddenly apprised that the ages of the world from the time of Adam have all along been living here side by side. There is no knowing what a holiday may bring forth in or out of London. There once went the rounds in New England the story of a family, seated at tea, who heard a strange noise about their table, and presently saw a bright-winged fly come out of the wood, where its germ must have been deposited while the table was a green tree in the forest. And so, though English life seems to be made up of the most ordinary and well-worn furniture all through it are the ova deposited by race after race as they gathered to these islands; and a warm holiday, like the New Englander's tea-pot, hatches them into life, and they gnaw their way to the light, and may be seen flitting about the streets—queer things, not belonging, one would say, to our epoch at all. We must not, perhaps, examine them too closely, or the popular pleasures may be found very poor and cheap—as, indeed, which of our pleasures are not? One does not like to say to the children at the theatre that scenery is but daubed pasteboard; yon brilliant queen has jewels which may be bought for a shilling per bushel. Goethe has given us the warning of the "Libella." 'Tis a beautiful fly as it shimmers through the air; catch it, and it is a wretched and colorless thing. "So is it with you, dissectors of your pleasures."

Good-Friday of last year was a warm, shining day in London. Hundreds of people gathered at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, to see English and French wrestlers, in spangled fleshes, wrestling. Somewhat dingy; but see it through the perspective of history—let the arena be in ancient Rome, and the crowd Romans—and you have something that will rouse the enthusiasm of historians. At Hackney-Wick a thousand go to see men engaged at foot-races. The men are naked save for little Masonic aprons (the fig-leaf, as Freemasons will tell you, was the first Masonic apron), and yet a large proportion of the spectators are respectable women who have come from great distances to witness these London Olympics. Does the virtuous Queen send her Lord Chamberlain to interfere? She would as soon think of sending a surgeon to let out all the Saxon or Roman blood—whichever it is—that pulses through the veins of her subjects. In yet another place a large company fringes the shore of a pond to see an aged Englishman catch a fish therefrom. This Englishman is quite old, but still stout and ruddy. Every year he goes to catch the first fish of the season yielded by that pond on Good-Friday. He has done this for forty years exactly. Not more surely does the sun rise on Good-Friday than he appears with his basket, rod, and other paraphernalia; and never does the fish fail to humor him, and sacrifice itself for the delight of the assembled suburbans, who come from miles around to the country inn near which the performance occurs. After nearly an hour of coaxing last year the little speckled fish came wriggling up; the plaudits were as tremendous

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as if by some naval victory Britannia's right to rule the waves had again been asserted; and the old man was escorted with pomp and circumstance to a fish breakfast at the inn, thereafter to be surrounded by a choice company of piscatorial artists in the smoking-room, all of whom have wondrous stories to tell of strange fish caught in marvelous ways and places. Is it so much to catch a fish? you ask. Well, no; but you will find many an archæologist who will trace the morning's performance back to the Ιχθυς countersign of the early Christians; and any one of the crowd peering in at the windows will tell you of some ancestral vow which the old man is respecting; of a fish once caught there with a penny in its mouth to convert the pagans; of a title to a vast estate, or charter to some ancient privilege, dependent upon the Good-Friday angling feat as a condition. It is a romance of some kind that brings each to witness the silent formula of the quaint old man.

Later in the day a large group assembles in an old City church to witness a scene of another kind. The church is St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, near which was held famous Bartholomew's Fair. The scenes to which the old three days' mob—which grew out of Henry the Second's Fair—gave rise caused its suppression. But one who wanders through the neighborhood on Sundays and holidays will be likely to conclude that it was rather distributed than suppressed. Idling about the church until the occasion of its being open becomes manifest, we may recall some of its old memorials. Chief of them is that of Rahere, the minstrel, who is said to have founded the church. He was really a good and pious soul, this Rahere; but the historian Pennant, having an antecedent belief that all minstrels were excessively wicked vagabonds, has impaled him by relating a legend that, amidst his course of profligacy, "he had a most horrible dream, out of which he was relieved by St. Bartholomew himself, who directed him to found the house and dedicate it to him." The minstrel was buried in the church, where the handsome tomb, described by Pennant, might have suggested to him that Rahere was highly esteemed in his day. One of the most curious panics which superstition ever caused to disturb a common-sense people was connected with this church in the sixteenth century. In the early part of that century London swarmed with astrologers, a race of whom Zadkiel, with his "Almanac," is now left blooming alone. They predicted that on the 1st of February, 1524, there would be a flooding of the Thames over the city, which would sweep away 10,000 houses. At that time the prior of St. Bartholomew's was a certain portly individual named William Bolton. No doubt he might have saved all the trouble by ridiculing the prediction of the astrologers; but instead of that, as the time named approached, he became alarmed, and fled to Harrow, where, at considerable expense, he built a sort of fortress, where he and his brethren shut themselves up to escape the inundation. From that moment, when it became known that the prior had fled, the scenes about London became terrible. People stopped all work, and droves of them lined all the roads leading to the country and to the heights around London. Wagons, carts, and human shoulders were for a month engaged in transporting all the women, invalids, children, and furniture out of the doomed city. Highgate, Hampstead, and Blackheath were motley camps of people made barbarous by idleness, and threatened with disease and famine. More than 20,000 people left their houses, and the city was like a vast, silent, phantom city. Meanwhile, the fat prior, having stocked his fortress at Harrow with provisions for two months, and obtained boats in case of emergency, dwelt there with his holy brethren. Thousands of citizens went there imploring permission to share his retreat, but were sternly refused. At last the fatal day arrived, and through it the masses prayed and cried to Heaven for safety. But the Thames flowed on quite as peaceably as usual. Not yet assured, the people awaited the next high tide. But that too having proved an ordinary one, they began to rage against the astrologers; and some proposed to give them an inundation of their own in the river, concerning which they seemed to know so much. The astrologers declared that they had made a mistake of one figure in their calculations, and that the inundation would certainly occur on February 1, 1624, just a century later. The astrologers and the bolting Bolton were too awful in the minds of the populace to suffer as they deserved for this cruel delusion. No doubt it was only the most salient of a vast number of clerical cowardices and unfulfilled prophecies, which have brought about the present state of things around Smithfield, where crowds of any size may be found on Sundays, buying and selling, drinking and frolicking, and goodly numbers listening to secularist or infidel lecturers. But St. Bartholomew's Church has (like most of the City churches) its verger, choir, and a few charity children for its whole congregation. During the whole year it has one large congregation, and that gathers, as now, on Good-Friday, to witness a performance that is any thing but agreeable to look at—namely, twenty-five aged women bending down on the floor to pick up twenty-five sixpences. Untold years ago a lady bequeathed property to have twenty-five sixpences laid upon her grave-stone in St. Bartholomew's Church, which were to be picked up and severally owned by the same number of widow women. The grave-stone was to be in the floor; and the lady was so particular as to provide that any widow who from infirmities could not, or from pride would not, stoop down to procure a sixpence, should not have it. No provision was made in the will for preserving the lady's grave-stone; so it has long since mouldered away, and it is even doubtful at what spot she was buried. Nevertheless the sixpences are picked up from the floor by the

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most aged women that can still bend the stiffening hinges of their limbs. They found much difficulty in doing so last year. The sixpence has greatly decreased in value since the original bequest. A very aged clergyman, who has had the Bartholomew living since 1815, preached a sermon on the occasion; but his thoughts were as mouldy as the lady's tomb or the bequest. But possibly some who were present heard a discourse which was not vocally uttered on the occasion—a sermon concerning new wine and old bottles—concerning the difficulty of discovering when old things in general have irrecoverably passed away, and how, through that difficulty, charities are transformed to cruelties. Twenty-five sixpences are not much; but every year twenty-five millions of pounds are disposed of in England by order of the dead, and in harmony with dead circumstances. The vast charitable endowments which might make, perhaps, a majority of these poor homes happy, are annually bestowed through skeleton hands, surrendered thereto by the living, who see the letter of each bequest killing its spirit. And they send missionaries to rebuke the Chinese for the worship of ancestors!

Foreigners think of the city of London as a vast metropolis, of vast extent, with three millions of inhabitants; but the Londoners make a rigid distinction between London and the City. Only so much as is east of Temple Bar, and under the control of the Lord Mayor, is, properly speaking, "the City," though what formerly were the western suburban villages have been now massed together so as to form really the largest part of "the metropolis," that being the word used when the whole of London, including the City and the region west of Temple Bar, is meant. The City proper covers only about a mile square, and very few save the very poor reside in it. All who can afford to do so migrate to the West End. The City is occupied by Jews and the poorer foreigners, by laborers, and by the criminal classes—there being some streets through which it is hardly safe to pass even in daylight. The ebbing away westward of the residences leaves "the City" almost unoccupied in some quarters on Sundays and non-business days, and, as may be imagined, this has a serious effect upon the churches. "The City" is full of churches; perhaps no other, excepting Rome or Moscow, has so many within the same space. These churches are well built, spacious, and richly endowed. Yet the middle classes, by and for whom they were originally built, have gone to the suburbs, where they have built churches at their doors; and the poor, who alone dwell near them, will not go to them. The result is that nearly every church represents a fearful waste of money and space. There is in the City an area of one mile in length and half a mile in width where there are fifty-eight large and wealthy churches. Their rectors and curates enjoy good livings from them; they go through the service and sermon every Sunday to the beadle and his family. The average congregation of the fifty-eight churches is, perhaps, a dozen, and this dozen connected, for the most part, with the church in some official capacity. And while thus acres of land in a region where every foot of ground is most costly lie idle, and while each church represents accumulations of moneys in its equally idle endowments and charities, laborers without employment go about the streets with their dismal burden, "We have no work to do"—sung to a dolorous hymn tune—and women are starving with tracts in their hands "On the Goodness of God!" There was a certain irony in the fact that this Day of Crucifixion was chosen by the working-people to hold a large meeting in Trafalgar Square to consider their wrongs, and the heaviness of their burdens. There was much radicalism, much wild talk against the rich, who respond in the sneers of the *Times;* but to a patient listener there were heard beneath and behind those vehement protests against the existing order the plaintive pleadings of women and children who have no bread. I fancy there is little doubt that had Jesus been walking London streets this Good-Friday he would hardly have paused in the churches, where his death in the far past was celebrated, but would have been seen near the motley crowd in Trafalgar Square, crying: "Is it nothing to you, O all ye that pass by? Behold, it is here that I am crucified among you. What is done to the least of these is done to me. I beseech you go not so far back to find the Crucified!" It is disheartening—nay, it is heart-breaking—to hear suffering men, come from suffering homes, bearing thin, pale faces ever before their eyes, remonstrating with the remorseless, fatal sweep and march of society. The English seem to have listened to such so long that they no longer hear it, more than the roar of wheels and footsteps along the thoroughfare; but he who hears it really can never unhear it again—he will not find his food and sleep quite so sweet afterward, and will find his Good-Friday meditations of the same kind with Sir Thomas Browne's:

> Quoeque patieri, Bone Jesu!
> Judæi te semel, ego sæpius crucifixi;
> Illi in Asia, ego in Britannia,
> Gallia, Germania:
> Bone Jesu, miserere mei et Judæorum!

One is glad to escape from the stony square and the hearts which that Gorgon of our era—the Struggle for Existence—is turning to stone, and find that there are thousands of merry and happy families able to leave the city, and spend their Good-Friday in picnics and dances at the Crystal Palace. There was a strange sight! The vast park around the Palace swarmed with people, who seemed by one accord to form into circles to play "Kiss in the Ring." So uniformly was this game played, and with such religious pertinacity was it adhered to during the whole day, that an archæologist would be strongly tempted to suspect some subtile thread connecting the Good-Friday of the Church with the Good Freyja's Day, one of whose phallic observances is supposed to survive, in a much

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modified form, in this game. Mosheim, Milman, and others have shown how careful the early Church was to respect the pagan festivals, giving them, if possible, Christian associations, so that no unnecessary violence should be done to their faith and customs; and, although a good deal of Jesuitism seems to have mingled with their motives for this course, it has certainly been the means of transmitting to us a great deal of knowledge concerning our pre-historic ancestors.

Mr. M'Lennan, of Edinburgh, finds in the game "Kiss in the Ring" a survival of primitive marriage, rather than any religious rite. He has proved pretty clearly that the early marriage was at first a real, afterward a pretended, capture of the bride; and I need hardly say that the flight, chase, and kiss in the ring very much resemble the accounts quoted by Mr. M'Lennan of the marriage custom which he regards as the primitive one, and as it is still observed in some barbarous regions.

There is a curious custom, which the people have at Guilford, of going out every Good-Friday to a hill (Martyrs' Hill) in the neighborhood, and dancing all day. The locality overlooks Haslemere, where the poet-laureate has built his new Gothic mansion. This custom is immemorial, and is believed by antiquarians to date from some old pagan observance. Next to Sunday, Friday has the most peculiar history among the days of the week. It was the festival day of the goddess Freyja, the Northern Venus. The ill luck which by popular superstition is still ascribed to projects or journeys undertaken on Friday, is traceable to the fact that it was originally regarded as sacred to the goddess, whose honor was held to be disregarded by all who, instead of participating in her festive worship, followed their own pursuits. On such Freyja was supposed to bring ill fortune. It is odd to think how, by a little modification of the historic chain of human events, all our sacred days and festivals might have been different from what they are now. It seemed at one juncture as if the Mohammedans were about to hold their own in Spain; and if so, the Koran might now be lying on every pulpit-desk in England and America instead of the Bible, while the Sabbath would be regarded among us only as Friday is now—as a day of ill luck for any undertaking—and the ceremonies of Good-Friday be the subject of as much antiquarian curiosity and research as the games and dances which now occur upon it, and give rise to the horror of the Catholics and ritualists.

The most important Good-Friday curiosity in London is the celebration by Mr. Lowder and his friends of the *Via Crucis*. Mr. Lowder is known in London as the extremest of ritualists, and for the last few years has produced considerable sensation by getting up, in connection with his church (St. Peter's), a procession, which passes through the region about the London docks, pausing at various points in the streets to listen to a little sermon on each of the so-called "stations" of the cross. Clergymen of extreme views had hitherto contented themselves by holding services during three hours in commemoration of "The Three Hours' Agony," in the course of which discourses, or "meditations," were delivered on "The Seven Last Words"—*i. e.*, Christ's prayer for his enemies; his promise to the penitent thief; his words to his mother and John (St. John, xix. 27); his cry, *Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!* his "I thirst;" his "It is finished;" and "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." These constitute the chief ritualistic celebration still. But Mr. Lowder introduced an observance rarely found even in Catholic countries—the procession of the cross in the streets; and although there was a great deal of animadversion upon the proceeding, and even talk of a legal prosecution, no law could be found to reach the case, and the procession was advertised.

The origin of the procession, of which this was the flitting ghost, may be traced until it is lost in the midnight of time. Those who have visited the ancient city of Nuremberg can never forget Adam Kraft's representations of the Seven Stations of the Cross, to get the exact measurements for which Martin Koetzel traveled twice to the Holy Land. They were but as the sculpturing in stone of what had previously been represented along the same road by the living sculptures of a dramatic procession. But Mr. Lowder's procession shows that in the course of four hundred years the idea has had a development worthy of being traced by some theological Darwin; for he has not seven but fourteen "stations." These are—Jesus condemned to death; Jesus made to bear his cross; Jesus falling under his cross; Jesus meeting his mother; the cross laid upon Simon of Cyrene; a holy woman wipes the face of Jesus with a handkerchief, which retains the impression of his face; Jesus falls a second time; the women of Jerusalem weep for him; Jesus falls the third time; Jesus stripped of his garments; Jesus nailed to the cross; Jesus dies; Jesus is taken down from the cross; Jesus is laid in the sepulchre.

At the time when the stations, or "Seven Agonies," were made at Nuremberg, the miracle plays constituted the chief means by which the masses—without books, or ability to read if they had possessed them—were taught the histories of the Bible. After the invention of printing, and the multiplication of Bibles, the miracle plays died out of Europe, lingering only where we now find them at long intervals in some remote districts of France and Spain, and particularly at Oberammergau, Bavaria, where the Passion is dramatically represented every tenth year, and where it last year constituted the chief attraction on the Continent. But the religious procession in the streets survived more generally. In some places it is a very remarkable performance indeed, the most singular being one which occurs every now and then on

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Good-Friday in Prato, ten miles out of Florence, Italy. There every character traditionally associated with the crucifixion of Christ is represented in costume—a troop of Roman soldiers, the weeping women, Jesus, the two thieves, each with his cross—forming a vast procession. But all are mounted on horses. It passes through the streets by moonlight; there is no music, no voice of any kind; and, to make the silence more deathlike, the shoes are removed from the horses' feet, so that they fall noiselessly on the unpaved road, as if on air. The effect of so large a procession, moving in the moonlight so noiselessly, produces an effect indescribably weird, and the crowd lining the streets is struck to an equal dumbness by what seems a moving row of phantoms. But for the nearest parallel to the procession just seen in London we must look to India, where, as Max Müller and Grimm have shown, such things had their rise in the earliest religious ages, to reach their slow decline in England—the cemetery of mythologies.

When I went to follow Mr. Lowder on his stations I had as my companion a learned Mohammedan now in London—Moulvie Syed Ameer Ali, M.A. It may interest my reader if I state that this young gentleman's name is Ameer Ali. "Syed" is an inherited title, equivalent to the baronet's "Sir," and "Moulvie" (Venerable Doctor, or Teacher) is a title given by Mussulmans to those who have written learned treatises on the Koran. Though Ali is not yet thirty, he is already distinguished as a writer, and comes of a family very noted among the Hindoo Mohammedans as being lineally descended from the Prophet himself (the Prophet's family name was Ahmed: Mohammed is simply a title signifying "The Praised"). Ali's grandfather wrote a very interesting book "On the Origin of the Sciences," which this youth has translated into English. Ameer Ali is the first Mohammedan graduate of the great English University of Calcutta, which has now 18,000 students in it, and he has come to London by advice of Lord Mayo, Governor-General of India. Here he passes his time observing the curiosities of Western life, and writing a history (much needed) of the decline and fall of the great Mogul empire. Though holding in profound reverence the life and teachings of the Prophet, Ali is by no means fettered by them, but is a severe rationalist and theist. I have not yet encountered among the Oriental youth, who now flock to London after graduation much as American students go to Germany, any one so fully acquainted with the Sanscrit literature, and with the literature of every part of the East. It was a great privilege, therefore, to have him with me in witnessing this relic of ancient religion in the east of London.

The procession was to start at four o'clock in the afternoon. We arrived at half past three, and had ample time to observe the surroundings of the place. A small crowd had gathered around the gate to the court-yard in front of the church, consisting mainly of ill-dressed women and children, who evidently looked upon Ali and his red fez as part of the show. On the wall by the gate, and on each side of the church door, there were hand-bills surmounted by large black crosses. One of these hand-bills had on it:

"Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree:
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!"

"Is it nothing to you, O all ye that pass by? He was wounded for our transgressions.

"Behold and see if there is any sorrow like unto His sorrow!

"This is a Holy Day. Spend it not in merry-making, but with weeping, fasting, and mourning."

Another read as follows:

"GOOD-FRIDAY.

"Is it nothing to you, O all ye that pass by?

"Friday, the 15th of April, is Good-Friday, the most solemn, the most awful day in the whole year to a Christian.

"On Good-Friday the Lord Jesus Christ, God in the nature of man, suffered on the cross of shame, dying that He might save you.

"It is every thing that He died; for He suffered for your sins; yes, YOURS.

"How, then, will you spend Good-Friday? If your father, mother, wife or husband, son or daughter, died—if they died to save your life—would you choose the anniversary of their death to make merry and take a holiday? No. You would not.

"Will you, then, so forget your Lord and Saviour? Surely you will not.

"Do not say, I have so few holidays, I must use them as I like. Even if this be true, can any one who really thinks of his Saviour make a holiday and make merry on the day of His death?

"How, then, will you spend Good-Friday? In prayer, in recollection of your sins, in public worship, and in thinking of your crucified Lord. Good-Friday spent in any other way will surely harden the heart, and keep back from us many of God's blessings."

The cross met us every where on the outside and inside of the church. Over the altar, inside, stood a large cross draped in black crape, on each side of it being flower-pots—for this one day flowerless. The worshipers who belonged to the church as they came in kneeled in the aisle to the cross, and crossed themselves in true Catholic fashion. On the wall was an illuminated and framed list of the services and hymns, the chief illuminations on it being the keys of St. Peter crossed, and Peter himself crucified with his head downward. On the walls were framed and draped pictures of the stations, copied from the Nuremberg representations.

We were given some tracts; and after going around the interior of the really handsome church—one of the purest pieces of Gothic architecture in London—we took our seats and began to read them. Unfortunately we had taken the wrong side. The men and women are separated like sheep and goats in St. Peter's, and the sexton had a good deal to do in keeping each sex to its several pound. At last the Rev. Mr. Lowder came in with his priests and boys. They kneeled before the cross, turning their backs upon us, and after a short prayer raised a small cross—whose gold and crystals

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shone through the violet veil in which it was shrouded—and began a chant, to which they marched out of the church, followed by all present. As we passed into and along the street in front of the church there were between two and three hundred people. Of these some twenty were Mr. Lowder's priests and singers; about a dozen were gentlemen and ladies who were interested in his movement; several were persons who had come, like ourselves, from motives of curiosity. The rest were the paupers and ragamuffins of the neighborhood. I was somewhat surprised at hearing myself accosted by name, and, turning, met a Bostonian whom I had known. He has for some time been a resident of England, and I found him an enthusiastic ritualist and friend of Mr. Lowder. He told me that Mr. Lowder had given up a very fine living somewhere to come to that wretched part of London, where he had done a great work. "Before he came here Ratcliff Highway was the worst part of the City; but he has produced a great change." I consulted the five policemen who attended the procession, however, on this point, and they assured me that Ratcliff Highway was as bad as ever, and "getting no better fast"—one of them adding that "it would take a great many and a good deal louder Lowders to do any thing with that region." I was compelled to take the policemen's account rather than that of the Bostonian as I saw more of the neighborhood.

As we marched, those who led sang the Litany of the Passion, of which the following are characteristic verses:

"God the Father, seen of none;
God the Sole-Begotten Son;
God the Spirit, with Them one—
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

"Jesu, who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
* * * * * *
"By Thy Seven Words then said,
By the bowing of Thy Head,
By Thy numbering with the dead,
Hear us, Holy Jesu."

There are twenty-one verses in the hymn. In all their hymns the ritualists never say Jesus, always "Jesu;" and when the word is uttered they all raise their hats and bow.

The stations were generally fixed where streets crossed, or in little side spaces. When we arrived at the first, Mr. Lowder mounted upon a stool that was carried about for him, and began his sermon upon the first station, the Condemnation of Christ. Those who are familiar with the Rev. Dr. Bellows will not need a description of Mr. Lowder's personal appearance. You have only to imagine the genial face of "the Unitarian Bishop" of New York somewhat bleached of its ruddiness, and his eye without its twinkle (hard to imagine, I admit), and then dress him in priestly skullcap and long black monastic day dress, and you have our ritualist. I could but admire the man's endurance, as he passed from street to street chanting even more vigorously than his brethren, and still able at each station to preach with vigor. Nay, he showed himself quite able to fill the *rôle* of a policeman also, and once suspended for a moment a particularly meek and mild hymn to dart at some roughs of both sexes (who were mimicking the singers in high falsetto notes) in a way that sent them flying.

It was odd to witness the effect produced on the poor and ignorant working-people of the London docks—for only such are to be found there—by this performance. The old people sat in their doorways and smiled with incredulous wonder; the ragamuffin species mustered gradually to an army. At one time we passed through a gauntlet of indescribably wretched and vicious people, and these broke out into a kind of wrath against the procession. The cry, "Bloody Puseyites!" hurtled along from door to door; the windows were full of yelling heads. Some drunken women tore off their garments to fling at the procession; and one of them threw out of an open window a large bowl, which struck pretty sharply, and was broken, against the hand that now records the fact. Whereupon I moralized that she came as near hitting the real object of her religious hostility as many others have done in their more imposing forms of persecution. I was somewhat amused to find that immediately after the preacher partially claimed my martyrdom. "Are you," he asked, "afraid that you will be assailed as a Puseyite? Remember" (and here he pointed to the cross in purple and gold which they were carrying) "that you must bear your cross." I am bound to say that the brethren endured the smart of my hand with entire resignation.

But the whole thing seemed very hollow and unreal. The hymns sounded thin and formal, and so did the prayers. At no time did the preacher seem in the least moved by the tremendous story he was rehearsing; and they who listened, so far from being impressed, simply looked as if they were witnessing the antics of a ghost surprised by noonday. I found it shocking to hear the tragedy of tragedies hawked about like a peep-show, and could not wonder that it called out less compassion than the wailing of a child that met with some slight accident near one of the stations. I thought, too, that the clergyman himself gradually became morally tired, though physically he seemed indefatigable. He must have felt that he was making quite as much impression upon the stones of the street as upon the people around him. Thus, at least, I explained to myself the fact that he did not complete the whole fourteen stations, but at the tenth pause combined with that the four that were to follow.

It was just before reaching this last station that I observed two men, better dressed than others, and apparently strangers, watching the

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procession, and listening to the preacher with intense interest. One of them was evidently a Frenchman, and one could easily read upon his face his opinion of the whole affair. There is a Voltaire in every Frenchman. He is buried alive in the devout Catholic; but let him get outside of that Church, and you will not seldom find him a worshiper in some other. He becomes a religious cynic, as here in the case of this Frenchman, whose face has actually assumed a resemblance to the very physiognomy of Voltaire. At one time he was very near me, and I was curious enough to ask the exact state of his inmost being with reference to the phenomenon passing before us. "Sir," said he, "I have come here in the name and for the sake of anthropology, and I am bound to say that I am more than ever convinced that that which separates man from the brute creation is very slight and very easily lost."

Soon afterward the other gentleman whom I had observed looking on with a critical air approached me and said, "I fancy, Sir, you are here for the same reason that I am." "I don't know what your object in following Mr. Lowder may be," I said, "but I came chiefly because I have an interest in studying old customs and superstitions." "And I, Sir," he said, with a strong Scotch accent, "I come to discern the signs of these times. Do you want to know what I believe?" I assured him that it was my profoundest desire at that moment. His eye turned to that dead steel hue which marks the Scotch fanatic, as he said, from between almost clenched teeth, "I believe that Christ is dead!—yes, Sir, *dead*—and this is part of his funeral procession. But all churches are funeral processions for dead and buried Christianity, though they themselves have helped to kill it." He waited here to see the effect of this disclosure upon myself, and the Frenchman also, who had been drawn by the Scotchman's vehemence, and evident inclination to be heard by others, to approach. "Well," said I, "if Christianity be dead, what is to happen?" "Don't misunderstand me, Sir: I am a disciple of Christ; to me he is Almighty God; and when I say he is dead in this country, I know that he will rise again, too! What that earnest but foolish ritualist there is saying about Jesus in ancient Judæa is true of Jesus in this country: he is crucified, dead, and buried by his own friends in all of his churches—yes, *all*—but they won't find it out until darkness covers the land. But it will come—mark my words—tribulation and anguish, pain and pestilence, war and famine; they will all be poured out on the heads of this nation, because of their violation of the laws of God, and their putting Christ to open shame! Then Christ will rise again, and Satan be chained!" I found some difficulty in knowing whether I was talking with a madman or a transcendental philosopher; and when at length I had to conclude that it was with the former, and that he meant his anathemas to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, I could not help reflecting that his phrases, with but slight modification, might very well have been uttered from the lips of Carlyle as the expression of his divine wrath and mystical burden against this generation. I endeavored to persuade the Scotchman that he was judging us too harshly; that though bad, we were not altogether damnable, and pointed to a charitable institution. But he flamed out like a volcano; and, having spent his force and breath, took my address, and loaded me next day with his tracts—all of which are variations upon the theme I have already reported.

I have but the thoughts of one other person to report—that is, of the disciple and descendant of Mohammed who accompanied me. And these can be given very briefly. He assured me that there was no very substantial difference between what he had seen in St. Peter's Church and what he had seen in the temples of Calcutta, so far as the idolatry was concerned. The doors were there covered by Hindoo symbols, as these by the cross; and to the symbol on the altar the priests there knelt similarly with these. The procession also resembled that which may be seen in Calcutta and Madras following through the streets with chants an image of the goddess of war, Durgha, raised on the end of a pole, similarly with this cross, and often, like it, draped. There is also an annual procession of Mussulmans, of which it reminded my friend: that of the grandson of the Prophet, who was slain by a man whose guest he was—a crime of such peculiar baseness with the Arabs that they have ever since marked its anniversary with a chanting procession, which follows (as I understood) an uplifted image of the martyr. "In fact," he said (though I can only trust my memory to give the spirit of his words), "superstition is one thing throughout the world; and no matter how great and holy the prophets and saviors of mankind, the superstitious will make them over into their own ugly image, and invest them with their ignorance. It is the same with us; so that many a true lover of our Prophet shrinks from calling himself a Mohammedan; and I can fancy that a true lover of Christ would often dread lest he should sanction some things called Christian. For myself, I believe in none of the religions, and I believe in all!"

In taking my leave of Mr. Lowder and his procession I can but remember that at least he has a congregation where other churches in the City—churches of the Establishment, that is—have none; and, indeed, it is a fact worth noting that, while the dislike of Romanism in England is more intense than at any other period since the Reformation, no churches in London are so uniformly crowded as those which approximate Romanism in their services. May I break my story with a brief homily in explanation?

Now that under the happy blindness of the Pope the rock on which the unity of his Church has so long rested begins fairly to crumble, it

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is more important than ever that we should ponder well the lessons which the history of that Church has written for us. And I have sometimes thought that one secret of the power it has exerted has been its love of beauty. Its dogmas and superstitions have been hidden away under a dead language; their repulsiveness has not been obtruded on the common people, who did not understand the language in which they were formulated, much less the dogmas themselves. What the Church has put forward has been beauty—beautiful music, flaming windows, noble architecture, and floral festivals and processions. There is a holiness of beauty as well as a beauty of holiness. With their purer light, the Quaker movement has decreased because they did not perceive that outward beauty is the natural physiognomy of inward beauty. Another secret of the Roman Catholic success has been that the preaching in their Church has been more specialized than that of the Protestant churches. The only regular thing for which the Catholic churches exist is the service, the hymns, chants, and decorations. The sermon is occasional. Protestantism made the pulpit the main thing in the church—a fixture on the spot where the Catholic altar stood; but the Catholics put the pulpit on one side. It is arranged on wheels with grooves, and is wheeled out only when the priest has something to say from it, which is not every Sunday. When a special saint's day, some event or question, has arrived, the pulpit is wheeled out, and the priest preaches to minds prepared and expectant. These things are, in the Roman Catholic Church, so embedded in the hard ores of superstition that it requires a good deal of refining to get at the pure metal; but I think we may say that it would be a good thing for all of our churches if they, in the first place, recognized that Truth has a right to be held up to the people invested with every beauty that art or eloquence can bestow—even if it be carried so far as in the Greek Church, where they will ordain no priest unless he be handsome; and, in the next place, that every sermon should be occasional, related to the time and event. This is only to say that no one should ever preach from any pulpit unless he has something to say. Of course, to a rich and furnished mind, there would not be Sundays enough in the year to deal with the events that arise. It is very certain that the power wielded by Theodore Parker arose in a great measure from the fact that his every sermon was occasional. The people knew that they would find the day interpreted at the Music Hall—the last fugitive returned, the statesman that had faltered, the problem that was up. The "Christian Year" of John Keble was a book of pressed flowers preserved from ancient seasons; the discourses of Parker were the living blooms of the Human Year. In reading his works one is astonished to find how little there is in them applicable to these days; but the fact explains his power in his own time. He concentrated himself upon what was before him, not on what was to be before us, and his work was rooted in the need of the hour.

These reflections passed through my mind as I came away from St. Peter's, London, on Good-Friday; they recurred as I sat on the evening of Whitsun-Tuesday in the Church of St. Katherine Cree, in London, awaiting the Flower Sermon. The church is one of those already mentioned in that region of this metropolis from which the home life has ebbed away more and more for many generations, leaving it to the week-day interests of men who pass their Sundays in the suburbs, and on that day shudder at the bare mention of "the City."

It may easily be imagined that it would be but rare to find really earnest and eloquent preachers in churches avowedly kept open because they are good livings for the said clergyman, and represent so much patronage in the hands of the lords spiritual or temporal. The poor who are doomed to dwell in the tenements remaining around these churches never enter them; they will find less reality there than in the gossip of the public house; they would find not a man dealing with their condition, but a phantom of the kind described by Emerson: "I once heard a preacher who sorely tempted me to say I would go to church no more. Men go, thought I, where they are wont to go; else had no soul entered the temple in the afternoon. A snow-storm was falling around us. The snow-storm was real; the preacher merely spectral; and the eye felt the sad contrast in looking at him, and then out of the window behind him into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain. He had no word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended, or cheated, or chagrined. If he had ever lived and acted, we were none the wiser for it. The capital secret of his profession—namely to convert life into truth—he had not learned."

St. Katherine Cree—whose dismal doorway and ugly steeple, with a cock perched on it, would be uninviting in any case—is ordinarily as vacant as the rest; but on the evening of Whitsun-Tuesday, though all amusements and attractions were at their fullest, this old church was crowded to the last point of standing-room. And it was all because a service was announced related to the season, to nature, and one not put down in the prayer-book. It was all the more attractive because, while it was occasional, it was also ancient; for every sane mind finds a beauty in what is ancient. There is some difficulty in tracing the historic origin of the Flower Sermon; but there is little doubt that it took the place of some old offerings of flowers and first-fruits by the pagans to their gods; and that in it the faith of the present cherishes a bloom bequeathed it from the faith of the pre-historic past. It is the relic of the Festival of the Sun, to which were offered the finest of the flowers with which its heat had clothed nature. This is indeed the origin of

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Whitsuntide itself, as the word indicates. "Whit" is the English form of the German "weih," sacred, and an older form. It means "sacred," as in the German name for Christmas—"Weihnacht." *Whitsun* means, therefore, the Sacred Sun. I hope that the preachers present on this occasion, when they saw the crowd before them, took the hint, and resolved that hereafter their discourses should be as real to all who came as the flowers amidst which they had come to worship.

In some respects the display of flowers was disappointing. Bouquets were attached to the pillars, and one or two were on the pulpit; but the floral decorations of the church were stinted. It had been advertised, "Each young person attending this special service is requested to carry a bouquet of flowers;" but flowers in London are luxuries, and the people who dwell around St. Katherine Cree are all poor. Yet a goodly number of those who came brought flowers, many wearing them in their bonnets or coats. Occasionally a smile passed as some ladies of uncertain age came in, bearing particularly large and aggressive nosegays, which seemed to assert that they were the youngest of the "young persons" mentioned in the handbills. But to most of those who came the occasion had evidently a deeper and more serious meaning.

There entered two elderly and most wretched-looking women. Their faces were bloated and distorted by the demon of Gin Lane; they were filthy and ragged—altogether most miserable. They came in timidly, looking each side suspiciously, as if afraid that they would be turned out. Each of them bore in her hand a cluster of fresh moss-roses—it must have taken the price of at least two glasses of gin to purchase them—which they clutched, and now and then looked at fondly and smelled, as if the flowers symbolized some little corner in their withered hearts not yet trampled on by pauperism and crime beyond the power to bear a few straggling blooms of kindness and hope. Still more touching to me was the hesitating entrance of two poor unfortunates of the street, still young, and preserving some traits of beauty in their marred faces. The policeman at the door scowled on them as they shrank in, and some laughed at the faded finery they wore. I could only see that they had white lilies in their hands, and hoped that they represented some white possibility in each—a little substitute for the alabaster box with its fragrant tribute to One who could look beneath the defilements of Sin, to the tears welling deep in the heart that "loveth much." Then came in the children, with their radiant faces, sunshiny hair, and diamond eyes, each waving his or her flower like a banner of childhood—unhaunted by any dream that the wretched and bloated ones they passed by were once just such happy fair-haired children as they!

At length the vast congregation is still, the organ greets us with a cheerful voluntary, and the service begins. It opens with a hymn sung to the tune of "Hampton:"

"Spared to another spring,
We raise our grateful songs:
'Tis pleasant, Lord, thy praise to sing,
For praise to Thee belongs.

"Ten thousand different flowers
To Thee sweet offerings bear;
And tuneful birds, in shady bowers,
Warble Thy tender care.

* * * * * *

"While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die:
Prepare them all to sing Thy praise
In better songs on high!"

All join in the singing; every tongue is loosed; the old walls fairly blossom with jubilant notes. The old organ catches the inspiration, and breaks out into glad peals that must have surprised itself. Then follow the intoned psalms, set to the music of Tallis—great music, now sobbing with penitence, now luminous, as with light breaking through clouds. What psalms are these for the poor of London to sing and hear? "The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness. He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor." "He shall come down like rain on the mown grass." "The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works." "The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted; where the birds make their nests." "He appointed the moon for seasons; the sun knoweth his going down." "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches." Thus sang these poor people. They came, most of them, from dens of poverty and toil, from hopelessness and pain; but the little optimists of nature, the flowers, had touched them, and they sang as if there were not a woe nor a want in the earth. The Germans call the primrose the key-flower (Schlüsselblume), after the legend that its yellow hue is got from the gold under the earth; and their fairy lore says that the child who finds the first primrose, or key-flower, may with it unlock doors, invisible to others, which lead to vast treasures. But I concluded at St. Katherine Cree that every flower was a key-flower to unlock hid treasures of faith and hope in the heart.

We next had the "Magnificat" and the "Nunc dimittis," sung to the music of Goss, and an anthem from the same old composer, who also fed among the lilies, as any one who has heard his music to the words, "The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season," need not be reminded. After the Evening Service, which, for a wonder, was admirably read, the congregation joined with the same heartiness and unanimity as before in singing one of the sweetest hymns in the language to one of the gentlest and most touching strains—for who does not know and love old "Christchurch?"

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"By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!"

If Heber had written no verse but that, he would have deserved to have his grave in India adorned with every flower that gave its tint to the human heart through the ages ere it could reproduce their revelations in such hymns as his.

The preacher of the occasion was the Rev. Dr. Whittemore, well known as the editor of the juvenile periodicals, *Sunshine* and *Golden Hours*, and for many writings for the young. A tall, large, and handsome man — with a broad, genial face, and an amount of humor and vivacity in him which find themselves under a bushel in sombre St. James's, where he usually preaches — he arose in the pulpit with an air that said plainly, "For once I mean to let my heart play a little outside of my black gown." He took his text from the Song of Solomon, "The flowers appear on the earth." And he began: "Who doesn't love flowers? I ask all the children here, for I mean to suppose that only children are here. This service is for children. There are, it seems, older people here; we will not turn them out, children, but we will forget their existence. Now, I say, they must be very poor creatures who do not love flowers. But what is the meaning of these flowers that we love so dearly? They mean the boundless love of God. God might have made a world without flowers: I don't say what kind of an earth it would have been, but I mean he might have given us a place to eat in and a place to sleep in, and enough to support our poor existence. But after giving us all those necessary and useful things, his heart fairly overflowed with love, and he added the flowers!"

After this Dr. Whittemore went on to deal with the existence of sin and misery in the earth, and how they managed to get into the universe of a flower-creating Deity; but these, his explanations, seemed to me to decline so far beneath his exordium that I feared the latter might be spoiled, and all the flowers in the church droop under a theological blight. So I and a lad I had in charge concluded that the Flower Festival and Sermon for 1870 was for us closed, and came away, bearing only pleasant memories of the same, and with fresh conviction that Solomon in his glory was not arrayed like our lilies, nor any doctor of divinity invested with a theology half so wise and compendious as our violets.

ANTEROS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE," "SWORD AND GOWN," "SANS MERCI," "BREAKING A BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ONCE more an interval of some months must pass; but it can not be said now, as then, that to the chief characters in this story it brought no material change.

From honor to dishonor, from innocence to guilt, from safe tranquillity to incessant peril—is the change much greater in the passage from life to death?

Yet no less a one had come over Lena Atherstone. Of the different stages thereof, or of the times or seasons of its accomplishment, it is not needful to write.

"They were together, and she fell."

All the variations and *fioritures* with which you could broider it would hardly make that sad, simple theme more expressive.

Kerneguy had not far misjudged her when he conceived her "willful or reckless to any degree; but scarcely, under any provocation, cowardly, malicious, or mean. On the whole, very nearly a grand character; but of the kind which is wrecked much oftener than more ignoble ones."

There are women who, more from triviality than utter depravity of nature, contrive to flourish, like green bay-trees, in such an atmosphere as that in which Lena was now compelled to live. They seem to find a pleasurable excitement in the very shifts and stratagems to which they are driven; the lie trips too glibly from their lissome tongue to be painful in the utterance; and they can furnish smiles as liberally to the betrayed as to the betrayer. In their hearts, if not with their lips, they could always warble the wicked *refrain:*

"C'est le mal qui fait du bien;
C'est la piqûre de la rose;
Si on le sait c'est peu de chose
Si on l'ignore ce n'est rien."

But Lena could not carry her guilt so gayly. Constitutionally quite fearless, she was beset by none of the terrors which form part of the punishment of many in like case; nevertheless, she did not escape her share thereof. The passion to which she abandoned herself, engrossing as it was—it was the one passion of her life, remember—still left her leisure for prospect and retrospect. Both these might have stings of their own; but a trial that came almost hourly was harder to endure. Familiarity with wrongdoing did not make it easier to her to look on the face of the man she wronged.

Lena was not a very apt dissembler, and any one less absolutely unsuspicious than Lord Atherstone must have guessed ere long that something was amiss. But the quickness of perception and straightforward common-sense which served Ralph well in ordinary circumstances seemed absolutely to fail him here.

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There is a disease, much dreaded by the hunters and trappers of the Northwest, called "night-blindness." Those who are stricken by it may be keen-sighted as Hawkeye himself while day endures; but when the sun has once fairly sunk below the horizon there fall on them a blackness through which pierce neither moon nor stars, and a helplessness beyond that of dotage.

Even so Ralph Atherstone, when the light that for a brief space had brightened his home began to fade, groped hither and thither, darkling; and there was none to lead him by the hand.

A change in his wife's demeanor he did notice, no doubt. He saw that her spirits were more than variable, and that, instead of being languid and indifferent, she was now often restless even to irritability; but he imputed this to any save the right cause. First he thought that the dullness of Templestowe was beginning to tell upon her, and he strove to provide her with more amusement both at home and abroad. When this failed—for Lena seemed rather to shrink from than invite society—he fell back on another supposition, bitter, no doubt, but still wide of the bitterer truth. She had overmuch of his company, he thought—a rough, uncongenial company at the best. No wonder it wearied her; and perhaps the very effort to dissemble this weariness tried her nerves. This, too, he endeavored to amend. On one pretext or another he contrived to be abroad most days—generally alone, for Lena's keenness for hunting seemed to have left her, and it was only the nearest meets that she attended—and when he returned home, though he occasionally looked into his wife's boudoir to tell her what the hounds had been doing, he never lingered there, as in the old times, but retreated to the library, whence he did not emerge till the dressing-gong sounded.

They dragged heavily, these solitary hours—more heavily than any of those that had made up the sum of Ralph Atherstone's stirring life. He had few literary resources, as you may imagine; indeed, a glance at the day's paper, or the skimming of a magazine, was about the extent of his reading, and he did not grow more studious now. Perhaps a book might lie on his knees—but it was seldom if ever opened—as he leaned back in his arm-chair opposite the fire, so motionless that only from the gleams shooting ever and anon from under his heavy, bent brows could you have guessed he was not sleeping. He never did sleep on these occasions. Indeed—though he contrived to conceal this from Lena—the night was often far spent before his eyes were fairly closed; and yet time was when even a wound, when its fever had abated, would scarce have kept him wakeful. And while he sat there ruminating, wander as they would, his thoughts always came back to the one starting-point. Perhaps he had made a fearful mistake, after all, and the penalty—if penalty was owing—must light not more on himself than on the woman whose happiness he had meant to secure—ay! and meant still—with all his heart and soul and strength. And she had seemed happy, too, in a quiet fashion, during the past year. It was hard to be forced to realize—not that he put it to himself so poetically, you may be sure—that there was a worm at the root of a plant that promised fairly.

At the color of these musings no one could have guessed, watching Lord Atherstone's bearing toward his wife, either when alone with her or in others' presence. That he never dreamed of making a confidante of Marian Ashleigh it is needless to say; nevertheless, her sharp eyes read the state of things just as accurately as if every phase had been set down for her benefit in black and white. Of a truth, on a certain night that you wot of, she had learned almost as much as, for the present, she cared to know.

To one not aware of all the circumstances she might have seemed easily contented; for not a syllable of the words whispered in the library at Erriswell had reached her ears; and, when she ventured twice or thrice to peer warily through the doorway, there was nothing in the attitude of the pair within that need reasonably have waked suspicion. Yet, I repeat, Marian Ashleigh learned then enough, and more than enough, for her purposes. That letter of Archibald Kerneguy's, every line of which she could have repeated by rote, had given her the key to it all. She caught a glimpse—the briefest one, it is true, but still a glimpse—of Lena's face just after the fatal confession had been murmured. And Marian could interpret its story almost as accurately as if she had overheard the converse from first to last. Not less accurately did she interpret Lady Atherstone's sudden weariness that evening; the change in her demeanor afterward, more marked from day to day; and the augury of the cloud that thenceforth overshadowed Templestowe.

Had this exemplary person been forced to work for her living, she would have been invaluable to any secret police; for, without any practice in that line, she had all the professional instincts of a finished detective. She knew that it was not well to be overhasty or overeager even in the collection of proof, much less in the production thereof; and was never likely to hinder the ends of justice through stinting the allowance of "rope." Having no special dislike, as you are aware, to eaves-dropping, she was not so fond of the amusement as to practice it wantonly.

On the occasion of Glynne's visits to Templestowe—they were not too frequent, but, by an odd coincidence, they always chimed in with Lord Atherstone's absence at a distant meet or shooting party—Lady Marian displayed infinite tact and discretion. While she remained in the room, she did not attempt to watch, even furtively, the words or looks either of hostess or guest, and did her best to keep the conversa-

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tion on an easy, natural footing; and, when she left them alone—as she invariably did, by-the-by—she had the fairest excuse for so doing. She was an exceedingly methodical person, and it was her habit to devote a certain hour to her letter-writing; after which, unless the weather was very wild, she generally took a "constitutional." This, her custom of an afternoon, was seldom altered, whosoever might happen to be calling at Templestowe; and there certainly was no reason for treating Caryl Glynne with more ceremony than other visitors. But she never trod a whit more slowly or softly when, on her way out, she passed the closed door of the boudoir; much less did she linger to listen. Neither did she cast a single curious glance inward as she paced along the terrace by its windows.

And yet it would have seemed impossible to impute to her connivance. There was never a shade of significance in her look, or manner, or tone, either when she addressed or when she mentioned Caryl. She never bantered Lena on the subject; much less did she attempt to inveigle her into any confidences, or imply that there were any such to be made. She took just the same line with regard to purely domestic matters. Many women, under like circumstances, noticing—as, of course, she did notice—the growing estrangement betwixt husband and wife, would have attempted to ingratiate themselves with the former by a little extra display of duteous solicitude—not to say sympathy. Marian did nothing of the sort. When the three were together she rattled on in her brisk, off-hand way, just as though there were no such things in this world as mysteries or misunderstandings; till Ralph was fain to smile, though in somewhat grim fashion, and Lena felt temporarily almost at ease. No wonder that both, for diverse reasons, felt loth to lose her cheery company.

When Philip, after finishing off his visits, came to fetch his wife away, he found this not so easy; indeed, Lord Atherstone had never been so near asking a favor of his son as when he begged that Marian might be allowed to remain, at all events a little longer. Philip's nerves at any time were hardly equal to a point-blank refusal; and the novelty of the situation quite flattered him. He was in extraordinarily good-humor, too, just then; for his mild platonisms at Westlands had prospered not ill, and he had visions of prolonging that innocent amusement whenever time and place should serve. So, grumbling a good deal to Marian, he assented—of course with as bad a grace as possible—and went forth alone from the paternal roof, utterly unsuspicious of there being aught amiss there.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Though she merely looked in in passing to see that things were in order at Blytheswold, Mrs. Shafton found it quite as hard as Lena had supposed to escape from the kindly North Country. At the worst of her struggles and trials her *verve* and good-humor had made her a welcome if not an honored guest at many houses; and, now that she had no special object in being agreeable, she was pleasanter than ever—pleasanter not only to talk with, but to look upon. Divers lines had vanished from her face; and the brightening and softening of her color were in no wise owing to art. She moved, too, more briskly; and, altogether, seemed to draw new life from her respite from cares. For Miles, the prodigal, had grown thriftier or luckier of late, and now contrived to make both ends meet after a fashion: so, even in this quarter, there was peace; and, for about the first time since her maidenhood, Isabel Shafton was able to enjoy the present without disquieting herself concerning the morrow. She did enjoy it thoroughly, and was quite sorry when she came to the last place on her list.

Here, besides several other old acquaintances, she met a certain Mrs. Mansergh, a widow, like herself, and also of better birth than fortune. Though they had never been very intimate, the two had been on sufficiently amicable terms; for it happened that neither had absolutely thwarted the other's maternal tactics. Nevertheless, it was not without envy that the last-named lady contemplated the altered luck of Blytheswold; and, doubtless, the homely parsonage, which was all she could achieve for her handsome, tocherless daughter, looked lowlier than ever when contrasted with Templestowe. Though Isabel was most temperate in her triumph, and scarcely ever spoke of the Atherstones unless directly questioned, she had got a new way of smiling to herself that inexpressibly aggravated Mrs. Mansergh; and before they had been two days together she felt disposed not to let a chance slip of abating this complacency. Such a one presented itself in this wise:

Dinner was just over; and the womankind in the drawing-room, left to their own devices for a while, were conversing languidly and discursively, as—we are happy to believe—is their wont at such seasons; when the hostess, by way of something to say, inquired what sort of neighborhood lay round Templestowe. "It's rather scattered," was the reply, "and not very lively as a rule; but some new people have just come to Erriswell, which is quite within reach; and from Lena's report, though she has not mentioned them lately, they sound very nice. By-the-by, Kate—you know every body—can you tell me any thing about these Malcolms? The husband made a great fortune in Australia, I understand: that ought to help you."

Mrs. Mansergh's countenance, vague and doubtful at first, lighted up suddenly with an intelligence by no means benign.

"Yes, that helps me," she said; "and I believe they are rather nice, though I have not the pleasure of *his* acquaintance. So they have settled near Templestowe? That's rather odd;

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and it's rather odd, too, my dear, that you should never have heard who the wife is. Why, she's cousin to that handsome, wicked Caryl Glynne; and they're great allies, too; at least, they were inseparable the winter we were at Florence. Not that she's the least fast; indeed, what we saw of her we liked extremely. I shouldn't wonder if *le beau cousin* were a good deal at Erriswell. In that case, the neighborhood is likely to be much more lively. Don't you think so?"

The blackness of imminent tempest had wrapped Isabel Shafton round many a time without causing her heart to sink as it did now, when this light cloud flecked a serene sky. But was it such a light one? Perhaps the chiefest terror and trouble of her life were linked with this name. Was it not hard that it should sound in her ears just when she thought she had found rest, and sound more ominously than ever? For years past she honestly believed that her daughter and Caryl had never met. Henceforth it was probable they would meet not seldom. And that the former should never even have hinted in her letters at such a possibility—this was worst of all. Though the last shadow of her authority had vanished on the wedding-day, she did not, therefore, hold herself irresponsible; for, thoroughly as she trusted Lord Atherstone, she rather doubted his capability of dealing delicately with such a willful temper as Lena's.

Despite all this, she had the courage to meet Mrs. Mansergh's malicious eyes quite steadily, and to answer quite indifferently:

"I can scarcely give an opinion; it's several years since I've seen or spoken to Mr. Glynne. I had almost forgotten his existence. Perhaps he has altered, like the rest of us. If not, I should doubt his being an acquisition to any neighborhood; and if his cousins are wise, they won't parade him in Loamshire just yet. Newcomers should never try experiments."

And then, without any violent wrench of the subject, she passed on to some county gossip.

But before she slept that night she had contrived a decent excuse for shortening her visit, and the end of the week found her in Loamshire.

The warmth of her welcome—and in this respect she had nothing to complain of—did not blind Mrs. Shafton to the fact that things were altered at Templestowe since she sojourned there. It was not that there were any signs of past or present disagreements; but Lord Atherstone's manner toward his wife, though kindly as ever, was tinged with a kind of reserve; and Lena's, though still affectionate, was never playful or confidential as heretofore: perhaps "dutiful" would have best described it.

Much of this Mrs. Shafton noticed on the very evening of her arrival; and the morrow only strengthened her misgivings. It was not a happy day; for every time Lena opened her lips, when they were alone together, her mother hoped—against hope at last—that she would broach the perilous subject. It would have been such an intense relief to see that there was no wish to avoid it. Though she believed in her to a great extent, and rejoiced to find her domiciled at Templestowe, she dared not betray uneasiness, much less put any direct questions, to Lady Marian. So she refrained herself till the party separated for the night; then she followed Lena to her dressing-room.

This was by no means an unusual proceeding; nevertheless Lady Atherstone knew perfectly well that not mere gossip was coming. It appeared, however, that she had no wish to avoid the interview, for she dismissed her maid as speedily as possible; and then, nestling herself into a *causeuse* opposite her mother, with a little resigned air, awaited the opening shot. She had not to wait long.

If Mrs. Shafton's patience had been less sorely tried that day, it is probable she would have led up to the subject more delicately. As it was, she began the attack without preamble or warning.

"Have you seen nothing of the Erriswell people lately, Lena? You have hardly mentioned them since you said that their ball was a success. You seemed to like them so much at first. Don't they improve on acquaintance?"

"They decidedly improve," Lady Atherstone answered, with much composure; "but I had no news about them likely to interest you."

Mrs. Shafton's eyes—very handsome eyes they were still—flashed scornfully.

"Not even that Caryl Glynne was staying there?" she said.

It was a random shaft; and even while she loosed it the archer prayed it might go wide of the mark.

But this was not so to be.

Lena never started, or changed color; only her lips were slightly compressed as she replied,

"Not even that; or rather—that least of all."

Mrs. Shafton was completely taken aback, not only by the confirmation of her worst foreboding, but by an impenitence for which, with all her experience of Lena's character, she was not prepared; and it was some seconds before she found breath to murmur,

"What can you mean?"

"I will tell you," the other went on, in the same cool, even tone. "Mother dear, it is not so many years ago but you may remember what passed when that name was spoken last by you and me. It was settled then—not by my wish, surely—that it should never again be mentioned between us. I have kept my part of the agreement—that is all. I can't see what you complain of."

Mrs. Shafton was bitterly incensed; but her alarm outran her anger. What frightened her most was her daughter's resolute calmness. It seemed like that of one borne up by a strong sense of duty; and so perchance it was with Lena.

But duty—to whom? Alas! half the rebellions against the powers of earth and heaven

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have been carried on under this watch-word; and in this name almost as many crimes and cruelties have been wrought as in the yet holier one of Faith.

"That is mere sophistry. But, if you have forgotten what you owe to your mother, you can't have forgotten yet what you owe to your husband. You don't suppose Lord Atherstone would ever allow that person to darken his doors—knowing what I know?"

Lena smiled haughtily.

"He knows rather more, as it happens; and he knew it before we were married. I even offered, if it pleased him, to break off all acquaintance in future with Mr. Glynne. He declined to accept that offer then; and I believe he would be still less likely to accept it now. If it would ease your conscience, you can question him yourself. Only, as it is quite new to him, it might be breaking dangerous ground."

Dangerous? Mrs. Shafton was thoroughly aware of this. Things must have come to a much worse—ay, to the very worst—pass, when she should venture on tale-bearing to Ralph Atherstone; for she felt that, if his suspicions were once fairly roused, it would be no easier to guide or check them than to mark out a course and limits for a flood of fresh lava.

She pressed her kerchief to her eyes; and when she withdrew it they were wet with real tears, that sprang, perhaps, not less from vexation than sorrow; and there were tears in her voice too.

"I haven't deserved this."

Lena's face softened; and, crossing over from where she sat, she bent down over her mother caressingly.

"I won't have you torment yourself, dear, and spoil your pleasure and mine, when I've been looking forward to your visit so long. Every thing is quite safe, and will be, if you will only think so. Won't you trust me as you used to do?"

A heavy sigh, only just stifled in time, nearly belied her words. She had been insincere even in the old time, when she let it be believed that all ties were broken betwixt herself and Caryl Glynne; and of late her whole life had been an acted falsehood. Nevertheless, a direct untruth she had seldom, if ever, been forced to utter; and this one seemed to burn her lips in passing. The "straining at the gnat," you see, is not confined to the wearers of broad phylacteries.

Mrs. Shafton did not feel satisfied, but she felt helpless; which, for all practical purposes, comes to nearly the same thing.

"I must trust you, darling," she said, piteously, "for I have no real right to call you to account now; but it would not the less break my heart if any evil befell you. Always remember that."

A kiss was Lena's answer; and with few more words they parted, with peace seemingly betwixt them; but to neither couch came ready slumber or untroubled dreams.

The next day was a very tranquil one; and the only incident worth recording was Marian Ashleigh's announcement of her immediate departure.

"I leave Lena in very safe hands now," she said, with her cheery laugh; "and it won't do to give Philip a substantial grievance to grumble about. He has been rather cavalierly treated already."

To this resolution neither Lord Atherstone nor his wife could seriously demur. So, on the morrow, not without real reluctance, they suffered her to depart. But she herself was not loth to go.

Ill weeds, no less than stately trees, grow while men are sleeping; and Marian wist well that the seed sown under this roof-tree would thrive none the worse for the present without her tendance.

Glynne called that same afternoon. With all her prejudices in arms against him, Mrs. Shafton was bound to confess that he behaved admirably.

Neither then nor afterward, so far as she could discern—and she watched them narrowly—did any sign of intelligence pass betwixt him and Lena; and Caryl's manner was scarcely so familiar as might have been expected in an old friend. The only approach to a confidence was bestowed on herself when he took his leave. Lena had gone to the further end of the room for some music that was to go back to Erriswell.

"Will you let by-gones be by-gones?" Caryl whispered.

Mrs. Shafton bent her head in silent assent; and for some hours afterward she felt her cares much lightened. But on her knees that night she prayed earnestly that there might be some germ of truth in those fair words; for she remembered that when they were uttered, though the speaker held her hand, he had never looked into her eyes.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Both Mrs. Devereux and Arthur Corbett were sensible of a certain change in the atmosphere. Indeed, the former's quick temper had been sorely exercised by the turn that matters had taken of late.

Glynne could not be said to have slackened in his assiduities, simply because such a word never could have applied to his listless devotion; but somehow it seemed to her that there was less *heart* than ever in his careless, caressing words, and less pleasantness in his satire. Nevertheless, she could not complain of any absolute neglect; much less had she any pretext for jealousy. When the three met in society—which was not seldom—she failed to detect the faintest sign of intimacy between Caryl and Lena Atherstone. With all her ingenuity she could not discover that he visited at Templestowe more frequently than mere civility de-

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manded; and he assuredly came to Hunsden quite as often as she herself considered safe; for, strange to say, her husband began just then to cause her much trouble and uneasiness.

The quaint spirit of partisanship, of which you saw signs on that day at Wilton, was always working in the Driver's broad breast; and his animosity toward the supplanter of his comrade was in no wise abated. He was barely civil to Glynne now; and the cool *insouciance* with which the other persisted in ignoring his provocations was a further exasperation.

You may imagine Cissy's feelings one morning when her lord abruptly announced his intention of inviting Major Colville to pay them a fortnight's visit.

"We can take in three of his horses easy enough," Dick remarked; "and I can manage him a couple of mounts. That will about see him through it."

For once Cissy was fairly disconcerted. From a dogged defiance in her husband's manner she guessed that open contradiction was unsafe; and evasion was not much easier. At first she tried to prove that the condition of their stable was not such as to warrant the offer of mounts to any one likely to be hard upon the cattle; but Dick only retorted, sulkily, that "this was his look-out; and that if he were short of horses there were plenty of Godfrey's old friends who would be glad to put him up."

Then Cissy, growing desperate, threw away the scabbard, and gave point in earnest.

"One word's as good as fifty. I don't choose that Major Colville should be asked here at present. We had a quarrel just before he left, and he was exceedingly rude and unreasonable. I shall not encourage him till he thinks fit to apologize."

"Quarreled!" the Driver retorted, grimly. "I don't wonder at it—when you made such a pet, all at once, of that pied popinjay that's always fluttering about here. He'll get pinioned one of these days if he don't mind. But *I'm* not so fond of throwing old friends over. I shall write to Godfrey by this post."

You never would have thought that Cissy's dainty lips could have set themselves so resolutely.

"Calling people names don't help your argument," she said. "As if you ever could argue, Dick! Well, do as you please. But, I give you fair warning, if Major Colville accepts, I shall go and pay Uncle Horace the visit I've owed him so long; and then you two 'old friends' can have the house all to yourselves. Won't that be amusing?"

Her merry, mutinous laugh rang out till the Driver, despite his ill-humor, was fain to laugh too, though rather ruefully. He was so absurdly fond of his wife that even in her caprice and injustice he found a charm; besides which, he had never yet drawn the curb on his "bonny gray mare;" and had not the heart—perhaps he had not the nerve—to prove, all at once, which was master.

"Have your own way," he grumbled; "though it's hard lines, all the same. But you'll make it up with poor old Godfrey, at all events? We can have him here when you're in a better mind."

To these conditions Cissy condescended, inwardly rejoicing at her escape; but her triumph was much abated by the manner in which Glynne received her account of the passage of arms.

"It was running a great risk," he said, gravely; "and I don't quite see why you didn't make the concession."

Cissy colored high with vexation and surprise.

"You don't quite see?" she repeated. "Why, any risk was better than allowing you two to meet here. *He* really did like me; and, I dare say, likes me still."

The bitter emphasis on the pronoun did not escape Caryl; but he only lifted his brows, as if this view of the case had not struck him before.

"That would rather complicate matters, to be sure. But, though Major Colville, I fancy, has a will of his own, and is a little too apt to swagger, I give him credit for tact; and his 'likings'—that's a nice way of putting it—needn't make him forget his *savoir-vivre*. As for me, I am not quarrelsome; and, if I can keep my temper with your husband, I'm not likely to lose it with your—friend. Besides—"

The angry tears sprang into her eyes.

"I don't want to hear any more sham reasons," she broke in. "The real reason is, that you never cared two straws for me, and care still less now. I suppose I'm to thank Lena Atherstone for this. I *will* thank her some day."

Caryl's countenance darkened, though he answered without a sign of irritation.

"I am rightly served for talking reason at all. Why don't you accuse Emily too, while you're about it, and threaten to make an *esclandre* at Erriswell? That would make it quite complete. Do try and be less childish."

"Childish!" she retorted. "Yes; you always treat me like a child. It's the greatest misfortune to be born good-natured. Every one thinks they can twist you round their finger."

He laughed, more in indulgence than in irony.

"Ah! you'd like to have been a strong-minded woman, with hard eyes, and thin lips, and thick ankles, and an impracticable waist—wouldn't you? Well, *mignonne*, I never should have thought meekness or long-suffering had stood in your way. And I fancied Queen Stork, not King Log, ruled here. Come, that's better"—for, in spite of herself, Cissy smiled. "Now you're rational enough to listen to my 'Besides.' I was about to say that, as I must leave Erriswell so soon, I need not stand in any one's light—for the present, at all events."

The smile and the color faded together from Cissy's face.

"Going!" she whispered. "You only say

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that to punish me, Caryl. Say you don't mean it, and I'll be good—so good—directly."

"But I must mean it," he said, with more tenderness than he had yet displayed. "I might outstay even Robin Malcolm's welcome; and I have business in town that needs looking after. But I might come back, you know, before long."

"You *will* come back—and soon," she said, in a lower whisper yet. Then, bowing her head, she pressed her lips, almost timidly, upon the hand she held.

Could this be reckless Cissy Devereux, who, through good or evil report, for love or for fear, had never yet been known to veil her crest before friend or foe?

Some sense of the pitiful contrast, and of his own cruelty, forced itself on Caryl Glynne. For it was a part, and naught else, that he had been playing now for some time past. He had begun it for his amusement; and, as had happened to him a score of times before, finding in it more zest, he had thrown into it more energy than he had reckoned on exerting. It had been "admirable good fooling" while it lasted; but, even if no counter-influence had been at work, it may be he would have tired of it ere now; only, in that other case, he would have sought, after his custom, for fresh pastime elsewhere, instead of dissembling his weariness—with a purpose.

Such treachery, practiced for a more righteous end, has a base savor. I doubt if Desgrais, in the after-time, looked back with much pride on the cunning stratagem that lured Louise de Brinvilliers out of sanctuary; or if he easily forgot the reproach and horror of her eyes, when, instead of the loving clasp she expected, the manacles closed round her wrists.

Caryl felt no remorse, simply because, to serve or save Lena Atherstone, he would not have shrunk from torturing any other living creature. But he did feel some faint compunction just then; such as may have assailed the first Napoleon, when, to cover his retreat, a squadron or two were sent to certain death. Assuredly, he addressed himself to consoling Cissy with very unwonted earnestness—with what success you may divine. Before they parted she was as "reasonable" as even Caryl could desire.

Arthur Corbett, too, had his private causes of discontent, though, perhaps, they were not easier than Mrs. Devereux's to put into shape and substance.

He could not say that he was made less welcome at Templestowe than heretofore, though, somehow, it seemed harder to find excuses for his visits. Neither had Lena's manner grown cold or repellent. It was often absent and indifferent, to be sure; but then it had always been more or less so, except on a few rare occasions, such as that delicious day at Wilton. She was still as ready to listen, if not quite so ready to respond. But a kind of crystal curtain seemed to have dropped betwixt them, through which, though it hindered not sight, nor absolutely forbade speech, all words passed faint and dull; and this barrier was as impossible to break as if it had been built of stone or steel. And yet the change—if change there were—he could not, in common fairness, impute to his having been supplanted.

That vague distrust and dislike of Glynne, alluded to above, abode with Corbett still; but there was not a shadow of ground for fresh suspicion. Twice he had encountered the other at Templestowe; but, from all that appeared on the surface, they were the most natural of morning visits; and on both occasions Caryl had chosen to leave him in possession of the field. Certainly, Arthur might have got a salutary warning if he had chanced to notice the knitting of Lady Atherstone's brows when Glynne rose to depart, and the glance—half satirical, half imperative—by which that sign of discontent was answered. But these are precisely the things that men of the Corbett type never do notice; and the banker missed the clew, though it lay within arm's-length. Of a truth, had he grasped it, perchance his feet were now too weak to carry him out of the maze.

Neither could he possibly take Lena to task, or call her to account; for the utmost encouragement that he had received was not enough to warrant him in so doing; and Arthur had the wit to see that a false step in this direction might be irretrievable. So he had to content himself with vague, plaintive whispers, and glances eloquent of injury; though, for any effect that they produced, both might as well have been lavished on the tallest elm in the avenue. And all the while—knowing that more boldness would have been mere rashness—he ceased not to revile himself as cowardly and supine, and the evil fires within him burned more fiercely than ever. Can you wonder that the struggle rent and wore the man so that not only those near and dear to him, but strangers, marveled what was amiss? But of the truth none had surmise—not even Emma Corbett, though, waking or sleeping, the fear was seldom off her mind that some great sorrow or disaster was hanging over, if it had not actually stricken, her husband. She had never directly questioned him since the occasion you wot of; for Arthur's temper had grown so fearfully uncertain of late that for his sake—not for her own—she forbore to provoke it.

A shadow, such as had probably never hung over the staid old mansion since its foundations were laid, began to brood there. The very children seemed to feel the influence. Meta never asked for a story now; and the others, instead of greeting their father noisily, rather shrank out of his way, whispering to each other that "Papa wasn't well, and mustn't be teased." Natural affection was not yet stifled in Arthur Corbett; and if, as was likely, he was conscious of all this, be sure he hated himself accordingly; but to amend it he was powerless. Truly, his punishment had begun betimes; and if it was

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heavier than that which has lighted on many who have more heavily sinned, who shall say that it was not earned?

And so, all over the tilth, the evil crop reddened and ripened to the harvest that was near.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THOUGH there was little of the braggart in his nature, and he had no vulgar pride in parading his successes, Kerneguy had not been unjust in imputing to Caryl Glynne "exceptional bad luck in compromising his female acquaintances." It was not that he was himself specially rash, or tempted others to be so: he only seemed too indolent to take precautions, and too self-indulgent to practice restraint. But this was altered now. In his dealings with Lena Atherstone he evinced a wonderful prudence and patience; and, so far from being exacting, often refrained from availing himself of an opportunity. And she did justice—ample justice—to his motives, and never murmured, even in her heart; though in his absence every thing around her seemed so cold and dreary that it was no wonder if she hankered for the warmth and light that his presence always brought.

Once, and once only, they came within the verge of danger.

Since Mrs. Shafton appeared at Templestowe the *tête-à-tête* interviews had become very precarious; for, though the mother did not affect or perhaps intend to act duenna, she was by no means such an accommodating third as Lady Marian; and, lacking the latter's excuses for betaking herself elsewhere, as often as not saw fit to sit the visitor out.

Caryl never betrayed a sign of annoyance; but on one of those occasions, after a dark, wet ride homeward, he so far yielded to a sense of injury as to write by that post to Lena, appointing an outdoor meeting the following afternoon.

There was nothing picturesque in the big, rambling park of Templestowe; but the ground rose enough, in the rear of the mansion, to form something like a hanging wood. Broad belts of covert almost entirely lined the boundary wall; and through these the late lord, who prided himself on his plantations, had cut glades and grass-roads, wide enough at the narrowest for an ordinary pony-carriage. These had long since lost their trimness, for they were seldom traversed now; but they were kept open now for sporting purposes, and, save in very bad weather, were always passable.

Lena had made the circuit more than once with Marian Ashleigh, so she was not likely to miss the place of rendezvous; and Glynne, too, found his way thither easily, for he had been posted hard by while shooting the coverts.

It was a kind of *carrefour*, whence several rides diverged star-wise; and evergreens grew thickly just here, affording shelter and screen even when the trees were bare. Also, within convenient distance, was a park gate, seldom used now, but never locked; for John Gilbert and his fellows kept poachers aloof, and Lord Atherstone cared little for other intruders.

It was a good seven-mile walk from Erriswell; and, for reasons of his own, Glynne had followed field paths rather than the Queen's highway. But he looked indolence personified, as he leaned back against an oak trunk, smoking a placid cigarette. Beyond frequent mud flecks on his high russet boots, he bore no signs of travel; and he might have sat for a picture, in that soft velvet shooting dress. There was no affectation in his habitual languor; but it concealed an abundance of physical energy. Besides this, the effect of his Morean training had not yet passed away.

Before he had time to grow impatient Lena appeared.

The manner of their interview need not be recorded; but it lasted rather longer than was prudent, for the woods were darkening into twilight when they said adieu.

They were standing close—very close—together, when they were startled by a deep voice sounding almost in their ears, though in reality it came from a score of yards or so down a side glade.

"Tramp! Have a care, will you? 'Ware flick!"

It was John Gilbert going his rounds, accompanied, as it happened, by a half-broken retriever. If steady old Sultan—familiar to contempt with all four-footed things—had been at his heel, the pair loitering there had been spied; for, though massive of frame, the keeper trod, from long habit, always warily, and a heavier foot would have fallen noiselessly on the soft grass and sodden leaves.

A thrill of terror—not of selfish terror, to do him justice—shot through Glynne's breast as he drew back swiftly and silently; but one glance assured him that the holly-screen had saved them; and, when Gilbert turned the corner of the ride, for aught of discomposure or consciousness that they displayed, he and his companion might have been chatting on the Templestowe terrace.

"Yes, I don't think you could choose a better place," Caryl was saying. "Ah, Gilbert, is that you? Come here for a moment, will you?"—for, after making his rough obeisance, the keeper was passing on—"Lady Atherstone was thinking of putting up a sort of arbor somewhere about here, of heath, or any thing that would be weather-proof; for it was rather too damp to be pleasant when we last lunched here. Don't you think we've found about the best spot?"

The keeper looked somewhat glum, though none but professional scruples were floating in his mind. To speak truth, he did not specially admire these mixed entertainments, and held that the presence of petticoats was, on the whole, inimical to the bag, as tending to make the afternoon shooting jealous, if not wild. However, in common with the other dependents

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of Templestowe, he rather favored Lady Atherstone; and the latter had shown much kindness to his daughter, who was still ailing. So he made shift to answer with sufficient affability:

"The place is handy enough, Sir, if my lady fancies such a thing. But, if I might advise, I'd shift it about ten rod backarder, pretty close to the park wall. A stop there 'ud do more good than harm; but any thing strange set in the open here 'ud be sure to make the birds break back. As it is, we can manage one or two fairish flushes, if you remember."

"I should be very ungrateful to forget," the other returned. "I had a real good corner—that was before luncheon, though—and I wish I'd done it more justice."

There was a charm in Caryl's manner sometimes which very few could resist; and, perhaps, even rugged John Gilbert was not wholly insensible to this, as he answered, with a short, gruff laugh:

"You didn't do bad, Sir, by no means. Any how, you didn't blow your birds, like yon soldier gentleman from Heslingford. He did mash 'em terrible. I think you take my meaning; and p'r'aps you'll make it clear to my lady."

Lena had so far recovered herself by this time as to be able to take her own part in the talk; and, when Phœbe had been duly inquired after, the keeper was suffered to go on his way.

In all things pertaining to his craft his eyes were like an Indian's on the war-trail; but in matters like this they were purblind. If it needed almost force to open them when his own child was in peril, they were scarce likely to be quick-sighted concerning a comparative stranger. Moreover, though in this man there was not a touch of servility, he was not apt to think evil of dignities; neither would he lightly attaint the honor of the family whose bread he had eaten for forty years. Had it been otherwise, be sure that neither for fear nor favor would John Gilbert have held his peace; and Ralph Atherstone would have been set face to face with his dishonor before he slept.

For Lena's sake, Glynne glossed over the peril they had escaped so narrowly, but to himself he did not undervalue it; and he vowed inwardly that the like should not again be incurred. It was during his walk homeward that he resolved on moving, for a time at least, from his pleasant quarters; and he broached his intention that same evening at Erriswell.

Mrs. Malcolm did not venture to argue the point; but she was evidently surprised and chagrined. Her husband, though he expressed regret, and pressed on Caryl a speedy return, took it much more easily.

Robin had been troubled with certain misgivings of late, albeit they had not tended toward Templestowe. He had not failed to remark signs of growing discontent in the master of Hunsden, and had, more than once, reproached himself with being accessory, in a distant degree, to the annoyance, whatsoever it was, brooding on the jovial face. He was no ascetic, and was willing that all around him should amuse themselves in their own fashion; but it must be in purity and honor, or it should not be with his good leave. Also, he was diffident of judging the society from which he had been severed so long, and was well aware that many things that to him seemed strange and overbold might to others appear quite natural and harmless. Nevertheless, his clear common-sense rarely failed to mark the boundary line betwixt right and wrong; and his doubts as to Caryl's real amendment waxed more frequent and troublesome. It might be only fooling, of course; but fooling that could cause such an honest heart as Dick Devereux's to ache could scarcely be innocent, and would, at all events, be the better for a check.

So, putting force on his hospitality, with many kindly words Malcolm sped the parting guest. Had he but wist of the truth, he would have thrust the other from his doors with scant leave-taking—ay! if a storm had been raging, wild enough to have uprooted the toughest oak at Erriswell.

Neither did Lena combat Caryl's resolution. When—answering her beseeching eyes rather than her lips, which scarcely stirred—he said, gently, "I must go," she pleaded no more; for she felt he had not come lightly or selfishly to such resolve.

But her whole character had changed of late. The independence and self-reliance that had once distinguished her had quite vanished; and, in all matters where Caryl could have a voice, she seemed to have surrendered free-agency. and even free-will. If the old dreams—dispelled long ago—had come true, and she had bound herself to honor and obey him in the face of God and man, she could not have performed the second more implicitly, though the first was impossible.

She promised, now, to be patient, just as she would have promised to play her part in any scheme that he judged to be expedient; and she forbore to make the parting harder by any repining.

But when he was gone—

I trust that none who read these pages—not excepting their sternest critic—will be able to fill up, from their own experience, that dreary *lacuna*. It may be a hard time, perhaps, with the men who, on sea or land, have their appointed work to do; but often it is a harder, rely on it, with "the women that weep," even when their tears have a right to flow. And how, think you, does it fare with them when it is a sin to hope and a blasphemy to pray?

Nevertheless, in point of present expediency, Glynne's departure was assuredly well-timed; for, within the same week, Miles Shafton, availing himself of a general invitation, appeared at Templestowe.

Even to him it was evident that there was a change—not for the better—and had things remained *in statu*, it is just possible he might have

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stumbled on the real cause thereof, not so much from keenness of perception as from the instincts of antipathy. If he was sensitive any where, it was in regard to his sister. Though almost all his knowledge of the matter came from hearsay, he had never forgiven Glynne for compromising her; and you may remember that he "rose" freely at the mention of this name when he and his comrade were discussing Lena's approaching marriage. Only—far from making no account of Caryl, as he had then affected to do—he held the latter in almost irrational dread; and would not have stood much on probabilities in tracing the troubling of any waters whatsoever to that fountain-head. Besides, as you are aware, some of the best-laid ambushments have miscarried through the chance snapping of a firelock or a drunkard's blunder; and, all things considered, Miles might have proved a dangerous addition to materials sufficiently explosive.

As it was, he decided that his relatives "had grown deadly dull, and wanted Lady Marian to wake them up." Moreover, the infection seemed to have spread; for Arthur Corbett was almost a nonentity now—convivially speaking—rarely appearing at the covert side, and more than slack with his "little dinners;" Mrs. Devereux had departed, after all, to pay that threatened visit to her uncle; while the Driver—for whom Miles had always had a kind of fellow-feeling—though he rode harder than ever, took his pleasure sullenly and silently. The sport, too, as it happened, was rather below the average just then.

So the hussar made his visit shorter than he had intended; and, casting the economy of free quarters to the winds, sped away to the Dragon of Wantley—the famous hostelry which, for a "consideration," furnishes food, drink, cattle, and every thing but raiment, to "spring captains," and others who have no fixed abiding-place on the grass.

CHAPTER XL.

How he excused his absence to those most interested in the question was best known to himself; but the early and the late spring passed away without Glynne's again appearing in Loamshire. It may be that business was not a vain pretext; his affairs were always so complicated that, without an occasional oiling of the wheels, they were sure to come to a deadlock; and this time the process necessitated a visit to Vienna.

Mrs. Devereux chafed and fretted, as a matter of course; and when she found that frequent missives—indignant, imperative, or imploring—sent on the track of the recreant availed nothing, a relic of prudence, backed up by a sufficiency of pride, enabled her to bide her time. But the Driver—performing, after his wont, vicarious penance—had a very rough time of it at home; and all her other admirers were more or less hardly entreated by their imperious mistress. With a truly feminine perversity, she still deferred reconciliation with Godfrey Colville; and Dick, albeit infinitely more valorous on his friend's behalf than on his own, dared not, for the nonce, air his hospitable intentions.

Lena was patient, as she had promised—wonderfully patient; only, as day succeeded day, each appearing longer than its fellow, her listlessness deepened into apathy. She seldom stirred abroad, and seemed less equal than heretofore to the effort of keeping up appearances at home.

Lord Atherstone noticed this, and his own heart waxed so heavy that twice or thrice he was on the verge of taking Mrs. Shafton into his counsel, and beseeching her to confide in him if she had guessed at the root of Lena's melancholy. It was not pride, but rather the delicacy of which mention has before been made, so strangely at variance with the rest of his character, that set a seal on his lips. It was, doubtless, with a view to distract his wife's thoughts at any cost that he proposed their moving to town immediately after Easter—not into apartments, as before, but into a house for the entire season.

Lena acceded to the plan readily but indifferently; yet, if the room had not chanced to be so dimly lit, and she had not sat so far back in the shadow, even Ralph might have marked the treacherous flush that swept across her cheek—paler than ever of late—and have marveled at its cause.

Mrs. Shafton, who still staid on at Templestowe, was any thing but pleased with the summer programme; but it was scarcely possible for her to start any objection without treading on perilous ground, especially after Lena had intimated that there would always be a room at her disposal whenever she chose to occupy it. Indeed, the mother's misgivings had been much less active of late, if they had not entirely slumbered, simply from the lack of fresh matter to feed upon; and that very elasticity of character which had buoyed her up through many troubles helped to beguile her now into a false security.

Lady Atherstone did not suggest any special *locale* for their town quarters, and her husband seemed equally careless on the subject. This question was settled for them by one of the convenient agents who, at a day's notice, can purvey any thing from a palace down to a *maison de santé*, so long as they are not stinted in terms. It was purely by accident that Lena found herself settled within a stone's-throw of the quiet street where the first—and last—romance of her life began.

Though the breadth of the cycle may vary infinitely, according to circumstances, is it not strange how often private as well as public histories repeat themselves? If the campaign has prospered, it is pleasant, doubtless, to pile arms amidst the old familiar places; but if the bat-

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tle has gone hard against them, surely the prescience of defeat will not weigh less heavily on those who have fallen back almost to the ground where, at the outset, full of strength and hope, they set their forces in array. Do you think that the hunted hare dies a whit the easier because the last double has brought her close to her "form?"

Had Lady Atherstone been quite innocent and heart-whole, the coincidence must needs have evoked memories that ought never to have stirred in their tombs; but, unhappily, the dry bones were clothed with flesh already, and the evil host was fit to do the bidding of the Spirit who had been permitted to call them back to life. With Lena the gulf of intervening years seemed to have vanished utterly, and old scenes stood out in as close and bold relief as if they had been enacted but yesterday. More vividly than she had ever remembered it since, she recollected her first glimpse of Caryl Glynne's face—how, even then, it seemed to detach itself from the others pressing through a crowded doorway; she could have gone straight to the tree under which he waited when, trembling despite her hardihood, she came to meet him through the fresh June morning; she could call back the very tints of the western clouds that hung over their parting on the eve of her enforced flight northward.

And the Tempter's whispers were more frequent than ever; and Caryl—either weary of self-denial, or waxing reckless from impunity—preached prudence no longer. Indeed, there was little of difficulty or danger to contend with, now that they were sheltered under the mantle of the great city, which is one of refuge to worse sins than homicide.

Lord Atherstone spent all his afternoons abroad; and his goings-out and comings-in were so regular that there was no chance of his appearing untimeously; moreover, Lena was such a favorite with her household that her actions were likely to be charitably construed even by the Vigilance Committee below stairs.

Oddly enough, perhaps the first person who conceived any serious suspicion was fair Grace Moreland. She was neither prude nor Puritan; indeed, she was rather ingenious in inventing apologies for the follies of her fellows, and had defended Lena too often formerly to be apt to accuse her now. Nevertheless, looking back on their ancient intimacy, Grace could not but admit that it had greatly slackened, and, for a while, bewildered herself in trying to account for this. Now that Lena had a house of her own, so extremely "convenient" to Blakeney Street, Mrs. Moreland had naturally reckoned on dropping in at unceremonious hours for a confidential chat. But somehow it seemed impossible to walk, straight and unannounced, into Lena's boudoir, though, once there, the welcome was as cordial as ever; and twice or thrice Grace had actually been rebutted by a "Not at home" that, she felt almost sure, was conventional.

She would have scorned espial either on friend or foe; and it was simply by chance that on one of these occasions, looking back as she turned a corner, she saw Caryl Glynne issue from the doors which had just been closed against herself. It was a feeling much less selfish than mortified vanity or slighted friendship that made Grace Moreland's light heart so heavy that evening. With all her gentleness, she was too proud to complain, and, though in no wise timid, dared not play monitress here; so she let her grievance sleep when she next met Lena. Neither till long after did she confide her forebodings to her own husband, from whom she had seldom hitherto kept a secret; but they did not cease to haunt her till there was nothing left to fear.

The Atherstones went a good deal into society; and Ralph performed late escort-duty, with a readiness and punctuality that might put many recent benedicts to shame. The opera was the only place to which Lena went alone—never quite alone, indeed, for even on these occasions she was always accompanied by her mother, Grace Moreland, or Lady Marian. The Ashleighs were in town for the season, Philip having hardened himself to the extravagance of a furnished "flat." But the afternoons, as has been aforesaid, the Baron was fain to spend after his own devices, and, perforce, frequented his divers clubs pretty assiduously.

One afternoon toward the end of May he was sitting in a window of the Sanctorium, gazing out into the crowded street—intently, as it seemed, but, in reality, so vacantly that a familiar friend might have passed by unrecognized—when Sir Charles Wroughton came up, holding an open letter in his hand, and with a cloud of annoyance on his face.

"Don't you despise people who never know their own minds?" he said. "Not a fortnight ago Tempest was too keen about Norway—slept with his fly-book under his pillow, I believe, for fear somebody should borrow his special patterns—and now here's a lachrymose note, regretting that he must throw me over, because his brother's coming home from India. Just as if two months would have made any difference, when I happen to know that they haven't met for a dozen years. So I've got to look up a second rod at a week's notice. You don't happen to know of a decent fisherman, about my own age, and about my force at piquet?—I'm full against boys and gamblers—I'd almost frank him there and back."

Lord Atherstone paused a while; and when he looked up to answer there was an earnestness in his eyes utterly disproportioned to the subject.

"I only know of one man," he said; "and he's not quite up to the piquet standard, though he might suit in other respects. Would you mind taking me?"

Wroughton's countenance grew blank from very surprise.

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"Take *you?* You must be joking, though jokes are not in your line. I thought, when you gave up your river, you'd given up Norway for good. Surely, too, you've taken your house for the season; and"—his tongue stumbled here—"and you're aware that mine are only bachelor quarters?"

"I'm quite aware of it," Ralph replied. "Had it been otherwise, I should never have dreamed of taking my wife across the North Sea. But, now she's thoroughly settled, I fancy she will manage very well without me for a few weeks, with her mother's and Marian's help. Any how, I'll consult her, and let you have a decided answer by noon to-morrow, if you'll hold the rod open so long."

"Of course I will," the other answered; "I'd keep it open longer for such a chance. So don't decide hastily, and—don't let me persuade you."

The speaker's manner was hearty, but not precisely eager; and it was easy to divine that his inclinations and convictions were at variance. Scandal had hitherto spared Lady Atherstone, and not a rumor to her disparagement had reached Wroughton's ears; neither—being often in her company—could he himself accuse her of coquetry. Nevertheless, he felt that, if he had stood in his comrade's place, he would have consented never to wet a salmon line again, rather than have put some hundred leagues of sea and land betwixt himself and so fair a wife, when the butterfly season was at its height. He had no exalted ideas of marital responsibility; but there is a time for all things, and perhaps something of the burden of the old hunting-song was running in his head just then—

> "With cheer and whoop the chase is up,
> And bachelors may fare;
> But married men should bide at home,
> From the hunting of the bear."

In all ages that plea of exemption from feast or foray has generally been allowed; and even Sparta once only rose to the sublime cynicism that produced the Parthenii.

But the easy-going baronet was wont to assume that every man—gentle or simple, wise or witless—was, till incapacity should be proved, the best judge of his own affairs; and if neither scruples nor suspicions existed in Ralph's breast, surely it would be an ill deed to plant them there. Having forborne to bias his friend's decision either way, Wroughton felt his conscience at ease, and waited to see what the morrow would bring forth.

THE NOBLER LOVE.

COLONEL and Mrs. Shirley were at breakfast one morning in their bright little villa at Sydenham, near London. Every American who has ever crossed the Atlantic knows that beautiful English landscape, and the soft outlines of the gentle elevations—really, we can not call them hills—on one of which now stands the glittering Crystal Palace. In its way, a more charming scene could hardly be found. Edgar Poe lays it down as an æsthetic canon that the mind and eye soon weary of the grand, sublime scenery which strikes and appalls one at the first, and that only the soft, gentle, and beautiful landscape grows and grows forever in its charm. Undoubtedly Edgar Poe was wrong in this theory, as he was in a good many others, which, like this, he evolved from the depths of his moral consciousness; but undoubtedly, too, this quiet Sydenham scene might well have had a charm even for the strongest nature and the most passionate lover of the sublime. At the time I am writing of now no lustrous temple of glass adorned or profaned the quiet sylvan scene, and villas were but thinly scattered over Sydenham and Norwood and Anerley. It was an early summer morning, twenty years ago. Colonel Shirley was a man of about forty; a fair-haired, handsome, middle-aged English gentleman—a man who you might assume never uttered a fine sentiment in his life, even in his love-making, and never did a mean thing. His wife was a year or two younger, and was handsome, with pale face and dark brown eyes. There was a somewhat worn or wasted look about her features, which made her seem as if she bore her years less lightly than her husband, although his hair was already growing gray, while hers was as purely brown and glossy as it could have been in the days of her maidenhood.

Some letters were lying on the table when Colonel Shirley and his wife entered the breakfast-room. One of the letters was addressed to Mrs. Shirley, and bore the post-mark of the United States.

"A letter for you, Alice," said her husband; "and from America. Have you any friends there?"

"No, dear; at least I don't remember any."

He handed her the letter. The handwriting was strange to her. She opened the envelope, and found that it contained two letters, one open, one sealed. As she saw the writing on the latter her face flushed, and her hands trembled. She read both, and her eyes were filled with tears. Colonel Shirley was deep in his own correspondence.

"Arthur dear," said his wife, appealing for his attention, "please read those;" and she laid the two letters before him, one above the other.

The first he glanced at was dated from an old-fashioned second-class boarding-house in Canal Street, New York, and merely informed Mrs. Shirley that an Englishman who had been living there for a short time, and who was now dead, had written a letter shortly before his death which he desired to have forwarded to her. He wished that it should not be sent until after his death, and that it should then be accompanied by an intimation that he was no more.

The other letter ran thus:

"I am dying, Alice—dying; and my mind is miserable about my poor little child. A kind family out in the West are now taking care of

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her for me; but they can not make her their child. Will you have her, Alice, and make her your daughter—for the sake of old remembrances, and as a sign that you have forgiven me? I hear that you are rich, and that your husband is a high-minded, generous man; and perhaps he will not refuse this burden. I have suffered deeply, as you know. My other children—two—are dead. She, their mother, has long since left me, and gone to shame. I can tell you nothing more of her. That my daughter may never come to know of her existence is my prayer. You will do this, Alice, I know, and have my thanks in anticipation. Ah, God, how noble and good you always were! As I write, all the past comes back on me, and I love you—so much that I thank Heaven you found a stronger arm and a stronger heart than mine to lean on. If you will grant me this last favor, write or send to—" (and then followed an address in a Western State). "My daughter is five years old. Her name is Rachel Alice; but I wish the first name to be dropped, and to have her called by the second name—your own name. My gratitude already to Colonel Shirley. To yourself eternal thanks and blessings—and good-by."

The letter was signed "Henry John Lewis."

Colonel Shirley had known the story of this man. Henry John Lewis was once a handsome, brilliant, generous, weak-minded, impulsive young fellow, who was in love with Alice Shirley, then a girl, and whom she deeply loved. They were engaged. She had overlooked a good many defects in his character because of her love for him, which gave her faith in him. He went with his regiment to India (he was in the army), and there he fell madly in love with an actress and singer who had come out from England on a theatrical and money-making expedition. This woman obtained immense control over him; and the upshot was that Alice one day heard that her lover, whose return she was expecting every week, was married to the actress. His career then went steadily downward. He left the army; he became wild and reckless; his wife's conduct and manner kept him in perpetual misery and doubt. At last she left him altogether, in company with an officer who, once brilliant, like Lewis himself, and now, like him, broken down, had taken to the stage as a profession, and was going to Europe. Lewis took his little daughter, the only child left to him, and made his way somehow to the United States, hoping to recover health and character and fortune there, in which attempt, as we know, he broke down and died.

All the early part of this story Colonel Shirley had known. When he fell in love with the woman now his wife, and urged her to marry him, she told him the story of her life, and told him too that the full fervor of her affection had been given to the weak and worthless man who deserted her. Shirley honored her for her candor, and found no fault with her early love. He still asked her to give him what affection she could; and she yielded at last, and they were married. They had now had many years of a quiet, happy married life, but they had no children.

Colonel Shirley read the letter, and laid it down.

"Of course you will take the child, Alice?"

"That is for you to say, dear. I suppose we—we shall never have any children—of our own."

The question was settled. Colonel Shirley and his wife were not people to do things by halves. They went out to the United States—a rare performance for Englishmen and Englishwomen in those days. They saw Niagara, and the Hudson, and New England, and part of the South and West, and, returning, they brought home to London little Alice Lewis with them. They dropped the name of Lewis, and she was known in England as Alice Shirley.

Fifteen years went over, and changed Alice Shirley into a young woman of twenty. The years also converted her from a weakly child into a bright, charming little dark-eyed creature, full of vivacity and animation—a *piquant* little flirt, ill-natured people thought her; a spirited, impulsive, true-hearted girl, those who knew her better knew her to be. She was in full possession of the fact that she was not Mrs. Shirley's daughter. She knew that her father had been an old friend of Mrs. Shirley, and that he, dying alone and poor, left his daughter as his only legacy to her benevolence and love. Alice always supposed that her mother was dead at the time when the Shirleys brought her from America; for she had the dimmest, vaguest memory of some confusion and disturbance in their home in Calcutta, which was somehow connected with her mother's name, and she assumed that this must be an incoherent recollection of her death and burial.

The Shirleys lived in London during the season, and were much in society. Alice was greatly admired, and sometimes, I am afraid, flirted a good deal, and, perhaps, was reproved wisely, and in vain, by Mrs. Shirley. She really could not help herself, Alice pleaded, pathetically.

"It's all your fault, mamma," she declared, one day. She always called Mrs. Shirley "mamma."

"All my fault, Alice? How do you make that out, child?"

"Well, if not all your fault, it is your fault and papa's. Pa jointly with ma, as some one of the Tetterby family says in that book of Dickens's. Yes, it's all your fault, because you make me so happy; and I can't help being in high spirits, and so, I dare say, doing ridiculous and foolish things sometimes. I don't believe there ever was such a happy girl, and it *is* your fault."

Mrs. Shirley kissed her tenderly, but looked a little grave and sad.

Among Alice's especial admirers were two young men; the first was a Charles Randolph,

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son of Randolph the great financier and railway man—Randolph, who began life as a peddler, or a tinker, or hodman, or something of the sort, but who managed to pick up a trifle of figures and other knowledge here and there as he tramped his road, or mended his kettles, or mounted his ladder, or followed his trade, whatever it was, and who, in the infancy of the railway system, invented something or other, people didn't very well know what, and likewise developed a financial genius, and so made no end of money, and now sat in Parliament, and held steadily aloof from bubble companies, and "contractors' lines," and audacious projects of all kinds, and was a rich, respectable, and honest man, with grave, solid manners, not much out of keeping with his whole surroundings. Charley Randolph, his son, was a fine, handsome, manly young fellow, with a ringing voice and a splendid beard. He had been at Oxford, and still read a good deal; and his father had sent him to travel not merely over Europe, but to the United States and Australia. He was a devoted follower of Alice's, and there could be little doubt that he was only waiting for an opportunity to propose to her. I shall not yet say what she thought of him. Let the course she afterward followed show that.

Colonel and Mrs. Shirley leaned decidedly to the other admirer. To begin with, he was the son of a lord; and it takes an extraordinary Englishman, and yet more extraordinary Englishwoman, indeed, to be wholly indifferent to the allurement of a title. Then he was really an amiable and attractive young man, apart from his family recommendations. He was the Honorable Wilfrid Euston, eldest son of Lord St. Pancras. He was a handsome young man, with delicate, aristocratic features, and gentle, graceful, winning ways. He was a young aristocrat of a type growing to be common in our days—the philanthropic nobleman. He took a deep and sincere interest in all schemes for prison reform, in ragged schools and Sunday-schools, in reformatories for children, in social tea-parties, meant to bring all classes into harmony, and where the workingman and the heir to an earldom were to drink tea together twice a month, and be very friendly, and where they were generally very awkward, both of them, and bored each other terribly. He got up reading classes and lectures; he took more trouble about the reforming of poor girls than one of his illustrious ancestors would have taken for the purpose even of ruining them. Much of this is a fashion, of course, and is the offspring merely of the condition of an age. Only a little difference of time and scene decides whether a young aristocrat with plenty of money shall be a Richelieu or a Wilfrid Euston. But without overglorifying ourselves on the virtue and beauty of our own age, we may be allowed some little self-congratulation on the change of manners and morals which makes it more fashionable for a young aristocrat to drink tea with and make pleasant speeches to a poor proletarian than to fleece and oppress him—to work for the reform of poor girls rather than for their seduction.

Wilfrid Euston, then, was a philanthropic young aristocrat, and he made Colonel and Mrs. Shirley—and Alice, when he could—his confidants and co-operators. I do not know whether Charley Randolph felt much faith in all the schemes of benevolence. Perhaps he stood too nearly affined to the working-classes to care much about any projects which seemed to savor, however faintly, of patronage. But he always subscribed handsomely, even when he frankly declared that the way to do the working-classes any real and permanent good was to throw open full means of education, give them all their political rights, and then let them alone. Wilfrid Euston, of course, was in Parliament, but he was not much of a political reformer, and, while a great admirer of Mr. Bright's eloquence, was sincerely afraid that the great orator was a "demagogue." Wilfrid did not stop to inquire whether demagogues are not occasionally needed, and whether the demagogues of one day or age are not the patriots and heroes of another. Charley Randolph was in Parliament too, and not being much of a speaker, devoted himself principally to sitting behind Mr. Bright, and cheering for him when he spoke.

Now these were the two principal competitors for Alice Shirley's hand. It so happened that each had confided to Colonel Shirley about the same time his intention to appeal to Alice herself on the subject, and each had received from Shirley and his wife the assurance that wherever Alice's choice pointed, their approval would follow. But the hopes of the Shirleys, husband and wife, were with Wilfrid Euston, and he knew it was so.

One morning, just at this time, Alice went into town in the carriage to get some music. As she was entering the shop, in Regent Street, a man who was lounging along the pavement saw her, and was apparently much struck by her appearance. He came to a full stop, stared at her, gazed into the window, exclaimed "By Jove!" and followed her into the shop. She was turning over some music. He, too, asked for some piece of music or other, and he glanced curiously and closely at Alice. She could not get what she wanted, and the clerk offered to send it to her address next day. But she said she would be coming into town herself that day, and would call for it. Then she went away, and the man contrived to get into conversation with the clerk, and to learn her name. He seemed a little puzzled when he heard that her name was Miss Shirley.

He was a tall man, rather past middle age. He probably had been handsome and dashing once; but now his face was flushed and bloated, there were deep wrinkles under his eyes, and his whole make-up suggested billiards and brandy. That he was or had been in the army

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was evident to the most casual observation. He wore a heavy mustache, waxed and dyed to conceal its grayness, and he was altogether an unpleasant and disreputable-looking personage.

Next day he was pacing Regent Street an hour before the time at which he had seen Miss Shirley. He hung closely round the music shop. At last her carriage came; she got out, went into the shop, and came forth again.

Then he approached her, standing between her and the carriage door. He took off his hat, and addressed her very ceremoniously. At first she took him for a beggar of a new kind, got up to imitate a broken-down gentleman. He said something, however, which made her start and color and look indignant. Then he spoke again, and she listened. The conference lasted but a few moments. He then gave her a card with an address written on it. She got into her carriage, rejecting angrily his proffered arm; and she flung herself back, and hid her face, as if the light were hateful to her. When she reached home and got out she was pale, but looked firm. She seemed to have grown older. Such a change appeared to have come over her as I always fancy must have come on Juliet from the moment when the nurse, in all sincerity, advised her to forget Romeo and marry Paris, and the girl knew that henceforward she must take counsel with herself alone.

That evening she had a long, sad conference with Mrs. Shirley first, then with her and her husband together. The man who accosted her in the street had told her something of her mother's story—nobody could know the worst part of it better than he—but he refused to say whether she was alive or dead, except on conditions; and he left his address, in order that acceptance or refusal might be notified to him.

In fact, he wanted to extort money, under pain of having a shameful scandal made public if the family should refuse his terms.

All three, Alice, the Colonel, and Mrs. Shirley, were of one mind in resolving to make no conditions, and to take no further notice of the scoundrel. Colonel Shirley was already satisfied that Alice's mother was dead; and he was convinced that, for her own sake and that of her married life, Alice must take a resolute stand in the beginning, and defy exposure. He was going on to hint that, in the event of any suitor proposing for her, the truth had better all be told, when Mrs. Shirley quietly interrupted, and said,

"I think, dear, we may safely leave Alice to take her own course in that."

Alice gave her a look of tearful thanks and confidence; and the girl was warmly embraced and kissed by both, and did her best to look reassured and happy.

Colonel Shirley resolved to walk Regent Street a good deal for a few days, and look out for the personage Alice had described. He thought he should know him by her description, and that a few words of conversation would enable him to decide whether to treat with him by horsewhip or through the medium of the police. If the man should prove a mere professional extorter of money, then, of course, the police. If he retained any pretense whatever to the condition of a gentleman, why, then the horsewhip would be the proper mode of remonstrance.

A day or two brought a visit from the Honorable Wilfrid Euston, for a purpose which he had already notified to Colonel Shirley, and for which, therefore, Alice was fully prepared.

The Honorable Wilfrid approached his proposal somewhat diffidently and awkwardly, as most young Englishmen, however aristocratic their breeding, would do on such an occasion. When he was yet on the verge of the proposal, while it was yet unuttered, Alice stopped him with a gesture and an effort to speak. There were tears sparkling in her eyes, but she became mistress of herself.

"Mr. Euston, before you say a word more I have something to say to you. May I tell you a painful secret?"

"Surely, Miss Shirley, if you wish me to know it."

"I do wish you to know it, and to keep it."

"You may rely at least on my keeping it. What you wish me to hear I will hear. What you ask me to keep to myself or to forget shall be kept secret and forgotten, if I can forget it."

His manner was naturally that of one surprised, and expecting to be pained. Not knowing or guessing what was to come, he conjectured, surely enough, that something was coming to destroy his hopes.

"Mr. Euston, my name is not Shirley—*that* I always knew, and you too, perhaps. But I have learned only lately that my history is disgraceful; I do not mean that my parents were poor or humble—that would be no disgrace to them or to me. But I mean that there is shame upon us and scandal, and that any man who marries me marries a woman whose family story is one of shame. If you believe I exaggerate, Mr. Euston, I give you leave to speak to Colonel Shirley on the subject. But it would perhaps be more just to yourself, and more kind to me, to let our conversation stop here, and allude to this no more. Let us meet as we have always done hitherto. There is no reason why I should not be your friend."

Wilfrid Euston felt like one suddenly pierced with a poisoned weapon. He really did love this girl as much as so calm and pure a young philanthropist could love any woman; and he looked vainly into her face to see whether she was not, perhaps, merely trying his sincerity in some romantic, extravagant way. But her face only showed intense pain and humiliation and grief; and tears, which a feigned emotion never yet called up to make a triumph for a *tragedienne*, were stealing down her cheeks.

For a moment Euston was impelled to put his arm round her waist, and say, tenderly, "Alice, do you love me? If you do, that is

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all I care for. Your birth, your parents, be they what they may, can not lower your value in my eyes!" He was near doing this for a moment; but, after all, he was an aristocrat before every thing, and he had thought he was making a generous sacrifice to his love in marrying the daughter of Colonel Shirley, who, however unblemished in birth and character, did not pretend to rank with the aristocracy. He tried, he really tried, to be headlong in his love, and to sacrifice all to it, and he could not.

"Miss Shirley, I can not tell how deeply I regret—and sympathize; and I hope you overrate the—the painfulness of all this."

"No, no," she said, in tremulous tones; "it is only too true."

"I deeply regret—and I am sure there is no sphere you would not adorn—and I don't see why this should affect you, except that, of course, it must give you pain. And pray believe me, my dear Miss Shirley, that this secret, if it is really as you now believe, is safe in my hands."

He was regaining his composure, and beginning to feel a gleam of satisfaction that he had not committed himself. They parted sadly, but on friendly terms, and he went away, shocked and grieved indeed, but thinking in the deepest depths of his mind that, after all, and since things were so, it was well that she was generous and disinterested enough to stop him before he had gone too far for decent withdrawal. So he went back, sadly but resolutely, to his philanthropy and his concerts for working-men.

When he had left the room poor Alice said, with a scornful light flashing through her tears, "I knew how that would be. *He* has no heart! But I don't blame him. To marry me would disgrace any man."

She had hardly time to go to her own room, dry her tears, and try to look composed and elegant again, when she was told that Charles Randolph had come to call on her. The name threw her into a fresh paroxysm of tears. She had gone down to see Wilfrid Euston with tolerable firmness; but she could hardly bring herself to meet Charley Randolph. Yet she constrained herself to go down, not before she had many times had to retreat again to dry fresh tears, and to study her looks and her efforts at composure in the glass.

I shall not describe the interview with Charley Randolph. Enough to say that it was long and painful, and on his side passionate. Then he went down stairs with a flushed face, and he mounted his horse at the door, and galloped away so fast that his groom could hardly keep up with him, and an officious and astonished policeman seemed inclined to rush forward and stop the horse—but didn't, however.

Alice had heard his proposal of marriage fully out, and then sadly, tearfully, positively declined it. She gave him no reason; she said nothing of her family, or what she considered her disgrace—but she refused to marry him. In vain he pleaded and begged, and even stormed, for Charley had a vehement nature; in vain he caught her in his arms, whether she would or no, and kissed her. She would not yield. But however he pressed her, she would not—and this was the only consolation he had to bear away with him—she would not say she did not love him; for she could not say it: she did love him.

How does a despairing lover now demean himself in civilized life—in the life of London, or Paris, or New York, I mean? He can not creep into bushes, like the stricken deer; he can not go off and fight the Saracens; he can hardly even go unshaven. I fancy that no great change was seen in Charley Randolph's demeanor. Perhaps he was more silent than usual in the club-rooms or the smoking-room of the House of Commons of nights. Perhaps he smoked rather more fiercely than before, and fell into a grim reverie now and then, leaving his brandy-and-water untasted, and then suddenly looked up and emptied his glass at a draught. But there were no more remarkable demonstrations of a disturbed heart than these; and yet, in good truth, Charley suffered terribly, and would have welcomed an earthquake, or a war, or a general election, or any other dreadful perturbation of things which might have distracted him even for a short time from himself and his suffering.

Charles Randolph eyed Wilfrid Euston somewhat savagely for a while as they met in the House, or at the club, fancying that perhaps he was the favored lover. But, besides that Euston did not look by any means radiant, Randolph felt that there was something in the tone and manner of Alice Shirley, when last he saw her, which told him that if he was rejected, it was not because any other was preferred.

Meanwhile Alice was profoundly unhappy. Nothing that Colonel and Mrs. Shirley could do could rouse her from a state of the deepest despondency, and her unhappiness made them unhappy too.

One night Charles Randolph left the House rather early. As he walked moodily down Westminster Hall he was accosted by a shabby, red-faced man, with a broken-down military air, who, taking off his hat with ostentatious politeness, said he believed he had the honor of addressing Mr. Randolph; and on receiving a somewhat brusque assent, craved for an interview of a few moments.

Charley came to a stand to signify that the interview might take place then and there.

"Mr. Randolph, I believe you are acquainted with Colonel Shirley and his family?"

"I am. What then?"

"May I ask if you are engaged to the lady called Miss Shirley?"

"You may ask, but you certainly sha'n't be answered. What the devil is it to you?"

"Nothing to me, but it may be a good deal to you. I am a gentleman, Sir, and I once

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had the honor to hold her Majesty's commission, and I can not see a gentleman and a man of honor like you deceived. Mr. Randolph, that young lady's name is not Shirley. She is the daughter of an actress who ran away from her husband!"

Randolph was about to fling him aside, but he controlled himself with a strong effort, and asked, coolly,

"Why do you tell this to me?"

"Because it may be worth your while to make some arrangement, you know, in order that this mayn't be talked of. I am an honorable man, Mr. Randolph, and if we can come to terms, you may rely on my silence."

"Why not apply to Colonel Shirley?"

"Colonel Shirley" (and his bloated face darkened) "has not treated me like a gentleman. I expect better treatment from you."

"How am I to know that what you tell me is true?"

"Ask Colonel Shirley; he has always known it. Ask the young lady—Miss Alice—she knows it now for the first time. Perhaps you have not seen her since she heard of it, ten days ago, or I dare say she would have told you."

This was said with a scarcely disguised sneer.

Charley had heard enough now. He turned fiercely on the man.

"If you were one shade less of a scoundrel," he said, "I would horsewhip you round Palace Yard there. As it is, if you ever dare to stop me or speak to me again, I will give you in charge to the police."

The man attempted to stop him. Charley flung him aside, and strode out of the Hall. His heart swelled and throbbed wildly.

"Dear, sweet, high-minded little girl!" he said to himself. "That is the reason she would not have me! I knew something strange and sudden had happened. I see it all! She knew it would make no difference to me, but she was too proud and sensitive, and she would not tell me. She does love me, though. I understand every thing now, and she *shall* have me."

He jumped into a Hansom cab and drove to Colonel Shirley's. A quarter of an hour's talk with Shirley told him all. Then Colonel Shirley quietly went up stairs to the room where Alice and his wife were sitting, and by the aid of some plausible pretext or other brought his wife away.

Alice sat alone in the dusk of the summer evening, thoughtful and sad. Every thing looked lonely, drear, and ghostly—in mournful keeping with the weariness and grief of her own heart. It was too much, and she buried her face in her hands and sobbed bitterly.

Suddenly an arm was round her waist, a figure flung itself down beside her chair; and, starting up, she met the eyes of Charley Randolph.

"My love, Alice," he whispered, "I know it all, and I love you ten thousand times better. You cruel girl, not to tell me; as if any thing on earth of that kind could make you less dear or precious to me! But I forgive you for not telling me; only I swear I will never leave this place until you pledge yourself to marry me!"

She looked at him for a moment with streaming eyes. Then she only said, "Oh, Charley!" and laid her head upon his shoulder.

They were married, and are very happy. The wretched man who had tried so vainly to make money out of the history of the dead woman, who was Alice's mother, disappeared very soon when he found he was playing a hopeless game. When Wilfrid Euston heard of the marriage of Charles Randolph and Alice a pang of jealousy, disappointment, and something like shame shot through him. But he got over it, and was as benevolent as ever, and reflected that, after all, such a marriage would hardly have suited him; and he was probably quite right. But it suited Charles Randolph admirably, and he is proud of his wife. They live at Sydenham now, and overlook the scene described in the opening of this story, with the gleaming Crystal Palace as an addition to the ornaments of the landscape.

DEAD-HEADED.

"ALL aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"Have you got every thing?" asked a voice; and a girl's face appeared at the car window—a face with laughing eyes and pretty, wind-blown hair.

"Take care, Lotty," said the older lady within; "don't put your head too close. I heard once of a woman's chin being carried clean off by just such a piece of carelessness."

"Yes," chimed in another voice, manly and deep-chested, with a boyish squeak just discernible in it; "clean off, dimple and all! And the doctor, he made another chin out of gutta-percha; but the dimple was such a dead failure that—"

"Oh, mercy!" screamed his aunt; "the hornets' nest! I knew something was missing. My hornets' nest, Henry—it is in the wagon. Run—run and fetch it; that's a dear boy! I can't go without it."

Henry ran, while the group of girls on the platform exchanged smiles and winks, and, "a secret laughter tickling all their souls," volunteered advice of various sorts to their departing relative.

"Are you sure that's the only thing left, Aunt Sue?" suggested Dora. "I don't see the biggest book any where."

"Here it is," replied Aunt Sue, heaving up a substantial quarto. "I *think* I have every thing. Let me see," counting on her fingers: "'Figuier,' 'Earthly Paradise,' umbrella, shawl, lunch-basket, moss—"

"Big box, little box!" cried Fanny. "Where is that lovely bag? Oh, Aunt Sue, whatever else you lose, don't lose that!"

"I have it safe," said her aunt, grimly; "but

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as for its loveliness—well, you know my opinion of it, girls, if you *did* give it to me. It is extremely pretty, but a most absurd gimcrack for a sensible woman to carry about;" raising from her lap as she spoke a choice little article in crimson Russia, gilt-clasped and fur-trimmed, and exhibiting it to her nieces.

"Oh, aunty!" clamored an indignant chorus; "how base, how horrid of you! So pretty, so strong, so convenient!"

"And with a muff, too!" cried Lotty; "a muff to keep your ungrateful old hands warm. I really wonder at you, Aunt Sue."

"Muff, indeed!" sniffed her aunt, undauntedly; "a blue silk aperture! As if I ever put my fingers in such a thing as that! No, girls, depend upon it, at my age gimcracks— Mercy, the cars are going! Where is Henry? Why don't he come?"

In effect, the train began to move, though so slowly that it was easy for a walker to keep pace with its motion. The nieces ran along, exchanging last words with their aunt—saucy, merry words; for Aunt Sue was laughed at and teased and beloved by the gay bevy, quite as if she too had been a girl like themselves.

At the last second a figure came leaping along the platform, and a large gray sphere was thrust through a window—the wrong one, as it happened—and into the face of an old gentleman, who shrank back aghast.

"Hornets!" he ejaculated. "Ugh! ugh! take it away! What do you mean, young man?"

"I beg your pardon," said Henry, splitting with laughter. "I made a mistake. Here, aunty, here's your precious commodity." This time the object popped through the right pane, and landed in Aunt Sue's lap. The cars moved out of reach. "Good-by, good-by," resounded from behind. Aunt Sue waved her handkerchief, and then, quite regardless of the glare of offense directed at her spine, proceeded to tie her treasure to the netting above, and to make herself generally comfortable.

"There's the change at the river," she thought, "and then I can settle down for the day." And she proceeded to look out and mark certain pages in "Figuier," to point a pencil, and otherwise prepare for a course of entomological research as soon as circumstances permitted. By this time the old gentleman behind had recovered breath and power of remonstrance.

"I suppose you are aware, madam," he said, touching her shoulder sharply, "that that nest is full of hornets in a dormant state, who are very likely—very likely indeed—to come to life again in this heated air?"

"Oh dear, no, that is quite a mistake," replied Aunt Sue, facing round upon him. "Figuier entirely contradicts that notion. He says—"

"Madam, I do not know who Vigger may be, nor do I care what he says," interrupted the old gentleman. "All I say is that the hornets are there. If you do not credit my word, you have only to look into that hole." And he pointed with his finger at the great gray nest.

"Well, that is lucky," cried Aunt Sue, cheerfully. "I was just wishing for an insect to examine in connection with the book. Thank you, Sir. You see he is quite dead," extracting the hornet with her pencil-point, and holding him up triumphantly. "Figuier was right."

The old gentleman, with deep offense, rose and changed his seat for one at a distance. Little recked Aunt Sue, deep in the study of the hornets; nor did she look up until the conductor appeared, and it became necessary to produce the "through ticket," and have the first strip torn from its complicated foldings.

"The river" reached, it became necessary to transfer her impedimenta to another car.

Assistance was volunteered by a gentleman near by, and accepted almost as a matter of course. Good-looking and well-dressed maiden ladies traveling by themselves rarely lack this sort of offer, and our maiden lady was unusually good-looking. Tall, commanding, with bright black eyes, and cheeks whose roses sound health and hygienic living rendered perennial in bloom, with a thirst for facts, and a certain frank and kindly ease of manner, which pleasantly suggested both Boston and Chicago, Aunt Sue wherever she went attracted notice, and a fair share of admiration; and, as she herself would have phrased it, "Providence always sent a man to carry her bundles." Providence was no less kind than usual on this occasion. Bag, umbrella, shawl, books, were safely transferred, and with a cordial smile of thanks she repointed her pencil, and prepared for a day after her own heart, for digesting "The Insect World" at leisure, noting her fellow-travelers and their peculiarities, and sweetening fact by an occasional sugar-plum from the latest poet.

The entrance of conductor No. 2 disturbed her reverie. She felt for her purse, and jumped up aghast.

"Conductor, I have dropped my purse in the second car behind this—my purse, with all my tickets in it! Is there time to go back and get it?"

"No, ma'am, there is not. That car switched off for Boston five minutes ago."

"The purse was lying on my lap. It must have fallen when I rose to change cars. What can I do? Could I telegraph— But I haven't any money to pay for the telegraph."

"No matter for that, ma'am," said the conductor, politely; "I'll telegraph, and the answer will reach you at Exeter. I'm afraid, though, somebody else will have picked the purse up before the conductor on the up train gets the message."

"What did he say?" inquired an old woman across the aisle, as the conductor moved on. "Was he ha'sh with you, or did he act clever?"

"The conductor?" said Aunt Sue, in her grandest tone. "Most kind and courteous.

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People always are." By way of stemming the tide of popular sympathy which seemed likely to set in, she opened her book, and began to read.

"It is very provoking," said her inward thoughts. "How those girls will laugh at me! I wish I could recollect how much there was in the purse," and she entered into a mental calculation, which left her widely astray of the real sum. Figures were not Aunt Sue's strong point.

"Ten—twelve—fifteen dollars it must be," she thought. "I'm glad it's no more; but, to be sure, a good many nice things can be got for that." She began to think them over, until, what with subscriptions to magazines, donations to one thing and other, and the purchase of carbon photographs, chromos, wood-carvings, and what not, the fifteen dollars had been made to do the work of fifty, and was grown correspondingly important in its owner's eyes. Exeter reached, the conductor returned.

"No message, ma'am. I leave the road here, but I've telegraphed to have the purse sent on if it is found; and if you'll give me your address I'll see that it reaches you safely."

So the address was written, and pretty soon the conductor appeared once more.

"Here is a paper, ma'am, for you to show to the other conductors. I guess it will take you along as far as Springfield, but after that I have no influence, and you'll have to manage for yourself. You understand?"

"Yes, and thank you a thousand times," murmured Aunt Sue, expressively; and she said to herself, "If that man's hair had been dark, he would never have exerted himself in this way. It's a perfect confirmation of my theory, and I shall write to Dora about it the moment I get home."

Now Aunt Sue's theory was that light-haired men are always attracted and drawn out by dark-haired women, and *vice versa*. She had clung to it under many discouragements, and on the present occasion found a certain satisfaction in the opportunity afforded of testing its correctness. "Not that it needs proof," she thought. "Haven't I tried it a hundred times?"

The "paper" was a sort of circular, addressed to whom it might concern, or rather to the conductors of the Y. M. and Q. Railroad, and setting forth that Miss Susan P——, of Bunbrook, having been so unfortunate as to lose her purse and tickets, those officials would please help her along as they could, and oblige G. W. Lansing, 2d Division. It was a little like a free pass, a little like a begging letter; and with some trepidation Aunt Sue prepared to fire it off at conductor No. 3, who now entered.

"Black hair!" she inly gasped. "Oh dear!"

"This is all I have to offer by way of a ticket," she said, in dulcet tones, feeling, as she afterward confessed, like a hand-organ man or a blind mendicant passing round a hat.

Black hair proved propitious. His eyebrows elevated themselves a very little, to be sure; but that might have arisen from sympathy; and his questions were polite and to the point. Aunt Sue grew more comfortable, and began to be intensely grateful to G. W. Lansing, 2d Division. "That dear, good man," she thought, "if he *does* find my purse I declare I must send him something. Such kindness ought to be encouraged. I owe it to other women to do so. Let me see. It shall be a book, I think; something practical, and at the same time entertaining." She composed the note which should go with it, and passed in review before her mind all the books she had ever heard of, from the Koran to Froude's "History of England." "I wish I knew a little more about conductors and their tastes," she mused, "so as to be able to tell what he would like best."

No. 4 was also a dark-haired man, and gruff in manner, which, though disagreeable in itself, afforded a triumph to the theory. But No. 5, a decided blonde, light-haired as Amalric the son of Amal, was so much gruffer that the theory suffered a violent collapse. And when No. 6 entered, brown-haired, brown-bearded, and devotedly polite, Aunt Sue became so confused among the colorings that she abandoned theory, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of civil treatment. It was both interesting and exciting, this temporary trial of the charities of a cold world. "I shall always know now," she meditated, "how to sympathize with those poor creatures who go about with papers; and it is worth the experience to have found out just how they feel."

Still the position was an embarrassing one. Her well-to-do life had never encountered such a phase before. She was conscious that her voice instinctively softened and "honeyed" as she made again and yet again her little explanation, and that a certain dread mingled with the curiosity with which she anticipated the "coming man." And he came very often indeed, the Y. M. and Q. being a road of many divisions and frequent changes. No one was less than civil, on the whole; but Aunt Sue was accustomed to more than bare civility, and her eye, sharpened by wounded *amour propre*, noted every slight token of surprise, doubt, or scrutiny, and found them infinitely annoying, though to a more experienced "tramp" they would doubtless have seemed less than nothing.

And now a raging desire to buy seized upon her, born of the fact that she lacked the means of buying. The route was a familiar one. Often before had she passed over it, and found its temptations in the way of pop-corn, *Boston Advertisers*, seed cakes, and *Ballou's Monthly* by no means irresistible. Now she longed for them all. She studied the outside of the "prize package" thrown into her lap, and fairly hankered for twenty-five cents with which to test the delusive promise of a possible one-dollar greenback within, not to mention "attractive articles of jewelry" and unlimited stationery. If she could only buy it, and there *was* a one-dollar

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greenback inside, then, she thought, she should be able to give something to the hurdy-gurdy man, the harmonica boy, and the little cripple who, punctual as Fate, boarded the train. She had never wished to assist these worthies before that she could remember—but now she did. There, too, was the blind man, discriminating so wonderfully between the sexes, and always saying "thank you, ma'am," and "thank you, Sir," in the right places. He, too, ought to have something. Worst trial of all came in the Springfield dépôt. The train, for the first and only occasion on record, was exactly on time. Sniffs and savors of unutterable fragrance breathed from the kitchen of the neighboring Massasoit. Aunt Sue felt herself dying of hunger; there were twenty-five minutes to spare, and not a crumb to be had!

Twenty-five minutes! Nothing was left but to sit in the car, and await the last of the conductors; and, thought she, "Mr. Lansing said his note would be of no use on the branch road, so no doubt I shall have a dreadful time. Still, if the worst comes to the worst, I *could* walk twenty-five miles."

But when this august personage made his appearance Aunt Sue gave a deep sigh of relief. Her lips almost relaxed into a whistle of surprise and joy. "Bless me," she said aloud, "it's Tommy Bliss!" Tommy had, in the days of his youth, been a scholar in the Bunbrook Sunday-school, and Miss P——, his quondam teacher, had no fears that her ex-scholar would prove less amenable to influence now than in the days of Westminster Catechism and the Second Question Book.

Her anticipations were confirmed. From this point on she was treated like a princess; and by eight o'clock, stowed safely in a hack by the devoted Tommy, she was driving homeward through the Bunbrook streets, mirky with November fog. Arrived and welcomed, she plunged at once into explanation of her difficulty.

"Some of you must lend me half a dollar," she said, "to pay this man with. I haven't a penny, because I lost my purse this morning—tickets and all."

"How *did* you get on," asked her sister-in-law.

"Very nicely—thanks to the politeness of the conducting fraternity.—Half a dollar, please, James."

"Tick, instead of ticket," laughed James, as he searched his pocket-book.

"What was that you said, Aunt Sue?" asked a younger Susie—namesake and favorite—who was turning over the bundles on the table.

"I said that my purse was lost, pet."

"Why, no, it isn't," rejoined Susie; and from inside the blue-lined muff, in the despised red bag, she drew forth the veritable purse which had been the cause of so much adventure.

Aunt Sue dropped into a chair. "It really *is!*" she gasped. "It was there all the time; and what lies I've told! Oh, that fatal muff!"

"But didn't you look for the purse?"

"Of course—but not in the muff. How could I suppose it was there? I never use it, and forgot its existence entirely. I suppose those girls will never have done laughing at me; but I shall always say it was their own fault. If they had not inflicted that wretched slit which they call 'a muff' upon me, it is evident I couldn't have mislaid my purse thus. But, after all," she went on, turning over her long strip of uncut tickets, "I'm rather glad that it happened, and I shall just inclose these to that good Mr. Lansing, and thank him over again. I don't believe there is any country in the world but this where a lady would be so *beautifully* taken care of by every body as I have been, or where, upon the whole, so much kindness is shown to unprotected females who travel about and need assistance."

In this belief Aunt Sue rests to this day.

THE CHIMNEY-SWALLOW'S IDYL.

From where I built the nest for my first young
In the high chimney of this ancient house
I saw the household fires burn and go down,
And know what was and is forever gone.
My dusky, swift-winged fledgelings, flying far
To seek their mates in clustered caves or towers,
Would linger not to learn what I have learned,
Soaring through air or steering over sea.
These single, solitary walls must fade;
But I return, inhabiting my nest—
A little simple bird, which still survives
The noble souls now banished from this hearth;
And none are here besides but she who shares
My life, and pensive vigil holds with me.
No longer does she mourn; she lives serene;
I see her mother's beauty in her face,
I see her father's quiet pride and power,
The linkéd traits and traces of her race;
Her brothers dying, like strong sapling trees
Hewn down by violent blows prone in dense woods,
Covered with aged boughs, decaying slow.
She muses thus: "Beauty once more abides;
The rude alarm of death, its wild amaze
Is over now. The chance of change has passed;
No doubtful hopes are mine, no restless dread,
No last word to be spoken, kiss to give
And take in passion's agony and end.
They can not come to me, but in good time
I shall rejoin my silent company,
And melt among them, as the sunset clouds
Melt in gray spaces of the coming night."
So she holds dear as I this tranquil spot,
And all the flowers that blow, and maze of green,
The meadows daisy-full, or brown and sear;
The shore which bounds the waves I love to skim,
And dash my purple wings against the breeze.
When breaks the day I twitter loud and long,
To make her rise and watch the vigorous sun
Come from his sea-bed in the weltering deep,
And smell the dewy grass, still rank with sleep.
I hover through the twilight round her eaves,
And dart above, before her, in her path,
Till, with a smile, she gives me all her mind;
And in the deep of night, lest she be sad
In sleepless thought, I stir me in my nest,
And murmur as I murmur to my young;
She makes no answer, but I know she hears;
And all the cherished pictures in her thoughts
Grow bright because of *me*, her swallow friend!

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Editor's Easy Chair.

SITTING in the pleasant spring days in the Century Club, in Clinton Place, Thackeray used to say, as he wrote more than once, that literature had now become a distinct profession; that it had its few great prizes, like other professions; and that whoever entered it ought to expect to work diligently and faithfully, as he would in any other calling. This is a doctrine very different from that of those who hold that a literary man is to write "when he feels the inspiration," and that there can be no real literature in a country and at a time when authors, instead of meditating and elaborating great books, are content to write regularly for magazines or newspapers. The disciples of this school are inclined to sigh sometimes over the decay of authors in the country, as Charles Lamb mourned the decay of beggars in the metropolis. But it is because they do not see the facts correctly. Literature has, indeed, become more of a distinctly recognized profession, as Thackeray said, and the forms of publication have somewhat changed, but the changes do not substantially affect the value of the literary product.

Those who hold that an author should write, as they say, only when he feels the inspiration, forget that genius and talent are perpetual powers; that they are symbolized not by a mountain stream, which is now swollen by showers to a torrent, and is then dry, but by a perpetual spring. Thomas Hood is the familiar modern example of the author ground to death in the terrible mill of regular work. But we have Thackeray's own word for it that Hood made an agreeable living without excessive labor, and that if there were a friction which wore away his life, it was the result of ambition, temperament, and carelessness. His regular industry certainly did not blight exquisite results. His memorable poems —the "Song of the Shirt," the "Bridge of Sighs" —were not injured by his work upon the "Comic Annual;" and if he had had an income of ten thousand pounds a year, he would hardly have written a fresh "Song of the Shirt" instead of a joke every time that he took up his pen.

It is a hard fate, you say, that a poet should be forced to coin his brain into guineas or dollars, to write not what he would, but what he can sell. He must make himself a motley to the view. Instead of writing his "Paradise Lost" he must string quaint and jingling rhymes which will tickle the ear of the ordinary reader of the paper or the magazine. But is it, or can it be, wholly a matter of choice? Milton, like the rest of us, must live. He will probably also love, and there must be bread and butter for the family. Now, if he abandons the field, and resolves that as there is no market for epics, he will fall to making shoes, for which there is a market, he will yet as certainly write his epic as the bookkeeper in the India House wrote the "Essays of Elia." Shoemaking will not silence Milton. There is no mute Milton. But because he has genius, and is penniless, and wishes to be married, and to have a comfortable home, must he starve? Shall he say that he will not harness Pegasus to a dust-cart, nor plow a potato-field with his horses of the sun? or shall he say that his genius is to be a good genius; that it is to serve his love and his life; that it is a power which he will turn to noble and humane uses?

Here is Shakespeare, who writes "Lear" and "Hamlet" and "As You Like It" in the way of business, just as Mr. Greeley writes an article in the *Tribune*. Shakespeare has an interest in the play-house, and the public must be attracted that the owners may live. Is the play less a glorious poem because it is written to fill the house and bring in money, and not to fill the world with wonder and bring in fame? It is the professional duty of Bossuet regularly to preach sermons. Is his discourse less lofty, eloquent, inspiring, because he must preach every week? Addison is poor and must live, so twice a week he writes a *Spectator*. Is Sir Roger de Coverley a less charming figure because he is sketched to give bread to the artist? Are the musings in Westminster Abbey not wisely melancholy because they may have served to appease the printer's cry for copy? Indeed, it is to the necessity of the moment, or to the ever recurring necessities of life, that we owe many of the greatest and most precious books.

Those who bewail the coining of the brain into dollars imply in their regret that if literary men were freed from the necessity of regular work, if they had but boundless leisure and choice, they would at once proceed to erect the monuments more durable than brass, of which we have read in poetry. But this does not appear, and it certainly is not probable. There might be in that case more works founded upon patient and elaborate research; but that is not evident, because the patient plodders are of a temperament not readily repelled nor dismayed, and they do their work now. Yet probably the general result would be less literature, but not better. Hood would write his beautiful poem now and then, and make fewer puns and jokes. Shakespeare would yield more readily to the allurement of ease, but "Macbeth" would be no more marvelous, nor Ophelia less tenderly pathetic. "Gentlemen," said a president of Harvard College to the graduating class, "many young men are perplexed, in choosing a profession, to determine precisely what God has called them to do. Gentlemen, God calls very few of us to do any thing." He meant, of course, any thing in particular. God calls every man, he implied, to use all his powers according to his opportunities, and in the most efficient way. He need not decide that he is called to write epic poems, and refuse to do any thing else until he faints with hunger; for he may be sure that if he is called to be a poet, he can not evade his destiny. "No, gentlemen," said the same president, "you can't hurry God."

How much of the best literature, too, is not only occasioned by the common necessities of life, as with Shakespeare, but is part of the special action of an age or country. Milton makes his great plea for unlicensed printing as an editor writes an article to-day. It is, in fact, just that. It is a prodigious "leader." It is a political pamphlet to produce a certain result. Burke's "Reflections" and his "Letter to a Noble Lord,"

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and all of his works, except the purely literary, which are of the least value in literature, are pamphlets and speeches addressed to public opinion, and meant to accomplish certain purposes. If the works of other and more modern men are less valuable literature, it is not because they were inspired by ephemeral occasions, but because they have not the signet of genius. The burlesque of "Humpty Dumpty" at the New York Olympic is produced for the same purpose that "Romeo and Juliet" was written. If it is not as wonderful, the reason is not that it was written to entertain the public.

Or take some of our own best recent books. There is Lowell's collection, "My Study Windows." The wisdom and wit and insight and imagination of the book are as delightful as they are surprising. The most cynical critic will not despair of American literature if American authors are to write such books. But this also belongs to the category that we are considering. Mr. Lowell is a man who could no more help writing wisely and well than apple-trees could help blossoming in the spring. But he is a professor and an editor. Certain work is therefore expected of him; and whether it be lectures or critical essays, it is not, in the sense of the objector, purely voluntary; it is the coinage of the brain into dollars. Of course it is none the less worthy of his genius, and that is the very point. Or take Howell's "Suburban Sketches," a book of the most racy and refined humor and subtile observation and artistic felicity—a crystal cup airily carved and filled with the most delicate and odorous wine. How delightful in the hurry and scramble of our paper and magazine writing, we say, to find the touch of the artist who considers and finishes, knowing, as the shrewd painter said, that the artist is nine-tenths mechanic! But here, again, it turns out that this book, like Lowell's, is magazine or review writing; and again we find that the secret of excellence is not in the regularity nor the form nor the mundane necessity of the work, but in the genius of the workman. The same is true of Mr. Bret Harte, of whom Mark Twain said to the Easy Chair that he was, first of all, artist. But his work was all done by contract—not to speak offensively; he was one of the magazine host, and he wrote as the reporter writes in the city newspaper, and as Shakespeare wrote for the theatre.

Do we therefore deny that there are literary hacks, and men and women of gifts and accomplishment, who scribble their lives away for the insatiable hands of the printer's devil? No; we do not deny that there are a great many clever people—for we know very many—who write constantly for the press; but we do deny that their work is in any poor sense altogether scribbling. A great deal of it is ephemeral from the nature of the case; but that is not a discredit. A powerful speech, a persuasive article, which seizes and moulds public opinion to a great and beneficent result, is often ephemeral. But it is not therefore to be described as gabble and scribble. Indeed, the intellectual force, the imagination, the accomplishment which at another time and under other circumstances might have written a book every five years, instead of a magazine article every month or a leader every day, are not lost, they are still as efficiently felt, although the individual fame which occasional concentration might have bestowed upon some is now possibly lost in the diffusion of incessant production.

And cui bono? Who or what would have been the gainer? The true end of a man's life is to do all that he can do well—not to cherish his own renown, or merely to gratify his own taste. If we must come to that kind of argument, let us ask whether Mr. Ticknor might not have done more wisely if, instead of secluding himself in his library and writing a history of Spanish literature, he had brought himself to bear directly upon American life and character? Certainly the Easy Chair would be the last to complain of that long and tranquil devotion to elegant scholarship. But is that the ideal of life for American literary men? Shall they be stoled priests ministering always at the high altar, with their gorgeous backs to the people, or apostles going into many lands and homes, bearing gifts of healing for the sorrows and the wants of to-day? They need not, indeed—and this we shall all cordially allow—they need not, and they must not, trail their sacred vestments in the mire. They must not sell themselves to say or do unclean things, nor forget that money may be bought at a price that makes all money valueless, nor give up to a party or a sect what was meant for mankind. Nor, indeed, must they excuse superficial research or merely showy scholarship by pretending that they had no time for any thing better, and that the claims of humanity interfered with the aspirations of their genius.

In short, there must be no pretense whatever. But most men can obey their genius only under stringent conditions. Excuse this body, is the apology that we are perpetually and necessarily making. The rule is that in allowing for the body it must not be pampered, nor its honest requirement exaggerated. But we need not fear that American literature is likely to suffer seriously because letters have become a profession. It is probable that we may have been as much mistaken in our estimate of the early promise of some who seem to have wasted their power as they in not devoting themselves exclusively to literary fame. It is the character of the brightest spring mornings to cloud early. Possibly, also, we may be mistaken in the true standard of life and human endeavor. But it is a sure and comfortable faith that nature can not be defrauded, and that the prince, even when serving, is still royal. Our hopes for our friends and favorites are apt to be Procrustean. They must all be heroes of the same type and splendor. But it is always a wise doubt whether they have failed or we are mistaken.

It used to be said in the dinner speeches that followed the first passages of the *Sirius* and *Great Western* ocean steamers across the Atlantic that steam had now bridged the sea. It was a reversal of the edict that the judgment of a foreign country was equivalent to that of posterity. Mere distance began to lose its enchantment; and it is now long since we have been accustomed to hear with as much coolness that a friend has been to Rome or Cairo as that he has just returned from Oshkosh, or Skowhegan, or Painted Post, or Horseheads. The Atlantic has, indeed, become a ferry, but it may be granted that most ferries are disagreeable. It is truly only

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a step to Europe; but we must not forget that it is but the same distance from the sublime to the ridiculous. The steamers depart three or four times a week. There is probably scarce a curious eye watching them from the Battery. When they come they bring no public news, for the telegraph fatally discounts their arrival. Yet the fading sail, the white speck upon the horizon as you see it from behind Fort Hamilton or the heights of Staten Island, is still as significant and poetic as ever. The sea is bridged, but its restless voice is not silenced, and steam has not touched its mystery nor abated its awfulness.

Yet the proof of the bridge may be seen every where, and especially in the city of New York, from which it stretches. The neighborhood, the intimacy with Europe which steam has established are visible in a thousand unexpected ways. It is not in the loitering crowd of immigrants in quaint woolen clothes and heavily shod, lurching together through Broadway, and chattering with eager volubility at the strange sights of a strange land, that you see it most distinctly. They, indeed, seem rather of the older time, before steam had brought us nearer to Europe, and when America lay at the remote end of a long and stern voyage. But it is in the fact that New York is more and more a true metropolis that the results of our closer neighborhood with the rest of the world are seen. "It is such a pleasure," said a friend—and if he were from Chicago, which the Easy Chair has not asserted, why should Chicago be offended, if we can suppose it could possibly take offense at so innocent a remark?—"it is such a pleasure to come to New York!"

It was but natural and courteous to ask why the citizen of a great and prosperous and even metropolitan city—and Chicago will, perhaps, graciously remark the adjectives which the Easy Chair employed upon the occasion—of a great and prosperous and even metropolitan city, should find such pleasure in coming to another like it. Or was it, perhaps, that fellow-feeling makes us kind? As Montaigne, who was a gentleman, naturally stopped at all the châteaux of other gentlemen upon his travels, does a citizen of Chicago—supposing the imaginary friend to have been, fortunately for him, a resident of that great *et cetera* city—naturally find himself at home in New York? No; he thought that was not it. But what, then, after all, asked the Easy Chair—what has New York that you have not at Chicago? You have fine buildings, noble houses, hospitable homes, brilliant society, beautiful equipages. You have all that money can buy. If a singer or an actor—Nilsson or Ristori—crosses the Atlantic bridge, you are sure to hear her. And so the Easy Chair ran through the evident comparison: clubs, libraries, water-works, the prairie itself for a park. But, upon pressure, it appeared that it was rather the greater abundance and finer quality of certain resources which made the difference to his mind; and it is just that which is the secret of the metropolitan change, and just that which is very much due to our greater intimacy with Europe.

The conversation was recalled by the Easy Chair recently, when it found itself in the theatre where a year ago it had seen that capital little play, "Ours." What, for instance, had wrought the striking change in theatres themselves? It was not a huge and cheerless barn in which the scantiness and the wretchedness of what was called decoration indicated a sense of constraint and impropriety, as if the theatre were ashamed of being a theatre; but it was a handsome, comfortable, brilliant hall, with no unmentionable tier of boxes and no noisy pit. It was warm and cozy and comfortable, inspired by the genius and habit of those to whom the theatre is an essential part of social custom, and to whom the Atlantic bridge has brought us near. When the orchestra came in and began the airy overture to "Masaniello," it might, indeed, have been the old Park, with the curtain about to rise upon Ellen Tree's Ion or Placide's Sir Harcourt Courtly. But the bright barcarolle carried many a hearer over the bridge again to soft Neapolitan mornings and gay Neapolitan evenings, and the odor of orange groves blown across the bay from Sorrento and the aureoled head of Vesuvius. Music is the magician that awakens the dullest memory.

But when the curtain went up, and a little play called "A Morning Call" was acted, the Easy Chair felt still more deeply the influence of the bridge which steam has built, and understood why it was a pleasure to come to the city of New York, even from another city which shall be nameless. The little play was an illustration of the perfection to which the art of graceful acting has been carried—the purely modern art. John Kemble might have properly declaimed in that chilly old temple of the Muse in Park Row, but he would have driven us all out of this cozy, comfortable little house, while the trifle that we saw was acted with a delicacy and grace which could not have been surpassed in Paris. It is a little play, like a proverbe, such as Madame Allan used to play at the Comédie Française on Rachel's off nights. It is a simple duet, a mere conversation between a gentleman and lady in a drawing-room. The light trick of the French has been well caught by the author; but the success lay in the airy charm of the acting of Mr. Lester Wallack and Miss Henricques.

The thread of the story is very fragile and fine. It is merely that a gay lady-killer attempts for a wager to win a gay young widow, who understands him; and each catches the other—each is lost and won. The scene is the lady's drawing-room in the country in winter. She is working. The fire is blazing. The room is spacious and bright; the furniture is comfortable. The gentleman arrives, and the game begins. It is all fun, feigning, repartee. But the manner is every thing. The utmost quickness, the lightest touch, the shaded tone, the innuendo of a look, the hint of a smile, are indispensable. It is a game of battle-door. The shuttle-cock is always flying—always up. Crack! crack! and the thud is musical every time. A doubt, a hesitation, a slip, and all is lost. Of course you can cut off a bull's head; but will your cimeter sever a hair? That is the test of such a play, and it was fully satisfied by the admirable artists who undertook it.

One such performance, and the fact that it is a thing of course at the theatre, show how wonderfully we have developed the metropolitan character. As the imaginary friend from a certain great but nameless city knows that to see such acting in its perfection and continually he

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must come to New York, so formerly the New Yorker knew that for such delights he must go over the ocean to Paris. But the Atlantic bridge which steam has built is rapidly changing all that. It not only subtly makes New York a metropolis, but it will make us modify our proverbs. The gentleman who said that America was a splendid exile for the Saxon race, afterward said that good Americans when they die go to Paris. Shall we now add that good citizens of a certain *et cetera* city when they die come to New York? Of course the excellent players of the "Morning Call" may itinerate, and perform the same graceful trifle upon the banks of the little Tombigbee. But it will not be at home there. It would be an exotic from the tropic of the metropolis. So the company of any theatre may travel and perform where they will, but where their home is is the metropolis.

It is in such things, as in the general character of our buildings, that we feel our easy neighborhood across the bridge of steam to the Old World. Such a building as the Union Club House, which was unique when it was erected, showed our growing familiarity with the European models, and our natural adoption of them. There are churches in the city which might have been brought as they stand over the Atlantic bridge. And as it acquires the appearance, New York gains the feeling and the pride of a metropolis. Unhappily, it has its corruptions and its miseries also! The strange vision of the opening of "Edwin Drood" can be seen here also. The life of the darkest passages of "Our Mutual Friend" is not unknown here. Not even Naples could show scenes more repulsive and degrading than may be witnessed here. Whether we owe them to the bridge or to native human nature, or to both, may be a question.

WHETHER we bear or forbear, it is difficult to appease Mrs. Candour. Her responsibility is incessant, and the world always needs her correction. A certain religious society recently decided to give their minister a certain salary, which was apparently larger in the opinion of Mrs. Candour than any minister should receive, and she expressed herself to the effect that no society ought to offer and no clergyman ought to accept so large a sum. Mrs. Candour's impertinence is certainly as striking as her sense of responsibility. What business can it possibly be of hers whether a clergyman, or a lawyer, or a carpenter, or a physician, or a railroad superintendent, or a shoemaker, or a bank president, is paid more or less for his services? It is a purely private arrangement between private persons, and if Mrs. Candour had a quick sense of humor, which we sincerely hope, but are constrained to doubt, and were the editor of a paper, how she would smile if the Easy Chair should gravely remark: "We learn with great pain that the proprietors of the weekly *Green Dragon* have decided to pay the editor, Mrs. Candour, twenty thousand dollars a year. This is a sum much too large for the proprietors of any journal to offer, and very much more than an editor ought to receive." Does the laborer cease to be worthy of his hire when he enters the editorial room or the pulpit?

The facts of the case make this remark of Mrs. Candour's the more comical. The receipts of the society in question are very large indeed. They enable it to do good works of many kinds, and upon the largest scale—the Bethel, for instance, one of the wise charities of good men, which gathers in the poor, young and old, and thoughtfully and tenderly gives them glimpses of a bright and cheerful life. These large resources, overflowing in benefactions, are, perhaps, chiefly due to the minister, whose fame and eloquence constantly draw multitudes to the church. The salary which he receives, therefore, is really but a part of the money which he makes. And to put the argument as before, if Mrs. Candour, editing the paper, "ran it up" and increased the profits, for instance, by fifty thousand dollars, could she feel unwilling to receive ten thousand dollars in addition to her present salary?

Or is she of those who think that clergymen ought not to be well paid? Then she belongs to the class whose opinion is faithfully followed. The clergy are the worst paid body of laborers in the country. They work with ability and zeal. They are educated, sensitive men, often carefully nurtured, and they are expected to be every body's servant, to hold their time and talents at the call of all the whimsical old women of the parish and of the selectmen of the town. They are to preach twice or thrice on Sunday, to lecture and expound during the week, to make parochial calls in sun or storm, to visit the poor, to be the confidant and counselor of a throng, and always in every sermon to be fresh and bright, and always ready to do any public service that may be asked. Of course the clergyman must be chairman of the school committee, and a director of the town library, and president of charitable societies. He can not give a great deal of money for educational and charitable and æsthetic purposes—not a very great deal—but he can always give time, and he can always make a speech, and draw the resolutions, and direct generally.

He is, in fact, the town pound to which every body may commit the truant fancies that nobody else will tolerate upon the pastures and lawns of his attention. He is the town pump at which every body may fill himself with advice. He is the town bell to summon every body to every common enterprise. He is the town beast of burden to carry every body's pack. With all this he must have a neat and pretty house, and a comely and attractive wife, who must be always ready and well dressed in the parlor, although she can not afford to hire sufficient "help." And the good man's children must be well behaved and properly clad, and his house be a kind of hotel for the traveling brethren. Of course he must be a scholar, and familiar with current literature, and he may justly be expected to fit half a dozen boys for college every year. These are but illustrations of the functions he is to fulfill, and always without murmuring; and for all he is to be glad to get a pittance upon which he can barely bring the ends of the year together, and to know that if he should suddenly die of overwork, as he probably will, his wife and children will be beggars.

And when a man who does his duties of this kind so well that a great deal of money gladly given is the result, and it is proposed that he shall be paid as every chief of every profession is paid, Mrs. Candour exclaims in effect that the alabaster box had better be sold and given to the

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poor. If the good lady is of this opinion, let her advocate the method of the Church of Rome. If she thinks that a minister is a priest of the old dispensation, a part of a complete ecclesiastical system, let his support be made part of the system. But if she prefers that a minister shall be a man and a citizen, like the rest of us, discharging all the duties of a parent and an equal member of society, and leading the worship of those who invite him to that office—then let him have the same chances and fair play with other men. Now one of the proper aims of other men is a provision for their families; the possibility of saving something for the day of inaction, of ill health, of desertion. If the reward of labor which is offered a clergyman is more generous than Mrs. Candour thinks to be becoming for him—if she insists that, like certain friars of the Roman Church, he shall take the vow of poverty, let her, at least, be as just to her own communion as those of that Church are to theirs. Let her also insist that he shall not marry, that he shall not be left to the mercy of a congregation that may tire of him, and that he shall be supported when he is not in service, or is unable to serve longer.

Does it occur to Mrs. Candour why the cleverest men hesitate long before they become clergymen? "Yes," said the great leader of a sect in this country, a few years ago, in a convention of his fellow-believers—"yes, you wonder why the standard of the profession seems to decline. I will tell you why. If any brother has a son whom he does not know what to do with, he makes a—minister of him." And if the good lady with whom the Easy Chair is expostulating fears that if there are great prizes in the pulpit the religious character of the teacher will decline, and that the profession will become attractive to merely clever men, she states a good reason for changing the voluntary system, but a very poor one for starving ministers. Nor must she forget to ask herself, on the other hand, whether religion itself gains by identifying its preaching with feeble and timid men. There will, indeed, always be the great, devoted souls who, under any circumstances, in riches, in poverty, in health or sickness, in life or death, will give themselves to the work of the evangelist. But Mrs. Candour is not speaking of them; she speaks of an established profession, like that of editing, in which she is, let us hope, prosperously engaged. If she is morally bound to give her labor for nothing, or to stint her family, when there is plenty of money made by her honest work, she may speak with the fervor of conviction, indeed, if not of persuasion, upon the impropriety of paying a minister well.

If Mrs. Candour ever looks into English history she will remember the condition of the country curate and the squire's chaplain a century and a half ago. She will recall the contemptuous manner in which he was treated. Macaulay tells of him. Fielding describes him. The plays have him. He is every where in the literature of the time, and every where a pitiful figure. Whether the portrait of the chaplain be accurate or not, it certainly faithfully shows the feeling with which he was regarded. And if the feeling were justified by the character of the men, what was the reason that the men were what they were? Because the general opinion was then what Mrs. Candour's is now—that a clergyman should not be well paid. The chaplain was a pauper, and he was treated accordingly. The result was certain. Human nature always revenges itself. If you arbitrarily set apart certain men as *ex officio* a peculiarly holy class, and deny them the advantages and chances of other men, they will become servile and mean, and lose the noble spirit of a true man. Mrs. Candour may point to the fat English bishoprics—to such a shameful correspondence as that which Massey records between William Pitt and Dr. Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield—and ask if prizes of such a kind are a good thing, and if any thing could more corrupt good men than such chances. Yes, one thing could; and that is sure penury and starvation. But there is no need of fat pulpit appointments. Wherever they exist they will be the objects of intrigue and chicanery. What has that to do with a society giving their minister part of the money that he makes for them?

If Mrs. Candour insists that the money should not be made, and that the preaching should be free, the argument is still against her, because infinitely more good can be done by the charitable organizations which the money supports than by mere free preaching. Besides, the money to which she objects founds free churches and sustains free preaching. If she will fall back upon the other system, and have the churches built and the pulpits supported by established funds, then, at least, she would be consistent. But does she think it desirable for the welfare of society that there should be huge ecclesiastical funds? Would she restore the dead hand? Upon the whole, is it better that the priesthood, or the church as such, should hold great properties, and dispose of unlimited money? The voluntary system has, at least, this advantage, that the money is not ecclesiastically held, and while it is the system of her choice, Mrs. Candour has no right to complain of those who are willing to pay to hear a great preacher, and thereby enable countless others to hear preaching, and to be taught and succored for nothing.

Her position, indeed, is that of those who sometimes invite a speaker to lecture for the benefit of a charity, who agree to pay the lecturer what he asks, and then ask him to take half as much, giving the rest to the charity. They either think that the lecture is not worth the price agreed upon, or that it is the lecturer's duty to bestow a sum equal to half his fee. The reply to such gentlemen is short: It was a fair bargain; you have profited by it; and what the lecturer does with his part is none of your business. And there really is no other reply to make to Mrs. Candour: Madame, the minister and his friends have made a fine sum of money; but what they will do with it is none of your business, unless they fall to corrupting the public.

But, indeed, there was no need, madame, to argue for the reduction of the salaries of clergymen. We hear in no direction of any tendency to excess; but we do hear every where of those abominations, "donation-parties!" Do we make donation-parties to other people whom we pay honestly for honest service? Are bakers and lawyers and tailors and doctors surprised by donation-parties? They are public confessions of

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our meanness. If we paid the minister adequately, why should we abuse the language by "donating" the necessaries of life to the parsonage? Some kind soul knows that we starve our shepherd, that he is pinched and cramped in his household, that his wife is thinly clad and his children shabby, and that the man of whom we demand that he should be a model of all the cardinal virtues is torn with anxious doubts for his family; and that generous soul proposes that we should club our sugar and butter and help him out. If we do not do it next year, what is to become of him? If we do, why not make it a certainty; in other words, why not, dear Mrs. Candour, raise his salary? And if you, madame, would only issue a tariff or sliding scale, so that we might know how much a religious teacher under different circumstances might properly receive—in fine, whether all boxes, or only the alabaster box, must be sold and given to the poor—it would be the most valuable service you are ever likely to perform to society.

Editor's Literary Record.

AS in nature, so in life and trade, there are certain seasons of hibernation—seasons of rest and of recuperation. Writing in March, with the snow gone from the ground, the ice melted in the river, sleighing a reminiscence of the past, riding a hope of the future, winter with its sports departed, and spring with its life not yet come, only here and there a solitary patch of green to indicate the dormant life beneath the ground, and a solitary note of some too early songster in the trees prophetic of future choirs of the groves, we find in these aspects of nature a curious parallel to those of literature. There are a few new books, and promises of more. But the season of winter production is past, and the season of spring and summer fruits has not yet come; and so since our last writing there is less than usual of remarkable production in the literary world worthy to be recorded. Our book table, which usually spills its monthly accumulation on to surrounding chairs, or even in little piles upon the floor, is not overfull; and of all the books that lie upon it there are few or none that call for any protracted discussion. The most noticeable of them are some really valuable volumes of

ESSAYS.

WE wish that all our girls would read Dr. DIO LEWIS's last book to them—*Our Girls* (Harper and Brothers). We wish even more that their mothers would read it. For it is the mother of the period who is responsible for the girl of the period; and the regeneration of society must commence not in the party, but in the home circle. The medical faculty, as a class, we believe, look somewhat suspiciously on all such popular medical or semi-medical writing. The books of Dr. Bellows, Dr. Hall, and Dr. Lewis stand higher with the people than with the physicians. There is a reason for their popularity. Where there is one man who desires to *get* well, there are a dozen who desire to *keep* well; and while the physicians will only cure us, having made therapeutics much more of a study than hygiene, Drs. Lewis and Hall and Bellows tell us how we may keep out of their hands altogether. "Our Girls" discusses in a very brief and pithy style almost every theme which touches the physical well-being of girls, and incidentally, of course, a great many of those which affect their moral welfare. The prevailing tone of the book is plainness, simplicity, good commonsense, and a good, hearty hatred of conventionalism in manners and dress. We do not think our author is always practical. His plan of a sun bath seems to us little in accordance with the real demand of nature, and it certainly would be utterly out of the question for the great majority of our girls. His style is not without serious defects. Repelled by the dry and technical style of most medical books, he falls sometimes into an opposite extreme. If he were more simple, less studiously popular, he would be more effective. But these faults are superficial, and of no importance when weighed against the real merits of a book which, we repeat, we should like to see in the hands of every girl in the land, and, yet more, read and pondered by their mothers.

IT must be a year or more since *Ginx's Baby* (George Routledge and Sons) first appeared in England, where its keen discussion of social problems too little comprehended, and its sharp satire of abuses too generally concealed from public view, rendered it for a time the book of the season. It now crosses the Atlantic and appears in a first American edition. Ginx's baby is the thirteenth child of an English navvy, whose previous twelve are more than he can support. So Ginx abandons him to a Roman Catholic nunnery, which assumes charge of him. A quarrel for the possession of the unfortunate ensues between Romanist and Protestant; but when no more religious capital is to be made out of him he is abandoned to the parish. Of two adjoining parishes, on whose boundary line he is found, neither will assume charge of him, and a parochial lawsuit follows, the final result of which is that he is a second time cast upon the street, to be picked up on the door-steps of a club, and made the theme of a protracted political discussion. Finally, after a few years of vagabond life, he commits suicide, leaving unsolved the problem, What shall be done with Ginx's baby? The book is a satire, not a romance; its interest is for the philosopher rather than the novel-reader. Yet its style compels even the careless reader to be for the moment a philosopher, and to ponder temporarily problems to which he has before, perhaps, never given a thought. The church, the parish, and the state are subjected in turn to keen satire, not always fair or impartial, but always with a sufficient admixture of truth and fairness to make the satire powerful. The problem of what to do with Ginx's baby presses more directly and heavily on Great Britain than on America; but it were well for us to consider it seriously now while its solution is comparatively easy, not wait, as Great Britain has done, till

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its bloodless solution becomes well-nigh impossible.

The Pilgrim and the Shrine (G. P. Putnam and Son) is a book of theology in guise of a story. Albert Ainslie, B.A., begins life as a student of the Church of England. The opening chapter reveals the result of theological study in his case—a result not uncommon in minds more independent than well-balanced—he has become skeptical. He has a hard struggle between honestly following out his new belief, or rather disbelief, and the course quite as often pursued, of stifling his doubts, and accepting and preaching a conventional theology which does not secure his cordial assent. He follows the former course, leaves home, escapes the restraints of society by travel, and, traveling, still pursues the same doubts, abides still in the same skepticism. The end of the book leaves him in this cloud-land of disbelief, yet apparently contented with it. He disavows all belief in even the moral infallibility of the Bible. He thinks that the difference between pantheist and theist is a difference of temperament. Always a pilgrim, he reaches no shrine, but still wanders on to the end. In a word, the "Pilgrim and the Shrine" is an admirable statement of modern unbelief, written apparently by one who has not only passed through it, but is content to abide in it; an interior view, therefore, and hence well worth the study of those teachers of mankind whose business it is to acquaint themselves with every form of belief and unbelief, that they may know how to deal therewith; an exceedingly fascinating book, and hence not one to be recommended to any man with whom the study of skepticism is not either a passion or a duty. It is clever, brilliant, graceful, thoughtful; but a book to chill enthusiasm, deaden faith, dwarf the spiritual nature, and cast the reader out of any and every sure anchorage on to the unknown sea of universal doubt and unbelief. It is a book of valuable, though not always fair, criticism on the religious creeds of the age; but it makes absolutely no affirmative contribution to the religious thoughts of the present, or the religious aspirations of the future.

Life at Threescore-and-Ten (American Tract Society) does not depend for its interest upon the fact that it is one of the latest works of Mr. Barnes. The very conception is novel. An old man draws near his grave. He has lived through nearly three-quarters of a century of intense activity, of immense changes in civil and social and religious life. He has been himself a man of ceaseless activity, not least among those who have contributed to make the age what it is. But now the time has come when he can do no more, plan no more. He looks *back* upon life. His future is in eternity. Yet this, a mournful, or at least a measurably sad, reflection to most men, is not sad to him. He is not afraid to realize the fact, to know that he is old, and can do and plan no more. He perceives that life at seventy wears a different appearance from life at seventeen. He sees through this new atmosphere some aspects of life, finds in it some lessons that boyhood, youth, mature and active manhood, never could discover for itself. Come, my children, says this patriarch, let me tell you how life looks at threescore years and ten; how it must look to you—what, at least, it must be to you—when you stand, as before long you must, if you live, where I stand to-day. That is Mr. Barnes's "Life at Threescore-and-Ten"—a book of kindly, genial, cheerful, yet sacredly solemn thoughts, that will be dear to all who loved Mr. Barnes, and ought to be useful to many that never knew him.

Ad Clerum, by Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D. (Roberts Brothers), is a novelty in theological literature, being a remarkably entertaining volume, over which laymen as well as clergymen may find at once food for reflection and provocation adequate for many a hearty laugh, albeit it is a book of counsel addressed by a clergyman to young clergymen just entering the ministry. Those readers who are familiar with "Ecce Deus" will not be surprised to find in a volume issuing from the same pen some remarkably sound, and a great deal of very suggestive thought. But they may, perhaps, be surprised to find a book of such fresh, genuine humor combined with so much good, solid sense. The author discusses the customary themes in treatises on homiletics and pastoral theology—earnestness, naturalness, delivery, textual divisions, pastoral theology, and the like—but in a way as little like the customary treatises as can be imagined. If we were a minister, there are several chapters we should want published separately as tracts for distribution among our people. Being a layman, we have sent our copy to our minister.

While the author of "Ecce Deus" devotes a volume to instructions to the clergy, the author of "Ecce Homo," J. R. Seelye, M.A., devotes one of the most interesting papers in his last volume, *Lectures and Essays* (Roberts Brothers), to the same subject. We account this essay as the most interesting in his volume, because it does more than either of the others to solve the question respecting the author's religious, or rather theological, *status*, raised by his former remarkable work. He avows himself distinctly a member of the Broad-Church party. He believes in church and state, but a church bound to no political party, and restrained by no definite creed. He believes that, "in a Christian country, to discredit Christianity is to discredit morality;" but he complains of the ministers' "inveterate habit of resting morality upon the Bible." He pleads for the church, and exalts the importance of the clergy, but he criticises sharply, though courteously, their customary methods of instruction. He seems to desire to substitute ethical for theological instruction, yet declares, "I am not one of those who think that theology can be dispensed with." On the whole, we are not sure but that Professor Seelye's avowed creed leaves the reader as much perplexed concerning his theological position as did his concealed declaration of faith in "Ecce Homo." The essay on Roman imperialism is an admirable specimen of philosophic writing on history. The other essays are on Milton, and on certain phases of education. The book is characterized by the same remarkably pure English, by the same clearness and terseness of expression, by the same commingled force and calmness, which made "Ecce Homo" as remarkable in a literary as it was in a theological point of view. There is the same admirable insight into the spirit of the age, as in the statement that, "As idleness was the besetting sin

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of the last age, industry is the besetting sin of the present;" the same paradoxical assertions, and singular *non sequiturs* too, as, in speaking of a certain style of oratory, "It would be rarely pathetic, *because* it would be above all things honest." Taken as a whole, it is a book of remarkably suggestive thoughts, and worth careful reading.

BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

It is difficult to know how such a book as Washburn's *History of Paraguay* (Lee and Shepard) should be classed. It is part history, part biography, part political and personal controversy. There is a good deal more of it than the general public will care to read, or, indeed, than they could read with much real profit. Mr. Washburn begins with a history of Paraguay from the days of Sebastian Cabot, in the sixteenth century. The first volume brings that history down to the commencement of the war between Lopez and Brazil in 1864–65. The first word of the table of contents of the first chapter—"personal"—intimates the character of the second volume. It contains an elaborate and detailed account of the war, a revelation of the secret history of the diplomacy in which the author bore a prominent part, and a fuller account of a personal controversy between Mr. Washburn and certain naval officers stationed on the coast than is either profitable or pleasant reading. The size of the work debars it from the general reading public, while its personal and controversial character takes from it that appearance of impartiality which is indispensable to a standard history for reference.

The Life of John Adams (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is a new edition of an old work, taken here out of its previous connection with the published works of John Adams, and presented in a form comely and attractive. The theme of which it treats—rather the era with which it is concerned—makes it a standard contribution to American history; and its authorship—commenced as it was by John Quincy Adams, and completed by Charles Francis Adams—is a sufficient guarantee of its literary merit. The fathers were not infallible; and while a consideration of their purposes and intents may be conclusive upon a court in deciding what the constitution *is*, it is very far from conclusive upon the country in determining what law and public policy should be. Nevertheless, in this age of politicians it is not only refreshing, it is healthful in every way, to go back to the age which was prolific in statesmen, study their lives, and live in communion with them. And this such a work as the one before us enables us to do.

It is rarely the case that we have taken up a book of travels so appetizing as that of the chevalier Arthur Morelet—*Travels in Central America, including Accounts of some Regions unexplored since the Conquest* (Leypoldt, Holt, and Williams). The region he has undertaken to explore is the central part of Central America, "a region," says Mr. Squier in his introduction, "almost as unknown as the interior of Africa itself." Since the adventurous march of Cortéz from Mexico into Honduras no civilized traveler has undertaken to pass through its labyrinthian forests, and scale the precipitous sides of its almost absolutely inaccessible mountains. Nominally a part of the environing states, it is practically dissevered from them. The mountains, lakes, and rivers, which in our common geographies fill up this *terra incognita*, are conjectural merely. The book before us is a translation of the record of a journey by M. Morelet through this region, a journey of "upward of three hundred leagues, in considerable part performed on foot, and under difficulties and exposures of a formidable character." The theme itself is one which only rare genius for dullness could make uninteresting. But M. Morelet has no genius for dullness. He has the Frenchman's vivacity. In a scientific point of view his volume is only indirectly valuable. But as a book of adventure it is certainly entertaining; and as a disclosure of a new and unknown land it is exceedingly instructive.

FICTION.

One of the most peculiar novels of the season, whether judged as a story simply, or from an artistic point of view, is *Earl's Dene* (Harper and Brothers). The motive of the story, says the writer, R. E. Francillon, is the power of circumstance, and the way in which it entered into conflict with the wills, impulses, and characters of certain men and women. The initial circumstance of the story is a winter torrent in one of the passes of the Jura, in France, which causes the death of the Marquis of Croisville, and the separation of his wife and child from each other, and which, remote as it may seem, affects for many years the lives of several of the inhabitants of a quiet English town. Out of this grow, on the one hand, the poverty of Felix, his acquaintance with Angélique, his struggles in London, and finally his restoration to his mother and his heritage; and, on the other, the high expectations of Hugh Lester, continuing just long enough to unfit him for any other career than that of a gentleman of leisure, his connection with Mark Warden, and his tragical end. Mark Warden, in a remarkable way, illustrates the influence of poverty upon a man of brains, who is at the same time selfish and aspiring, and whom every struggle, however successful, hardens. His early marriage with Marie, though merely nominal, yet as standing afterward in his way, and thwarting him at the most critical moment of his career, and in its sad influence over Marie's life, shows the power of circumstance even in the guise of a *nominis umbra*, and also serves to develop the worst and best points respectively of these two characters, the most important in the story. Earl's Dene itself is the central circumstance of all, the prize contended for both by Warden and Angélique, who in the contest, which is won by neither, sacrifice what is best in them, and finally their lives. The novel is an exceedingly interesting one, though it has neither hero nor heroine. Any one of its characters, as the author confesses at the outset, may, "in one form or another, fall within the range of a very limited experience." But, though always plausible, and removed as far as possible from the sensational, it numbers among its incidents a disastrous torrent, a narrow escape from fire, two duels, almost a suicide, and almost a murder. It is unexceptionably well written. The great fault of "Earl's Dene" is that the author analyzes too

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much. His analyses are always good, and are of interest to a limited class of readers; but for the general novel-reader they are too frequent, too long, and too metaphysical in form. From an artistic point of view also they are objectionable, as interrupting the movement of the story.

HARPER AND BROTHERS add several other volumes to their Library of Select Novels. Of these, *Daisy Nichol* opens well, and we hoped for a quiet, cheery story of real life, the romance only of true love. But, like a day that opens bright and clear and ends in storm and darkness, it conducts us, at last, to a dénouement too overwrought to be truly tragic.—Frenchy has come to be the synonym of all that is unnatural and sensational in romance. When, however, we fall in with a story like *Motherless*, which "Miss MULOCK" has translated from the French of Madame Guizot de Witt, we wonder whether the American taste which selects, is not as much to blame as the French taste which originates, the ordinary French novels. "Motherless" is the most simple and quiet story on our table, and an admirable book for those for whom the title-page tells us it is intended—"girls in their teens."—*Bred in the Bone* is a very powerful novel, very much better, both in conception and execution, than the preceding work of the same author—"Gwendoline's Harvest." If there is a moral to it, it lies in the proverb which forms part of the title—"Like father, like son." It was well to put the moral in the title, since otherwise it would hardly have been detected in the story, the object of which, clearly, is not instruction, but entertainment. It is in no sense a parable—only a romance. It is amenable, too, though in a less degree, to the same criticism as "Gwendoline's Harvest." The characters are not natural, and there is not one of them so drawn as to be morally attractive or inspiriting. Even poor Harry, who awakens our sympathies by her suffering, lacks the moral strength necessary to secure our respect. But, on the other hand, the incidents with which the story abounds are striking in conception, and are powerfully wrought. The visit of Richard and Harry to Gethin Castle, the court-house scene, the entrapping of Solomon Coe, Richard's remorse, and the midnight search in the mine, are all portrayed with unmistakable dramatic power; and the final repentance and death of Richard go far to redeem the novel from the unhealthful influence that attaches to a story which peoples the land of romance wholly with characters whose presence in real life we should account pestilential.—*Fenton's Quest*, by M. E. BRADDON, is the story of Gilbert Fenton's search after his fiancée, spirited away from him, first by a rival for love's sake, then by her unscrupulous father for her money. "All's well that ends well." The father, defeated, absconds; the rival dies; and Fenton's quest ends in Fenton's marriage Miss Braddon has been severely criticised, but has never been accused, so far as we know, of writing a stupid novel. "Fenton's Quest" is one of her best. The plot is novel and ingenious; and though the dénouement is not so well concealed as to defy the detection of the reader, it is not so fully disclosed as to detract from the interest of the story, which keeps its hold upon the attention of the reader to the close.

Blue Jackets; or, the Adventures of J. Thompson, A.B., among the Heathen Chinee (J. E. Tilton and Co.), is so far a didactic novel that it is written for the purpose of securing the abolition of flogging in the British navy. We can not say that we think such an exposure of petty tyranny and intolerable cruelty makes an attractive story, but it may be a useful one; and probably there is no better way of bringing such monstrosities to the light than in the form of fiction. We confess we should regard the picture as distorted and exaggerated if it came from a professional novel-writer, who had taken the navy as the scene of his novel because of its dramatic possibilities. But Mr. GREEY ought to know whereof he writes, having served in the navy himself for several years.—Another story more true than agreeable is, *Emma Parker; or, Scenes in the Homes of the City Poor* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), a story of tenement-house life. Its aim is probably to awaken our sympathy for the suffering poor of our great cities; but we think it neither takes the best method nor prescribes the best remedies. It is rare that an Emma Parker is to be found in the dens and cellars of New York, and what we need to be taught is not to sympathize with poverty merely, but to feel a genuine Christian sympathy for the ignorance and degradation which generally cause and largely accompany the more abject forms of poverty.—A somewhat similar criticism applies to *Opportunities*, by Miss WARNER (Robert Carter and Brothers). How much money we may spend on hyacinths, and how much we ought to reserve for the poor, has puzzled wiser heads than Matilda's, and needs some clearer explanation than Mr. Richmond's. Experience does not indicate that the poor are best cared for in those countries where Christianity takes on most the form of charity for the poor. Such charities as "Opportunities" commends at the best only touch the surface of life.—*Himself his Worst Enemy* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is a historical novel. The author, Mr. A. P. BROTHERHEAD, tells us in his dedication that it is his first one. If he had not done so, we should have detected the fact in the volume itself. It contains some good writing, but some marks of immaturity, and deals with a subject which could be invested with interest only by genius far greater than the author's. The best we can say for it is that it justifies us in expecting of him a better novel when he next writes.—*Phantastes: a Faerie Romance*, by GEORGE MACDONALD (Loring), is as fantastic as its title indicates. It is a piece of wild, weird imagination. The author has given his fancy a loose rein, and his steed has rambled away into the veriest dream-land. What it means, or whether it means any thing, we can not tell. But it has this about it, that, in all our reading of romance, we have never seen its like; and it is as little like any thing else of George MacDonald's with which we are acquainted as it is to aught of any other author.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HARPERS add to their marvelously cheap edition of TENNYSON his last poem, or rather poems, *The Window; or, The Songs of the Wrens*, together with Mr. Arthur Sullivan's music, which is set to it. The following characteristic little preface by Mr. Tennyson tells the story of the origin of these love-sonnets:

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"Four years ago Mr. Sullivan requested me to write a little song-cycle, German fashion, for him to exercise his art upon. He had been very successful in setting such old songs as 'Orpheus with his Lute,' and I dressed up for him, partly in the old style, a puppet whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr. Sullivan's instrument. I am sorry that my four-year-old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark shadow of these days; but the music is now completed, and I am bound by my promise."

Of the poem itself we think it needless to speak, since we have not space for an elaborate *critique*, nor the conscience to dismiss it with a brief one. But the addition which the combined poetry and music make to the resources of the parlor musician is a very welcome one. Some of the adaptations are admirable, as in the song, "The Frost is Here," or "The Mist and the Rain." In the wilderness of parlor music—a "howling wilderness," we might almost call it, a maze of meaningless music and vapid rhymes, barely relieved by Italian love-passages bereft of what little significance they ever did possess by being dissevered from the original connections in the opera—it is delightful to come across a collection of songs by Tennyson set to music by Mr. Sullivan.

Editing is a more thankless task than authorship, but it is often quite as valuable. He who succeeds in really adding a new book to the reference part of our sanctum library does us, we think, a greater benefit than he who gives us merely new thoughts of his own. It is the former service which Mrs. CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT has rendered by her *Hand-Book of Legendary and Mythological Art* (Hurd and Houghton). There is a great body of medieval legends which to the ordinary reader is inaccessible, and yet to which, in literature and art, reference is continually made. We even venture to assert that many of our readers have only vague ideas concerning the famous St. Patrick, or the immortal St. George, or what was the dragon he slew, or how he came to slay him. Certain legends, like those of St. Christopher and St. Veronica, are, indeed, tolerably familiar to even Protestant readers; but for the most part the mythology of Christendom is more inaccessible than that of Greece and Rome. Mrs. Clement has gathered these legends together in a single compact volume, stated them clearly but briefly, and arranged the stories, for convenience of reference, alphabetically. The work will be invaluable as a hand-book for foreign travelers, useful to those at home who desire to have the benefit of familiarity with these legends of the past, serviceable in any library on account of the compact form in which so much information is gathered, and indispensable to the completion of any moderate-sized library. In truth, we should not know where to find in a score of volumes the information which is here comprised in one. We have emphasized that part of the volume which treats of medieval legends, because this is the most important part. There is at the close a collection of some of the ancient mythologies; but it covers a ground already well covered by mythological dictionaries, and does not add very greatly to the value of the work.

Mr. S. E. TODD'S *Apple Culturist* (Harper and Brothers) is the best book on the subject, and will be the standard one, certainly for some time to come. It is not a large book; the author has put all he had to say in a duodecimo volume of about three hundred pages. In style it is short, terse, clear, perspicuous. There are no words wasted. There is no "fine writing." The reader has no sifting to do; it is done for him. Every page leaves its mark, tells its story, and passes the reader on to new information. It is popular in style. Mr. Todd has the knack of knowing what it is that people want to know, and telling them that. He does not assume a knowledge which the reader does not possess. Any intelligent man may take this book for his guide, and under its instructions go on and raise his own apples. At the same time, it is the fruit of over thirty years of practical experience. It is not a book of theories. It is not the product of skillful editing by a man whose knowledge is all gathered from other treatises. It is itself genuinely original, and recalls the results of experiments in the orchard and among the fruits. Thus it contains a great deal of value even to the experienced apple culturist. There is no rural pursuit more fascinating than horticulture when successful, or more trying when it is a series of perpetual failures. The horticulturist will find in this volume peculiar fascination, and the would-be horticulturist will find in it indispensable information. The illustrations add greatly to the value of the volume.

The marvels of fiction are less marvelous than those of history; the most romantic romances are those called historical. It was a characteristically French idea to pick out a number of these romances from sober history and group them in one volume, as has been done by M. BERNARD in the *Wonderful Escapes*, the latest volume of Scribner's Illustrated Library of Wonders. It is as interesting as fiction, and a great deal better than most fiction. It is particularly a good book for boys, will interest them, will give them information, and will inspire them with courage and endurance.

We have given at some length in the April number of the *Magazine* an account derived from what is a very interesting addition to history, Lady BELCHER'S *Mutineers of the Bounty* (Harper and Brothers). It is enough to say here that she brings to light facts hitherto unknown, which she has gathered from unpublished manuscripts, and that her volume is unquestionably the fullest and most trust-worthy account published of one of the most romantic historical episodes which the romantic history of the sea has ever furnished.

IN a speech made by Mr. Jay at an entertainment given by him at Vienna in honor of Washington's birthday, he announced that, through the courtesy of the Emperor, new materials for American history had been brought to light in the imperial archives. Several volumes, containing the correspondence of Baron Beilen, who was sent to America by the Emperor Joseph the Second of Germany, had been discovered. The letters are dated at New York and Philadelphia, from 1784 to 1787. Mr. Jay stated also that permission had been given him to take a copy, and he hoped soon to lay these valuable records before the American people.

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Editor's Scientific Record.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF 1870.

SINCE the publication of the last number of the Scientific Record various reports have been published by different parties of the experiences and phenomena attendant upon the observations of the solar eclipse of December last; but so far no systematic presentation of the legitimate results of those observations, as a whole, has been made. Some of the American observers have returned, while others, as Professor Newcomb and Professor Harkness, are still abroad. It is understood that both the Coast Survey and National Observatory are busily occupied in making up their reports; and when these are presented to the world we shall be in a better position to judge what was really accomplished in the way of increasing our knowledge of the physics of the sun. Although the weather was unfavorable, so far as most of the observers were concerned, it is thought that by a careful collation of all the results obtained a material advance upon our present knowledge will be established.

FRENCH PRESERVED BREAD.

A new article called preserved bread has lately been introduced in Paris as a substitute for biscuit, or hard-tack, for travelers, and for naval and military commissary stores generally. Bread prepared in the ordinary way is first submitted to a drying process for from eight to fifteen days, until every particle of moisture is eliminated. It is then compressed to the utmost, so as to occupy the least possible bulk, having been previously exposed for a short time to the action of steam in a suitable vessel. The loaves are then piled up upon iron plates with rims, which serve as moulds during the operation. These plates are then placed under a hydraulic press, subjected to great pressure, and allowed to cool there during twenty-four hours. The cakes thus obtained are placed in boxes, sealed up, and, if kept from moisture, can be preserved for many years. This bread has a vitreous fracture, but the teeth penetrate it without effort. It softens readily in soup, and for many purposes is very much superior to the preparations usually employed under the same circumstances, especially on account of being leavened.

EXTRACTING JUICE FROM SUGAR-CANE, ETC.

A new method of extracting juice from sugar-cane, beet-root, etc., by the process of diffusion, has been announced in the foreign journals. For this purpose the cane, or other original substance from which the juice is to be extracted, is to be first cut in slices by a special machine, and then placed in a series of closed water-tight tanks, and brought in contact with water at an elevated temperature in a certain succession and systematic order. Another method consists in carrying out the whole process of diffusion in a single vessel, in which the extraction of the sugar is carried on continuously by introducing slices of cane through a feeding apparatus at the bottom of the vessel, from which they rise slowly to the top, while fresh water is constantly running in at the top of the diffusing vessel, and is drawn off at the bottom, as diffusion juice, after having remained in contact with the slices for a certain length of time. The liquid during the operation is agitated by machinery. It is suggested that this process may be applied on a small scale in domestic operations in making such drinks as lemonade, etc.

INSECTS IN HAILSTONES.

During a recent meeting of the Entomological Society of London an insect known as *Chlorops lineata* was exhibited, which had been found frozen up in the centre of a hailstone, proving that it must have been flying at a very considerable height in order to have been inclosed in the mass of ice.

EXPERIMENTS WITH COMPRESSED GUN-COTTON.

We have already given a notice of some remarkable experiments by Mr. Abel, of Woolwich, in regard to the effect produced by compressed gun-cotton, when simply laid on or pressed against the surface of bodies, and have mentioned various applications that have been suggested of this new explosive agent. A series of experiments has lately been made by the officers of the Royal Engineers, at Chatham, to determine more particularly the comparative effect of gun-cotton and gunpowder; and it was found that when two hundred pounds of gunpowder were laid against a double stockade of beams of timber fourteen inches square, three feet six inches apart, and sunk three feet in the earth, a large gap was made in the front stockade, while the second was but little damaged, and would have sufficed to prevent the passage of an attacking party. Eighty pounds of gun-cotton were next treated in the same manner, and fired, as required, by a detonating fuse. In this case the explosion was terrific, and an almost perfectly clear breach was made through both rows of timber, making it practicable for an attacking party to go through. In another experiment four beams of timber about sixteen inches square were sunk in the ground, pressed together, and encircled successively by necklaces of disks of the compressed gun-cotton. These were exploded, one after the other, and the beams were entirely cut in two. Other experiments of much interest were tried in the same connection, and all tended to prove the important applications of which the gun-cotton is capable.

HEATING BY CIRCULATION OF PETROLEUM.

A new method of applying heat has recently been patented in England, and is now in use for working stone-ware pans, such as are required in certain pharmaceutical operations, by which any temperature between 100° and 700° Fahrenheit can be safely and easily obtained and maintained.

The principle in question is to cause heavy paraffine oil to circulate first through a coil of pipes in a furnace, and then through the jackets of the pans. The oil is carefully selected for the purpose from the heaviest of the petroleum products, and moved by its own convection.

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Heated in a close coil of pipe by a coke fire, it rises into an air-tight tank, from which it passes, through pipes, to the jackets of the different vessels to be heated, returning after it has done its work to the lowest part of the furnace coil. A continuous circulation is thus maintained, similar to that which occurs in a hot-water apparatus for warming buildings. After leaving the tank the oil passes through a pyrometer, by which its temperature is indicated, and by means of dampers, etc., to the fire, the heat can be regulated to any required point. The heating medium is turned on or off the jackets in the same manner as steam; and as the rate of flow can be checked or augmented at will, the temperature is perfectly under the control of the operator.

In the model which has been employed the pyrometer generally indicates from 600° to 700° Fahr., while a saturated solution of chloride of calcium is maintained at the boiling-point in a shallow stone-ware pan. No smell of oil is perceptible in the room, and it is stated that the same oil may be used for years without deterioration, or causing any deposit in the pipes. As contrasted with steam heat the inventor claims for his process a saving of thirty per cent. in fuel. It is obvious that the large amount of heat necessary to convert water at 212° Fahr. into steam at 212° is hereby economized.

GLYCERINE CEMENT.

It is said that the claims of a mixture of glycerine and lead litharge to form a fire-proof cement have not been substantiated, but that if gold litharge be substituted instead of that of lead the desired result will be secured.

ACIDIFICATION OF ALCOHOL BY LYCOPODIUM.

It is said that if alcohol is digested with the seeds of the club-moss, or *lycopodium*, it will soon show an acid reaction, due to the development of vinegar.

TREATMENT OF SMALL-POX SUBJECTS.

During the prevalence of small-pox in Paris last spring the police authorities required the bodies of those dying from it to be sponged in a liquid composed of one hundred and eighty grains of carbolic acid in a quart of distilled water. Formerly chloride of calcium was used; but this had the great inconvenience of rendering it almost impossible for any one to remain in the room with a corpse. The carbolic acid solution in question is said to have all the advantages of chloride of calcium with none of its inconveniences.

PHYSIOLOGY OF MOSQUITO CURTAINS.

A suggestion that mosquito curtains in tropical countries, besides keeping off these pests, also serve as screens against miasma, has elicited various corroborating statements from travelers and others; and we find in a recent number of *Nature* an indorsement by Mr. E. L. Layard, the eminent naturalist of South Africa, as to a beneficial action in this direction. He finds that even so slight an obstruction as the fibre of the net causes a great difference in the temperature between the interior and exterior air, this difference amounting in some instances to eight degrees, the increased temperature of the inside tending to dissipate the malaria, and prevent the cold and damp of the tropical night from acting upon the system when relaxed in sleep, and with the pores of the skin wide open.

UTILIZING FURNACE SLAG.

The new methods of utilizing the slags of furnaces bid fair to become of much practical importance, and to convert what is now a source of great annoyance into a product of positive commercial value. The slag is, of course, to be collected in troughs or moulds of proper size and shape. But the great difficulty has heretofore been in the glassy character of the product. It is now stated that if the surface of the melted slag, after it is run into moulds, be covered with earth or ashes, so as to prevent too rapid cooling —which, in fact, should extend over a considerable period—and if proper precautions be observed, the result will be an artificial porphyry, equal, for purposes of building or road-making, to the genuine porphyritic rock.

CANNIBALISM IN EUROPE.

In spite of the opposition manifested by many persons to the idea, it appears to be now well established that the earliest inhabitants of Europe were cannibals; and it is said that it was a matter of religious observance with the ancient Irish to eat their parents.

HEATING CARS BY SAND.

An ingenious method of heating railway carriages in Sweden consists in the use of sand made hot in an oven and placed in a double casing of sheet-iron, the space between the inner and outer casing being filled with cork shavings. The advantages over the hot-water apparatus, and more especially over ordinary stoves, will readily suggest themselves to every one, particularly in view of the entire immunity against danger from fire in case of an accident. The sand retains its heat for a long time, and does not require changing for many hours.

HARD WATER *VERSUS* SOFT.

The curious proposition has recently been enunciated by Dr. Letheby, of London, that moderately hard water is better suited for drinking than that which is soft. He states that a larger percentage of French conscripts are rejected from soft-water districts than from neighborhoods supplied with hard water; and also that English towns, with water of more than ten degrees of hardness, have a mortality of four per thousand less than those whose inhabitants use softer water. This assertion, so contrary to the usual theory in the matter, is, as might be expected, sharply contested by other sanitarians, and the final result of the controversy will be looked for with much interest by the general public.

EXPLOSIVE BALLOONS.

An interesting and amusing philosophical experiment may be made by filling the new-fashioned collodion balloons with a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gases, and after closing the mouth of the balloon tightly with a string, allowing it to rise into the atmosphere. A fuse of filter-paper, about an inch long and half an inch broad, is to be previously gummed to the side of the balloon, near the mouth, and allowed to dry.

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When ready to ascend, a drop of the so-called Greek fire, or of a solution of phosphorus in disulphide of carbon, is placed on the filter-paper, the thread cut, and the balloon left to itself. After rising for about half a minute, during which time a considerable ascent is accomplished, the fuse reaches the collodion, and ignites it with a violent explosion of the gases, and the whole completely disappears, leaving no trace behind.

THEORY OF BESSEMER AND HEATON STEEL PROCESSES.

In the course of certain remarks respecting the production of artificial charcoal iron Mr. Berthault observes that both Bessemer and Heaton base their systems upon the purification of the pigs by oxidizing reaction either of nitrate of soda or of nitrate of potash; but, referring to the quantities of alkaline salts contained in various fuels, Mr. Berthault remarks that the results appear to prove that soda or potash salts, thrown into the blast-furnace at the same time as the ore and fuel, would give with coke or other mineral fuel a metal closely resembling charcoal iron, and even a steely pig. Every thing will depend upon the quantity of soda or of potash added, and he contends that the best salt to employ is the neutral carbonate of potash, such as is obtained from vegetable sources, and commonly known as pearlash. To obtain iron of uniform quality in the blast-furnace it is desirable to mix the salt with some glutinous liquids, such as blood and water, and dampen the coke with it.

THERMO-DYNAMIC ACCELERATION AND RETARDATION OF STREAMS.

In a paper by Professor Rankine, on the thermo-dynamic acceleration and retardation of streams, the attempt was made to prove the following principle: That in a steady stream of any fluid the abstraction of heat at and near places of minimum pressure, and the addition of heat at and near places of maximum pressure, tend to produce acceleration; the addition of heat at and near places of minimum pressure, and the abstraction of heat at and near places of maximum pressure, tend to produce retardation; in a circulating stream the quantity of energy of flow gained or lost in each complete circuit is equal to the quantity of energy lost or gained in the form of heat; and in the absence of friction the ratios borne by that quantity to the heat added and the heat abstracted (of which it is the difference) are regulated by the absolute temperatures at which heat is added and abstracted, agreeably to the second law of thermo-dynamics.

Among particular cases of the thermo-dynamic acceleration and retardation of streams the following were specified: Acceleration by the addition of heat at and near a place of maximum pressure; the draft of a furnace; and the production of disturbances in the atmosphere in regions where the ground is hotter than the air. Retardation by the abstraction of heat at and near a place of maximum pressure; the dying away of atmospheric disturbances in regions where the ground is cooler than the air.

Acceleration by the abstraction of heat at and near a place of minimum pressure; the injector for feeding boilers, in which a jet of steam, being liquefied by the abstraction of heat, is enabled not only to force its way back into the boiler, but to sweep a current of additional water along with it; also, to a certain extent, the ejector-condenser.

The conduction of heat from the parts of a stream where the pressure and temperature are highest to the parts of the same stream where the pressure and temperature are lowest produces, according to the foregoing principles, a gradual and permanent retardation of the stream, independently of the agency of friction; and this is accompanied by the production of heat to an amount equivalent to the lost energy of flow.

KILLING WHALES BY CANNON.

The inventive genius of America has of late years been directed very largely toward improved modes of capturing fish, in which, not satisfied with the comparatively rude methods of hooks and lines, spears, and even nets, an effort is made to destroy them in a much more wholesale manner. Even the whale-fishery, which for so long a time has been carried on by means of the harpoon, has, as is well known, lately been prosecuted by firing explosive substances into the body of the animal with shoulder guns or with cannon, and thus disabling it very quickly. This method has been adopted by many whalers in the Greenland seas, and has been especially applied of late to the taking of the large finback whales of the Norwegian coast. These animals have hitherto been but little disturbed by whalers, as, although of enormous size (from sixty to ninety feet), they possess comparatively little blubber, and are so active as to be rarely, if ever, successfully attacked by the harpoon.

A recent writer in *Land and Water* recounts a late visit to the establishment of Herr Foyen, in the Varanger Fiord, where, from a small island, the fishery is prosecuted by means of two small steamers of about seventy tons each. The special apparatus employed consists of a harpoon, inclosing in its head half a pound of gunpowder, and with jointed or hinged barbs containing some percussion powder between them. When the whale is within gunshot, this harpoon, attached to the end of a long cord coiled around a drum, is fired into the animal from a cannon about the size of a four-pounder. As the flukes penetrate the side of the whale they are naturally brought together or pressed down toward the shaft, and in so doing ignite the percussion powder, which sets fire to the gunpowder, causing an explosion in the body of the animal that usually produces a mortal wound. The whale, of course, starts off under the stimulus of the pain, and the rope is carried out for a time, being uncoiled from the drum precisely like a fishing line from the reel of a fishing rod, the steamer following after so as to prevent any undue strain. If necessary a second discharge takes place, which almost invariably produces death.

The steamer then tows the animal back to the station, where the blubber is taken off in a long strip by means of properly constructed apparatus, after which the flesh is removed in a somewhat similar manner, and finally the bones are separated and hauled out. It is the intention of the proprietor to prepare a fertilizer by drying the flesh and reducing it to powder, and a brisk trade has already sprung up in Germany in this article. The bones are likewise to be ground

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and utilized in various ways; so that the entire animal—blubber, flesh, and bones—will be put to economical purposes. The carcasses of over thirty whales were heaped up on the island at the time of the visit referred to, forming a red hill of very considerable magnitude, visible at a great distance. The proprietor stated that the factory would not answer its expectations unless fifty whales could be taken every summer. It was thought, however, that there would be comparatively little difficulty in securing this number; and in fact, as we learn from later advices, over sixty in all were captured during the season.

MICROSCOPIC CHARACTER OF IRON AND STEEL.

According to Mr. Schott, the different qualities of iron and steel can readily be distinguished by means of the microscope. Thus the crystals of iron are double pyramids, in which the proportion of the axes to the bases varies with the quality of the iron. The smallness of the crystals, and the height of the pyramids composing each element, are in proportion to the quality and density of the metal, which are seen also in the fineness of the surface. As the proportion of the carbon diminishes in the steel, the pyramids have so much the less height.

In pig-iron, and the lower qualities of hard steel, the crystals approach more closely the cubic form. Forged iron has its pyramids flattened and reduced to superposed parallel leaves, whose structure constitutes what is called the nerve of the steel. The best quality of steel has all its crystals disposed in parallel lines, each crystal filling in the interstices between the angles of those adjoining. These crystals have their axes in the direction of the percussion they undergo during the working. Practically, good steel, examined under the microscope, has the appearance of large groups of beautiful crystals, similar to the points of needles, all parallel and disposed in the same direction.

DODO PIGEON.

A contemporary gives an interesting account of the tooth-billed or dodo pigeon (*Didunculus strigirostris*), lately sent to London from the Samoan Islands; and we may, perhaps, supplement that account by mentioning the fact that this bird was first collected by the naturalists of the United States exploring expedition under Captain Wilkes, and described by Mr. Titian R. Peale, the veteran zoologist. Two specimens were brought back by Captain Wilkes, one of them now contained in the collections of the National Museum under the charge of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, the other belonging to the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. The species is, as stated in the article referred to, nearly extinct, and will probably be entirely exterminated in a few years, when it will take its place with the great auk, the dodo, and many other species that have disappeared from the surface of the earth within the historical period. The resemblance of the bill of this bird to that of the dodo is quite marked, and by studying its character naturalists were led to refer the giant dodo to the pigeon family, and not to that of the vultures, as had been previously suggested.

ACTION OF ICE ON THE NORTH AMERICAN COAST.

According to Professor Shaler, due consideration has not been given by American geologists to the influence which ice has exerted in shaping the outline of our coast, since he is convinced that, among other illustrations of this fact, the eastern portion of Cape Cod has been produced by glacial action. Though of recent formation, this feature of the coast is important, in a zoological point of view, as furnishing a well-marked boundary line for the fishes, invertebrates, and marine plants of the coast. Long Island is likewise, according to Professor Shaler, made up of masses of material laid down in a confused manner under water. These masses came from the north, and are the product of the ice sheets which poured out from the rivers running southerly and emptying into the sound. Chesapeake and Delaware bays also exhibit the action of ice, the material excavated from them having been borne southward so as to form Cape Hatteras, and the bars in the waters of Albemarle Sound. The professor concludes by expressing the opinion that no evidences of glacial action south of Hatteras have been discovered.

WEIGHT OF ALLIGATORS.

We announced some time ago the desire of Professor Phillips, of Oxford, to obtain the ratio of the weight to the length of living alligators and crocodiles, as stated in *Land and Water*. This journal has since presented several responses to the query, and from one of them we learn that a North American alligator of eight feet six inches in length weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds, while one of two feet three inches weighed only two and a half pounds.

THE SPECTROSCOPE FOR TESTING THE PURITY OF WATER.

Professor Church, of Cirencester, has lately applied the spectroscope to excellent advantage in determining the question of infiltration of sewage into water. In one instance, where several cases of typhoid fever had been developed in a particular neighborhood, which it was suspected had been caused by the use of water contaminated by drainage from a urinal, a few grains of a lithium salt were introduced into the urinal. Two hours after a spectroscopic examination of the well-water referred to showed unmistakably the presence of lithium, while previously no traces of its existence had been found under the same treatment.

WESTERN TERTIARY FOSSILS.

Professor Meek, in describing recently some species of certain fossils collected by Mr. Clarence King, remarks that the trilobites from Eastern Nevada are decidedly primordial types, and, as far as known to him, the first fossils of that age yet brought in from any locality west of the Black Hills. The collection also establishes the fact that the rich silver mines of the White Pine district occur in Devonian rocks. He also states with regard to the fresh-water tertiary shells collected by Mr. King and others from the interior of the continent that neither the beaks of the bivalves nor the tips of the spire in the univalves are ever in the slightest degree eroded, the most delicate marking of these parts being

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perfectly preserved, unless broken by some accident. From this fact Professor Meek infers that the waters of the lakes and streams were, during the tertiary epoch, more or less alkaline, as is the case with a large number of those found there at the present day.

GUN-COTTON IN BISULPHIDE OF CARBON.

According to Dr. Bleekrode, if gun-cotton be first wet with bisulphide of carbon (a highly inflammable liquid), and an electric spark be passed through it, instead of producing an explosion of the cotton, the bisulphide alone is set fire to, the gun-cotton apparently remaining intact among the burning bisulphide, presenting almost the aspect of a mass of snow slowly melting away. The experiment may be varied by using either benzine or alcohol instead of the bisulphide, and igniting it afterward with any flame. All these liquids yield the same result, and there is no danger in the experiment, even if large quantities are used. This curious phenomenon is explained by Dr. Abel, who says that "these results indicate that if, even for the briefest space of time, the gases resulting from the first action of heat on gun-cotton upon its ignition in open air are impeded from completely enveloping the burning extremity of the gun-cotton twist, their ignition is prevented; and as it is the comparatively high temperature produced by their combustion which effects the rapid and more complete combustion of the gun-cotton, the momentary extinction of the gases, and the continuous abstraction of heat by them as they escape from the point of combustion, render it impossible for the gun-cotton to continue to burn otherwise than in the slow and imperfect manner, undergoing a transformation similar in character to destructive distillation."

As a practical application of these facts, it is suggested that if gun-cotton be kept in a flask in a layer of benzine or bisulphide of carbon, the danger of explosion in case of a fire is obviated, since, if the liquid is ignited by any means, the gun-cotton will burn slowly and gradually. When required for use, a brief exposure to the air restores its explosive qualities.

EXTRACTION OF PEPSIN BY GLYCERINE.

Among the many applications of glycerine, not the least important is that which has recently been made of it in the extraction of pepsin and other ferments found in animal and vegetable bodies. If the mucous membrane of a pig's stomach be well washed, and, after the removal of the water, be reduced to fine shreds and bruised, and the whole be then covered with pure glycerine, this will be found, after standing twenty-four hours, to have extracted the pepsin in an appreciable quantity so as to readily digest fibrine. The operation may be repeated several times successively with a similar result.

On treating these glycerine extracts, after filtering, with a large excess of alcohol, a precipitate is obtained, which, separated by filtration, and being redissolved in acidulated water, has strong peptic qualities, with very slight proteid reaction. Mr. Foster, in calling attention to this method in *Nature*, dwells upon the importance of glycerine in this and similar applications in working out the problems of the so-called ferments, as these glycerine extracts seem to remain unchanged for a long period, thus allowing a stock of ferment to be continually kept on hand. He also remarks that the tissues, by repeated application of glycerine, may be exhausted of their ferment, and yet be changed but little, if at all, in other respects.

REMEDY FOR WHITE ANTS.

The ravages of the white ants in tropical countries are familiarly told of in works of travelers, and given as among the most remarkable curiosities of insect life; and much ingenuity has been expended in the attempt to eradicate or destroy them. It is said by a late writer that by scattering common salt around places frequented by them they will soon be made to disappear entirely.

IMPROVED PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESSES.

In a late number of *Nature* we find a concise summary of the most important advances in photographic processes for the last two or three years, in which it is stated that the great point arrived at is in dispensing almost entirely with the silver salts, the action of light upon the bichromates of potash and ammonia being substituted. This is considered a matter of great importance, as replacing a very transitory and uncertain method by one that is permanent, since, as is well known, the silver pictures of a comparatively late date sometimes become almost obliterated. Of the several novel methods referred to the first is the so-called carbon process, as devised especially by Mr. J. W. Swan, and familiar to all photographers. The autotype process of Mr. Johnson is said to be essentially the same in principle. The most satisfactory methods, however, are those in which light is not required at all for the reproduction of successive impressions from the original negative, this being the case in the Albert-type and other methods. The Woodbury process also is especially mentioned as being extremely simple, and at the same time perfect in its work. In this a thin sheet of gelatine is sensitized by impregnation with a bichromate solution and exposed to light under a negative. Subsequent immersion in warm water removes the soluble portion from the surface, and leaves a thin gelatine plate, upon which the image is represented in relief. This matrix is then hardened with alum, and placed when dry in a hydraulic press in contact with a plate of type-metal. Under extreme pressure, applied gradually, the type-metal takes the impression of the relief, and thus becomes actually an engraved plate, in which the darkest shadows are represented by the deepest hollows, the half-tones by slight undulations, while in the high lights there is no depression at all. For the purpose of printing copies a little pool of gelatinous ink is poured upon a sheet of white paper, and the metal plate is brought down upon the same with some pressure, all superfluous ink is at once pressed out, and after a few seconds (to allow the warm ink to cool) the plate is raised, and a beautifully shaded print is seen, in which the shadows and half-tones are formed by layers of ink of different thicknesses. As the matrix can be used in the preparation of several dozen of plates, all of which can be printed simultaneously by having a suitable number of operators, many copies of a given print can be printed daily without involving the use of light in any way. The reprints are so

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perfect and delicate as to be actually mistaken sometimes for silver prints, and are at the same time absolutely permanent. This method is perhaps better adapted to the reproduction of photographic prints in large editions than any other that has been devised, and can be applied with equal advantage to all branches of illustration. An establishment for carrying on the Woodbury process has lately been started in Philadelphia, under the direction of Mr. Garbutt, of Chicago, who, it is understood, has purchased the right to use this patent in the United States. The principal objection made to this method is that the prints require to be trimmed and mounted, instead of being made directly upon the plate paper like a lithograph. The Albert process is also being worked in New York under the original patent. The Philadelphia *Photographic World* for January last contains a portrait of Mr. George W. Childs, printed by the Woodbury process, of which 5000 impressions were made from a single negative in twenty days.

PECULIARITIES OF NEW ZEALAND ZOOLOGY.

Dr. Sclater, the secretary of the Zoological Society of London, in a late paper upon the peculiarities of the vertebrate fauna of New Zealand, remarks that these consist, first, in the absence of all mammals excepting two species of bats; second, the presence of numerous forms of birds not known elsewhere, such as the *Apteryx*, and others; third, the absence of reptiles, excepting two genera of lizards, and a third form of lizard-like animal, considered by Dr. Gunther to constitute a special order; fourth, the absence of frogs, toads, and salamanders, with the exception of one species of the first-mentioned genus; fifth, a scarcity of fresh-water fishes, which are allied partly to the Australian and partly to antarctic American forms; and sixth, the recent presence of a peculiar family (*Dinornis*) of gigantic birds of the ostrich group, now extinct.

PERMANGANATE OF POTASH FOR COLDS IN THE HEAD.

We find continued mention made in the foreign journals of the value of permanganate of potash as a remedy in cases of cold in the head attended with severe sneezing. For use in such cases a solution is prepared of about one and two-thirds grains of the permanganate in two fluid ounces of water. Of this solution twenty to sixty drops are to be poured into a tumblerful of water, and a table-spoonful is to be snuffed up the nostrils every two hours; and if there be any soreness in the throat the same liquid is to be used as a gargle. It will, perhaps, be better to apply this solution by means of the fountain syringe, or some other of the methods adopted for injecting salt and water, as a cure for catarrh.

SKIN-GRAFTING.

Several successful operations of so-called skin-grafting have lately been performed in Paris and London, as well as in New York. This consists in transplanting portions of healthy skin from one part of the body to some other which is in a diseased condition. In one instance fourteen patches were transferred on the same patient so as to produce a very great improvement in her personal appearance. Care should be taken to transplant no fat, but only the skin, which must be accurately applied to the granulating surface.

VENTILATING ROOMS.

An ingenious and elegant arrangement for ventilating rooms consists in inserting in one of the windows a pane of glass having four round holes cut into it. Upon this pane a second round plate, having also four round holes of the same size, is so attached that it may be easily made to rotate in close contact. To admit fresh air the rotating disk is turned so that both sets of openings coincide; to reduce the amount, or to exclude it, it is only necessary to make a slight turn of the plate.

REMEDY FOR CARBOLIC ACID POISONING.

Sweet-oil or castor-oil, swallowed in large quantity, is recommended as the most efficient antidote to carbolic acid, when taken in a poisonous dose.

HEREDITARY DEFORMITIES.

Dr. Wetherill furnishes to *Nature* an interesting contribution on the subject of hereditary deformities. In referring to the former practice of the squaws of the Sioux Indians, in having small disks, from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in diameter, tattooed upon the prominences of their cheek-bones, he states that, during a visit, some years ago, to the country inhabited by these people, he was informed by a physician of the tribes that sometimes a child was born with these marks; and the statement was confirmed by the Indian agent. We regret that the doctor was unable, as he states, to verify the occurrence by personal observation, as, if true, it would be a fact of extreme interest.

NAIL-NIBBLING PROPENSITIES OF THE COCKROACH.

Dr. M'Leod, the well-known editor of the *Sunday Magazine*, in an account of his adventures during a recent trip to India, denies the nail-nibbling propensities of the cockroach, possibly because he himself had not suffered from their attacks. His assertion, however, has met with a rejoinder from a correspondent of *Nature*, who writes that a friend had requested him to state that while passing from Kurachee to Bombay, by sea, he was annoyed one night in his berth by some insect crawling upon his face, and, half asleep, half awake, he put up his hand and sent the insect to the foot of his berth. Shortly afterward he was awakened by a pain at his great toe, and looking at it he discovered that the cockroach had nibbled off all the nail down to the quick.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

Among the investigations of the past year especially interesting in a scientific point of view were those upon spontaneous generation, as conducted by Dr. Bastian. It is well known that Professor Huxley, in his address delivered before the British Association, made special reference to these inquiries, and came to the conclusion that the data upon which Dr. Bastian based his conclusions were incorrect, and that the existence of any thing like spontaneous generation, if not finally disproved, at least required

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stronger arguments than had been presented for its acceptance as a law.

In a recent number of *Nature* Dr. Frankland, who has made many experiments for Dr. Bastian, announced that he had lately re-examined the entire subject with more critical precautions than had hitherto been taken, and that he found nothing whatever to show the occurrence of spontaneous generation. It is true that various movements of atoms were observed, as stated by Dr. Bastian, but this movement was found to be a mere Brownian motion, many of the particles being minute splinters of glass, and without the slightest evidence of life in any of them. This observation of Dr. Frankland would seem to settle the question for the present, and render it necessary for the advocates of spontaneous generation to bring forward further arguments, although Dr. Bastian does not appear at all satisfied with the reasoning of Dr. Frankland, to judge from the rejoinder he has published in *Nature* for January 26.

THE FOOD OF THE SEA HERRING.

Of the various fishes that inhabit the ocean none have, perhaps, more direct bearing upon the prosperity of the maritime people of the North than the sea herring, the shores of both hemispheres being visited regularly by countless myriads, that furnish an inexhaustible source of food. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the attention of fishermen, as well as of statesmen and political economists, has been directed to the different questions connected with the migration and preservation of these fish, and that much research should have been expended in determining the various points connected with their history.

Until quite recently, however, one important element of their biography has been unsolved; namely, the precise nature of the food upon which they subsist, at least during the time when they come into the vicinity of the shore, although their varying degree of excellence throughout the year is believed to depend largely upon what they find to eat in the different months.

Intimately connected with this same subject of the food of the herring is the fact that at times it is found almost impossible to preserve the fish after being caught, since, notwithstanding the prompt use of salt, decomposition ensues, and spoils the entire catch. Indeed, at certain seasons of the year, it is said that herring can not be preserved at all, except by taking the precaution of retaining them alive in the net for a period of from three to ten days.

A very important communication on the food of the herring has lately been published by a Danish author, Mr. Axel Boeck, from which we learn that the herring food or "meat," consisting almost entirely of minute invertebrate animals, is divided by the Northern fishermen into three classes, the "red," the "yellow," and the "black," the names being derived from the color of this food when living, or else from its appearance when in the stomach of the fish.

The "red meat" (*rödaat*) is the most common and best known, and occurs along the entire coast of Norway, and in the mouths of the bays, but more sparingly in the bays themselves and in the open sea, diminishing in amount, apparently, with the depth. At certain periods of summer, however, it appears in such immense abundance that the sea is colored red by it. When floating in this way upon the surface it attracts innumerable schools of mackerel, as well as of herring, which are then much less shy than usual, and the scene is one of impressive activity, owing to the number of boats and nets employed in fishing. On a careful examination this substance was found to consist almost entirely of small copepod crustaceans, the largest scarcely the thirtieth of an inch in length, and barely distinguishable by the naked eye. They were mostly species of *Calanus*, *Eikocalanus*, *Centropages*, and *Anomalocera*.

It can hardly be believed that such minute and almost microscopic animals can be of so much importance to the welfare of a nation; but in reality the mackerel and the autumnal herring owe their fatness to them, the microscope revealing through their thin shells the fat, lying in distinct strips between the muscles and intestines.

These same crustaceans occur also off Spitzbergen in such abundance as to furnish food to innumerable water-fowl, and even the whales feed upon them to a great extent. If, now, the herring has taken in a large quantity of this red food, and is then captured and killed without its having been fully digested, the animal matter in the stomach of the fish begins to spoil before it can be reached by the salt, and the stomach thus becomes putrid, as well as the large blood-vessel which lies under the back, the coloring matter imparting a reddish tinge to the flesh along the backbone. For this reason it is required by law to keep herring three days in the nets in water, that all the contents of the stomach may be completely digested, while the fish is prevented from taking in a fresh supply. Sometimes, however, the winds drift this herring food into the nets, and furnish to the herring an opportunity which they eagerly embrace, rendering them again liable to the difficulty just mentioned.

When a herring on being squeezed discharges a yellow pulp, this is known as "yellow meat," or *gulaat*. This is not so abundant as the other, but appears, like the "red meat," to be composed in part of transparent copepods, together with the larvæ of the tape-worms and other annelids, which occur on the Norwegian coast in immense numbers. It is stated that the surface of the sea is sometimes seen to be completely covered with little worms of about the twenty-fourth of an inch in length, swimming actively about by means of certain hairs which encircle their bodies like a girdle. These animals were sufficiently developed to permit their identification as the young of *Leucodore ciliata*. Herring and mackerel feed largely upon these animals, so that the "yellow meat" consists in greater part of the fine hairs which cover the exterior of the larvæ in question. This kind of food is considered to interfere less with the proper curing of the herring, as it is much more quickly digested.

The most objectionable kind of herring food, however, is that which is known as the "black meat," or *svartaat*, sometimes called *krutaat*, and occurring on the surface of the sea in the form of little granules moving freely about, but which sink on being touched. This is said to be most abundant in rainy seasons, when there is a short interval of fine and clear weather. Herring

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that have fed on this substance are considered to be entirely unfit for salting, even when kept in the nets for a much longer time than that already mentioned. The salted fish has an extremely disagreeable smell, even after the stomach, with its contents, has been removed.

A microscopic examination of this matter showed that it consists entirely of the larval young of small shell-fish found among the sea-weed, and belonging to the genus *Rissoa*. These swim by means of two flippers covered with hairs, which are protruded from a transparent shell having from three to seven turns, or windings. They are about one-tenth of an inch in length, and on being touched draw within the shell and sink to the bottom. When full grown these mollusks lose their flippers, and creep about the sea-weed by means of a large foot. Thus it is easy to understand why this "black meat" is more dangerous than the other kinds. While the shells of the animals forming the "red meat" are quite thin and the bodies of the "yellow meat" are very soft, those of the "black meat," on the contrary, being inclosed in hard shells, are not so easily reached by the digestive fluid; so that while the exterior parts, namely, the swimming flippers, are quickly digested, the rest of the body within the shell becomes decomposed. On this account the flesh of the herring, after feeding upon these mollusks, soon becomes tainted by their decomposition, and gives out a disagreeable smell, notwithstanding the application of salt.

It may be asked why the summer and autumnal herring feed upon this food, and not the spring herring nor those taken in the open sea, both the latter being capable of preservation without any detention in the nets. The reason of this seems to be that the spring and open-sea herring are captured when under the stimulus of the spawning season, and in the search for a suitable place for the development of their young. At this time the question of food is reduced to zero, or near it, and a careful examination of the stomachs of herring taken under such circumstances shows comparatively little animal matter. Summer and autumnal herring, on the other hand, are specially engaged in seeking for food and bringing up their flesh, and that at a time when the larvæ of the lower animals are found swimming freely about in large quantity upon the surface of the sea.

PARTHENOGENESIS IN DIPTERA.

A curious instance of parthenogenesis in *Chironomus*, a genus of diptera, is mentioned in the memoirs of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg. In spring the larvæ, produced in the ordinary way from eggs, grow rapidly, and after the third change of skin attain their full size, showing distinct traces of the pupa within them. After the pupa stage has been perfected the eggs are produced direct from it. In the autumn the course of development during the preparatory changes is precisely the same. The pupa, however, then changes into the perfect insect, which deposits eggs, probably after copulation, in the usual manner.

MORTAR FOR USE IN DAMP PLACES.

It is said that a mortar can be prepared, admirably adapted for plastering walls and roofs in moist localities, by mixing freshly slaked lime and saw-dust made from very soft wood (rather fibrous than granular), and using only enough lime to permit the mass to attach itself to the wall without difficulty. These two ingredients combined, it is said, form a complete felting, which appears as if impregnated with lime, and so tough that a blow affects only the spot where it falls, without loosening the general mass.

This mortar is said to be especially adapted for plastering coffer-dam work, the inside of wells, cob-walls, etc. Applied in a layer of a quarter of an inch thick to the boards of an ice-house, against which the ice was densely packed, it was not affected in the least by the moisture. Rooms plastered with this mortar can, it is said, be papered in a few weeks.

HUGE FOSSIL ALGÆ.

It is stated that certain specimens of supposed fossil wood, considered by Professor Dawson, of Montreal, as the oldest known instance of the occurrence of the conifera, have proved to be really stems of huge algæ, vastly exceeding in size the ordinary algæ of the present day. It is said, however, that there are forms in the antarctic seas that exhibit the nearest approach to them, some of these being twenty feet high and as thick as a man's thigh. These have not unfrequently been collected by mariners in those seas as fuel, under the belief that they were drift-wood.

PREVENTION OF SEA-SICKNESS.

It is said that the nausea and vomiting produced by swinging and sea-sickness can be resisted by applying to the epigastrium a layer of wadding dipped in collodion. This, we are informed, should extend over the xiphoid cartilage to the umbilicus, and be left until it falls off. If the adhesion be imperfect, the application should be renewed. According to the discoverer, the action of the peripheral nerves is interrupted by this application, just as the pain of calculi in the bile passages or ureters is sometimes mitigated by the application of castor-oil and collodion.

PREHISTORIC ENGRAVINGS ON BONE.

Many of our readers are familiar with the magnificent work of Messrs. Lartét and Christy, entitled "Reliquiæ Aquitaniæ," principally embracing illustrations and descriptions of the remarkable relics of prehistoric times found in the caverns of Aquitaine and other parts of France. It is among these remains, for instance, that occur the curious engravings, by men of the reindeer period, of various animals with which they were contemporaneous, the most remarkable being one of what is believed to be intended to represent the hairy mammoth of that period. Quite recently other remains of a similar character have been brought to light from the same locality, one of the most noticeable being an engraving on a reindeer's horn, representing a male bison pursued by a naked man, the latter grasping the animal by the tail with one hand, and with the other plunging a lance into its body. The drawing of the man is said to be the best illustration of the "humanity" of the period that has hitherto been discovered. The absence of clothing is believed to prove that he habitually went naked. The head is brachycephalic, with hair standing stiffly on the cranium, and there is a short, pointed beard on the chin.

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CLEANING PAINT.

Soiled paint, whether on wood-work or on canvas, may, it is said, be cleaned perfectly by first dipping a rag in finely powdered and well sifted Spanish white, and then rubbing the surface in question gently with it, thereby removing dust, grease, etc., from the colors. The surface is then to be washed in fresh water by means of a sponge, and rubbed off with a piece of soft chamois leather, and dried. The colors appear as fresh as new, and the whole process is said to have many advantages over the use of soap.

FREEZING MIXTURES.

It is well known that there are certain so-called freezing mixtures which, by their solution in water, tend to produce a greater or less degree of cold—the most familiar illustration of the fact being seen in the application of salt to ice in freezing ice-cream or cooling Champagne—the ice melting, but the saline liquid indicating a temperature much below that of frozen water. There are other substances, however, the use of which produces a much greater degree of cold than that obtained by means of salt, the most conspicuous among these being finely pulverized crystallized nitrate of ammonia. If this be dissolved in an equal weight of cold water, at 50° Fahr., a reduction of temperature to 3.20° Fahr. will result.

Again, if a mixture of seven parts of sal ammoniac, seven of saltpetre, and eleven of Glauber's-salt be dissolved in twenty-two parts of water at 50° Fahr., the column of a mercurial thermometer immersed in the mixture will fall to 4.10° Fahr., or nearly the same as the preceding reduction. This, therefore, may be considered as much superior to any other combination yet proposed for practical use in the production of a low degree of temperature. The nitrate of ammonia has, however, the advantage, even if more expensive, that it may be used over and over again, it being only necessary to evaporate the solution to the point of crystallization, while the mixture just referred to can only be used once.

In one instance, with the air at 60° Fahr. and the water at about 54°, a thick, cylindrical cup of very hard ice, about eight inches high and several lines thick, was produced in about fifteen minutes.

An interesting experiment bearing upon the same point may be made by melting together 59 parts of tin, 103½ of lead, and 183 of bismuth. If this be finely rasped or powdered, and introduced into 108 parts, by weight, of quicksilver, we shall find that the thermometer immersed in the mixture will sink to 3.20° Fahr.; and water placed in a thin test-tube, and allowed to remain for a few minutes in this bath, will be completely frozen.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 23d of March. The Forty-first Congress, during its last days, found little time for attention to general business, and even the necessary appropriation bills were hurried through. The session closed without any measures having been taken for the revival of navigation and commercial interests. The Senate bills for a postal railway between Washington and New York, and for the removal of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, were not acted on by the House. Over a hundred Senate bills remained on the Speaker's table, of which twenty-six demanded grants of land to the aggregate amount of over 100,000,000 acres. The Senate bill increasing pensions by twenty per cent. was not passed. The bill for the repeal of the income tax was not reached on the calendar of the Committee of the Whole. Over four hundred bills awaited action in the Senate at the close of the session.

The Steamboat bill, passed by both Houses of Congress, and awaiting the President's signature, is more careful and stringent than any similar law heretofore enacted. Among its provisions it requires steamers to attach suitable steam-pipes and valves to the boilers to convey steam into the hold in case of fire. All wood-work exposed to fire from stoves, furnaces, etc., is to be protected by some incombustible material, and special care is to be used in the procuring of life-preservers and life-boats. Hay, cotton, benzine, powder, and like dangerous articles are to be placed beyond danger of fire by the machinery, and watchmen are to be kept continually on the alert to guard against disasters. Boilers and machinery are to be more carefully inspected, especially such parts as are subject to special strain or accident; and all officers of the boats are to be examined as to their characters, skill, and capacity. Sea-going and lake passenger steamers, the building of which shall be commenced after six months from the passage of this act, shall have not less than three water-tight cross bulk-heads, to be made of iron plates sustained upon iron frame-work. Any officer or employé on board of any steamboat, by whose negligence, misconduct, or inattention to his duties the life of any person shall be destroyed, shall be deemed guilty of manslaughter, and, upon conviction, shall be sentenced to not more than ten years' imprisonment. The hull and boilers of every ferry-boat, canal-boat, yacht, or other craft propelled by steam, are made subject to the provisions of this act.

The Senate bill to incorporate the Texas (or Southern) Pacific Railroad Company was passed by the House, 135 to 70, February 21, but with important amendments. The difference between the House and Senate bills may be thus stated: The latter provided for six different branches, in the aggregate almost double the length of the main line, and for more than double the subsidy. The House bill provides for a simple trunk-line from Marshall, Texas, to San Diego, California. The Senate bill fixed the gauge at five feet, while the House bill simply provides for a uniform gauge. The latter fixes the capital at $50,000,000, and allows consolidation of the road only with roads already chartered. On account of the disagreement between the two Houses a conference committee was appointed. A compromise was ef-

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fected, in which each House yielded some of its positions. The bill reported by the conference committee, and passed March 2, provides, in addition to the grant of 13,000,000 acres for the main trunk-line, for two branch lines—one from New Orleans to the eastern boundary of Texas, and one from San Francisco to the western terminus of the line, or to connect with it on the thirty-fifth parallel at or near the Colorado River. The additional quantity of land given to subsidize these branch lines is loosely estimated at between four and six millions of acres.

The Deficiency Appropriation bill, passed by the House February 22, appropriated $10,677,525, including $500,000 for the New York Post-office building.

A bill was passed by the Senate, February 23, amending the bounty law, and granting $100 to all soldiers mustered in for three years between May 4 and July 22, 1861. The amount thus voted is about $410,000.

The Congressional Election bill, an amendment to the act of May 31, 1870, "to enforce the rights of citizens to vote in the several States of this Union, and for other purposes," was passed by the Senate, 39 to 10, February 25. It had previously passed the House.

The Senate, February 25, passed the House bill to provide for the celebration of the centennial anniversary of American independence by holding an international exhibition of arts, manufactures, and products of the soil and mines in Philadelphia in 1876.

A letter from General Pleasonton, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, dated February 21, was read in the House on the 25th. In this letter he said that, in view of the possible repeal of the income tax, he had delayed until the last moment before authorizing any expense in connection with the assessment of this tax. Delay was no longer possible, and he urged that the question might be pressed to an immediate conclusion. Mr. Hooper gave notice that he should take the earliest opportunity to move to go into Committee of the Whole to consider the bill to repeal the income tax.

A joint resolution to repeal the duty on coal was passed by the House, 143 to 46, February 28. The resolution failed to pass the Senate.

On February 28 the Senate adopted an amendment to the Army Appropriation bill, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay over to the Pacific Railroad one-half the compensation for services rendered to the government.

In the House, March 2, a resolution was adopted, 134 to 52, exculpating General Howard from all the charges made against him in connection with the Freedmen's Bureau.

Both Houses, March 3, passed a bill prohibiting the consolidation of ocean telegraph companies, and the establishment of rates above $5 for ten words.

Just before the close of the session a section was added to the Civil Service Appropriation bill authorizing the President to make rules prescribing the qualifications of government employés, and providing the means of testing the fitness of candidates, and regulating the nature and length of their tenure of office.

The conference report on the Indian Appropriation bill was presented in both Houses and agreed to March 1. The bill, as it leaves the hands of the conference committee, puts an end to the absurd and corrupt system of Indian treaties, the Senate agreeing to renounce its right to treat with any Indian tribe or nation hereafter as an independent power capable of contracting with the United States. The bill also contains provisions intended to prevent frauds by Indian claim agents and Indian contractors.

At noon, March 4, the Forty-first Congress was adjourned *sine die*, and the organization of the Forty-second was effected. Of the nineteen Senators whose terms had expired five had been re-elected, namely: H. B. Anthony, of Rhode Island; A. H. Cragin, of New Hampshire; M. C. Hamilton, of Texas; L. M. Morrill, of Maine; and T. J. Robertson, of South Carolina—all Republicans. Six of the newly elected Senators are Democrats. There is still to be elected a Senator of Virginia, to fill the place of J. W. Johnston. As at present constituted the Senate consists of 53 Republicans and 15 Democrats. Objection was made to George Goldthwaite, of Alabama (Democrat); and the seat of M. C. Hamilton, of Texas, was contested, but in vain, by J. J. Reynolds. Foster Blodgett, of Georgia, succeeds Mr. Miller, for whom a special oath had been provided by the previous Congress. John W. Stevenson succeeds Thomas C. M'Creery, of Kentucky.

In the House, 115 members of the last Congress are returned—about one-half. The House, as now constituted (March 23), stands 130 Republicans to 100 Democrats. The elections in Connecticut, California, and Texas have not yet been held. Logan's election to the Senate leaves his seat as Congressman at large from Illinois to be filled. The Fourth District of Michigan and Montana Territory are without representatives. Massachusetts and Mississippi return their entire delegations; New York returns only seven out of thirty-one members. S. M. Cullom, of Illinois; John A. Griswold, of New York; Thomas A. Jenckes, of Rhode Island; and Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana, may be mentioned as among the most prominent members who are not returned to Congress.

The new House was organized by the re-election of James G. Blaine as Speaker by a vote of 123 to 93.

The first important action of the Senate was the displacement, on March 10, of Senator Sumner from his position as head of the Committee on Foreign Relations by a vote of 30 to 9. Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, succeeds Mr. Sumner in that position.

A resolution was passed by the House, March 13, repealing the duty on salt, tea, coffee, and coal.

A resolution authorizing an investigation of Southern affairs by a committee of thirteen, to report in December, was adopted by the House March 15, and the committee was appointed, consisting of seven Republicans and six Democrats.

The Senate Committee on Southern Affairs submitted a majority and a minority report on March 10. The object of the investigation was to ascertain whether the outrages alleged to have been committed in the South were of a political character, and whether persons and property are secure in the Southern States. The investigation appears to have been confined to North Carolina.

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The impeachment trial going on in that State necessarily developed a great amount of evidence bearing upon the questions under consideration. The majority report clearly proves the existence of a secret political organization known as the Ku-Klux, consisting of white men, all Democrats, the members of which have committed such outrages as to render life and property insecure. The report speaks of this organization as an "army of criminals at large, with no power in the State tribunals to bring them to justice; with organization oaths, and secrecy baffling and defying all the appliances of the law, and bringing them to each other's aid; with the consciousness that they number enough to turn the scale of political power in favor of the party with which they act, so long as their violence and intimidation are successful against those whom they oppose." The only point worthy of notice in the minority report, submitted by Senators Blair and Bayard, is the fact that the outrages have been committed in only six or eight out of the eighty-seven counties of North Carolina.

The reports received during the past month from many quarters in the South show that these outrages are not confined to North Carolina. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has found it an exceedingly perilous duty to attempt to collect revenue in these States, and says that in some instances revenue officers have been compelled to fly for their lives. On the 6th of March, at Meridian, Mississippi, during a trial of three negroes for riotous conduct, one of the prisoners shot and killed Justice Bramlette, who presided. In the subsequent attempt of the sheriff to disarm the negroes a number of the latter were killed. The murder of Justice Bramlette grew out of a state of affairs in which none but negroes could be convicted for disorderly conduct.

Similar outrages in Chester and York counties, South Carolina, are reported, sufficiently extensive to compel Governor Scott to call upon the President for troops to aid him in enforcing the laws. In Kentucky the Ku-Klux organization seems to have claimed the right to regulate the postal service.

The election in New Hampshire, on March 14, was so closely contested that there was no choice for Governor. The political complexion of the Legislature can only be determined by the official count. The entire Democratic delegation to Congress was elected.

The President, February 27, appointed Mr. Henry D. Cooke, of the firm of Jay Cooke and Co., Governor of the District of Columbia, with a salary of $3000 per annum.

Governor Clayton, of Arkansas, resigned March 18, and was succeeded by Mr. Halley.

An act of Congress authorizing the refunding of the national debt was passed last July. The object of the act was to put a new loan upon the market for the purpose of converting the five-twenties, which bear six per cent. interest, into new bonds of three classes—namely, into ten-year bonds bearing five per cent. interest, fifteen-year bonds bearing four and a half per cent. interest, and thirty-year bonds bearing four per cent. interest. The Secretary of the Treasury, on account of the European war, delayed putting this loan upon the market till the beginning of March. In the present advertised proposal the amount of the first class is five hundred millions, of the second three hundred millions, and of the third seven hundred millions—fifteen hundred millions in all. Preference will be given first, however, to subscriptions for two hundred millions of five per cents., and then for the four and a half and the four per cents. in their order. Payments can be made either in coin or in the existing five-twenty bonds at par. In no case is less to be taken, or the aggregate of the debt to be increased. The new bonds, or consols, and the interest on them, are to be exempt from all taxes or dues to the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by any State, municipal, or local authority.

The impeachment trial of Governor Holden, of North Carolina, was concluded March 22, terminating in the conviction of the Governor upon the last six charges.

The High Commission has been in session in Washington since February 27, but until the close of its deliberations its proceedings will remain secret.

An army order has been issued by General Sherman, giving the details of the organization of the army after July 1, 1871, at which date it is to be reduced to 30,000 men, in accordance with the provisions of an act of Congress passed last July.

Dispatches from Kingston, Jamaica, dated March 11, reported the arrival there of the San Domingo Commission on its way to New York. Before the Commission left Hayti, Luperon, who is one of Cabral's generals, made a hostile demonstration against Monte-Christi, but the crew of the United States man-of-war *Congress* checked the demonstration.

During the two years from March 1, 1869, to March 1, 1871, the reduction of the public debt has been $204,754,413.

DISASTERS.

On February 23 three cars of an express train on the Northern Central Railroad, which struck a broken rail below Williamsport, Pennsylvania, were thrown over an embankment—a fall of forty feet. One man was killed, and seventeen more or less seriously injured.

A tornado visited Jefferson City, Missouri, on the night of February 23–24. Portions of the penitentiary were unroofed, and the walls blown down. The roofs of the Lincoln Institute and other buildings were partially removed.

On the 8th of March a tornado passed over East St. Louis. The destructive effects of the storm may be inferred from the fact that the losses amounted to $260,000. A number of persons were seriously injured.

On March 17 a construction train on the Cedar Rapids and Minnesota Railroad, in Iowa, having a large force of laborers on board, was thrown from the track; five of the men were instantly killed, and four others severely injured.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

There have been several conflicts between the government forces and the insurgents in Cuba, in all of which the latter were defeated. A proclamation was issued by Cespedes in January, and another by Ignacio Agramonte on February 5, in which the former signs himself President, and the latter General-in-Chief of the Cuban forces.—On

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the 12th of March the Spanish troops in Cuba took the oath of allegiance to King Amadeus and the Spanish Constitution. The Cuban Volunteers took simply the oath of fealty to the King.

Advices from Porto Rico, dated Havana, March 7, announced the triumph of the radicals in the elections for deputies to the Spanish Cortes. This defeat of the government party so incensed the Spanish Volunteers on that island that they created disturbances, which, according to some reports, resulted in bloodshed, and they even demanded that the elections be nullified. The Captain-General, Baldrich, refused the request, and showed his displeasure by ordering the Volunteers to store their arms in the barracks, instead of keeping them in their own houses.

The project of Governor Pint, of Antigua, for the confederation of the British islands of the West Indies, under Sir Charles Peter Grant as Governor-General, with the capital at Jamaica, begins to assume importance. Early in March Governor Pint sailed for England to submit his scheme to the Colonial Office.—Advices from Kingston, of March 9, announced the arrival there of Mr. Hutchins, the celebrated Indian irrigation engineer. His mission is to superintend the great irrigation projects of the Governor, which have for their object the reclaiming of "tacks" land, which, being over lime rock, is useless for agriculture in consequence of the periodical drought to which the island is subjected, the rain-fall being greedily sucked from the earth, and the mountain streams after a rain swallowed in subterranean reservoirs. The Governor also contemplates an extension of the railway systems of the island into the interior.

Advices from Mexico, March 11, announced the assembling of the Mexican Congress in extra session on the 8th. The constitution of that body indicated strong hostility to the President, the opposition being led by Lerdo and Diaz. Señor Zamacona, chosen Speaker of Congress, is a Diaz partisan, and he was elected by coalition with Lerdo. All the officers of Congress had been elected over those of the Juarez party by eleven majority. The opening address of Juarez was tame and formal, but Señor Zamacona's reply scathing and determined, indicating a prosecution of the impeachment programme. The investigating committee of Congress had discovered a defalcation of $1,000,000 in the Treasury Department. In the mean time the election excitement was increasing, and a revolution was apprehended.

Advices from Colombia down to the 15th of February indicated the speedy triumph of the legitimate government.—Advices from Bolivia of about the same date announced the establishment of the new government in that state in friendly relations with Peru. Malgarejos, the ex-President, had barely escaped with his life, and Morales, who had commanded the revolutionist forces, was proclaimed Provisional President.

EUROPE.

On the 26th of February the following terms of peace were accepted by MM. Thiers and Favre, and the Consultative Commission of the French National Assembly:

1. France cedes the whole of Alsace—the departments of Haut-Rhine and Bas-Rhine—with the exception of Belfort; three of the four arrondissements of the department of Moselle, in Lorraine—Thionville, Metz, and Sarreguemines—France retaining Briey, with the fortress of Longwy; and two of the five arrondissements of the departments of Meurthe—Château-Salins and Sarrebourg—France retaining Luneville, Nancy, and Toul. The ceded territory embraces 6000 square miles, and contains 1,600,000 inhabitants. The military advantage gained by the Germans consists mainly in the possession of the Vosges, covering the Rhenish frontier, and of the fortress of Metz. The ceded territory is for the most part agricultural; but it includes also some large cities (including Strasburg, with 85,000 inhabitants, and Mulhouse, with its famous factories, and a population of 60,000) and important manufacturing regions. The Meurthe department includes the fortress of Phalsbourg.

2. France agrees to pay to Germany a war indemnity of $1,000,000,000; one-fifth, at least, in 1871, and the remainder within three years after the ratification of the treaty.

3. The evacuation of France by the German forces to commence immediately. After the payment of two-fifths of the indemnity the Germans to hold only the departments of Marne, Ardennes, Meuse, Vosges, and Meurthe, and the fortress of Belfort. After the payment of three-fifths to keep only 50,000 troops in France, and none at all if sufficient money guarantees are given by the French.

4. The German troops to make no further requisitions, but the French government to supply food to the army of occupation. In the ceded departments the inhabitants to have time to move out if they desire.

5. All prisoners of war to be immediately liberated.

6. The management of the occupied departments to be given to French officials, subject, however, to the German commanders in the interest of the German troops.

The treaty was ratified by the Assembly March 1 by a vote of 546 to 107.

Early in March the ex-Emperor Napoleon addressed a communication to M. Grévy, President of the French National Assembly, in which he formally protested against the vote passed by the Assembly March 1 decreeing the fall of the empire. He claimed that the Assembly, having been created only to make peace with Germany, had exceeded its powers. In conclusion he appealed to the *plebiscite*.

The German army of occupation in France consists of the Seventh and Twelfth Prussian corps, and the corps of Würtembergers.

According to a statement made in the Assembly by M. Thiers, the expenses of the war outside of Paris exceeded 1,100,000,000 francs.

The Germans made their triumphal entry into Paris on the morning of March 1 in two columns, numbering together 30,000 men. Approaches to the quarter of the city occupied by them were guarded by French troops, and partly barricaded, in order to prevent a collision between the French citizens and the German soldiers.

The French Assembly on the 4th, by a vote of 406 to 104, adopted a proposition for removal from Bordeaux to Versailles, where it assembled March 20. In the mean while the wisdom of its

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avoidance of Paris was fully demonstrated. After the evacuation of Paris by the Germans the National Guards still retained their arms, and soon took possession of a large number of cannon, fortifying themselves at Montmartre and Belleville. Detachments of troops on March 17 were sent against the malcontents, and succeeded in capturing some of the cannon and about 400 prisoners. The next day a mob of citizens and soldiers released the prisoners and recaptured part of the cannon. General Vinoy, commanding the government force, posted a cordon of troops around the hill of Montmartre. Angry groups of people mingled with the soldiers, and induced them to side with the insurgents. As new troops arrived, these also fraternized with the mob. Generals Lecompte and Clement-Thomas were taken prisoners by the mob, summarily tried, and shot. General Chanzy was captured and imprisoned. On the 19th the mob held complete possession of the city; the red flag floated over the Hôtel de Ville, and barricades were erected in many of the streets and boulevards. The insurgents issued a proclamation for communal elections, of which, however, the Mayors of Paris refused to take notice.

The government and all the Paris authorities were at Versailles, protected by an army 40,000 strong, under command of General Vinoy. A reaction in favor of order began to prevail on the 21st. Deputies sent from the Assembly to induce the insurgents to release General Chanzy were unsuccessful in their mission.

The French government has negotiated a loan of 2,000,000,000 francs from the Rothschilds.

The rioters of December 10 have been tried by a council of war. Blanqui, Flourens, Giraud, and Arville were condemned to death.

On the 21st of March the legislative session of the Reichstag was opened in Berlin. The Emperor William delivered a speech from the marble throne of Charlemagne, which had been brought from Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle). Upon the Emperor's retirement from the hall a motion was passed congratulating him upon the occurrence of the seventy-third anniversary of his birth. Herr Frankenburg, President of the Chamber of Deputies, on taking his seat warmly greeted the South German members on their appearance in the united legislative body of the nation.

Count von Bismarck arrived in Berlin March 9, after an absence of eight months. He has been elevated to the rank of Prince of the German Empire, and General Count von Moltke has been presented with the grand cross of the Order of the Iron Cross.

In the British House of Commons the University Tests bill was passed February 23. On the 24th Mr. Disraeli renewed his attack on the foreign policy of the government. He urged the House "to consider the gravity of the Eastern question, and the serious consequences of Russia's repudiation of the treaty of 1856, which it had cost England such sacrifices to make." He said "it had been generally believed that Mr. Odo Russell's errand to Versailles was to announce to Bismarck that England stood ready to join Prussia in opposing Russian repudiation. Now it seemed the government denied that such was the object of Mr. Russell's mission." Mr. Gladstone replied in a strong speech to Mr. Disraeli's inferences, and expressed "surprise that the right honorable gentleman should condescend to heed and repeat the rumors on which they were based. The idea of a proposal to estrange Russia at a moment so critical by gratuitous language was simply madness. The London Conference would hear Russia's case in all fairness, and act on it with justice."

During the session of the House of Commons, March 6, Premier Gladstone communicated to the House information received from Westmeath County, Ireland, confirming previous reports "of the mischievous tendency of affairs there." He said that "special measures of precaution were needed, for the lives of the Queen's Judges of Assize on circuit in that county were threatened," and he urged the members to take speedy action.

The Right Hon. Earl Granville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, announced to the House of Lords, March 13, that the conference of the powers on the Eastern question in London had closed. A treaty had been signed at the Foreign Office abrogating the restrictions on the admission of foreign men-of-war into the Dardanelles and Bosphorus. The Porte in time of peace may admit into those waters the naval vessels of friendly powers whenever needed to enforce the treaty of 1856. The Danubian commission is prolonged twelve years. The protocol expressly declares "that no power can relieve itself of the obligations of the treaty without the consent of all the signatories."

The marriage of the Marquis of Lorne to the Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, was celebrated March 21 in the royal chapel of St. George, Windsor.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon arrived at Chiselhurst from Wilhelmshöhe March 20.

DISASTERS.

A serious colliery explosion occurred in South Wales February 25, resulting in the loss of 38 lives.

The steamer *General Outram* foundered in Indian waters on the 23d of January. Fifty-two lives were lost.

The French transport *Le Cerf* was wrecked on the night of February 7–8 on the rocks off Cape de la Hague. She had on board 1080 French wounded and convalescents and a crew of 150 men. The number of lives lost is estimated to have been over 1100.

A cable telegram dated London, March 7, reported the foundering of the *Mistress of the Seas*. Seventeen lives were lost.

On the 2d of March a colliery explosion occurred in Monmouthshire, England, resulting in the death of nineteen men and boys, and severe injuries to eight others.

Shocks of earthquake occurred in the Hawaiian Islands on the 19th of February. They were general throughout the group. In Lauai great rocks were hurled down from the cliffs, and some of the villages were rendered uninhabitable by the débris from the mountains.

OBITUARY.

The widow of Nathaniel Hawthorne died at her residence in Kensington, near London, February 26.

Robert Chambers, an eminent Scotch author and publisher, died March 17, aged sixty-nine.

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Editor's Drawer.

IT is well known that the late Daniel Webster was a man of luxurious tastes and expensive habits, which frequently brought him into pecuniary difficulties. Apropos of this a friend sends us from Washington the following anecdote, which we do not remember to have seen in print. A Western gentleman, shortly after the great statesman's death, inveighed seriously, to a mutual friend, against these habits, and enforced his remarks with a practical illustration. "Why, Sir," he exclaimed, "I traveled all night with Webster in a stage-coach out West, not long ago, and in the morning we all got out at a little hotel to stretch our legs and get breakfast. Webster took up a traveling-case, with combs, hair-brush, and tooth-brush, all of which he used vigorously. When he'd got through I asked him to lend me his tooth-brush, as there wasn't any at the sink where we washed, and Mr. Webster courteously complied. After using and rinsing it off I handed it back; and, will you believe it? the extravagant fellow just pitched it over into the bushes. It was a good new brush, too, and might have lasted him two or three months longer. No wonder he was always in debt."

ANOTHER anecdote of Mr. Webster comes from a correspondent at Galveston, Texas, who writes as follows:

In looking over an old note-book of my father's, written many years ago, I came across an anecdote, which, if it has never appeared in print before, is too good to be lost. While John Branch, of North Carolina, was General Jackson's Secretary of the Navy, he, Tazewell, and Daniel Webster were walking on the north bank of the Potomac, at Washington. Tazewell, willing to amuse himself with Branch's simplicity, said, "Branch, I'll bet you a ten-dollar hat that I can prove that you are on the *other side* of the river."

"Done," said Branch.

"Well," said Tazewell, pointing to the opposite shore, "isn't that *one side* of the river?"

"Yes."

"Well, isn't this the *other side?*"

"Yes."

"Then as you are *here*, are you not on *the other* side?"

"Why, I declare," said poor Branch, "so it is! But here comes Webster. I'll win back the hat from him."

Webster had lagged behind, but now came up, and Branch accosted him:

"Webster, I'll bet you a ten-dollar hat that I can prove that you are on the other side of the river."

"Done!"

"Well, isn't this *one* side?"

"Yes."

"Well, isn't that *the other side?*"

"Yes, *but I am not on that side.*"

Branch hung his head, and submitted to the loss of the two hats as quietly as he could.

ANOTHER, of another kind of Daniel Webster:

A stenographer of one of the courts in Maine sends the following:

At the late term of court at which Judge —— presided, Daniel Webster, an English runaway sailor (belonging to a profession remarkable for not giving their real names), was arraigned for assault, with a felonious intent, upon a girl. He pleaded not guilty, but made no other defense, and was convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. The name this British sailor had chosen to be convicted under reminds us of a biographical sketch, by one of his countrymen, of the "godlike." It runs thus: "Daniel Webster, a distinguished American, who in his early life was the author of a spelling-book and dictionary; afterward a Congressional orator; then professor at Cambridge University, where he murdered Dr. Parkman, for which crime he was executed on the gallows. His last words were, 'I still live!'"

MR. S——, a young member of the New York bar, is somewhat noted for his sarcasm, when excited, as for his ordinary humor and wit. A short time since, in the management of a tough case in one of our upper courts, he quoted in presence of Court and jury the proverb, "Cast not thy pearls before swine." As he arose to sum up, having been somewhat nettled at the repeated rulings of the Court against him, the judge facetiously remarked to him,

"Be careful, Mr. S——, that you do not cast *your* pearls before swine."

"Don't be alarmed, your Honor: I am about to address the *jury*, not the *Court!*"

WHEN the late Rev. Jeremiah Young was agent of the Lawn Mills at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, he was called upon one Sunday morning by a member of the Advent Society with the request that he would officiate in their chapel that day, the speaker whom they had expected having failed them. He readily consented, but observed that it would be impossible to prepare a sermon at so short a notice. The member appeared satisfied; and the hour of service having arrived, they went together to the chapel. The devotional exercises being concluded, Mr. Young gave a short, practical discourse, which probably was ten times better than had ever before been heard in that place. As soon as the benediction was pronounced the same member, standing on the seat, gave the following notice: "Breth'rin and sisters, they won't be no reg'lar meet'n here this afternoon, but they will be the same *car'ins* on they was this mornin'."

Mr. Young enjoyed the compliment so much that he never failed to repeat it on occasion, and also offered to "car' on" again if they were left pastorless.

THE following conundrum is by one of the most learned and eloquent divines of the day:

All persons pronounce me a wonderful piece of mechanism, yet few have numbered up the strange medley of things which make up my whole.

I have a large box and two lids, two caps, two musical instruments, three established measures, and a great many little articles which a carpenter can not do without. Then I always carry about with me a couple of esteemed fishes, and

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a great many of a smaller tribe, two lofty trees, two fine flowers, and the fruit of an indigenous plant, a handsome stag, two playful animals, a great number of a smaller and less tame kind, two halls, or places of worship, some weapons of warfare, a number of weather-cocks, the steps of a hotel, two students, or rather scholars, and ten Spanish grandees to attend upon me.

THE ANSWER.

A wonderful structure, surpassing all art
That mortal could mould or science impart,
The last work of creation, in the perfected plan
Of Almighty direction, was given to *man*.
With a *chest* and two *eyelids* and a *cap* to each knee.
For the musical instruments next we must see
The *pipe* and the *organ;* if these will not do,
I will throw in the *bones* to make melody too.
Next, I think that a *foot* and a *hand* and a *pole*
Of the three well-known measures will make up the whole.
The carpenter's need, I think you'll agree,
Is met, when the *nails* in his basket you see.
Two *soles*, I suppose, are the two esteemed fishes,
The smaller tribe, *muscles*, will make up the dishes.
The two lofty trees in *palm*-trees we meet.
The fine flowers are *two lips*, whose breath is so sweet;
And by fruit of the plant I think *marrow* is meant.
The handsome young stag is a *hart* of content;
And *calves* are the skittish young animals. Now
To answer the next I really don't know how;
For the wild little *hares* which, in love-locks, we see,
Make me wish that one love-lock, at least, might be for me.
The sweet little *temples* of worship, I know,
Will ever be found on woman's fair brow.
For the weapons of warfare, I'm told, "*tooth* and *nail*;"
In my humble belief, loving *arms* will prevail.
A number of weather-cocks, truly, are *veins;*
And the *insteps*, with boots, we all see when it rains.
The students or scholars, bright *pupils*, I ween,
In the eyes that we love may always be seen.
My task is now done with the *ten-don* grandees—
I must now take my task to attend on the bees.

A CERTAIN lecturer recently gave evidence of remarkable longevity. At the close of his last lecture in Portland, Maine, as the audience was leaving, a gentleman was overheard to remark to a lady that the lecturer made a funny blunder in saying that the Pilgrim Fathers reached the bleak shores of New England only *one* hundred and fifty years ago. To which the lady, prompt to furnish an excuse for a favorite lecturer, with charming simplicity, replied, "I suppose it's one of his *old* lectures, and he *forgot to change the date!*"

THE terrible loss of life on the burning of the steamer *Erie* on Lake Michigan, many years ago, was at the time made the occasion of many a homily from the pulpit in the West, as emphatically illustrating the uncertainty of life. Old Parson G—— had for several successive Sabbaths tried to enforce upon his congregation the frail tenure of earthly existence by reference to the horrible disaster. Mr. F——, a regular attendant of the church, but not a professor of religion, meeting Deacon S——, accosted him with,

"Well, deacon, don't you think we have had about enough of the *Erie?*"

"Yes, yes," quickly replied that facetious deacon; "I *almost* wish the *Erie* 'd never burned."

TALKING the other evening with a gentleman who formerly held high position in Georgia, and subsequently represented the country ably in a diplomatic capacity abroad, the following was mentioned as a creditable instance of official amenity between the governors of Georgia and Florida. Certain crimes, punished in the former State with death or banishment, had been of very common occurrence. Public executions consequently had become painfully frequent. Banishment, however, occasionally took place, and Florida was the place to which those who escaped the halter were exiled. This excited the ire of the Florida magnate, who by appointment met his Excellency of Georgia to demand why this was thus, and to stop it. His Excellency of Georgia explained that the public welfare of his State called for summary and exemplary punishment of malefactors, though, at the same time, justice was always tempered with mercy—the unfortunates being offered the choice of being hanged or banished to Florida; "and," added the governor, "the fact is, *a few* of the foolish ones do go to Florida!"

THE following is a Western instance of the "ruling passion strong in death:"

Squire W—— was very fastidious in his notions of propriety. At weddings and funerals he was quite officious, and very particular that every thing should be done decently and in order. In due time he was taken ill—fatally so—and relatives and friends were gathered around his bed, sad and weeping. One of these, more thoughtful than the rest, asked the departing squire if he would like to have a clergyman called in to pray with him; to which he replied: "Well, yes; I think it *would* be appropriate."

How is this poetical paraphrase of one of King William's dispatches to his queen, announcing a victory? It is the effort of a lyrist of Providence:

VERSAILLES, *Friday, December* 30, 1870.

By Divine will, my dear Augusta,
We've had again an awful buster.
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below:
Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

"POSSESSING in our Southern home," writes a lady, "a very fine painting of 'Grief,' representing the head and face of a beautiful woman, with upturned countenance and scant drapery, supported by one fair hand, we were fond of watching the faces of the irrepressible children of Africa as they came before it. All countenances assumed more or less of a woe-begone expression, and many were the pitying questions asked. One bright mulatto girl of ten years was especially sympathetic. After standing some time before it she turned away sadly, saying, 'Poor 'oman! She's got a sore breast, hasn't she? and her clothes hurt her.'

"Bringing another child into the parlor her quick eyes fell first on the photograph of that distressing picture, 'Washington receiving Lincoln into Heaven,' when she cried out, 'La, Miss Mary! do see; if here isn't one man a-nussin' another! Why didn't they have a 'oman?'

"It is needless to say the poetry was taken out of those pictures for us."

IT is to the credit of Nebraska that her Legislature has recently passed the following concurrent resolution to provide for the care and comfort of indigent persons:

Whereas, The Senators and Representatives of this generous commonwealth are individually and collectively, nobly, patriotically, and diligently, without fear,

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favor, affection, or compensation, giving their labors during the day, and are on many occasions performing night work upon immigration bills; and

Whereas, Cleanliness is next to godliness: therefore,

Be it resolved, That $218,714 26, or so much thereof as may remain in the Treasury after Insane appropriations are provided for, be appropriated for the purpose of defraying the expense of furnishing the members of this Legislature with spurs, paper collars, washing, plain sewing, etc.; and be it further

Resolved, That any hotel-keeper, saloon-keeper, or other insectivorous animal, who shall demand any moneys from any member of this body, shall suffer condign punishment, and that the State Auditor is hereby directed to draw his warrant upon the school fund in the State Treasury for so much of the abovementioned sum as may be due parties for washing, plain sewing, etc., furnished members; but before said Auditor shall issue any warrant as aforesaid, he shall first have a receipt from the person who performed the services, said receipt to be certified to by the standing committee on internal improvements.

THE natural enmity to the tax-gatherer is as prevalent in Newton County, Missouri, as elsewhere. A well-to-do German farmer came into the village a few days since to pay his taxes. His bill was handed to him, itemized thus:

State tax	$14 22
County tax	7 13
School tax	4 30
Total	$25 65

After scanning it closely for a moment he said, "I pays the State tax, I pays the county tax, and I pays the school tax; but, py tam! I pays no total tax! I's got no total, and never had any." So they let him off on the total, insisting only on the State, county, and school.

THE late Joshua Sawyer, of Hyde Park, Lamoille County, Vermont, has heretofore appeared in the Drawer. Several years since business was dull in Lamoille County, so far as the docket was concerned, and his Honor Milo J. Bennet held two terms of court without a jury trial. On discharging the jurors at the last term he remarked, "We have had no use for a jury here at this and the former term of court, and I hardly see the necessity of drawing another panel." Mr. Sawyer sprang to his feet, and exclaimed, "This is a state of things, may it please the Court, which *we hope won't continue long!*" And it didn't.

THE *Texas Christian Advocate*, of Galveston, November 17, 1870, contains an account of memorial services at the Kentucky Military Institute in honor of the late Robert E. Lee. The following is a sentence of the concluding paragraph:

"May he rest in peace and be resurrected in glory to meet his *right-hand bower*, Stonewall Jackson!"

Was that an original or copied sentence? It evinces, certainly, a fair knowledge of the game.

CERTAIN moneyed men of Memphis, Tennessee, built a steamboat, and named it after one of their best citizens, Charles B. Church. But in painting the name on the paddle-box, as they wanted the letters large, they only painted the initials, "*C. B. Church.*" The darkies first caught sight of her, and puzzled themselves not a little over it. They reasoned together, such as could read, and asked: "What kind o' church is dat C. B. Church? What does de C. B. stand for? Dat's what we want to know?" At length a bright thought suddenly struck one of them, and he exclaimed: "I know what dat 'ere stan' for; wonder I didn't see it 'fore! Dat C. B. stand for *Colored Baptist*—it's de Colored Baptist Church; dat's what it is!" It went by that name for a time, until the owners, annoyed by the too frequent jokes about it, erased the initials, and instead painted *Charles B. Church*, in full.

To own a horse is a good thing.

Temporarily to own another man's horse is open to legal objection.

In that particular temple of justice in this city over which Judge Hackett presides was recently tried a person who had a curiously informal way of appropriating to himself any particular horse that might, even on a transient inspection, strike him as a desirable possession. For one of these irregularities this person was convicted before Judge Bedford, and would have been deported to Sing Sing but for the appeal of counsel, who urged that this was his initial iniquity, and was committed under the influence of a cock-tail of certainly more than one-horse power. The judge canted over to the side of mercy, and permitted the caitiff to leave the presence. Unfortunately the person again took cock-tail; again insanity dominated his dome of thought; again his counsel plied the plea of craze. But the judicial Hackett saw it not. Politely intimating to the malefactor the propriety of assuming a perpendicular pose, his Honor said,

"Dusenbery (Mr. Clerk, I think you said that the party's name was Dusenbery)—Dusenbery, this is your second conviction for horse-stealing. The Court is not disposed to heed the appeal of your counsel to suspend sentence. The eternal fitness of things precludes it. It may not have occurred to you, Dusenbery, that according to late statistics, taken with careful assiduity by the Federal government, there are in the city of New York 36,243 horses—and asses innumerable. It is, perhaps, due to the owners of this species of property that they should not be subjected to the annoyance to which they are constantly liable when a person of your peculiar idiosyncrasy is under the influence of a favorite beverage. I therefore deem it due to them—may I not add that it is even due to yourself?—that for a brief season—let us say for two years and six months—you should be transferred to higher and nobler duties in the State prison at Sing Sing, where, as I am credibly informed, *there are no horses.* Officer, you may remove Dusenbery."

IN the early days of the gold excitement in California a young German, of Detroit, Michigan, left for the land of gold, where he still resides. He rejoiced in the name of John G. Almondinger. After a while, in order to Americanize himself a little, he applied to the Legislature of California, and had his name changed to John G. Almond; and doubtless by this time there are lots of little Almonds on that ranch of his at San José. After his name was changed one John Smith ("*clarum et venerabile*," etc.) applied to the same Legislature, and after reciting a long catalogue of the ills to which he was subjected owing to his peculiar name, added: "And whereas I have noticed that you have

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curtailed the name of J. G. Almondinger to J. G. Almond, and have not disposed of the 'inger,' which seems to be lying around loose, I respectfully request that it may be added to my name."

What the result was is not stated. It ought to have been successful. Smithinger would have been good. "*Smithinger!*"

COOK GENTLY.

Cook gently! it is better far
To simmer slow with care
Than let a furious boiling mar
And ruin goodly fare.

Cook gently! and you'll ever find
You're sure this way to gain.
Learn to cook gently, soft, and mild,
Not with your might and main.

Cook gently! kindly e'en the poor
Potatoes must be boiled;
We have enough we must endure
Without their being spoiled.

Cook gently! e'en corned beef may show
That you have toiled in vain;
Perhaps hard boiling made it so—
Oh, try it once again!

Cook gently! not a galloping toil,
As if you were driving nags.
Cook gently! or you surely will
Boil every thing to rags.

Cook gently! if the water boils,
Just let the embers glow;
Don't pile in such a lot of coal
Because it's here, you know.

Cook gently! 'tis a waste of words,
'Tis talking to the wind;
For kitchen girls love rousing fires;
Hard boiling suits their mind.

Cook gently! 'tis a little word,
Whether you boil or stew.
(Perhaps I might have held my tongue
For all the good 'twill do.)

In these days of easy divorce the following anecdote may be of value:

Somewhat over half a century ago there lived in the town of Lebanon, State of Connecticut, two worthy justices of the peace, Squire West and Squire Thomas. To these useful public functionaries repaired numerous and divers couples to be joined in the holy bonds of wedlock. Among them were many of the ignorant and godless class—the very lowest substratum of New England society—who preferred a civil to a religious rite, and who were not scrupulous in observing the weightier matters of the law. In a conversation between the excellent squires respecting their several duties and the proper execution thereof, Squire West asked Squire Thomas how he married the "poor devils" who came to him for that purpose.

"Why, just the same as I do any body else, to be sure," was the reply.

"I *don't!*" responded Squire West, emphatically. "What's the use of putting those pokey critters under obligations which you know they won't fulfill? *I* make them promise to live together 'until death *or something else* do' them part! Then, at least, they do not add lyin' to their other sins."

Would it not be well to accept Squire West's amendment, and add "or something else" after "until death" in the marriage-service? It would certainly save a world of "lyin'."

Judge C——, a prominent lawyer of San Francisco, was some fifteen years ago judge of an adjoining county. After his term of office had expired he resumed the practice of the law, and being engaged one day in the trial of a cause, laid down as good law a certain proposition. The opposing counsel, thinking to demolish the Judge, read a decision rendered by him some years before, wherein he had laid down exactly the opposite doctrine. Ordinarily this would have operated as a wet blanket; but the old Judge immediately replied, "It is true I did decide as you state, but at *that time* I didn't know any more law than the gentleman does now."

Here is a characteristic little anecdote of a famous little Southern city, *verb. et lit.*:

Extract from the minutes of proceedings of the Common Council of the city of ——, on the 27th April, 1868:

Resolved, That the Council learn with regret that Major Alphonso Portfire, of the Fifth U. S. Artillery, is relieved as commanding officer of this city; that his impartial administration and his kind and conciliatory manners have justly gained for him the respect and good-will of this community; and that the City Clerk convey to him, in an appropriate letter, an expression of the kind feelings we entertain for him.

The "appropriate letter" sent by the clerk was as follows:

——, *April* 28, 1868.

Major A. Portfire, Fifth Artillery:

Dear Sir,—It affords me great pleasure to inclose a copy of a resolution (No. 167) which passed the City Council last night. I also avail myself of this favorable opportunity to inclose the bill of the city waterworks to date, amounting to one dollar and twenty-five cents ($1 25), which please remit, and oblige,

Your obd't serv't,

— —,

City Clerk.

The character of a people may be known by its advertisements. In a certain enterprising town of Pennsylvania, for example, in the "local item" department, appears the following gracious hint:

Our popular "host," Captain Harte, in order to *cater* to the wants of his friends, has made arrangements to supply them with Ice-cream every Saturday evening. *Those in want of this delicious* bivalve *will do well to call.*"

In the same organ of public opinion appeared, recently, an editorial notice of certain mammoth swine just slaughtered by a Mr. R——. The following is the concluding sentence: "Those who wish to look at a fat hog should *see Mr. R—— before going elsewhere.*"

The bar of Nashville, Tennessee—or, at least, that portion of it which, by paying to the county a tax of five dollars, is permitted to practice before justices of the peace, numbers among its members a gentleman of color named Moss, who, by dint of spelling at the big words, can read, after a fashion, and make a certain hieroglyphic scrawl with a pen that he considers writing. Like necessity, he knows no law. The United States revenue collector demanded of Lawyer Moss that he should pay to our grasping avuncular relative a tax of ten dollars for the privilege of practicing law. Moss, doubtless thinking this a palpable violation of the Fifteenth Amendment, or, at least, of the Enforcement act—and really it may be—paid no attention to the collector's demand; whereupon a warrant was issued against Mr. Moss charging him with "practicing

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law without having paid to the United States the special tax on lawyers." The disciple of *Coke* and *Blackstone*—names suggestive of our hero's color, etc.—was arrested and brought before United States Commissioner Noah. He had sense enough to employ a lawyer—who is something of a wag—who got his client discharged on the ground that "*what Moss practiced before justices of the peace was not law, but an indescribable something nameless, and wholly unknown to the law.*"

It is needless to say that this decision of the Commissioner meets with the unanimous and enthusiastic approval of the bar, as being in accordance with the law and facts of the case. And more, "Lawyer Moss" is said to be well pleased with the decision, regarding his defense as highly creditable to his counsel, and not dreaming that it in any way reflects upon himself.

THE following legal gem is copied from the original, on file in the clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Whiteside County, Illinois, and shows how the fire of poetic genius peeps out in that realm of divorce:

State of Illinois. } In vacation, next after May term,
Whiteside County. } 1870.

NOAH FOGG }
vs. } Divorce.
SARAH FOGG. }

Sarah Fogg, first duly sworn,
Says she's a woman lone and lorn;
And to the cause above set forth
She is a party before the court.
She has answered all complainant's bill,
Saying his charges all are *nil*,
And for divorce he has no cause
Known unto the existing laws.
The condition of affiant's purse
Could not well be made much worse;
For though she gets sufficient pelf
Barely to support herself,
She can not bear expense of suit,
And pay attorneys' fees to boot.
True, she receives some little rent;
But most of this is quickly spent
In paying tax and for repairs—
A burden which is always hers.
When this is done, the little left
Would not begin to keep herself;
And she must eke a scanty living
By daily labor with her needle,
And keep the wolf beyond the door
By ways known only to the poor.
The seamstress life, with wearying cares,
Is the lot she daily bears.
"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,"
From morning until dewy eve,
Sleepless her needle and thread.
Hoping alimony may be got
Affiant further sayeth not.
The above is true, so help me, God,
Subscribed and sworn by Sarah Fogg,
On the five-and-twentieth day
Of the month next after May.
W. STAGER, *Att'y.*

A GEORGIA correspondent writes:

As proof that an eminent and successful lawyer may write poetry, and as a specimen of what *kind* of poetry he may be guilty of, I send the following lines, written when comparatively a young lawyer by Hon. J. W. H. Underwood, a son of Judge William H. Underwood, a celebrated wit and able jurist of Georgia, now many years deceased:

Ben Addington was on trial in Franklin Superior Court for horse-stealing. The proof showed that Ben was pretty drunk when he took the horse, but was apprehended at Danielsville, in an adjoining county, endeavoring to sell him. He was defended by Colonel Gabriel Nash, of Danielsville, and the late Temple F. Cooper. Plea—moral insanity. Pending the trial the lines in question were written, and handed to Colonel Nash, as follows:

Ben Addington a horse did steal,
And being somewhat drunk,
He straight went off to Danielsville—
A village deeply sunk
In crimes of every grade and dye
That can mankind disgrace,
Where naught but guilt and villainy
Can find a hiding-place.
No gleam of hope appears for Ben
By any honest rule;
One only plea he sets up, then—
'Tis this—that he's a fool.
Should this prevail, what horse or sheep
Is safe in Danielsville?
None surely either one can keep
Where *all* may safely steal.

A GENTLEMAN connected with one of the great steel manufacturing establishments of Pennsylvania writes:

A few years ago I was practicing medicine in a small village in Chautauqua County, New York. Every evening there was gathered a goodly number of loungers in the solitary store, who were wont to discuss topics both great and small. The subject under exhaustive analysis at the moment I stepped in was the school tax. One G——, a loquacious and most obstinate fellow, and habitual monopolizer of conversation, had nearly finished a long tirade about the injustice of the tax and his being compelled to pay it, though having no children to send to school. Finally he said, "I'll buy me a *hog*, and send *him;* I'll get the worth of my money somehow." Mr. L——, the school-teacher, who was sitting behind the stove, quietly remarked, "Better *come yourself, and save the expense!*"

IT is becoming in this country quite common nowadays to announce the arrival of "little strangers" in the public prints. The following, telegraphed by an exultant father, named Reed, to a sympathizing uncle, named Goodspeed, shows how the fire of poetic genius will "carry on" when inspired by the birth of a baby:

As swiftly flies the sun's bright dart,
As gently falls the dew of heaven,
So joy o'erspreads my grateful heart,
And gives to life its little leaven.
It is a boy.

Answer:

Congratulation is my theme to-night,
And nothing else my happy muse will write;
So I return, with telegraphic speed,
An uncle's welcome to the little Reed.

THE following incident, which occurred recently on the La Crosse division of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, should be recorded in these days of political and social equality. At Tomah a party of red-skins were awaiting the arrival of the train; and when it stopped at the station the brakeman put them in the emigrant car, which was nearly filled with representatives of the old country nationalities on their way to the West. Captain Clason, the conductor, on starting through the train to collect his fares, found the entire party in the baggage car, which being against the regulations, he quietly took them back; but on coming forward the In-

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dians were in the baggage car again. Clason, though a good-natured man, was a little angry at their perverseness, and with some emphasis ordered them to take seats in the other car; whereupon an old fellow replied, "Injun no like white man—*white man heap smell!*" Clason looked at the dirty old copper-skin a second, and left the noble red men to ride on in the baggage car.

During the late "unpleasantness" down South a certain Major —— was on the staff of Henry R. Jackson, at Savannah. The Major was fond of wine. On one occasion the staff had nearly all left the dinner-table of the "Pulaski," and the Major found himself *vis-à-vis* with a good-looking civilian. He at once said, "I like your looks, Sir; I'll take a glass of wine with you. I am Major ——. What's your name?"

The stranger quietly answered, "Mr. Washington, at your service."

The Major dubitated. There is a Georgia village in Wilkes County of the name he had heard. So he said, "Yes, I've heard of you—Wilkes County."

The Major was indignant when the other "staff" told him he was too tipsy to know a man from a town.

We are favored by a member of the Legislature of Indiana with the following extracts from a speech delivered in that body by the Hon. Mr. Cunningham, member from Fountain County, on the 3d February, 1871, on the report of the Committee on Roads to repeal the "monstrous gravel-road law." Mr. Cunningham asks:

"What is public—open, common, free, and not controlled by the few? Why, after the hard-fisted farmers have paid for the building and graveling the road out of their hard earnings, and have paid from one to five hundred dollars on said road, they meet with the liberal information that they have no rights to its use or franchise. And even worse than that, if their wives or daughters start to town the next day after the completion of the road with a poke of feathers and a basket of eggs, in order to buy some coffee and sugar for the family, the greedy toll-gate keeper will take one or the other for toll, that they may have the great right of getting to town with what is left. In some cases they take both the eggs and feathers, that they may have the glorious opportunity of traveling over a road which the old man and his neighbors built. Is this right? Is it just? Is it not public improvement with a vengeance?"

After further argument on the same high plane of thought Mr. Cunningham perorates thus:

"The American people—and we are proud to call ourselves that—are rocked in the bosom of two mighty oceans, whose granite-bound shores are whitened by the floating canvas of the commercial world. Reaching from the ice-fettered lakes of the north to the febrile waves of Australian seas, comprising the vast interim of five billions of acres, whose alluvial plains, romantic mountains, and mystic rivers rival the wildest Utopian dreams that ever gathered around the inspired bard as he walked the amaranthine promenades of Hesperian gardens, is proud Columbia—the land of the free and the home of the brave—too free and independent to indorse such a nuisance as this! Freedom from such oppression as this is the munificent heritage bequeathed the valorous sons of the immortal Washington. I represent a free and intelligent people, proud to know that they live in a country indented by innumerable bays and gulfs, whose restless tide is ever kissed back by the pebbly beach; interspersed by limpid rivers and lakes—the means by which commerce and civilization have been promoted to their present exalted status. America has been, and ever will be, the most alluring and delightful retreat known to the migratory world, if we are not overrun with these unjust and oppressive corporations, which are ever robbing the honest yeomanry of our country.

"Will *this* do the gentleman? Is he *now* satisfied? I am for the *repeal* of that law, which robs and taxes the many for the benefit of the few."

The actual, practical social condition and status of the freedman seems to be, up here in the North, pretty much as it was before we had a Fifteenth Amendment. To all appearances he doesn't study any more than he used to; certainly doesn't work harder; doesn't go to meeting more frequently; and differs from Sambo of old only perhaps in this, that he votes. Perhaps—and it is to be hoped that it will—the sense of this great privilege may in time arouse his ambition for better things. In New England, as per the following anecdote, his position is much as it was of yore. Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of the largest towns of Massachusetts, was one morning shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in the place.

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm Street, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer.

"No, Sah, not at all."

"Why, are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not dis year, Sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Why, I tell you, Sah," said Mr. Dickson, strapping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was jess like dis. I jined dat church in good fait. I gib ten dollars toward de stated preachin' ob de Gospel de fuss year, and de people all call me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business not good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church people call me Mr. Dickson. Dis razor hurt you, Sah?"

"No, Sir, goes tolerably well."

"Well, Sah, de tird year I feel berry poor—sickness in my family—an' I gib noffin for preachin'. Well, Sah, arter dat dey call me Ole Nigger Dickson, and I leff 'em!"

So saying Mr. Dickson brushed his customer's hair, and the gentleman departed, well satisfied with the reason why Mr. Dickson left his church.

A city correspondent, who lately returned from Scotland, where he spent last summer, was frequently in Edinburgh, and occasionally wandered into the old church-yards to look at the monuments of those who had died many generations ago. Among others, he visited Greyfriars church-yard, one of the oldest, where so many eminent men repose—among them the learned

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and witty historian and poet George Buchanan, who died in 1582; Allan Ramsay, the poet, who died in 1758; Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," who died in 1831, at the age of eighty-five; and many other celebrities, lay and clerical.

I came, writes our correspondent, to an old monument, with four lines of poetry on it, which appeared so curious from their quaintness, and the facts of the history of him who lies buried so uncommon, that I copied them for the Drawer. They are as follows:

Reader, John Mylne, who maketh the fourth John,
And by descent from father unto son
Sixth master mason to a royal race
Of seven successive kings, sleeps in this place.

As Scotland had no king who resided there after James VI. was called to the throne of England after Elizabeth's death, it must have been more than two hundred years since John Mylne was laid in the old grave-yard.

A YEAR or two ago two very respectable gentlemen commenced business as bankers in one of the thriving villages of Illinois. It is quite common for business men to have a little card printed on one corner of their envelopes, and these bankers, conforming to usage, printed theirs, giving their name and residence, and underneath, in smaller type, the following extraordinary announcement:

"Collections promptly attended to, and remitted *on day of judgment.*"

It took them several months to learn why their collecting business did not prosper.

WHEN the present Bishop (Clarkson) of Nebraska was a rector in Chicago, a droll interruption in the service once occurred. Reading the lesson for the day he pronounced with emphasis the words, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!" Now the familiar appellation of the rector's wife was "Mene," and she and a little daughter sat under the desk in the rector's pew. The little girl listened to the first part of her father's utterance with quickened hearing, but the last two words were too much for her, and she spoke up sharply, so that all the people heard, "Stop! You sha'n't talk to my mother so!" One can imagine the feelings of the congregation over an incident which recalls the celebrated interview and interchange of epithets between Daniel O'Connell and the virago of Billingsgate.

SOME years ago a gentleman living in one of the frontier towns of a far Western State had some friends staying with him, to whom he gave a little dinner—the best the place could furnish—and invited to meet them a few half-civilized Indians. Of course the "noble red men" were treated to delicacies they had not seen before, and displayed a perhaps excusable inclination to "go through" the bill of fare. A young chief, who had partaken of nearly every thing on the table, had been eying the mustard for some time, no doubt thinking that such a pretty paste would taste as good as it looked. At length, opportunity appearing, he reached forth in a dignified manner, took a liberal spoonful, and swallowed it without moving a muscle of his countenance, but, in spite of his utmost exertions, the tears soon streamed down his cheeks. An aged chief opposite to him, who had been watching the whole proceeding, leaned forward and inquired what he was crying for. He replied, "I was thinking of my poor old father, who died a short time ago." Soon afterward the "aged," being unable to restrain *his* curiosity, also solemnly took a dip from the mustard-pot, and swallowed it without the quivering of a muscle; but his eyes were not as strong as his will, and the little cries soon trickled down his cheeks. It was now the young red man's turn. Leaning forward he inquired the cause of the grief, to which the elderly red party replied, "I was thinking 'twas pity you hadn't died when your poor old father did."

Pretty good, but we guess 'twasn't an Indian who said it.

A CORRESPONDENT at Austin, Texas, who during the war was chaplain of one of the regiments of Wisconsin cavalry, writes:

In 1864 we were encamped a mile south of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Early one morning I sent my colored servant into the city for some butter. On his return the following conversation took place:

"Oh, chaplain, don't you tink de man where I bought de butter went off into anudder room, an' lef' me all alone in de store!"

"Well, George, what of that?"

"Why, chaplain, dar was a large barrel of apples dar, an' I could have stole ebery one of 'em, but I thought I'd be honest, and *only took two!*"

A GENTLEMAN who served over four years in the Confederate service sends us the following:

In June, 1862, shortly after the battle of Shiloh, the Confederate army, under General Bragg, was encamped at and around Tupelo, Mississippi. Our regiment, the First Tennessee Infantry, was camped three miles from town. Every day a squad of six or eight from each company was allowed to go in to buy little things from the sutlers. "Lee," a boy of seventeen, belonging to Company A, once went along. At about this time Bragg had seen fit to disobey some order of the War Department at Richmond, out of which trouble was looked for. During the day we heard heavy firing, apparently a salute, and we were on the *qui vive* for news. Soon our boys came straggling in, foremost among them "Lee," who broke out, "Boys, the news is glorious! General Bragg has *recognized* the War Department, and they are firing a salute in honor of the event!" The firing was simply artillery practice.

IN October, 1861, says a correspondent, we were marching down the Kanawha Valley, Virginia. On long marches orders were given by the bugle. Jake, a German, was one day on duty as bugler, and unfortunately got so tipsy that his calls were all about alike. After two or three efforts the colonel commenced reprimanding him in his usual *mild* way, when little "Lee" stepped up and said, "Colonel, you don't understand—Jake is giving the calls in Dutch."

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